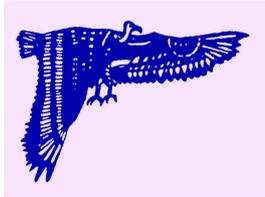
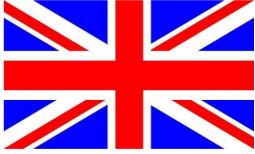




	<p><i>Sean Madden</i></p>
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## English version:

Heaven and Hell:



“Heaven and Hell”

O Mother Earth

What have they done to you

Sweet Mother Earth -

a life so ancient

soul so young

Wrap me in your tender bracken

Wipe my tears away.

SHAUN MADDEN (SEAN MADDEN)

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## PREFACE

One of the tests designed by opticians to determine colour-blindness is a cunning picture, wherein a particular image is unidentifiable unless a particular colour, for example green, can be seen. If a patient fails to perceive the trailing tendrils of a fruitless vine say, seeing instead just a confusion of patchy grey; then the condition is diagnosed. Now using this as an analogy, we can consider the visionary's contention that there is a whole range of experience

which eludes the scope of most people's ability to recognise: but is nevertheless constantly present. Terms such as Second Sight; Third Eye; Seeing The Light; even Occult: refer to this peculiar capacity which our language has difficulty in expressing except in symbols. As Shaun could be classified as a Christian Mystic, it would not be impertinent to recall Jesus' own predilection for Parable. It is also worth mentioning that, unlike colour-blindness, tradition informs that anyone can cease to be spiritually blind. The value of experience is received in direct proportion to the capacity for integrating it into one's understanding. What could be more natural than, when confronted by the living image of One All Merciful, All Loving, and All Knowing, simply to cry 'Jesus'? Especially after a profound Catholic devotion has prepared you to meet someone with all these attributes. An adherent of another religious discipline though, in comparable circumstances, might encounter 3 separate deities before returning to his/her body: but still suffer essentially the same emotions and attain similar insights. To a poet, the difference between two such accounts would be fascinating: the divergent symbolism, properly compared, would be most rewarding... But to a mystic, the fundamental unity of their structure would be predominantly important. This Preface is, on one hand, too complex: on the other it is too superficial.

KEN TAYLOR

## INTRODUCTION

Imagine a being, of pure light, thousands of times brighter than the sun; whose countenance is pure love. And once surrounded by this being's light and love, you become a part of this being -eternally and irrevocably united in some way to this wonderful light. Imagine a being whose sole concern is for your welfare and your every need: who will 'wipe every teardrop' from your eyes and surround you in an immeasurable peace and bliss. A being who radiates perfect knowledge of you and of all mystery. A being of infinite majesty and yet humble enough to entertain our presence and sincerely care for us as no human could. If this were possible, then mere human companionship would never fulfil your need. Once a person has experienced this perfect love, no human affection could lay a claim to their heart. This small booklet is a record of my 'near death' experience and my reflections on the encounter with the great Angel which is central to the experience. The Angel Himself has several names, the first name I was made aware of was 'The Angel of the Lord' but He is also 'Jesus Christ' and, no doubt if I was a practitioner of a different religion, I would know Him by some other name. When I was younger, my attitudes towards death were tinged with fear and doubt, but now I am eagerly awaiting the great day when I will see Him again, Face to face and wondering in anticipation what will lie beyond the first judgement, at the throne of Jesus Christ. Following is an account of my first meeting with this being of light. The meeting was out of the body and only of short duration, at every stage I was hurried to my

destination. During a conversation with the great Angel I was aware of a prophecy or judgement on my life and made several requests as reasons for returning to the world. Some of these commitments, I have fulfilled already, but as they are of a personal nature I feel it is trivial to include such mundane items in this short account.

The judgement or preview of how I will be judged is a more serious matter and as these particular memories are not yet crystal clear, I have not included them here. The Angel made it clear how I would be judged but perhaps because I cannot accept it or don't remember very clearly, I feel bound to omit this part in the account. If this account would appear to contradict the book -of Hebrews: 'It is appointed unto man to die once', then what became of Lazarus and the others who were raised from the dead? If they died a second time then this statement was meant in a different context, if Lazarus was taken up to Heaven by Angels then perhaps I won't have to die again? The statement may have been referring to the Heresy of Re-incarnation at the time of writing, possibly.

