

Zendor **the Barbarian**



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Vol. 2

The following is a story about an orphan, an adoptee seeking identity in today's world. It is a story that has brilliant twists and turns with trials and tribulations like you have possibly never seen. Names have been changed in some places, but not to protect the innocent. This is an account of a life of experience, intelligence, observation and witnessing an expanded reality. It's a cool story of finding oneself, then learning how to live with the knowledge found.

What we experience now is all
that there is; take the path of
acceptance and not resistance.
~Dean A. Banks, D.D.

Zendor the Barbarian

An Adoptees Quest for Identity

Part Deux

A New Millennial Myth about Harmony Among People and Planet

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Published by Be The Dream, LLC on Create Space

ISBN-13: 978-1467958271

ISBN-10: 1467958271

BISAC: Body, Mind & Spirit / UFOs & Extraterrestrials

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Here Wego...

Everything is sacred, yet nothing is sacred. It IS the Way. It was just over half a century ago this life experience began and it has taken me down some tormenting and twisting roads of self-awareness and reflection. Don't believe a thing.

I've been told there is no ego without wego, so...

This is the second in series of 'fictional' books about an adoptee's quest for identity; the explorations of trials, tribulations and travails of life seen through the eyes of one who seeks to witness a new living reality that bridges science and spirituality; inner and outer space.

Zendor the Barbarian is a new myth that explores the awareness and consciousness of Einstein's 'spooky action at a distance;' better known as a quantum entanglement through science, fiction and non-linear multidimensional reality. It is a story that continues to evolve, where one continues to question the nature and patterns of life, love and understanding.

How does one bridge worlds beyond the scope of human comprehension? How would you deal with a reality of life full of weird stuff that crafts a

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story so delicate and so expansive; full of OBEs, STEs, contactees, telepathic ease and more?

You are invited to enjoy a twirling and twisting tale of an adoptee seeking identity that will take you into realms most only imagine, let alone live. What he discovers creates questions no one on Earth seems to be able to answer, at least for now. His investigation unfolds like a science fiction novel, only it's real.

He struggles with the linear logic of minds that are steeped in modern psychology and psychiatry. he knows he is more than his adoptive parents let on, yet they seem to not understand his true plight. He discovers a mystical path of the masters that bridges the science and math of self-replicating patterns across time and space.

His dreams and visions craft a lucid reality spanning multiple dimensions, defying belief systems that inhibit exploration and fact finding as experiential processes. He lives a waking life that can baffle the most brilliant as to its true explanation, yet it is a shared reality with many on Planet Earth and beyond.

This story crafts a new millennial myth of the growth in understanding that may lead humanity to harmony among people and planet. Humanity

has a rightful place among universe affairs now, welcomed by our universal family.

The first book explored the early years of this one's introduction to life on planet Earth; the 'voice' from beyond, out-of-body experiences and regular trips to the orange cigar-shaped cloud.

As a teenager Bruce was introduced to the clair-alls (clairvoyance, clairsentience, et al) and other psychospiritual technologies including bi-location, psychokenesis and telepathy.

During his freshman year in college, his cosmic handler further introduced the concept of a 'new world order' during a brief return to the light after being asked if he was willing to die for what he believed in – and so doing. It was November 11, 1975. He remembered his home and cosmic consciousness was reason enough to return.

He recalled the points of consciousness he knew so well and vowed to work with them to facilitate a new world order of harmony among people and planet as the fulfillment of his purpose in this life.

Moving through the Messy Antic Complex thought impossible by an unsuspecting psychiatrist, he went further into the exploration of normal life; leaving college and finding employment.

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He marries against the advice of his adoptive father and tries to explain his bizarre lucid life to his wife. She placates him for a while, but when she begins to experience a little 'bleed over' she begins to pull back and look for an exit strategy.

When his soular calendar required a shift, his life in a small town changed rapidly, despite his desire to 'keep it simple.' Still trying to fit into a 'normal' mold he garnered two part time jobs, a machinist and meat cutter, while playing drums in a Christian rock band with the son of an internationally known gospel band.

In the early 1980s, the Midwest had been hit with the first major automotive downturn and jobs were scarce. In just a few days all three 'jobs' disappeared as if by destiny, but he did not realize it at the time. He was just starting out with a young family and wanted to do his best to support them as a father and husband.

