

# An Upraised Chalice

Adventures *and* Near-Death Encounters  
in my Search for the Brotherhood of Light  
*and* What It Can Mean for You

Gene O'Neil

Periodically a book comes along that is capable of changing people's minds about Reality. The just-released "An Upraised Chalice" is one such book. It chronicles the world travels and the inner and outer experiences of the author, Gene O'Neil, from Vermont. Gene includes all the stunning stories, miracles, and near-death experiences that have marked his life, told in an engaging style, filled with pictures taken along the way, and ringing of the truth of experience. With other such books, such as "Proof of Heaven" and "Heaven Is for Real" (now a movie), it seems the tide is turning for the mainstream's acceptance of life after death. I've known Gene as a close personal friend for 30 years and proudly present a few excerpts and reviews from his book. (The cover art, available as a fine-art print, was painted by another great friend, Damian Gerard-Bland, from England.) To purchase Gene's book in paper or eBook format, go to [UpraisedChalice.com](http://UpraisedChalice.com), or visit [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com). —Enjoy! Editor

## INTRODUCTION

For over a month now the premonitions got stronger almost every day. Something very unpleasant was approaching. I knew that I was going to have to be physically alert and supercharged with the Light of my Presence if I was going to be able to deal with whatever it was that I was feeling. My morning meditations were strong and clear and the mantras that I used seemed even more powerful; still, I knew within that this appointment was coming and could not be avoided. I told my family about these premonitions and made sure my affairs were in order. I thought the plane I was flying would crash.

On December 3, 1985, at around noon I was driving my car about 70 mph on my way to the airport to conduct a flight lesson

for two of my students. My outer consciousness was busy with reviewing the flight plan that we would follow for the long training flight to Maine. Suddenly there was a soft explosion of Light immediately in front and to the side of me, a sphere of fire perhaps a foot in diameter appeared in front of the dashboard stereo of my car. In this sphere of fire that was before me, yet enveloped me, like a thunderclap, Archangel Michael commanded me to do a decree, a fiat of protection. I was shocked, dazed by this all-encompassing experience, time seemed to slow down and I reduced my speed to perhaps 50 mph instantly engaging in the powerful prayer that I was commanded to give. It was less than a minute later that a car in the opposite direction lost control, crossed into my lane, and hit me

head-on. Both drivers, myself and the man who lost control, were killed. I was sent back, repeatedly.

The story that you are about to read details the lifelong chain of events that brought about Archangel Michael's intercessions, the reasons why I believe they happened, and the prior and subsequent interaction with the Great Ones that have so shaped my life. As remarkable as this may be, there is a deeper story here—one that is vast in its implications and that contains a challenge to all who seek to know the Truth. That challenge involves the discovery of the answers to those penetrating questions: “*Who are we?*” and “*Why are we here?*”

Gene's story proceeds to a chronicling of his life, especially his quest as a young man for spiritual truth to Jerusalem, India and Tibet, to temples, ashrams and places of power. Upon his return to America, his experiences and his faith grow and intensify, until his near-death encounters (more than one) occur... and beyond. We take up his story here, shortly after the fatal car accident and at his hospital bed...

## CHAPTER 14

And then I was descending, slowly at first and then faster and faster... Seeing this world grow from a star, getting bigger and bigger and then, presto, I pop back into my physical body and I'm staring into the eyes of a medic. He says, “OK, this one's stable. Let's get going.” And they put me into the ambulance on the stretcher. In the process of being moved, I see the other stretcher with the driver who lost control and hit me. He was dead and I recognized him in a flash, although I've never met him in this lifetime.