## HEAVEN

I had been fasting and suffering an attack of influenza which was quite severe, but I had nearly recovered from this. I had been taking antiseptic lozenges and in addition made an infusion of Basil: 'the Sacred Herb'. Later that particular evening I washed and went to bed, I had had a premonition of death during the illness and looking back, I forget what my

last prayers were. As I tried to sleep, I seemed quite unable to, due to hunger and overtiredness. My heart beat faster and I could not sleep 'though totally exhausted from A'Level studies and rigorous weight training schedules. I remember being aroused from sleep by a peculiar and alarming presence, nearing me in bed. Physically, I remember my heart beating faster and faster until each beat became the next and finally a pain ('though I have very little memory of how intense) shot through the upper part of my chest, near my collar. This is my last memory, although there seemed to be no discontinuity between dying and entering the new beautiful world of disincarnate souls. I saw a white light or flash as I passed from my body into my dead body's surroundings: I was praying very hard, almost without conscious control, but something like the almost mechanical 'De Profundis'. My attention was keenly directing itself on Jesus Christ. I looked around me for a moment and saw wonderful colours from my mother's and father's bodies in the house: they were asleep. I never noticed my brother, but did look for him - the walls were invisible and passable yet perceptible. I invoked St Augustine because I was concerned about how my spiritual life had been right up to present. I was moving half voluntarily, almost as if being called upon by the spirits who I met later. I moved and the hillside surrounding me (part of the Blackdown Hills, Devonshire) seemed to resemble molehills.-It was very dark and I soon found myself in the company of two or three beings, who were focusing their attention on me and my arrival. I was expected. The spirits were aware of who I was

and had an urgent command to bid me. I enquired where I could find St Augustine and how to get to heaven. It became apparent that I had to see an Angel and when I was to be with Him - then I would experience heaven. It was made clear that the angel mattered more than heaven and the Angel could tell me about St Augustine and my request. I thought out loud as if to say that I was dead, in full realization; this was affirmed but the spirits I was with appeared very much alive. One of them could have been an angel, although I am sure that all of them were spirits or souls living in the next world without direct links to this, physical world. I was hurried on my way to the next part of the journey because everything seemed to have to be hurried for some reason. The journey to the Angel of the Lord began and I travelled very quickly through the air, above the hills, and apparently orbited the Earth until I entered space. The memorable part of this was that any hills or landscape I drew near to were glowing and I realised that it was a reflection of my own countenance: a sort of bright, pure, silvery-white light. After some time in space without going near any solid object, which gave the impression of darkness, I saw a brilliant light from afar. As I moved into this light I became surrounded in an atmosphere of total love. This light was perfect love, infinitely majestic and at the same time, infinitely humble and considerate to me. When in this light I was the only person who mattered: I was really important to this great being of light and purity. Also any feelings of danger had fled as I felt perfectly secure. I still could not see the Angel but only His dazzling

countenance which was a thousand times brighter than the sun. I asked if I could see St Augustine, but was told that there was something more important to do first, then if I wanted to, I could ask again. I was asked how my spiritual life had fared, and I invoked St Augustine's prayers and openly apologised for my failings. I was then asked if I would like to see all the moments in my life where I had been one with God: in union with God. I asked the Angel if He would listen to my prayers: if He couldn't grant them, could He put them to God. He said of course He would help me; and although I would not let the Angel show me good things about my life, I spent some more time in this communication. I asked several prayers, some of which I remember, and I was reassured they would be fulfilled. There was also a prophecy about my return to Earth: and gradually I began to realise as I begged to be raised from the dead, that this was JESUS CHRIST The Son of Man. As the realisation hit me and as I was finishing my communication with God, I uttered some words of praise with the full realisation that He was God. Just at this moment there was an explosion of light and I returned even quicker than my going to this place. The journey was hard to remember as I was moving so rapidly, and I just remember praying as I entered my body. The moment I entered my body, my heart began to beat, but I could not move: I was praying (mental prayer) and tried to make the sign of the Cross. I moved my fingers and later my hand, when I moved my hand I made the sign of the Cross and began to breathe. Until this moment my limbs and all my body had the feeling of a 'dead leg' or

'pins and needles'. When I started breathing my body began to recover. The muscular strains remained and I had pains in my left arm and chest. I had been raised from the dead by the Good Angel. Perhaps the most rational memory and feelings evoked in me by this experience could be epitomised in the words of George Herbert:

## LOVE

Love bade me welcome,  
yet my soul drew back,  
guilty of dust and sin,  
but quick eyed love observing me grow slack, from  
my first entrance in,  
drew nearer to me sweetly questioning  
if I lacked anything.

'A guest' I answered 'worthy to be here'

Love said 'You shall be he'

'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear

'I cannot look on Thee'

Love took my hand and smiling did reply;

'Who made the eyes but I?'

'Truth Lord but I have marred them

'Let my shame go where it doth deserve'

'And know you not' says Love 'who bore the blame?'

'My dear, then I will serve'

'You must sit down,' says Love 'and taste my meat'  
so I did sit and eat.

