

The  
Mother  
*of*  
Invention

## ALSO BY NEALE DONALD WALSCH

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*Conversations with God, Book 1*

*Conversations with God, Book 2*

*Conversations with God, Book 3*

*Friendship with God*

*Communion with God*

*The New Revelations*

*Tomorrow's God*

*What God Wants*

*Home with God*

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*Conversations with God for Teens*

*The Little Soul and the Sun* (children's book)

*The Little Soul and the Earth* (children's book)

*Santa's God* (children's book)

# The Mother *of* Invention

The Legacy of Barbara Marx Hubbard  
and the Future of YOU

NEALE DONALD  
WALSCH



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# INTRODUCTION

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They say that “necessity is the mother of invention,” but they’re wrong. Barbara Marx Hubbard is.

And you are.

And we all are.

We are each inventing ourselves, and the life we are living, in every single moment of Now. And we are doing exactly the same for all of humanity. For as we invent ourselves individually, we do so collectively.

The act of “inventing” goes on continually. Put another way, we are *new* in every moment. We are not the same as we were before, not even for a nanosecond, nor is our species as a whole. The question is not *whether* we are changing, but *how*; not *whether* humanity is in the act of “becoming,” but *what*?

In creating humanity’s answer to these questions, your life *does* make a difference—and the difference it makes can be huge, if you’ll *let it be*.

All of this may be a little bit difficult to believe, or at least to embrace as your Functioning Reality, but that’s why this book is so perfect for you right now. It appears to be a biography, but you’re soon going to find out that it is not only about someone else’s life,

it is about your own; that it is not only a wonderful story in which to *lose* oneself, but a wonderful way in which to *find* oneself.

*The Mother of Invention* is a book in which you are invited to *participate*, because the end of this story depends, in part, on you. That's why I chose to write it.

Please allow me a brief word of introduction. I am the author of 27 books on contemporary spirituality, among them the 9-book *Conversations with God* series. I believe deeply that life is creational—that is, what we are collectively experiencing is a product of what we are collectively creating. And I wanted to place before you a story that throws open the door of possibility to all of us, answering at last the question: “What can I do?” and ending at last the frustrated lament: “I’m only one person.”

I wrote this book because I want you to know that ordinary, average people such as you and me can have an impact on our entire planet—and that, should we all choose to move in some of the same directions *together*, we can *really* have an impact.

This book opens that possibility for all of us, through the real-life example of a housewife and mother of five who chose to create a better world—and who is choosing to do so right now, up to this very minute.

The point of this book: If this person can do it, *we all can!*

Many people have heard of Barbara Marx Hubbard—and many people have not. I *like* the fact that she is not a household name, immediately recognizable the world over. That makes her more like us, and a wonderful *model*. A template. An outpicturing of what we *all* are—and what we are all potentialed to be.

“Potentialed” is a new word. I just made it up. I like it. It says exactly what I want it to say. I think that we all are . . . no, I *know* that we all are . . . imbued with the potential to be more than we’ve so far allowed ourselves to be. Further, I think that we all know it. And I think that we are all endowed with an *impulse* to move toward our highest expression of that More that we know we are.

I’m convinced that all we need is courage, and all we need to gather the courage is a model, a template, *a contemporary example, a here-and-now sample of how life could be lived* in a new way. In short, someone to inspire us.

That's where Barbara comes in. Eighty years of age at this writing, she feels that she and we are *just beginning*, that humanity is going to break *through*, not break *down*, and that we are ready to set aside our old patterns and old beliefs and old ways of being as we invent a New Human.

Barbara sees this as part of the natural evolutionary process of all sentient beings. And she believes that there is a natural Place in Time when conditions are perfect for all such beings to launch a new way of living. It is the fulcrum. It is the apogee. It is what Malcolm Gladwell calls the Tipping Point.

For humanity, that time may very well be . . . December 22, 2012.

Barbara and some of her friends are now calling this "Day One." They are inviting us to join in envisioning, planning, and creating a huge, global multimedia Satellite and Internet Experience during the days leading up to the 22nd, telling the story of our species' emergence as a new kind of human, and of *the beginning of the next cycle of evolution*.

Amidst all the anxious wondering, worried predictions, and negative speculation of many around the globe who see 2012 as an Ending, you and I are being urged by all the forces and energies of the Universe to see it as a Beginning—as Barbara sees it. Indeed, Barbara calls it "a birthing."

How has she come to this point of view? Is it realistic? Could it be true?

The answer is that the life of Barbara Marx Hubbard includes a series of spiritual encounters. Yet this is not unusual, and does not make Barbara different from most of us. I believe that each of us experience, during our time on this earth, what are called *Divine Interventions*. I define these as moments when our mind, heart, and soul are opened simultaneously. In such moments we receive at all levels—mental, emotional, and spiritual—enormous truths about life.

