

**Working With The Voice, Episode 1: My Story**  
**Narrator: Juliet Mee**

I hear the voice of God. It's weird to say it out loud, but I believe that it's true. I think lots of people have heard it. If you have, you know the one. It's competent and authoritative and totally in your own head, but it's not you. You hear what it says and you know it's right. It knows things you don't know.

In 1987 when I was 22 a client took me and 100 of her friends on a cruise. I was out of my lane when I was vacationing with these folks and I did not know that. I figured it out quickly when in the middle of the trip I was out of money. Completely out of money. I'd taken all the money I had which, at home, seemed like it should be more than enough. I didn't have any credit cards, and I was petrified to think that I might have to borrow money from any of the people on the cruise, but I'd need money to get home. Earlier in the cruise a passenger had given me a \$1 coin to gamble with. I was in the casino, not to gamble with it but to cash it in when I heard the voice say, "Put the coin in *that* slot machine". When I did, 255 \$1 coins came pouring out of the machine and onto the floor. My mind and body felt charged with electricity but I just stood there. I wasn't in shock, I was in awe. The coins were a physical answer to a prayer I had prayed. I was seeing the God who heard me.

The money got me home safely. Home is Springfield, Missouri. According to the American Bible Society, Springfield is consistently near the top ten of the most Bible-Minded cities in the United States, whatever that means. Although I had just experienced a financial miracle I didn't think for one second about going to church when I got back. At that point in my life I felt no connection whatsoever to any church. Previously I had. I had been a volunteer youth group leader at the church I had grown up in. Although the group was thriving under my leadership, I was removed from my position because I cussed in front of the teenagers one evening. Actually, I had cussed in front of them many times. This was just the time that got me removed. I still don't feel any connection to a specific church. This message won't be about finding a church. If you do find one or have one that you like, that's great. I am not against it, and definitely see the value that is found in communities. It's just not necessary for what I want to tell you about.

I have always felt pretty tight with God and have benefitted a couple of times in my life from circumstances similar to the one I had on the cruise. Not that I took these happenings for granted, because I absolutely did not. I was clear that these events weren't available on my command. But I'd been led out of enough situations that I knew to trust that voice. I'd use the terms that I was "following my gut" or "using my intuition" but in a way, those statements aren't accurate. I knew that this voice was beyond the natural. It was supernatural. It had to be connected to God in some way because it was good, and it knew things I couldn't know. It wasn't usually awe inspiring but it would regularly lead me to primo parking spaces at the mall. That was a fact that confounded me and made me trivialize all of the events. If there was something watching over me, and it had a voice, why would it tell me the small things and allow me to be blindsided by big things? That made no sense to me. Without consistency or an ability to use the voice for significant issues, the experiences were close to irrelevant.

Whenever I realized that I was hearing it, I would do what it said. I definitely noticed that there was one consistent aspect to it. If for some reason I didn't follow the voice's instructions, something undesirable happened. Not like a punishment, but more like what happens when you forget an important part of an instruction sheet. I'd look back and remember that what I did was different from I had heard to do. The frequency was random as far as I was concerned. So I thanked God for the miracle of the coins and the parking spaces and went through my day to day business of being a massage therapist, using my own methods to be successful.

One morning in July of 2012 I heard the voice as I was coming out of sleep. It said, "Wake up. I want to speak with you." What it would tell me would change my life forever. And it's the reason I am making this podcast.

As I watered the flowers in my garden that morning the voice told me that a serious event involving my business would happen and that there was nothing I could do to stop it. I had founded a massage therapy school that I had actively run for the previous 18 years. I loved it and it provided me a very comfortable living. The voice gave me detailed information and told me not to tell any of my staff for a while and that if I needed to cry, to do it that day

because I would be required to lead the organization and my 28 employees. It said that the feeling I was having that my life would go off a cliff was not correct. I would have work to do and that I would be okay. It told me it would help me, and guide me, and it wouldn't leave me. This day, I felt like I was in shock. I felt that life as I knew it was about to end.

Two days later I received a certified letter from the accrediting organization that regulated my school. It told me it was taking the exact action against my school that the voice had warned me was going to occur. The action was a potential death blow; devastating, unwarranted, and more malicious than I knew at that time. When I read the letter I wasn't happy, but I didn't panic. The same energy was running through my body and mind as had run through me when the coins hit the floor in the casino on the cruise. Awe. I had heard the God who saw me. And this time He had come to me first.