Being led to move to Phoenix as a result, he found employment as a machinist working on a pneumatic lathe, cutting contact lenses – a nice metaphor for crafting better vision.

In his first few months in Phoenix, his life gets much more complicated. First, a childhood friend dies in a motorcycle accident and then visits him

one night wondering how to navigate in his new world. His friend appears at the end of the bed, moving the bed to prove his presence and frightens his wife.

His guide, Zephyr, offers a symbol by transmitting it through telepathy so he can draw it – interrupting setting up a job on his ID grinder at an aerospace company.

Bruce is told this symbol represents his soul's design and has something to do with fulfilling Hopi prophecy, aligning cultures and moving toward the new world order he'd been shown.

He gets hit by a RIF (reduction in force) just after his wife returns from a surreptitious departure, sells the drums he first learned to bridge worlds on (see Vol. I) and finds a new path in the health food industry, in charge of sales for a 13-state territory in the Midwest.

He joins the Mormon Church with his family, is bestowed with the Melchizedek Priesthood and begins to have more vivid experiences with his extraterrestrial and spiritual family across many dimensions. He learns silence is sometimes best. Some of the visitors from other worlds become visible to others, but he never knows just who and when this awareness will be revealed. He is

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often caught off guard, unaware of those who can hear and see into these worlds. His internal awareness expands with images and thoughts far beyond those he lives and works with on a daily basis. Still, his life is deeply lonely.

A decade later he's faced with a divorce he didn't want and separation from children he loved more than anything except the feeling of being 'home.' He enters another dark night of the soul. He still loved his wife now ex, but he learned that sometimes people cannot overcome their challenges to grow, no matter how much another desires it. Learning to love without attachment is a longsuffering process that seems to never end.

Bruce realized over time other's choices were not about him, but he continued to beat himself up emotionally for years afterward over failing his family and not being there for his children. This deep sorrow and willingness to endure it led him into greater understanding of human drama.

There was a consolation prize, if there could be one, a nice date for the finalized divorce... 11.22.88.

We pick up Zendor, still unaware of his true identity, in deep meditation, questioning the view from above...

The View from Above ?

I know there is more to life than this world and the people in it. How does the view I was given on the other side of the Light offer guidance? What would it look like peering at creation from a creator's point of view? The master blaster crafts a scintillating symphonic soliloquy for the masses yet rarely a one on Earth hears the full concerto.

The music of the spheres was the most beautiful ever produced, inspiring the entire population beyond anything they had ever imagined to date. No one knew where it came from, yet they had lived with such bliss and surrender there was no need for anything.

There was no tactile or sensory experience, though, only the feeling of the sensations of vibration; the euphoric sounds of creation – a oneness beyond all description. White Light, sparkling with all the colors of the rainbow.

Everyone was excited by the sound of this one, born of magnificent display of frequency and tones manifesting this Angel of Music, the Most High of the One. This Bearer of Light was celebrating the evo-leap all had been anticipating and expecting; the journey of lifetimes about to begin for them.

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They had been feeling the new sensation for a while, growing steadily for some time. It was time to experience their creation. The collective cosmic consciousness had never felt separation; each sparkle, each drop intimately symbiotic in the ocean of Light they all knew as home.

They were able to experience a wide range of frequency and produce tones that, when combined, sounded like a symphony of thousands of voices yet with one harmonic. Consciousness was alive in a pure unqualified presence complete and absolutely everywhere.

This music was different, though. The Most High's tones went beyond the accustomed range and heighten their consciousness to a new level they had never experienced. They began to spiral inward and after some time, realized how far away from the One they had journeyed.

A change was happening at the very depths of the pure consciousness within every living thing, now. A conversation was imminent, but no one was sure when it would take place or who would initiate it. Then, right on cue, the conversation ignited everywhere, breaching the boundaries of self-imposed exile and beginning to talk about home once again.

It was rumored that the council had considered advancing to a new level of experience. In this place there was no concern for past or future because of the sense of presence. All that is just was; no need for differentiation.

Their experience lacked a certain set of finite sensations, though they weren't aware of it just yet. The newness of this shift in awareness was just beginning to expand within. It was hoped it would reach the surface soon.

So the conversation happened; One shared that it was time to advance the shores of consciousness to a new place. The steadfast determination of the composer empowered her willingness to sacrifice everything in order to serve All That Is.