My observation is that most human beings (myself included) at first ignore these moments, not recognizing them for what they are. Then, when and if they do understand what is happening, they often don't know what to do about them, how to react to

them, how to *use them* to their own benefit (to say nothing of using them for the benefit of humankind).

This is not our fault. We simply have not had spiritual training. Our cultures have trained us in how to use our bodies, and they have trained us in how to use our minds, but they have done very little to train us in how to interact with our souls. Indeed, and amazingly, many elements within our society don't even acknowledge the *existence* of the soul.

This is an indication of just how young our species is. Speaking metaphorically, Barbara Marx Hubbard says that we are still in the gestation period in our development and are only now about to be birthed into the cosmic community of universal beings.

How does she know this? What makes her think this is true?

It is because of those spiritual encounters in Barbara's life—three of them, to be exact. In her case, she paid attention.

As we mature, we, too, will pay attention. We will not only be able to acknowledge the existence of the part of our being from which such wisdom flows—what we might call our Higher Self—but we will also be able to *communicate* with it, receive guidance from it, and relate to it in a way that changes our lives forever.

Do we—you and I—*really* have a role to play in the process of that spiritual maturation? For ourselves and for our planet? And will we truly be able to co-create a new world, and a new way of living *in* our world, following the “end of history” in 2012? Or is this all just glib talk and wishful thinking?

Well, those are the questions to be addressed here. The answers that were given to Barbara may be the answers that can be given to you. Not all such spiritual answers come in visions or dreams or meditations. Some spiritual encounters come to us in very ordinary ways—like reading books.

So dive right in. Enjoy. Read about yourself at the same time you're reading about a perfectly normal and yet wholly remarkable woman. Rediscover yourself here.

Nay . . . *reinvent yourself*.

And all of us.





*If your life story was being put into  
a book, and it was so full (as every life is) that  
it would take an encyclopedia to contain it, yet for  
space reasons you had to reduce it to **The 25 Most  
Significant Episodes**, which episodes would  
you choose, looking backward from today?*

# TIMELINE IN THIS BOOK . . .

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# THE OUTCOME

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*"I am not alone. It is not as if I'm the only 'catalyst'  
on the earth. It feels as if there are many, in many  
different areas, undertaking many different activities."*

— BARBARA MARX HUBBARD



***EPISODE #25: DAY ONE, DECEMBER 22, 2012—  
The Moment Barbara Marx Hubbard  
Has Been Waiting for All of Her Life . . .***

Imagine this day with me, will you? Visualize it in your mind. It is a very interesting time on planet Earth, and this day, in particular, is a day that some people thought would never arrive. Others thought it would arrive all right, but they thought it would be a picture of global chaos when it did.

These were the 2012 Doomsdayers, a group of apparently well-intentioned but clearly not very well-informed people living in various parts of the world who felt that they had correctly interpreted certain Signs and Wonders (among them, the Mayan Long Count calendar) as indicating that the day *before* this day—December 21, 2012—would be the End of History. Now envision this day, “the day after,” in your imagination.

Watch as a dozen technicians scurry about a large stage in a major auditorium in Phoenix, Arizona. Powered by portable solar panels, huge megawatt klieg lights are juiced and aimed as long-armed boom mikes are moved to markings on the floor. Television

cameras (a slew of them) are rolled into place; and colorfully costumed actors, singers, and dancers have heard the ancient call of stage managers everywhere—"Places everyone. Places!"—and are taking their positions as an audience numbering well over a thousand is finding its seats.

Around the world, people gather in front of computer screens, television screens, movie-theater screens, and in some cases, huge stretch-screens set up in sundry and sometimes unexpected locations, like the middle of dusty fields or the front of church halls or the 50-yard line of football stadiums. And this, too—all of it—is powered by portable solar sources. Close attention has been paid to the ecological footprint of this worldwide event to avoid overuse of precious resources.

A few moments pass, and then a petite but not frail woman of some years—in her early 80s from appearances—steps to a stand-alone microphone in a small soundproof booth off stage right. She adjusts a headset over her snow-white hair, tapping with anticipating fingers the music stand on which she has placed a reading script, and glancing at a video monitor directly in front of her.

It is 7 P.M. where she is standing, but it is other times and even another day in other parts of the world—and she knows that her voice is about to be heard in every major city on the globe and most of the smaller ones.

See, in your inner vision, all of this. A live orchestra is huddled in a pit just below the front of the stage, its members responding instantly and with beautiful precision to a sharp baton wave from its conductor. A stirring overture begins.

The woman clears her throat; presses the ON switch in a panel to her left; and waits for a cue from this telecast's director, ensconced in a glassed-in booth high above and behind the audience. A burst of graphic special effects splays across the video monitor.

The majestic music dips under. "Go," the director intones.