I filed a federal lawsuit against our accreditation agency to stop this action in an attempt to save not only the business I loved but the jobs of my employees and the reputation of our students and graduates. From this point forward the voice spoke to me in a completely different way. It was no longer random. Although it took energy, attention and time for me to find or to tune into the voice, when I connected the voice was clear, authoritative, insightful, consistently available and strategic. It also had a sense of humor. I could tune into it whenever I wanted. Sometimes it spoke to me first and I would have to take time to figure out if that was "the voice" or if that was "me". Sometimes I spoke to it first and would have to be in a mental and physical position to be able to listen to what it said. Whether I went to it or it came to me, it would direct me what to say and do, who to talk to for information, and how to get the funds to pay the astronomical costs that a legal action like this requires. It sounds unbelievable, but it cost well over a million dollars to prove our case, which we did. Before we won, no one had ever been successful in a case like this against an accrediting agency.

Throughout this process I would naturally ask if we would win the case. On this subject, the voice was silent. I was confused by this because if it was yes, why wouldn't the voice tell me? If the answer was no, I could take it. To this day, I don't know if the silence meant that the outcome would depend on certain things happening or that knowing the outcome would change the process that I was going through and therefore change the outcome. The message that never changed was that it would help me and stay with me and that I would be okay. The voice's directions and proddings were sometimes uncomfortable and definitely not always appreciated by my attorneys. Apparently every client thinks that God speaks to them. But when we followed the directions, things worked in our favor. There were a couple of times I couldn't get buy-in from some crucial person and those events didn't go our way. The voice didn't tell me everything I wanted to know then and it doesn't now either. It tells me enough to navigate whatever circumstances and situations I am in. To be clear, the voice's instructions about what to do were rarely what I wanted to do. If I had been creating the plan, decisions would have been different.

When we received the information that we had won the case, the voice told me that it wasn't over. It was only days before the regulator would stun us by having 22 other agencies join in their appeal of the verdict and financial award that we had obtained against them. This was over the top. They called in the cavalry against a tiny school in a small town. Their argument in the appeal was not that their actions against our school were warranted. The position the agencies took was that their decisions shouldn't ever be allowed to be challenged. Ultimately, the influence of the 22 agencies dazzled the appeals panel. These judges disregarded the facts we had proved in our prior case and they reversed the decision. We lost the appeal.

So why would anyone want to follow the instructions given by a voice that had the power to communicate with you but would allow you to lose? In the end I lost almost everything I had worked for in my life; property, savings, and the reputation of being a leader in my field and community. At this point I have closed out my business operations and liquidated the assets. And although it's hard to believe, I am better off than I was before! I feel great. I'm happy and healthy. I'm working my way out of debt quickly. The voice has continued to guide and direct me in ways to support myself and produce results I wasn't able to produce before. I enjoy everything I am doing now much more, which no one would have been able to convince me was possible. I am amazed at how easy the transition from that life to this life has been.

Oh, about the identity of the voice. I had no idea what it was. The best way I can describe the experience is that during the case, "It" acted more like a spy than anything else. It brought me information that was clear, concise and totally reliable. Like it had bugged my opponent's offices and phones and was bringing me the most critical information, working with me to defeat them. I asked who it was and it never answered. I thought it might be a guardian angel. I also heavily considered that it was my father who had died years before. He had been an attorney. I wasn't sure. I just called it "the voice".

One day I ran into my friend Pauline and her daughter Judy. We hadn't seen one another in years and when I filled them in on the case that had been consuming me for the last years, I told them like I told everyone about "the voice" that had guided me from day one. Judy said, matter-of-factly, "Oh yeah. That's the Holy Spirit." The most I knew about the Holy Spirit was that it came after "the father and the son", I knew close to nothing about the Holy Spirit as its own entity.

How did I not know that this was the voice of the Holy Spirit? How did I go all that time talking about what was happening to me, in this bible-based town without someone saying the name or mentioning the concept? When Judy said it, my mind went sort of blank. The psychological term for what was happening in my brain was "cognitive dissonance". Cognitive dissonance is the mental discomfort you feel when your brain is presented with information that contradicts your beliefs. It was like how I think I'd feel if I saw Santa Claus landing his reindeer on my lawn. If it was true, and this was the Holy Spirit, then the filter I had viewed life through just changed.

The more that I checked it out, I knew that Judy was right. It was the voice of the Holy Spirit. Now the voice confirmed that this was true. I know that it didn't tell me this before because Judy and Pauline were supposed to be the ones to reveal this fact and more to me. I had only read snippets of the bible but now I read it from front to back as well as everything I could find about the Holy Spirit on the internet. And as I studied more and did certain things, the frequency and consistency of the voice increased. I could tune into it faster and easier. It was like I had figured out how to use the controls. The source didn't change by what I did, the receiver changed.