She was the best at her craft, allowing the perfect flow to manifest. She was offered an opportunity to help lead those willing to follow to a completely new type of experience. She reached out to the Most High, her cosmic consort and zeitgeist, calling for him to turn and embrace their creation.

The excitement this generated within the population literally affected everyone. None was immune to this sensation, even though the journey wasn't *for* everyone.

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The inner and outer spin of the polarized points began to draw others into form, with pitch and tone descending to levels that began to bridge the dimensions of consciousness embedded in the finite forms created so long ago.

This place was different than any other, far removed from the consciousness of nearly every other race of beings because there were no filters on the sharing of information. Thoughts were consistently gracious and supported the thoughtmospheric conditions of freedom to BE.

The One was like a primordial soup of consciousness, where all thoughts resided yet were only made available to all once it was reflected by an individuated being, a finite form. The exchange program was exquisitely designed.

Now when the thought of a shift rippled through the collective, many were drawn to explore the possibility felt deeply within the frequency of form. The anticipation grew to unimaginable levels and everyone felt like something was going to pop at any moment, yet the flow of the motion already circulating amongst the population was unimpeded, a rush of the Mobius operandi of life.

Everyone benefitted from the rise in energy, though, as new thoughtforms were being

generated nearly without effort and the universe expanded magnificently. Communications that were necessary for the shifting from linear to cosmic levels began flooding the minds aligned in the thoughtmosphere of change.

When the word finally got out that a new vibe had unleashed the creative drive again, the One opened the dialog about differentiation within the holistic systems they were considering.

It was like the light had been turned on to reveal an exquisitely beautiful scene that created such a sense of awe that went so deep that this complete thought form was embraced without hesitation. It was the ultimate universal reunion of vorticular spin-doctoring that really set the stage.

Everyone had a contribution; a part, a role and a responsibility that engaged their very essence with desire for participation. In order for the plan to work, serious thought had to go into the various components. Quite Sirius it was...

The One already had the plan in mind, but the details had to be shared with the rest of the population so that everyone would be on the same page. The orchestra needed tuning so the harmonies would be on key and perfectly timed.

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This took considerable effort as each of the details encompassed an enormous amount of planning, even though there was awareness that this process would begin a completely new experience for everyone. The condensation would pass through many levels to be integrated in the next cycle of rotation, an eternity to some.

No one had embarked on such a journey since the beginning, which none save a few even remembered, so even with intricately woven details in place, the evolution of the plan would be driven by the consciousness of each new world, an order specific to the planetary purpose.

When the concept of 'worlds' was introduced, the flow of information to be transferred from the One to the Many was enormous. The anticipation grew from the increased flow of light as the details of the process were revealed in a flash... POOF!

Talk about a vortex of love pulsing at the speed of surrender. The finite forms could no longer resist the sensation manifesting in the urge to merge.

In order for the process to be engaged, there were many levels of understanding to be disbursed. The various levels were determined by the variety of frequencies and tones necessary to

support the plan, like threads delicately woven to create a magnificent tapestry.

Even though their present state encompassed a vastness incomprehensible to human minds now, the plan was to learn how to create and enjoy other worlds of existence.

After all, those chosen to perform the most intricate parts of the plan would leave this existence not knowing when they would return.

Several of the original Council of the One were involved in the atomic and etheric measures for creating forms to house consciousness, beginning with creating the environments for those forms to develop naturally. System checks were built in as safe guards for wandering vibrations.

The One understood that for this to work, their creation would require the use and understanding of music and vibration to create a momentum that would allow the consciousness to condense into various forms as threads within the tapestry in process. It is an ancient tapestry indeed.

They started with galaxies and gradually worked their way down the scale of tones to create solar systems and planets. It was determined that the progress would be driven by cycles, like stanzas in the music that was their life to date.

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As they all learned how to achieve their directives from the Council of One, it became evident that these new creations began to give their consciousness definition. This 'definition' went from a universe through galaxies, then solar systems and finally to forms that could inhabit them. Each had a consciousness the other would learn about through their natural evolution.

This was a very precise process, requiring nearly an infinite amount of possibility yet having one goal – the ability to discover and explore their creation from a finite perspective. They had been living in an infinite environment.

They all knew that once any of them became finite there would be a necessary separation from their experience of the infinite. Such was the nature of this process that started when they became aware. Bridges would become available as the cycles progressed, but not until harmonics were just so.