"And so," the woman begins in a voice soft and gentle, yet surprisingly firm, "we've come to this. Gloriously, wondrously, remarkably, magnificently, we've come to this. . . ."

She pauses for dramatic effect. Then . . .  
“Welcome to Day One.”

### ***Create This Along with Me***

Continue your visioning. Or, envision along with me. . . .

I see the curtain majestically rise as a multimedia display ignites a 50-foot expanse of reflective fabric upstage. A pictorial montage captures the Journey of Humankind from the beginning to the present moment in a series of rapid-fire projections, while an eruption of dancers in black and white enhance the on-screen images with breathtaking pantomime ballet.

The cameras gulp it all in and convert it into digitalized signals, instantly sped across the globe. A worldwide multimedia satellite and Internet event featuring live feeds from 27 nations and viewed by more than 100 million people is under way. So, too, is a New Future for the inhabitants of planet Earth.

Can you imagine this with me? That last part is the most important. Whether it is introduced with a huge stage spectacular on worldwide television, found on the pages of an exciting and inspiring book, or discovered through the writings and teachings of a woman who inspires people wherever she goes, we are talking here about a New Future for the inhabitants of our planet.

Hold *this* in your mind’s eye. For this is the plan—this is the vision.

It is a vision not specifically of a collaborative stage spectacular, not simply of a “show,” but of a huge shift in humanity’s experience itself. A shift in humanity’s experience *of* itself. And what many thought would be the End of Time turns out to be the beginning of the best time that human beings have ever had. This shift is made possible in part by a new technology that opens the door for global, nonlinear, exponential interaction around what’s working.

Our joint experience upon the earth may not reach that level in the moments of December 22, 2012, nor in the weeks or months

immediately afterward, nor even in the first few years following this date—but it does begin to manifest at that time.

This will always be remembered as *The Beginning*, the moment when you, and all the people of the planet, decided jointly (and for the first time on such a scale) to reach for a higher purpose; a greater calling; a more loving and harmonious way of living; a grander notion of who we are and who we could be; and a more elevated, unified, *intentioned* expression of Life itself.

Let me say that again, because sometimes the best and most exciting ideas are lost in the reading. *I believe that December 22, 2012, will always be remembered as The Beginning*: the moment when you, and all the people of the planet, decided jointly (and for the first time on such a scale) to reach for . . .

- A higher purpose
- A greater calling
- A more loving and harmonious way of living
- A grander notion of who we are and who we could be
- A more elevated, unified, *intentioned* expression of Life itself

At the center of it all, at the core of this true “birthing,” stands Barbara Marx Hubbard—a woman who has been called the Mother of Invention—earphones wrapped around her head, script in hand, and just the smallest tear slowly channeling its way from her left eye to her chin. Barbara Marx Hubbard’s life mission has been accomplished. This is the 25th of the 25 Most Significant Episodes of her Life—and that tear is liquid happiness.

Who is this woman? Well, you may or may not have heard of her up to this moment, but she is someone whom you will certainly want to know, because she’s your midwife. And mine. And all of ours.







***EPISODE #15 (OUT OF ORDER):  
THE CONTACT, AUGUST 23, 2002—  
Ten Years and Four Months Before Day One . . .***

Barbara Marx Hubbard is using the couch in a unique way. She is neither sitting on it nor lying on it, but rather, doing a bit of both. She is sitting at one end and facing the other, her legs outstretched before her.

It is six in the morning. She is in a small room in the back of a house in Montecito, California. It is a dark room, especially so at this hour. There's not much in it, but given its size, there couldn't be. A battered desk, piles of old papers in boxes . . . the place feels almost like a storage room. The couch isn't really a couch, but an old daybed with a headboard on both sides, covered with a musty throw.

With all of that, the room is comfortable enough. And quiet. Most of all, quiet. And that's perfect for Barbara on this morning, because a lot of wondering and a bit of frustration are traveling the avenues of her mind these days. Most of all, she is yearning to "make contact."

Barbara knows there is something more to be experienced in this lifetime. She knows there is something more for her “out there.” She may not know exactly what is awaiting her, or where “out there” is, but she knows that both exist.

She is sure of it—and has been since she was a child. Yet for years Barbara has been so galvanized by a social-evolution movement that she herself had helped to create, that she almost felt as if she had no “self” at all. She certainly had never created a space in which to nurture herself. So yes, this musty, dusty, crusty back room would do nicely for now. It wasn’t even her house, but here it was, and here she was, and that’s how *it* was on this summer morning.

### ***Opening a Door of Possibility***

A few nights before, Barbara had attended a lecture by Nassim Hamein, a brilliant physicist who is exploring the unified-field theory and who is also the founder of The Resonance Project. Hamein pries open a door of possibility in Barbara’s mind, confirming everything that she has believed—and doing so with data that is all scientifically based, which impresses her enormously.