Checking it out wasn't easy. I became annoyed and frustrated with most of the content on the internet because, shallow as it might sound, all I wanted to know about was how to converse specifically with the Holy Spirit. An article might start out to be interesting then it would mix the message in with things I do not like to read about and am not interested in. Republicans, Democrats, eternal life, and finding a church to attend and a sect to belong to were the real topics of the articles. I found little on the internet that was valuable to my search for the Holy Spirit. What I did find that was valuable had to be translated. I like words and their proper use. It wasn't that the words I read weren't being used properly, it was that the authors chose to use words in a mashed up style that to me, resembled schizophrenic word salad. I had to go to the dictionary to look up the meanings of words. I can find out what regeneration, reconciliation, propitiation or sanctification are, but that does not that I am even slightly interested unless it is used in a context that takes less effort to understand. All I wanted to know was how to get the information that I wanted from the Holy Spirit.

Most people have never been a million dollars in debt. But I was. This problem hit to the core of everything I believed to be true about myself. I thought I was a financially responsible person. I thought I was a good business person. I thought I was trustworthy. I had asked people to trust me to repay them, and they had. I had planned on making the money to pay them back by running my business and now I was closing it. This was a problem that specifically deprived me of everything I had thought was true about myself. I had a fiery mess going on in my life. I wasn't interested in eternal life, what would happen after I died. The solution of figuring it all out and being repaid for our trouble in there hereafter was what my Christian friends could bring to the conversation. They would assure me that God would make it all right on the "other side", where we would know all about it and receive our reward. I wanted help in the present day and all I heard when I asked other entrepreneurial friends of mine for referrals of who could help me, they looked at me blankly, suggested I declare bankruptcy, then removed themselves from the conversation as quickly as they could. Business people in financial trouble are modern day lepers to other business people. They get really freaked out by them. Bankruptcy might be the right solution for some people, but it wasn't for me. If I did that, I was leaving my friends and family in the lurch. It really wasn't fair

for me to expect any of my friends, Christians, atheists, or entrepreneurs to know what to do. They'd never been where I was.

I knew deep down that the help I needed could only come from the Holy Spirit. If I was going to go all in with both feet and trust the voice 100%, I needed more information because I just didn't have enough faith yet to buy the whole enchilada much less have anyone else know what I was doing. I needed to know more, and to be told specifically what to do to tune in more directly to the directions and guidance it was continuing to give me. If God was willing to talk directly to me, I knew I didn't need any other mentors or classes. My experience had shown me that the ability to listen and apply what I was being told was a skill that had requirements for gaining proficiency. I did not believe then and I do not believe now that I am special. I am a teacher and a trainer. I recognized that this was not a formula, but a system, and there was a specific set of skills involved. And I was far more interested in finding those skills than banking on eternal life.

Judy and Pauline were essential in my quest. They supported me in gaining knowledge and practical application until I could gain the strength necessary to work with this on my own. They were there for me any time I had a question. They also directed me to their teacher, Gary Carpenter, in Tulsa, Oklahoma. I would listen for hours to teachings he had on his website. Many of the most important ones were recordings he made on cassettes during teachings he held in his home in the 1990's. I didn't care about the age of the recordings, sound quality or the fact that I had to wade through some things that didn't interest me. He was teaching how to speak to the Holy Spirit and telling people what the Holy Spirit had taught him. He was training the specific skills people needed to hear the Holy Spirit. There was no magic formula in his trainings. He never once said this came easy or quickly. But he said that it was available to anyone who put in the effort. He was exactly who I needed.

I spent a lot of time using the skills Gary Carpenter taught, and I got better in using them. Solutions flowed to my mind. I made better decisions. The fears I had were replaced by peace I had never experienced. My sense of humor and enjoyment of life increased. I enjoyed people and my day more than ever before. Colors were richer. Music was better. Things were working out. When I spoke with the Holy Spirit, it seems odd to say, but I could tell he was happy with what I was doing. He told me to continue and that He would walk me out of this fiery situation.