Even the One had a hard time relating the understanding of how they came to be since it had happened as a result of evolution as well. The breath of life began with a single inhale drawing all substance imaginable into the vacuum, then with one exhale the thoughtmosphere appeared.

To suddenly become aware of One, even as the One, was an evo-leap from the previous state of nothingness where no differentiation occurred. Such was the nature of creation and the process of awareness, a breath in and out.

The details are what begin the process of condensation, especially when consciousness becomes a highly dexterous form. The intricacies of understanding the return trip home are woven into the self-discovery process in successive layers, consistent with the frequency ranges that precipitate form and link consciousness.

The complete range from light to material covered twelve layers around Earth, each with a structure of consciousness that allowed a complete experience associated with the frequency scale. Each layer has its own symphony, but when heard across the spectrum from the lower end, it has a nice ring to it. The Hindus call it the 'sound current,' the sound of all creation as ONE.

Each tone became twelve across the spectrum until reaching the densest of forms, a combination of minerals and fluids designed to evolve along with capacity to complete the circuit home. Still within that form was an individual sphere of creator consciousness that surrounds the silence of pre-existence, the Void.

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Since time was not material, natural cycles were built into the structure of the form. These cycles were designed to ignite the layers of individuated consciousness within the system, a spark to move the process along with style and grace.

As the form, fit and function of each point was discovered, the entire civilization would grow to a new level of harmony. The One knew it would not be until they all learned about purpose, the ability to return home, that the notion of oneness would arise. It would more than likely reflect poorly in their early development.

The early worlds and their populations had less of a challenge because they were all one race. Each race began to differentiate over time and, as their psychospiritual and material technology developed in symbiosis, they were able to travel in various dimensions and material forms.

Interstellar travel was not accessible until the understanding of universal order and structure allowed the planetary civilization to manage resources and weather appropriately. The science was part of understanding vorticular forces.

Although the messengers between dimensions or octaves of frequencies were able to seed concepts and ideas when certain levels of consciousness

evolved, the veils were kept thin in order to qualify the individual's evolutionary path.

In the early stages it was learned that when consciousness arose too quickly, the sudden bursts of light often caused spontaneous combustion of not only the forms, but the spheres the forms inhabited. The events always coincided with the cyclical patterns the Council implemented at the beginning, so the adjustments were a constant conversation for them.

Each cycle brought each dimension closer to full alignment with the highway home, the universal order as proposed and understood by One in demonstration. The self-actualizing and self-realization of life forms learn embracing the One.

By the time humans came into the picture, the myths of the creation story got confused with the cycles of the sun, light and darkness. It was known by each preceding dimension that in such finite forms the access to infinite consciousness, from where they came, would be severely diminished for some cycles, yet there would be representatives able to nurture the evo-leapers.

The magnificently mobile forms were great for getting around on the surface of the planet, but they were not able to contain any thoughtforms

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beyond their survival at first. In time they would learn not only of their capacity for differentiation on the surface, but of their forms throughout the realms as part of the process of returning home.

The capacity of the Council to keep track of all the perturbations within the structure of the plan was sublimely consistent with the orchestration of the music. Each frequency was monitored and adjusted according to the master plan of the One. When the frequency was first heard by the finite forms, it was only a ringing in their ears.

Only through disciplined listening, which didn't come for some time, were the forms able to begin to hear their individual tones. The listening took the longest to develop because there was another world to integrate, one with challenges that kept the consciousness focused outside of the body.

As the listening deepened, worlds evolved.

In the beginning there was only one view, the breath infinitely inward and infinitely outward. When the finite forms developed, their vision was divided and the outer view took precedence until the consciousness began to understand trust.

The simple focus of the finite consciousness was to learn about its environment and how to integrate with it in harmony with the One.

The View from Above?

Along the way, though, there would need to be signposts or validation points for the ordering. So many points of view that each one needs a logic path that leads to the reunification of them all. The Mobius operandi in the discovery of Self.

Initially there would be a noticeable increase in information looking at the same theory of everything from different points of view. Just like divisions of labor on this project, there are also divisions of thought and experience; the ultimate strategy for learning how to get along.

The challenge for the finite bodies and minds will be to step out of their specific point of view and engage others. Circular and spherical thinking expand the linear path to incorporate a multidimensional reality, a nonlinear quantum entanglement. Finite beings then come full circle with their infinite consciousness.

