

A TRUE STORY OF

HOPE, HEALING AND MIRACLES

A sample chapter

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MasteryOfEnergyHealing.com

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

This is a true story.

Some of the names of individuals mentioned in this book
have been changed to protect their privacy.

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AN OPENING WORD

In the summer of 1996, while visiting a small Mexican border town for business, the gift of healing was awakened within me as a woman handed her six-month-old dying baby girl to me and she spontaneously healed. Soon after, I had a near-death experience in a hospital emergency room, where a second gift was given to me. I learned there is no such thing as death—only a new beginning.

Along my journey, I have been blessed to assist people in healing their migraine headaches, backaches, cancer, heart disease, tumors, depression, and more. During their healing sessions and in my classes, many of them and I have seen, heard, and/or felt the presence of angels and other heavenly beings, bringing the awareness to us all that we are never alone.

Many call me a healer. I think of myself as a man like any other who has chosen to be in service to others—to share with you the gifts that were given to me—the gifts of Light, Love, and Healing.

This is my story.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Alex J. Hermosillo". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

CHAPTER ONE

THE GIFT AWAKENS

Summer 1996

I always enjoyed making the five-hour drive through southern Arizona to San Luis, Mexico. The drive away from the hustle and bustle of the big city of Phoenix through the Sonoran Desert is tranquil and beautiful, with its many large Saguaro cactuses standing like sentinels at attention. Some of these giants have been in position for hundreds of years. They would feel like my protectors as I drove south, ushering me toward a place of comfort. This small, festive border town is welcoming, with its aroma of food cooking along a main street dotted with brightly colored tourist shops. On one particular trip, the town's relaxed atmosphere was soothing to me after a long, hectic workweek in sales. Any stress I had was left behind when I crossed the U.S. border into Mexico.

Friday night, at last! My excitement built while I parked my car in the dusty parking lot of the small, cozy restaurant that my brother Eddie and I owned in San Luis. Painted in Old World Spanish turquoise on the outside, the old building that seemed small surprisingly could accommodate up to fifty people for dining. In contrast to its exterior Spanish, the restaurant's interior had a modern style with a large-screen TV, sleek stainless steel barstools, and tables covered

in bright blue leather. A tiny two-bedroom home sat a short distance behind the restaurant; we used it as a guesthouse. Stepping out of my car into the warm summer night, I had no idea that an event later that evening would change my life and the lives of those closest to me forever.

Nearing the restaurant, I could hear one of the latest American Top 40 songs resound loudly from our state-of-the-art stereo system. The place was half full of U.S. Marines from the Marine base in Yuma, Arizona, just twenty miles away. They were comfortable visiting our restaurant, knowing that Eddie and I are Americans and that we served in the U.S. military. (As a young man, I enlisted in the Navy, and Eddie served in the Army.) In a futile attempt to make being away from their families a little more bearable, the Marines were gearing up for a night on the town visiting local nightclubs and bars.

My brother Eddie was working hard in the small kitchen. “What’s up, Chico?” he asked, glad to see me. (*Chico* means “little boy” in Spanish and is a nickname that was given to me by one of my sisters on the day I was born, weighing in at only five and a half pounds.) After we greeted each other, Eddie and I joined our friends who lived in San Luis. While we chatted with them, more customers arrived, ordered their food, and joined friends. After sharing conversation with our group, I excused myself and walked outside for some fresh air. Eddie followed me. Standing just outside the restaurant’s doorway, we looked down the street now crowded with partygoers laughing and calling out to each other.

When I was a small boy of nine and Eddie only four, our family lived for about a year in San Luis. My father first saw my mother in this town many years before, when he accompanied his father on a business trip. His father brought a movie camera along on the trip to film family and friends. While my father was filming he unknowingly captured the image of a pretty, young girl who would later become my mother. A short time later, my father purchased land here, and he built a house and

two apartment complexes. As a result, my parents, my nine siblings, and I visited San Luis often through the years.

Soon an employee stepped outside to inquire about additional food supplies; it was close to eleven o'clock at night, and the restaurant continued to fill with hungry customers waiting to be served. Eddie returned to the kitchen, and I helped serve the food that he quickly prepared. Hours passed, as did the beers, and by two o'clock in the morning I was exhausted. Eddie continued to cook some last-minute orders, so on my way through the kitchen I told him that I was leaving for the little house to count the day's sales receipts.

Walking through the old, small house, I was reminded that there was not much to look at: a tiny kitchen, an empty living room, a single bathroom, and two small bedrooms, with only a mattress in each. While sitting on one of the mattresses counting receipts, I thought I heard someone calling my name. I got up and quickly walked toward the sound, coming from the direction of the living room, and I caught a glimpse of my friend Dulce and my brother Eddie rushing toward the house.