Nassim Hamein states with absolute certainty that we’ve been contacted by highly evolved beings from other places or dimensions in the Universe. It is this contact for which Barbara yearns.

And so it is that at six o’clock on this morning, Barbara is meditating. Half sitting, half lying on the old daybed, her eyes closed, her journaling notebook in her lap, she is vaguely aware of a small terrier at her feet.

The dog always comes around and plunks down in this same spot whenever Barbara is meditating. Perhaps he picks up on the innately inviting energy of such moments. For whatever reason, he’s there again. They’re both in this tiny room near the back of the house where Barbara is spending a few days with her beloved other.

Sidney Lanier and Barbara have been walking hand in hand for nearly 20 years. They are pals, lovers, partners on The Journey, and companions in The Quest. They live in separate places because this is what works, and they spend days on end just “hanging out” with each other often. This is one of those days.

Sidney is asleep and Barbara is wide awake, meditating a room away. The home is not Sidney’s, and neither is the dog. Both belong to a friend with whom Sidney is staying. The friend is an architect and muralist who travels a lot on business. The house (and the dog) frequently need watching over, so the arrangement works out well for both men. And when Sidney’s friend is away, Barbara comes over for a few days—which works out well for Sidney.

And so, Barbara is sitting/lying on the daybed, the household terrier her silent companion. *Give me contact*, Barbara is urging with the voiceless voice of her mind.

*Give me contact.*

### ***And Then There Was Light***

Barbara is silent now, breathing softly. Waiting. Eyes closed, not moving at all, but breathing, breathing, breathing . . . and waiting.

Then . . . a feeling.

She is filled with it. And transfixed.

She would describe it later as “a vibrant field of Light that was ecstatic, joyful, beyond the field of physicality yet somehow connected to my own essential being . . . a continuation of my own self at a different frequency.”

In her mind’s eye, she can see a kind of “being” materialize. It is an inner visual experience, a “presence” that she later speaks of as “nonlocal and yet totally present here-and-now—very much like those UFO stories in which beings can materialize and dematerialize.”

Barbara is intrigued by the experience of *nonlocality* and yet *connectivity* through a kind of *unity*.

She stays with the experience for a while—and then, for no apparent reason but very much all of a sudden, she is startled by a realization: this seemingly “other” being is *herself*.

Of course it was totally present here-and-now! Was Barbara herself not sitting/lying right here on the daybed? Yet she *felt* “nonlocal,” and she was! For her consciousness had *expanded* beyond all the limits of her body.

*Who is the new kind of Self?* Barbara wonders. *Maybe*, she thinks to herself, *I’m mutating*.

Keeping her eyes closed, she sits very still. The sense that has come over her is enlarged and “like a nontangible Presence” from which she gets “clairaudience, with a verbal download and a feeling of vibration,” she tells Sidney later.

“It felt like I was a being of light . . . so joyful, so ecstatic!”

Then she “hears” (Feels? Experiences?) a Voice:

*Keep your intention on me.*

She cocks her head and listens for more. And there is more.

The Voice says: *This is the next stage of evolution for Barbara.*

Now she knows. The God presence is within her, around her, and beyond her. She feels as if there are no limits to her own body. She watches herself melt into being one with everyone and experiences herself traveling throughout the Universe and sitting there on the daybed at the same time. Her body feels light, and she begins to move her legs to make certain that she is still there and still has control of her physical self.

“Woof!”

The dog lets out a bark. Sitting there at Barbara’s feet, he is startled by her sudden movement.

“Woof! Woof!” He won’t stop.

The moment has been interrupted. Barbara quiets the terrier down, hoping that Sidney hasn’t already been awakened. He has not. He could sleep through a train traversing the bedroom. So she takes out her journal and writes.

For two straight hours . . . without interruption.

She is, she finds, taking dictation. And the Voice—her own inner voice, her own higher voice—has a lot to say.

## *Getting It All Down*

Barbara is writing at breakneck speed, scribbling words without thinking. She has begun a Secret Journal. She is clear that she cannot show this to anyone. Not now. Not yet. Perhaps, not ever.

Who would believe it? How to explain it?

She is about to find out. Sidney is up. Moseying around the place, he finds his lover in the postage-stamp back room.

"Mornin'," he chirps, looking in.

"Oh, Sidney, I've got to talk with you!"

Her companion smiles. He has been here before. It is rare that Barbara doesn't have something infinitely interesting to say. He loves her for this—rather, he adores her.

"Lemme get some coffee."

"Hurry, darling, hurry."

Sidney hurries.

He is a godsend. But then again, he has been for 20 years. *Who would believe it? How to explain it?* Why, Sidney would believe it, of course! And he would require very little explanation! Barbara tries out her theory, the words tumbling out of her mouth, one on top of the other.