By heart, I'm a helper. By profession, a teacher and a trainer. If I find something that is great, I want to tell people about it. So I did. I told people that I figured out that the voice was the Holy Spirit and that I wanted to share with them what I had figured out so they could talk to him too. No one took me up on my offer. All I heard was crickets. Even broaching the subject was a one-line conversation killer. I hadn't had this response before when I had used the term 'mystical' for the voice. My friends and family lean much more toward the New Age, Buddhist or atheist/agnostic systems than they do towards Christianity. Their bumper stickers are likely to say, "namaste" or "born right the first time". So I tried wording things differently, used gender neutral pronouns instead of "He", gave them examples of what was going on with me, directed them to look up Gary Carpenter's teachings on the internet. Still no interest. People couldn't deny that they saw a huge change in me and that how my circumstances were turning around was pretty amazing. The obvious truth was that they were glad for me, and they might even want the good fortune I was currently experiencing but they didn't have a speck of interest in the Holy Spirit because it was a Christian concept. They had an aversion to the most important thing I had ever discovered. And that ultimately became my biggest problem to find a solution to.

Getting back to where I call home, Springfield, Missouri, I think that there are some phrases that were coined around here like, "The bible says it, I believe it, that settles it!" and "It was Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve" or "Joy. It comes from putting Jesus first, others second and you last!" and the best one, "Adam's father wasn't Big Foot". In all reality, it's worse than that. Many of the Christians in this highly bible-minded community are not people my friends and I want to be like. They are not only unlikable, they are hostile. I see more hate than love in them. They show up with ignorance, racism, homophobia, hypocrisy, a bad sense of fashion, and an arsenal of guns. I avoid these folks at all costs. But there are others who are practicing the kind of Christianity I believe we were meant to practice. Love, kindness, humility. They show up to feed the poor and homeless every day. They pick up trash on the road. They support one another and strangers in need. They don't shout. They quietly go about their business of doing good. I certainly don't want to seem like I don't recognize them in the mix because I

do. It's just that I didn't find much of what I needed from them either. I said I was a helper at heart and a teacher and trainer by profession. But fundamentally, entrepreneurs are my tribe. Business people who find a solution that solves a problem. This debt was a business problem I was in. It was caused by business and would require business skills to get out of. That was the language I wanted to find and I couldn't find it. I found lots of platitudes and abstract language from people who weren't manifesting the types of results I was looking for. Without fail, I had to look up Christian-ese words to translate what I could find into something I could understand, much less stomach. This was crazy to me. There are people all over the world who want to do things they don't have a clue how to accomplish. They have roadblocks all day every day. And the best thing they could do is get answers from God. Directly to their ear, about what they are attempting to accomplish. I knew I wasn't special, and I was getting exactly that from the Holy Spirit. Direct solutions to problems I was having in the here and now. I knew there had to be other people like me out there using the Holy Spirit's instructions to guide them into solutions. I just could not find them or the material easily. I began getting up at 4:00 in the morning and spending hours practicing the skills Gary Carpenter taught, breaking them down into their component parts, studying and researching. I set out to prove to myself that hearing the voice of the Holy Spirit was a skill that could be mastered, and to define the variables that would influence the success.

Ultimately, in my research I found people who have far greater credentials than I have and are publishing information on the subject. I found a commentary from the 1700's that has explained the bible to me much better than anything else I had read. Once I found those tools and the confirmation that I wasn't the only one who used this as a skill, the Holy Spirit showed me that the life of Jesus as told in the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John showed the footpath. It showed what I was looking for. KSA's. Knowledge, Skills, and Abilities that easily translate into the business terms I am used to. Now that I have that information, I am able to lock onto the voice of the Holy Spirit. I have found the frequency that I can clearly hear.

Things started working much better. I understood how to work the process of life and to navigate the situations and circumstances I was experiencing much more efficiently and effectively. I felt better, was more relaxed and felt more competent than ever before. However, when the Holy Spirit told me that he wanted me to teach people what I had been taught by him, to take the hypothesis into action, I was far from thrilled. I was scared and intimidated. I felt that if I did this, the price I would pay is that my tribe would reject me. I have fought my own internal voice that says that I don't have any credentials, that I'm not good enough at this yet, that no one wants this information and if they did, they would just go to church. I have been concerned that it's a lot of work and that no one will ever listen. I have attempted to negotiate the instructions. I have procrastinated. And now, I'm doing this podcast, saying publically what I have been taught privately. My greatest hope is that I will put the content together well so that if others do the same things as I have done, they will get what I have gotten.

So here goes. I am going to share everything I know with you, and point you to the best resources I can find on the subject. I don't want it to be as hard or time consuming for you as it was for me to find this information and help. I wish you all the best that life on earth, where the kingdom of God expresses itself, has to offer. May you become who you are supposed to be. May you create the things you want to create. May you see the God who sees you. May you hear the Holy Spirit, the voice of God, who created you.

I'm Juliet Mee, and this is Working with the Voice.