Dulce and her husband were good friends of ours. They had assisted Eddie and me with the preparation for our restaurant's grand opening six months before. Dulce was 23 years old, and for as long as I have known her, she has been a very positive and happy person. But that night Dulce's beautiful, long black hair was hanging across her face like a spider web, wet from tears. Clutching her six-month-old baby, she cried out, "Alex, my baby is ill. She has a 103 temperature and can hardly breathe! Please help me! Don't let her die!" The closest hospital to San Luis was fifteen miles away, and I guessed that Dulce feared her baby wouldn't survive the long trip.

Without hesitation I told her I would try to help them. Dulce quickly placed the sick baby in my arms. I was shocked when I heard myself tell Dulce that she should wait in the restaurant for just a few minutes and that I would call for her. Looking at me with hope and desperation

on her face, Dulce resolutely turned to leave. While holding Dulce's baby in my arms, I watched her and Eddie make their way across the parking lot toward the restaurant. I was then standing alone in the doorway with Dulce's baby.

Returning to the bedroom, I quickly glanced down at the baby's limbs hanging limply. They appeared lifeless. Laying the baby gently on top of the mattress, I took a curious and closer look at her tiny body. Her nasal passages were closed over, making it difficult for her to breathe, and her skin was a reddish color with what appeared to be a rash over her body. Her eyes were closed, and she was gasping for air. Judging from the sound of her breathing, I believed her lungs were congested.

A strong urge suddenly enveloped me, and for unknown reasons, I placed my hands four inches above her tiny body, closed my eyes, and forcefully cried out, "*You are healed!*" A strange rush of energy filled my body, expanded outward, and eventually engulfed the entire room. Time slowed for me and then stopped, making it seem like there was no beginning or end to the present moment. Another burst of energy surged through me, this time flowing through my arms and out of my hands. My body tingled from head to toe, and I could feel my hands heat up like they were on fire. Then the tingling sensation faded, my hands cooled down, and everything felt peaceful. The room was quiet. I was astonished at what I saw when I slowly opened my eyes. The baby's eyes were open and sparkling with new life. Her breathing seemed normal to me. Her nasal passages were no longer clogged, and the redness of her skin had disappeared. I glanced at the small wind-up clock sitting on the nightstand, and I noticed only a few minutes had passed. Turning my attention back to the baby, I touched her forehead and it felt cooler, the fever gone. Unable to believe or comprehend what I was seeing, I only could guess that a miracle must have occurred! An overwhelming feeling of fear within me followed that thought.

I fell to my knees with my head bowed and hands placed over my face. My heart was pounding uncontrollably. Raising my head toward heaven, I cried out, *“Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Oh, my God!”* Without thinking, my hands moved across my heart in an attempt to comfort it, while tears streamed down my cheeks. I could not deny the divine presence or power in that tiny bedroom; intuitively I knew that the only choice was to surrender to this experience. I humbly lowered my head again and focused my attention on the small baby girl who was then alertly looking up at me. Her sparkling eyes were glowing, and she began to speak out in baby language. I was happy with the thought that she was telling me she was okay.

I took several deep breaths, wiped the tears from my face, and attempted to compose myself. Carefully lifting the baby off the mattress and holding her close to my chest, I walked out of the house and headed toward the restaurant’s rear entrance. After opening the door and taking a few steps inside, I called out, *“Dulce!”* She rushed toward me and I happily handed her the child, saying that her baby would be okay. The look of fear and despair that had been etched on Dulce’s face was quickly replaced with a look of pure joy. After hugging and thanking me over and over, she quickly sat at a vacant table to admire her healthy child. What a wonderful moment in time, watching Dulce smiling, talking to, and playing with her baby. She looked up for a moment and thanked me once again. Not knowing what to say or how to explain to Dulce what had happened in the tiny house, I just acknowledged her with a slight nod.

I felt odd, like I was in a vacuum; the silence that seemed to surround me was deafening. I had the perception of being suspended in time. I heard a faint voice calling out to me. Slowly the voice strengthened and pulled me back to the present moment. The mysterious voice was Eddie’s. I realized, after gathering my thoughts, that Eddie needed my help in the kitchen. I quickly found myself back in the swing of things: getting the next day’s supplies ready and serving last-minute customers before the restaurant closed.

In bed that night thinking about the baby's healing, I tried to soothe myself by wrapping my arms around my chest. Exhausted from the day's events, I quickly fell asleep.

Looking in the bathroom mirror while shaving the next morning, I again began to wonder what happened the previous night. Was the entire incident with Dulce's baby a dream, or did it really happen? Why did she come to me? Why did I tell Dulce I would call her in a couple of minutes? How did I know I would only be a couple of minutes? Why did I place my hands over her sick child? Where did that awareness and information come from? Why did I say, "*You are healed!*"? I stared at my hands, but they appeared normal to me. Physically, when I looked at my hands, face, and body, nothing had changed. However, in some way I thought I looked different when I looked into the bathroom mirror for a second time, though I was unable to pinpoint any physical change.