"This is the next stage of our evolution . . . the end of old religions. I met a universal being, but it didn't feel like contact with an extraterrestrial . . . it felt like contact with my own greater self . . . I feel I'm now part of the vast Universe of selves."

Again Sidney smiles. But it is not an indulgent smile, not a "That's nice, dear" smile. He heard her. Absolutely. Completely. And he "got it." At once. He was tracking right with her. And, of course, he wanted to know more.

"Tell me everything you learned, everything you heard. I want to hear it all."

"I've got it all!" Barbara beams. "Right here! I've been writing in my journal for hours!"

"Can you share it?"

"Yes, with *you* I can! Listen!"

She turns the pages back to the beginning.

"Listen to *this*. . . ."





Sidney is all ears. Barbara begins to read from her journal, announcing beforehand: “This is what was ‘dictated’ to me this morning. . . .”

Of course, the first reaction she had to the joyous feeling of ecstasy that came over her several hours earlier, and to the overall sense of a “presence” that was local and nonlocal at the same time, was to ask, “Who are you?”

She received this response:

*I am a Guardian of the Gateway, the passageway to the next stage of evolution. You came through a stellar gate with the knowledge needed for this time.*

*You have had the fortitude to hold the space for the template, as you call it, since the bomb fell over 50 years ago.*

Barbara knew exactly what that statement made reference to. There had been a moment when, as a young woman decades earlier, she innocently asked President Dwight David Eisenhower, in a private conversation in the Oval Office, a question he could not answer. From that point on, she knew she had to do something—*something*—for the world. If even *the President of the United States* didn’t have an answer . . .

But just what she could do wasn't clear then—nor did it become clear for many years. Now the pieces of a lifelong puzzle were coming together. Barbara had the answer. And she'd had it all along.

She wrote in her journal: *What should I be writing here?*

She received the reply:

*You should be writing exactly what you are writing. Take from your writings inspired by us, your daily inspiration.*

And the outcome? The purpose?

*The first reward is union with ME—Essence. The second reward is when integrated Essence/ego experiences the Kingdom of Heaven within, not losing all sense of person, but as a Universal Person unbound by local self.*

The next sentence stopped Barbara when it first came through, and it's stopping her again now. She takes a deep breath. Sidney, with his charmingly childlike eagerness, is impatient. "Well? What else did It say? Is that it?"

"Oh, no, there is much more. Over two hours' worth."

"Great! Read on. What did It say next?"

Barbara shifts slightly in her chair. "It said . . ." and then she reads the statement aloud: *You are a demonstration of a Universal Human.*

Now both of them become quiet. The words hang in the air between them. Finally, Barbara speaks.

"Sidney, I don't feel like this. I've felt glimpses of this on and off through the years, but I don't feel that I've attained this. And my thoughts, my feelings about that, must have been clear and must have been 'read' by whoever it was that was dictating this to me, because here is what was said next:"

*To fully incarnate, you will now experience not the Rose Chamber of Union of the Human and the Divine, but the Cosmic*

*Oneness with Source within you as an incarnate human, fully human/fully Divine—as a new norm.*

“So,” Sidney began, slowly, “you’re going to be a model for the rest of us.”

Barbara’s reply was quick and certain. “No,” she said. “That’s not it at all. I can’t do that, and I’m not being asked to do that.”

“But It said—”

“Wait. When It talked of my being a ‘new norm,’ it immediately added . . . ”

*Not an exemplar, but rather, a catalyst for so many others who are right at the threshold of their own emergence.*

“That I can do,” Barbara allowed. “An ‘exemplar’ I’m not; a ‘catalyst’ I can be. It is what I was *meant* to be, and I’m not alone. It’s not as if I’m the only catalyst on the earth. It feels as if there are many, in many different areas, undertaking many different activities.”

“I agree with you,” Sidney confirms. “This *is* what you were meant to be. What do you have to do next?”

“I was told that. I was given specific instructions.” Barbara turns the page in her journal and reads again:

*I ask you now to experience the Kingdom within, in this full, whole incarnation as a young Universal Human.*

Then she reads to Sidney her own words, entered in response:

As a Guardian of the Gate, guide me in this experience. I have been up to now so directed in my mission that I’ve rarely, if ever, experienced the inner peace.

Now let me experience, as a steady state, the Inner Kingdom—it is from this still point that a convergence center is offered, I know.

*For you, beloved, as an Earth-born Universal Human, the step requires a direct love affair, like you once had with the risen Christ.*



Barbara also knew what this referred to. There was a time, years earlier, when she experienced a direct union with Christ—a sense of Oneness she would never forget. But this moment, right now, was different.