I was in and out of consciousness. In the Intensive Care Unit (ICU), they said my back was broken, my

chest and ribs were broken, hand broken, and heart damaged and misfiring from the fatal 80+ mph head-on impact. I remember returning to consciousness and seeing my brothers with tears in their eyes. (They had to drive an hour to get there.) I remember it being said that I might not make it through the night. I knew I had to summon the energy, the drive, to do this ritual with Lord Michael that I had been doing every day for seven months now—*Archangel Michael's Rosary*. I remember how hard it was to stay conscious during the giving of the rosary in the ICU of the hospital. I remember almost finishing it when I passed out again.

I came back to consciousness in the middle of the night, hearing two nurses who were watching over me in the ICU, talking about out-of-body experiences. I remember a rush, a charge of Light, and somehow in words that were not mine, I proceeded to tell these two nurses about the Light of the Heart and the Path. They were shocked. Then, I asked them if they could see the two Masters or Angels that were standing next to my bed. I could see their radiance, their auras, but I couldn't move my body to look at them. I remember the nurses both started crying, thinking that I was soon to die, and then I passed out again.

I awoke sometime later with a doctor yelling at the nurse, something like, “This machine isn't working, quick, get another one.” There was great commotion and after a while, I was hooked up to the new machine and the doctor said, “A few hours ago this guy was ready to die and now he has the heartbeat of a 21-year-old athlete.” The next morning in X-ray, they said that somehow, they had made a mistake the previous day; my back wasn't broken, just several compressed disks. I was aware then that the two Masters/Angels who attended to me the previous night

There's no better place to begin, for true spiritual revelation, than with one's own personal experience, and so, *An Upraised Chalice* sets the tone for anyone ready for their own “journey of discovery.” Those who would drink from O'Neil's chalice of understanding will find its contents full and complex. Add a travelogue to the world's spiritual places and you have a fascinating blend of self-inspection, pilgrimage, and revelation that will resonate with many readers.

— D. Donovan,  
Midwest Book Review

Reading Gene's book has been a remarkable time for me to reflect upon and to question what we consider as reality in this day and age. It felt like being in “a moving retreat” with him throughout his arduous journey through mysteries, near-death experiences, shocks, conflicts, joys, and revelations—only to discover the light of the Ever-present Self. Gene stands bold like a warrior with superb courage, yet with sublime surrender to the Will of God. His enthusiasm, awareness and words soar through the ever-present field of Consciousness that is beyond time and space. I thank him on behalf of humanity.

— Roop Verma, Master Sitarist  
and Teacher of Vedanta and Yoga Philosophy

did their perfect work.

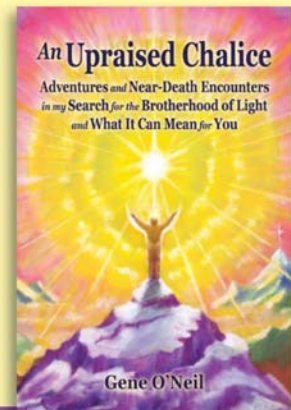
Through the next week, many people from the hospital would come into my hospital room to look at me, to talk about what had happened. Word had gotten out throughout the hospital that something major had occurred and Archangel Michael was involved. Every day while in the hospital, I continued my daily morning ritual of meditation and decrees, and the rosary to Archangel Michael.

I remember my brother coming into the hospital room a few days after the accident. He told me that he went to my wrecked car to get my personal belongings out of it. While there, he met a policeman who was concluding the investigation. As the officer looked into the wrecked vehicle, on the driver's seat he found a white cassette tape that

had my blood splattered on it. This cassette tape was so obvious by its color and the fact that everything else in the car was wrecked. The officer picked it up, noting the title: *Archangel Michael's Rosary*. The cassette tape contained the prayers and mantras to Archangel Michael that I had made part of my daily meditation practice for the past several months. The officer told my brother, "I guess Archangel Michael was really with your brother." Archangel Michael had left his calling card.

A week later, as my brothers came to drive me home, I remember how everything looked new, everything looked different. I could hardly move, but I was buoyed by such a charge, almost an electricity of Grace and Purpose. ■

## Nothing gets one's attention like one's imminent demise



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