Fastening my watch, I realized that it was time to leave for the restaurant. Eddie and our manager, Juan, were sitting in the small kitchen drinking cups of coffee. I grabbed a large cup and joined them. They immediately asked me about Dulce's baby, because they knew how quickly the child was returned to its mother. Almost apologetically I said, "I just placed my hands on the baby and she was healed. I don't understand why or how." Juan had heard stories through the years about places in Mexico where healers are able to heal with their hands. In an attempt to change to another topic I adamantly told Juan, "I am not one of those people!" Eddie was insistent about wanting to know how I was able to help Dulce's baby; I answered him the same way: "I don't know. I just don't know." Eddie finally relented, but Juan wanted to look at my hands to see if he could feel anything come out of them. Standing up to pour myself another cup of coffee, I told them both, "Give me a break! It was beautiful and amazing but also frightening to me, and I don't want to talk about it anymore!" Then, looking at my watch, I reminded them that it was time to start preparing for

the luncheon customers, who would be arriving soon. Thankfully, we quickly switched to discussing the day's responsibilities.

The story of the baby's healing was retold a few times during the following week. Eddie told our mother and a close friend of the family, and then it was not mentioned again. The memory of that unimaginable event faded away and my life returned to normal, or so it seemed.

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A B O U T T H E A U T H O R

Alex J. Hermosillo is an internationally known spiritual teacher who was born with the gift of healing. As a young man, he had the ability to help people with their pain with a touch of his hand. In 1997, he journeyed to Heaven through a near-death experience where he gained great wisdom. He brings messages from Heaven and has helped people heal from heart disease, cancer, tumors, migraine headaches, grief, depression, and much more. With the gifts given to Alex, he developed a quick, simple, and effective energy healing method that anyone can do for themselves and others called, Mastery of Energy Healing. Alex dedicates his life to help others experience a peaceful, happy, and healthy life, what he calls, “Living Heaven on Earth.”

Alex touches the lives of thousands who seek healing through his lectures, classes, and internet radio show, “The Happy Healer.” He offers his services from his hometown in Phoenix, Arizona, as well as travels speaking and teaching at medical colleges, bookstores, related associations, and churches including I.A.N.D.S. (International Association for Near Death Studies), LECOM (Lake Erie College of Osteopathic Medicine), Southwest College of Naturopathic Medicine, and more. He has been featured on FOX 10 News (Phoenix, Arizona) and is published in various media.

To learn more about Alex J. Hermosillo, classes, and healing stories, go to www.masteryofenergyhealing.com.

P r a i s e f o r
A L E X J . H E R M O S I L L O

“His methods are unbelievably simple and fast. Energy Medicine appears to be one way for many to potentially help themselves and others quickly, effectively, and inexpensively. Attend one of his energy training sessions, and see for yourself.”

—Doris J. Rapp, M.D.

Author of *Our Toxic World: A Wake Up Call*
and New York Times bestseller *Is This Your Child?*

“With ease and grace, you access spiritual power in a way that everyone...yes, anyone can easily apply and experience immediate results for themselves and others.”

—Reverend Kyra Baehr

Unity of Divine Love Spiritual Center, Chandler, AZ

“Mesa IANDS is an association dedicated to the research, support, and education for people who have had, or are interested in the NDE (near death experience) and/or the OBE (out of body experience). Alex J. Hermosillo spoke to the Mesa IANDS chapter, and he was a hit. Alex shared the wisdom he gained from heaven during his NDE.

Yet, it was his honest transparency and completely loving attitude that won the audience over. When you meet Alex you are impressed with his loving, helpful, and kind nature. His focus is on you, and one cannot help but like him immediately. Alex brings healing and peace to people who are grieving due to the death of a loved one. As a speaker on near death experiences or the power of his healing, I would recommend Alex Hermosillo for any group, at any time.”

—Larry Merrill

Coordinator of the Mesa chapter of the International Association
for Near Death Studies, www.iands.org

“Alex Hermosillo may call himself a ‘simple guy,’...but for the hundreds that he has healed – physically, emotionally, and psychologically – he is anything but ordinary.”

“The Power to Heal,” *Ahwatukee Foothills News*, Phoenix, AZ

“Alex is a kind, caring, and compassionate teacher, who brings a deep sense of spirituality to his work. Anyone who meets him cannot help but feel the love that fills his soul.”

—Reverend Ron Fox
Spiritual Enrichment Center, Peoria, AZ

“Alex Hermosillo calls it ‘empathic,’ the ability to feel someone else’s physical pain, and rid them of it.”

—Sabra Gertsch, Reporter, *Arizona Fox 10 News*