*This love is with a specific Being who is your actual partner in the process. I am beyond you—yet so close. This falling upward in love is the attraction that you need now.*

Yes, that's what's required now! Barbara knew it down to her bones. It was about "falling upward in love." But upward beyond even the Christed One? With *whom*, then? Falling in love with *whom*?

*The Kingdom for a Homo Universalis during the birth process on a planet is different from that which Jesus outlined 2,000 years ago. That was then; this is now.*

*Now is the birth process on planet Earth. It is vital that you embody, grow into, and become a Being on the Other Side of the Veil—alive, tangible, and real to your Self—to help bring other people through.*

*To do so, you cannot be alone either on this Earth or beyond; but for your next step, you need to be with at least one other who has already made it through in another planetary sequence.*

*That is why I am now coming directly to you.*

Once again, Barbara stopped reading. She reached for a tissue from a nearby box. She dabbed at her eyes and daubed a sniffle. This time, Sidney controlled his impatience. He understood how meaningful this was to Barbara—and how challenging it was for her to share it, even with him.

Presently, Barbara continued.

*I want you to clear your mind of all tasks. You now know The Plan for you. It is now indelibly imprinted, and it will unfold. You do not need to keep reviewing it mentally to hold it. Let it set like a photograph in a darkroom, undisturbed.*

*Put your attention on Me, your partner already on the Other Side.*

So there it was, the guidance and instruction. But still the question remained: Who is the “partner” on the “Other Side”? Who is this being with whom Barbara is invited to “fall upward in love” even more than Christ?

For the answer, Barbara was being invited to . . .

*Go in your mind’s eye . . . into the future. It is the future from the human perspective, but it is the present from the perspective of those of us who are already here.*

Barbara explained to Sidney that she did just that, hours earlier when she was doing the original writing in her journal. She closed her eyes and tried to imagine the future in order to identify her partner from the Other Side.

“I didn’t know what to expect,” she told him. “I had no preconceived idea. Then, suddenly, I experienced contact *with my own Self*.”

Sidney’s eyebrows shot up. Barbara went on: “Not with the risen Christ, nor an extraterrestrial, but *my own self, evolved*. Then, these words came to me:”

*I combine all the characteristics that are incipient in you full grown.*

*Just imagine yourself as a fully embodied Universal Human, living in an Earth space universal environment, able to resonate in a nonlocal universe.*

*Imagine your body fully sensitive to your intention with continuity of consciousness through many bodies.*

*Imagine you are interacting freely with others—like Me—who have gone before. Experience fulfilling your mission on Earth; the shared planetary birth experience as a Universal Human, at your own next stage of development, with the rapturous experience of what used to be called gods.*

*Feel beloved by the Beloved, and experience the Presence as Who You Are.*

Barbara looked up and smiled. "Well, I asked for it," she chuckled. "I said I wanted 'contact.' I was told I had to fall 'upward in love.' I just didn't know that it was going to be with *me!*"





We'll return to that fascinating dialogue later in this book, and as it continues, we'll find that it contains some remarkable information. More important, we'll all have a chance to experience the dialogue as if it were an exchange with *us*. (Because, in a larger sense, it *is*.)

Yet right now, I'd like to lay a bit more of a foundation for the story we've just begun.

The lady whose life we're exploring here says that the human species is going through a birthing process. She adds that every one of us is part of that. If this is true (and I believe that, by the end of this book, you'll see and agree that it is), it would be wonderful, as in any birthing, to have a loving, caring, knowing midwife present.

This is a role that Barbara Marx Hubbard models spectacularly well, and that is why it is so perfect for us to now know all about her and the unique role she is playing in nurturing our planetary emergence.

The fascinating aspect of this collective Birthing of a New Humanity is that we are all *both the parent and the offspring*. We are the Creator and the Created. We are *all* the Mother of Invention, and we are The Invention itself. In a sense, we are our *own* midwife.

We are reinventing *ourselves* in a global (dare I say, *universal*) process by which humanity will emerge as a new and magnificent form of our particular species of sentient beings—a form that only loves, and never again hates; that only shares, and never again hoards; that only heals, and never again hurts; and that only births and rebirths itself in ever new and more glorious ways, and never again kills.

If we hold and sustain that vision—if those of us who are connected here, via this book, use this book itself as *causal art* (a book, painting, photograph, poem, play, or movie that inspires and *causes* an outcome to occur)—then the *manifestation* of the vision on a global scale can begin in earnest on December 22 of that much-talked-about year, 2012.

### ***The 2012 Phenomenon***

Yes, yes, here we go again . . . more 2012 “stuff.” Except this “stuff” isn’t about predictions of the end of the world, the collapse of our social systems at every level, the return to caveman days, or whatever else the Purveyors of Doom have put out there.

Now make no mistake—there are going to be a lot of changes. But not changes for the worse. No. They’ll be changes for the *better*; changes in the way we relate to each other, changes in the way we “do” politics and economics and medicine and science and technology and entertainment and sports and education and religion and just about *every aspect of human life*.