The methodology for the process was developed long before the experience; many obstacles purposely put in the way to get the finite beings to question their own nature. It was well known that the most challenging transitions would be from dualistic thinking back to the view of One. The notion of separation summarily stifled.

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Because of the focus on the outer realities, through the senses, the inner realities would go unnoticed until the finites begin to question their sensory capacity. Feeling safe and secure made a difference too, and that was a challenge for many. Certain experiences would cause them to question the nature of their experience and its congruence with their concept of creation, latent within.

On Earth, for example, there would be mass confusion regarding the natural cycles and the nature of the personalities toward domination of their environment. The understanding of how they came to be would be overshadowed by the concept of dark and light being confused for some kind of war in the heavens and translated into a dualistic drama saga.

In faiths like Christianity, Lucifer, the Most High Angel chosen to lead the way in to finite forms, would be hidden from true view for millennia. Misunderstandings would lead to massive miscommunication and creation of unnecessary belief systems that controlled thought through malignant intention.

Even after the roadmap for the return trip home was delivered on numerous occasions there was a confabulation of truth. The memory was still filtered through faulty belief systems created for

the mismanagement of populations. Physical examples of rising above the constraints of this perceived birth-death cycle were provided on many occasions along with ethical leadership.

But most messengers were misinterpreted because their message threatened the outer awareness of the population in most cases. A few were able to step aside from the dualistic belief systems and, through much effort and turmoil, turn the focus back toward the One.

What often happens in planetary civilizations is that the One gets separated into many threads, each being spun into different stories to the detriment of the rest. Finite beings are like that. They tend to separate for a while, even though they come from the same family origins.

This is the nature of the process of incarnation, conscious condensation to such a degree that the original thread of consciousness from the One is so thin it goes unrecognized until the physical challenges are mitigated. Survival becomes a non-issue and exploration begins as a result of feeling a subtle disturbance within.

Now because of the growing individuality in many finite beings, there is a need for definition. Finite beings often become obsessive with such

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compartmentalization, the onset of advancing consciousness and self-aggrandizement. They separate and dominate their environments to protect some unknown secret of life.

Empires are built around single sources instead of reaching out for corroboration and collaboration.

In the realms of frequency and vibration, where they all came from, there was no need for any type of compartmentalization because the sensations all flowed together in harmony. Humans have options granted by the nature of thetanic beings; thinkers by design.

Through the process of condensation the three perceptions of duality, inner and outer realities developed as part of an unfolding plan. As awareness grew in the finite beings' consciousness, the longing for reunion developed; the three to one.

The One knew that various threads would appear to be separate until such a time when several points of view would shift simultaneously. As if by magic, the awareness of a few would begin to recognize the possibility of all things being connected once again, and facilitate it.

Although the focus and language of each would continue to appear separative, the notion of a

singularity would emerge across many fields of study. Finite beings would begin to access the One Mind directly again, promoting the possibility to the population in various ways.

The One's sense of humor would also begin to emerge as the urge to merge increased. Joy from the jokes targeting self-inhibiting thoughtforms in the dreamtime walkabouts tend to cause humans to wake up laughing.

Eventually, as with all planetary civilization development protocols, the recognition of the singularity from seemingly divergent areas of consciousness would begin to change the activities of the finite beings.

What once was seen as necessary for the growth and prosperity of a few transforms into a unified front for the sustainability of the planet and survival of the population, a new world order emerges as an act of the collaborative evolution.

This growth in awareness happens throughout the solar systems and planetary civilizations across the galaxy. They all reach a place of unique understanding of the One and the need for reunification... One in Many.

Zendor was dispatched to Earth from the Council to initiate a self-reflective process in answer to

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the longing for a return to harmony. He was sent as an infant so he could learn about human evolution, but had the advantage of Source coding closer to the surface.

Specialists from previous planetary missions remained at a distance and at primary positions across dimensional dilations, ready to assist at appropriate vorticular vertices.

The universal laws of creation firmly rooted in his consciousness, the expansion of his consciousness was preceded with the condensation and then the return to the One became more efficient. Certain understanding evolves as the process continues and consciousness diversifies into finite form recognition and transportation.

Once the bridges are under construction, the extended family begins to appear. The short-sighted historical view of each planetary society is exposed during the process of the galactic reunion. It's the best party you'll ever attend.