The overwhelming memory that is always with me is of this good Angel's presence. A countenance of pure Love shining, beautiful and yet humble. The

light of this Angel of the The Lord is brighter than a thousand suns, it dazzles, but never burns, all-powerful yet totally humble, and intimately considerate towards ourselves. Beside the good Angel my soul felt naked and every part of my 'soul exposed, but never threatened, the radiant love consoling me. The memory is irrevocable, cannot be effaced, but always inspires; and helps to heal the injuries of life's trauma.

## HELL

I remember a dream which very vividly portrayed Hell in pristine clarity:-

They were all standing in the rain, in a city, just waiting. Some carried suit-cases for their loved ones - there was no love. In an atmosphere without feeling I remember waiting and only now remember what for. I waited for the coming of God, eternally waiting in the city which flooded with rain, the only way out being through the central building. The Demons were harsh and violent - dressed as S S officers similar to World War 2 images, they had complete control. Because they exerted this control they did not suffer the torment - the endless waiting our souls had to endure - eternally. They occupied the building which was the only passage through the place and because of this, no-one could pass through. I joined with several friends, and we made our way through the waist deep water, into the outer city limits. The city became dry, hot concrete and solid underfoot. We took a dead straight route out of the city which continued until we passed through the desert under a scorching sun, and later through

scorching flames. We continued through a barren waste-ground for some miles. We had a form of compass and continued in our search for Heaven. We passed through a wall of fire and into a desert. We came to a city and it began to rain. We got to the centre of it and then recognised the building where the Demons' head-quarters were. We were back in Hell. The Demons seized us and we were tortured, but we didn't care -there was no hope anyway. We were taken into a room and our brains re-programmed by a laser-type machine: it didn't matter we had no hope. There is no hope in Hell, just waiting eternally for redemption, waiting endlessly for Jesus Christ. We suffered pain, but we didn't care, our senses dulled we gave-in completely with no hope. There is no hope in Hell!

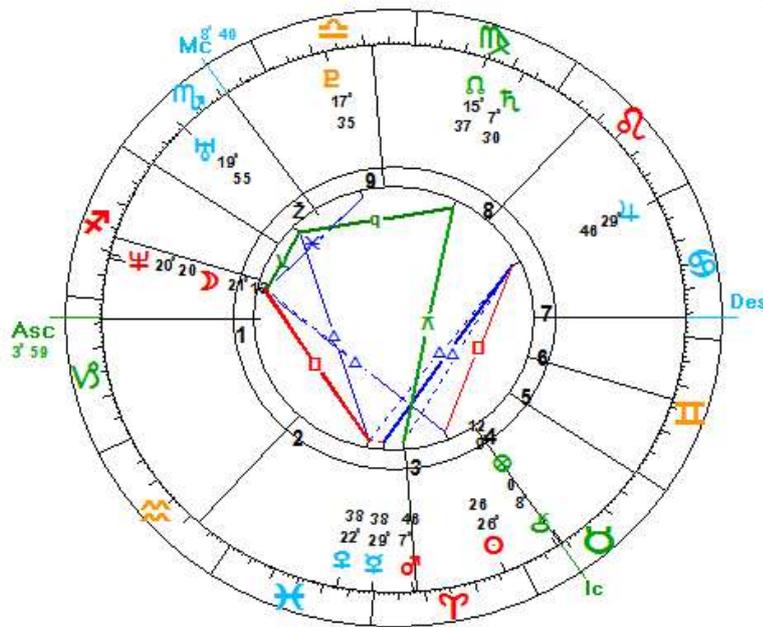
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## For Astrologers:

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Tropical True

☉	26	♈	26	23
☽	21	♈	12	50
♃	29	♈	37	45
♄	22	♈	38	29
♅	7	♈	45	34
♆	29	♄	45	55
♇	7	♄	30	25r
♈	19	♄	55	5r
♉	20	♈	19	56r
♊	17	♈	35	29r
♋	3	♄	58	36
♌	8	♄	40	18
♍	15	♄	36	32r
♎	9	♄	12	8
♏	7	♄	59	51



Placidus

2	21	♈	52	25	11	29	♄	37	43
3	8	♈	18	52	12	16	♈	47	57

I intend to give you some more information about the NDE using an Astrological chart as a guide. The entrance to the experience was via fasting for nearly a year. This was to persuade God to let me see "Him". I had never heard of NDEs but had faith. Of course God hated me hurting myself by fasting. I was looking for buried treasure and I had the faith that I would find it. Going into it with this much caution was wrong, my "humility" nearly sabotaged the whole experience and denied me a life review. People aren't afraid of dying they are afraid of living. Watching life narrowly. Calculatingly as if about to be cheated in some way. Death gets rid of the fear, energises us and gives us zest for life. For me the after effects were spiritual enlightenment. I could sense others even read their thoughts, some good, mostly put downs, some dirty, angry or destructive, sin became different - life was dirty and when purified everything is clean. There is no shame and no

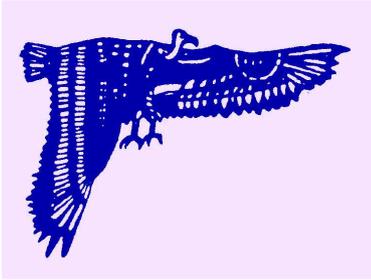
fear. All becomes clean and God approves of life, in every way. You need to tell people, but the light tells you to bury the treasure - for now. Without self-control, they could lock you up, just for saying the wrong thing to a doctor for example.