They will be changes in our social mores, belief systems, and cultural constructions in everything from livelihood to marriage to sexuality to parenting and to what we label “good,” “fun,” “joyful,” and “loving”; and what we label as *not* that.

Yes, humanity’s ideas, actions, intentions, and results are going to change—and change mightily—in the years just ahead. And we’re all going to be playing a huge role in the creation of that.

Unless we aren’t.

We don't *have* to play a role. We can just sit back and watch it all happen. But we will certainly be invited to. In fact, we *are* being invited to. By Life itself—right now.

So what are you reading here, anyway? Is this a biography? Well, yes and no. It's more of a *uniography*. What in the world is that? Wait, you'll see. For this *is* the personal history of an extraordinary person, but there's more to the story. . . .

### *History, Herstory, Ourstory*

It's a most extraordinary thing, really, a person's life. And every life means more than what the one who is living it usually knows. Yet there are some people who *do* know—who are very clear and aware—even as each moment is being lived. These are human beings who have a sense of the true meaning of their days upon the earth.

This book is about just such a person, and it is about how *you* can become such a person—or be even *more* of that if you already *are* that.

Whenever I talk with Barbara Marx Hubbard, I have the feeling that she's mainlining the aggregate genius and the sum total of all wisdom in the Universe.

Really.

Over the decade and a half that I've known her, I've never, ever had a dull conversation with her; never, ever heard a silly or ill-thought-out idea from her; never, ever came across any piece of writing from her that didn't sparkle with a special kind of brilliance, wrapped as it is in the effervescent bubbling of one who Simply and Joyously Knows.

Now you may think that I'm exaggerating about this woman, but when you finish reading this book, you'll know that I'm not. Not even a little. But let's be clear about something. We would be making a huge mistake if we allowed ourselves to think that Barbara is all that I've just said she is because she is somehow "better equipped" than most other people. If that were true, there would

be little point in your reading this book—and no point in my writing it. I have no interest in writing “just another biography,” and I’m sure you have enough to do right now without reading one of those. If I’m going to take the time to write a book, and if you’re going to take the time to read it, it’s going to have to *bring something*, yes?

Yes. I don’t have enough days left in my life to just ramble on about somebody for the sake of simply telling her story, however unusual or extraordinary. I want every word that I write to have something to do with *me* and with *you*. So let me promise you early on that *this* story has a lot to do with *our* story.

### ***Not Your Ordinary Biography***

Perhaps you’ve noticed as we get deeper into this book that it is being written in a somewhat unusual “voice” and style. Most books of this kind are presented in a much more detached, third-person narrative voice. I can’t adopt that. First of all, I’m not that kind of writer. I have to come from my own personal experience or I lose interest. Second, I’ve known Barbara Marx Hubbard for way too many years to somehow “detach” myself from my subject here and speak to you about her in a distant, objective voice.

And finally, I don’t *want* to be objective about what we’re going to be exploring, because, as I keep saying over and over again, we will not be simply examining a person’s life here—we’re *applying* what we *learn* about that life *to our own*.

We’re also going to be hearing some of the most exciting news the human race has received in a very long time, and I can’t be aloof about that. I don’t even want to try.

So my own voice is going to be very “present” here. I’m throwing myself *into* this story, making myself a part *of* it, not simply telling it.

(Just to warn you.)

## *People Who Enliven Our Lives*

You know what I've discovered? Everybody has something to learn from everybody else. We are all each other's teacher. And it's especially nice to meet people who not only know this, but who consciously and enthusiastically fill the role of teacher in our lives, even while they are students in their own. They enliven life itself, moving as they do through the minutes of their every day with actions, choices, and words supercharged with Conscious Intention and driven by Purpose.

When I first met Barbara Marx Hubbard, I realized that I had come across just such a person—someone from whom I could learn, and from whom I would benefit, for the rest of my life. Even after she is gone.

Barbara belongs to that special category of folks who know that their lives were meant to touch others in an important way. Indeed, to *change* the lives of others. In fact (why beat around the bush?), to *benefit the whole of humanity*.

Now that might seem like a grandiose notion, but I've had the experience that those who embrace such a notion are not grandiose at all, but are nearly always humbled by such a thought—if not actually *burdened* by it. Who wants to walk around feeling that the whole of humanity is expecting something momentous from you?

Yet if you feel that way, you feel that way. *Something is calling to you*, and you couldn't ignore it if you wanted to.

I have a notion that this is a feeling with which you, yourself, may be familiar. It is a calling to create something, to experience something, to *be* something greater. It is the calling of evolution itself, the deep inner impulse, the Grand Invitation of Divinity to rejoin It, to know It, to become It.