The One's view is necessarily expressed throughout the various aspects of the development of the planetary civilization and, despite the apparent conflicts within the seemingly opposing views, surfaces as the

purposeful actions toward establishing harmony among people and planet.

It was proposed that One would become present in some individuals who become aware of this possibility and their collective efforts would eventually unite. Zendor's job was to express a viable operation of planetary administration that mirrors the One as a holistic system for continued development of the civilization's progress.

The development of such a system is resident in the multidimensional genetic material, yet not until certain revelations occur would the concept be open for discussion amongst the masses. Early adopters and innovators would also experience the resistance of those less experiential or thoughtfully considerate of such notions.

The challenge would be for those individuals to reach consensus beyond the messianic complex associated with early recognition of the One through inner exploration. One is present in Many, so they have to learn to play together.

Planetary systems engaging the self-awareness or personal development stage, by their nature, must go through the process of awakening to the One across a wide variety of frameworks instituted by those who perceived a need for

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unification. The natural vorticular physics reveal the Mobius operandi as a pulse, in *and* out, with continued thoughtmosphere circumnavigation.

Many stories would evolve that echo this new understanding, but because of the narrow-focused outer experience of senses needing satiation, the unification itself would have extremely divergent results. The number of cycles a finite end.

Not until the mental perturbations would be seen as opportunities for unification could the process evolve. Chaos is crafted into order through the interactions of cosmic comedians, festival facilitators and possibilities coagulators.

Imagine your worst nightmare turning into your best party experience in a heartbeat. The shear terror of death (limitation) opening to a freedom so eloquent and surreal it baffles the human mind to the point of shutdown... denial or, worse yet, acting out destructively toward people and planet.

Talk about turning heads... yours too, maybe.

The Starting Point...

What is truth?

Is it objective, subjective, all inclusive or mutually exclusive to personal or shared experience?

Does it apply even when we deny it?

Do we have the capacity to know it with our senses with some kind of ease?

Are we greater beings under limitations of modern science and spirituality?

How about cosmic truth?

Are we alone or preparing for a family reunion?

Will there indeed be a rise of consciousness that changes the way humans interact?

I would like to explore the above questions and share some possibilities while including some personal findings that have helped me to explore questions you may have as well.

I'll tell you right up front that your current view of reality may change as a result. After all, I come from a different place according to my experience, let alone the massive research over the years.

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Not until my early 30s, after my divorce, did my adoptive parents tell me that my IQ was off the scale as an elementary student. Early on I became comfortable being a deep thinker, so it didn't surprise me when the information was finally shared. I felt a little deprived even though I fully understood why they might want to keep me from knowing. It could have gone to my head.

It was more of a relief to know that I had some significant differences from my fellow human beings, even if it did go to my head for a while. How could it not? So many things made sense as I grew to know the secrets of personal growth and cosmic connections. "No ego without wego," I kept reminding myself.

I still felt a gap, though. I had some unanswered questions that I was still formulating as my experiential data base grew. New data needed to be analyzed, categorized and systematized.

I've followed the science track for investigating consciousness for most of my life. It seems I am an eduholic, looking for satiation in discovery. Neuroscience and psychospiritual technologies have fascinated me for most of my life, but to speak of either in most company draws the shades. I prefer to open them.

I've met and had lengthy conversations with some very interesting people along the way. Some of them quite renowned in their various career fields and areas of study, others anonymous and yet so understanding and wise they seemed masters. Masters never call themselves such, though, so beware of those who do.

Name dropping just doesn't seem appropriate.

What I continue to see in the extrapolations of science is an explanation/observation of phenomena and not the bridging of worlds. The latter, from the perspective of an experiencer, is the most important. Nietzsche stated that God wants to have playmates. I agree completely.

A phenomenon is most often a mental distraction, like the smoke and mirrors to hide the trickery of a magician. We get awed by the smoke and mirrors instead of stepping back and observing how it works. [It] references any manifestation of the moment, serendipitous synchronicities of feeling, thought and spooky action, however bizarre or incredulous [it] may seem.

Our vision is clouded by the preoccupation with the external; what we can determine is real with our five senses.

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For an increasing number, the internal senses are becoming their guide in both personal and professional realms. From that internal perspective, the recognition of 'connection' to a much larger reality is quite obvious. Dudley Lynch includes the spiritual component in corporate organizational development surveys since the 1980s and has had tremendous success with it.