The point of power is in no longer being cautious and fearful, you can achieve anything the light is always with you. The love is all you need. It gives you the courage not to be frightened of living. The light spoke to me for weeks and helped whenever I asked it, it shone around me I seemed to be able to see in the dark, and into other peoples minds. My idea of good and evil dramatically changed. When you have seen the ultimate, nothing compares to her. I call the light a her, because of it's beauty. Everything is an anticlimax afterwards, nothing will ever come close!! The light can never leave you the light IS you!!

While away studying I was friendly with a nice girl, and wrote her a valentine saying "That God should weep over the Beauty of what he has created" She asked me if that was me that wrote it so I denied it. We were a bit friendly for a while and later I realised how strong my feelings were for her. This was the "Lazarus mystery" (From my NDE) in the holy book it says of Lazarus "Jesus wept" for his friend in the tomb and inwardly I know what was said to me in the NDE, that God loves me and to never forget her (Gods) love, if I get hurt imagined or otherwise to always know her (Gods) love, especially with the nice girl I fell in love with even when she rejected me. Nothing really matters nothing will ever come

close!!

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English:

Part of my story I am going to try to say in Spanish, which can only be understood as part of the whole Near Death Experience. I hope my Spanish is correct and I hope you can understand it. During my university course I wrote on a Valentine card to my ex girlfriend saying "That god should shed a tear over the beauty he created!" She asked me "Was that you?" "No" i said.

She gave me the greatest gift - a Broken heart (Like the Spanish "El Duende") She was like a Gypsy Girl with black hair, eyes to die for, and those black eyelashes, and her soul so beautiful - like a saint. She was my ex, and after I told her how I felt she said "Leave my sister alone! Leave my family alone! LEAVE ME ALONE!! Here is your stupid letter JUST RE READ IT!!"

This all happened more than 20 years ago, I never went back to her, I never thought I would survive, and even now I don't know, because with the passing of the years I am not so well as I was in 1993. My heart will always be broken. Maybe.

The light wanted to show me all the times when I was one with it. It will show me I am the Light. Dad-

dy was the light. You are the light. That we are not pockets of light or part of light. WE ARE THE LIGHT! The lovely girl can no longer be separate from me I am her and she is me! Now I can move on. Also if Someone hurt me and I couldn't forgive him / her because I am her, I am not forgiving myself. Realising I am daddy and I forgive him I find forgiveness. Because I am him. If I don't forgive him I don't forgive myself, I am him. I am her. It's not just that there is no separation between us, because separation is from the ego and is a man made artificial construct. No! I AM HER! And she is my God. That's why I can sometimes feel her around me, even though she is still living in the UK. There is no separation.

Put another way:

KNOW what I saw, I know what the being said to me. I don't feel I am right, believe, I am right, I am only telling you what I saw that night. That is how it is and you might expect something very similar. When it happened my inner beliefs were challenged by this light and it's pure love, it's amorality inasmuch as it didn't judge. And the total lack of religion. I was very religious at that time. I wish I could take your hand and lead you there because there are no words sufficient to describe this light. No books or religion. If you are preparing yourself for your last journey I hope this booklet will help you as I am only writing about things I have seen and I have no angle on it at all.

Imagine you are driving along the road and you see

a wonderful sunset it transports your inner mind to a magical red skied place, a place you never go to, a place where magic happens and dreams come true, and because we don't often go there most people aren't aware it even exists. We'll the purpose of all art is to take us to this wonderful place.

This light is amoral, it doesn't judge us it just loves us there is no good and evil no religion it only asks us "How much love was in your heart?" Good and evil don't exist they are inventions of man, of the sick ego. Separation is ego based we are really all one in this light we are this light and as such are truly all together. So isolation and loneliness heart-break are creations of our ego. If we are all one how can we be lonely? I can feel her all around me and it seems crazy, but it makes sense somehow. She drives me mad because she's so nice. If there is no good and evil, at least in God, then forgiveness becomes easy as there is no judgement and no blame. We KNOW God won't judge so there is no purpose in forgiveness as there truly was no wrong. God is interested in experience not right and wrong, What did we learn? Not why did you do that? We need a vehicle that takes us to that place where dreams come true, but words fail us, we don't want another image or another religion. Just know you are Him!

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