Do you know why I have this notion about you? *Because you are reading this book*. You wouldn't have been drawn to this if there wasn't something deep inside of you saying, "Here! Here is the invitation you have been waiting for! This is not just *history*. Yes, this is Barbara's story, but it's not just '*herstory*.' This is '*yourstory*.' Read it—and then choose to be part of the global Birthing of Humanity."





# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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With an early interest in religion and a deeply felt connection to spirituality, **Neale Donald Walsch** spent the majority of his life thriving professionally, yet searching for spiritual meaning before beginning his now-famous *Conversations with God* series. These books have been translated into 37 languages, touching millions and inspiring important changes in people's day-to-day lives. Seven of his 27 books have reached the *New York Times* best-sellers list.

Neale lives in Ashland, Oregon, with his wife, poet Em Claire. In 2001 he founded Humanity's Team, which he describes as a worldwide civil-rights movement for the soul ([www.HumanitysTeam.org](http://www.HumanitysTeam.org)). In 2005 he began work on putting into place a global education program, The School of the New Spirituality ([www.SchooloftheNewSpirituality.com](http://www.SchooloftheNewSpirituality.com)). In 2010 he created the CWG Spiritual Mentoring Program for individuals seeking to bring their highest spiritual understanding into their everyday lives.

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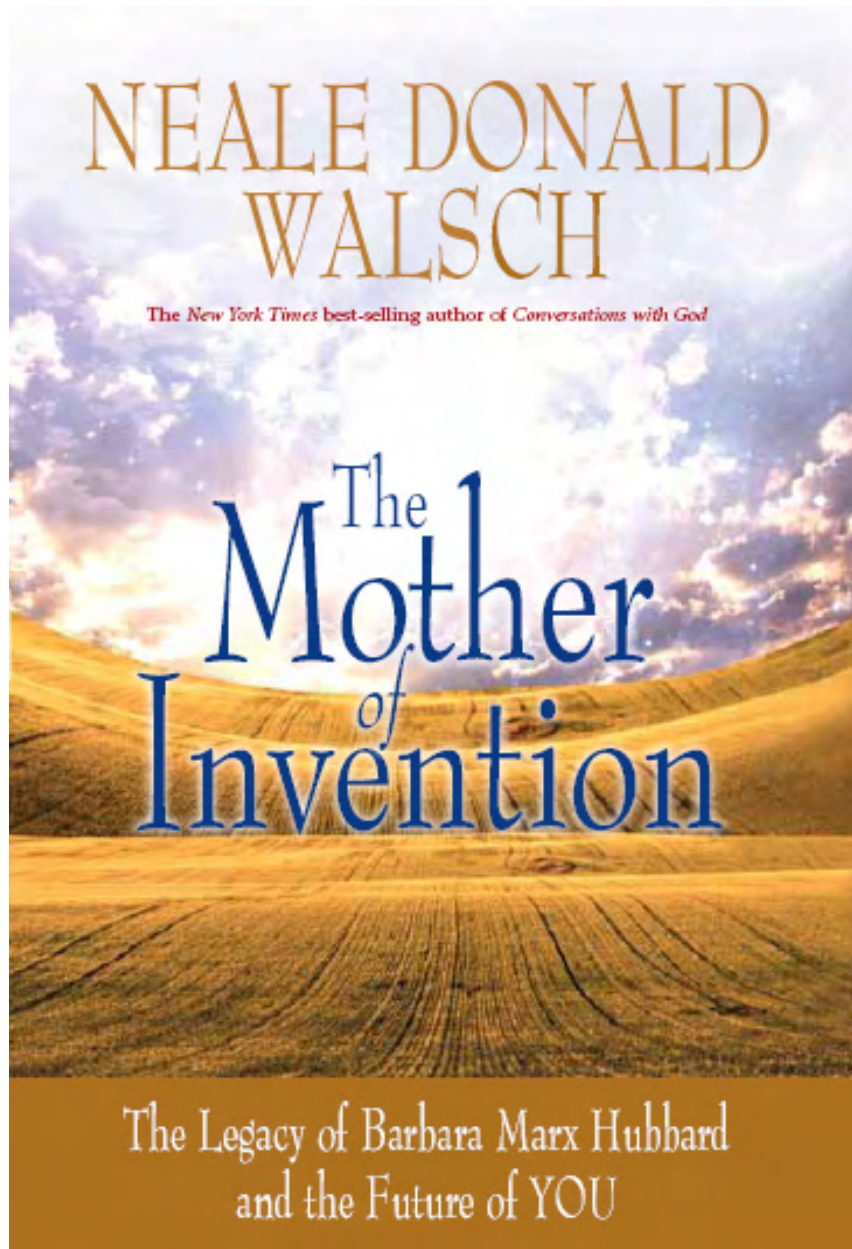
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