He used the Graves spiral values development theory, which essentially says: "The kind of values your brain chooses for itself *depends on how it is currently wired!* But it doesn't necessarily always stay wired that way."

Living this new awareness, what we may call spirituality or even whole-brained thinking, reveals a connection to everything, a confluence of body, mind and spirit. Maybe even a door to soul, the unified field component of BEing.

To remain a distant viewer only continues the tendency to sleep with one eye open. There is difficulty in being transparent and vulnerable. A common language spoken from free of fear and tempered with compassion is nonexistent. Those who've become aware and precipitated an inexplicable moment are much more at ease.

I think that is because of a deep sense of *knowing* 'what is;' a submission to something within the person they know is beyond their comprehension. It is pure faith and total trust, but they still don't step out in front of a bus. There are rules while in the human body; awareness allows bending them.

To the experiencer, though, the balance comes through suspension of belief systems. Why? Because 'truth' is meant to be tested, even according to the great gurus, minds, mystics, prophets and sages throughout history. The scientific method is of great value, even though we aren't necessarily looking for repeatability. Or do we need that to prove any truth?

Ultimately, the universe has no secrets when one learns how to ask the right questions and simply observes reality without preconception. The signs are everywhere. The better the questions, the more one learns the depths of reality.

When one can learn to be in the present moment without attachments to the past or future, the perception of a holistic reality begins to emerge. The notion of duality may even disappear, revealing more questions about the paradoxes. Balance, in this way, means one is positioned to perceive rather than project a belief system onto

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an experience in order to try and make sense out of it. The observer witnesses all and, when the participant patiently waits for metacognition, reveals the moment's natural form, fit and function. A noticeable shift in awareness occurs.

This is one of the most challenging practices of one who seeks truth, a reality of one infinite consciousness that permeates all life on earth and beyond. To find this consciousness at any point in our lives is empowering, but the true maturity garnered in the quest of balance often happens much later in life. Sometimes it comes early.

Whether it is a cosmological movement of our solar system through areas of space with different rates of vibration or a perceptual end of time or an obvious planetary shift in consciousness necessary for our survival, there are a wide variety of 'weird' experiences being had by a growing number of people.

What do I mean by that?

Something beyond our previous understanding, scientifically and spiritually, is causing a rustling in the thicket. We can hear it, but we don't know what 'it' is yet. 'It' is a sense of needing to have something new that allows us to move beyond the

fear of global warming and terrorism, of hunger and war, of homelessness and poverty.

Did you notice how your energy just changed at the mere mention of the latter? Imagine that magnified a billion or so times. Those thoughts are a mental and spiritual trap.

So, in order to balance the equation, so to speak, one might consider shifting from a perspective of duality to one of simply 'what is' as a place of observation. One can actually find a sense of balance, of stillness, when observing without judgments, criticisms or condemnations. It is a start toward living a new awareness.

This does not change the current conditions yet, but it does provide a foundation from which to address the conditions of change. The job, whatever it may be, becomes the boss and everybody wins a prize when it is done.

This new awareness begins with it a point of perspection that dances in the balance of the seer's vision. We, as observers, can move to virtually any perspective in our potential view and perform introspective contemplations about the experience, thought, observation or truth.

We learn to ask better questions as a result.

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It was once said that in order to be available to the perception of the 'next question' we need to have an awareness of silence. We enter that silence with the intention of garnering wisdom.

If we know how to keep silence appropriately, we can maintain silence even when speaking and acting. The 'zen' of the moment is in the silence... then we move – emotionally, intellectually, physically, verbally with the question... why?

Some experiences promote a deeper 'why' than others. Imagine what the One coming forth in many would initiate. I know I've had questions that no one on Earth could answer. Maybe you are in the same boat. We are all in relationships on the ocean of emotion in these times.

Some Reprieve... NOT

I had been deeply wounded by demotion and divorce. The year after my divorce was absolutely awesome for getting back in touch with my inner nature. I felt like I found me again, but I'd missed a lot of opportunity to read the signs better and have a different outcome. I couldn't think about them for a while. I needed to heal the wounds.

I'd kept many worlds separate during my short marriage, which gave me a great deal of empathy and compassion for others experiencing their transformation from finite to infinite or human to god, again. Now I face a different challenge. I wanted to know God more than ever know.

This is a challenge for even the most conscious of beings coming to the planet surface. We all have to go through the integration of the complete body/mind/spirit/soul complex. Some actually accomplish it, although not without crisis.

It is the process of chaos to order that allows us to finally become aware and grow accordingly. We attempt to control what we do not understand and chaos ensues. When we seek natural order, it appears through our experience.

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The timing was superb. My ex-wife packed up everything, including our children, and moved back to Indiana just two weeks prior to the unsuspected exit strategy from the aerospace company. There was an investigation into an employee in repair and overhaul that was supposedly dealing cocaine. I was honest about having association with him, not with the drugs, but was accused and fired nevertheless.

Needless to say I was devastated and despondent from the apparent reversal of commitment and feelings I still held for both. I felt like I'd been completely loyal and given my best to each.

Consequently, I spent a lot of time in contemplation internally. Nearly all my friends thought I was insane for putting up with her behavior. All I knew was that I could only demonstrate love and oneness by example; a willingness to work through anything that presented challenge, including infidelity as an unconscious patterned response.

My dreamscape became surrealistic, with segues from waking consciousness to dreamtime and back- seamless on many occasions. I knew it was natural and part of my gestation, yet talking about it with anyone at the time would have given

cause for careful consideration of my sanity. I'd been through that already.

One particular event stood out above them all. It began on board a space ship that felt so familiar I would have called it home in any other reality.

I was conferring with several individuals about certain processes that were part of the maintenance programs for the ship. We concluded our discussion and I returned to my quarters where I encountered a woman that felt like she was my mate.

Our energy was so finely tuned that it seemed we began merging as soon as I walked through the door. It felt like I hadn't been with her for some time. We embraced for a long time, allowing our energy to swirl around us like I've never felt before. Dream or not, this was awesome!

After some time on our feet in the swirling energy we moved to the bed and began making love. I've never felt anything like it before in my life. Looking back, I can imagine it must be what the goal of tantric practices must be – scintillating movements of energy swirling in, around and through each other until the moment of climax.

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At the moment of climax it felt like we became one. The experience was so powerful that it filtered down to the physical level and I had an orgasm in my 'sleep.' I awoke with a start, embarrassed that I needed to clean up. I had never had that type of experience even in my adolescence. What was that all about?

I wrote of the dream in my journal and let it go. I had practical things that needed my attention, like managing a move and financial wherewithal to cover both my living expenses, alimony and child support. Man I was in a pinch.

I got really depressed after they left and called up our bishop one day, hoping to have a conversation that might help me move through my depression. I got a real eye-opener instead.

I thought there might be some animosity from a conversation I had with the bishopric (bishop and two councilors) a few months prior. They asked to speak with me regarding a 'new age' discussion group I'd formed, concerned that I was not following church doctrine.

I assured them I was, quoting several sources acknowledged as authority within the church in regard to seeking truth. That is all I was doing

and I created a group to discuss all matter of esoteric experience to do so. I figured it was easier to facilitate discussions than confer with books and materials that were inanimate at best, utter nonsense at worst.

People were the vessels of truth and I was determined to explore my options. I felt it was completely congruent with church doctrine and challenged them to show me otherwise. They could not, so I was comfortable with the continuance of my search.

Months later in my moment of despair, I reached out. Evidently the bishop wasn't as well-informed as I thought. He arrived late in the afternoon and immediately started questioning me about my relationships before and after my divorce. Come to find out my (ex) wife had told him she suspected I was having an affair. Ouch!

I suppose it was one of her ways of keeping the eyes of the church off her own behavior. I didn't have the time, let alone the notion; working 65 – 80 hours a week depending on the time of the month, attending to priesthood duties and school in order to finish my bachelor's degree.

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I wasn't raised with values that took commitment lightly. I maintained integrity even if she did not. I didn't judge her for it, though, I hurt for her. I don't know that she ever understood that, maybe she never will.

At any rate, when I told him I had no 'relations' *before* the divorce but did have a couple *after* the divorce he thought I should be excommunicated. He showed no compassion for me whatsoever. I still did not tell him of her affairs. I just did not understand how he thought I deserved such harsh treatment, yet I accepted his judgments.

Later I suspected that he thought I was a liar. I reflected on the times in my life when I fell prey to those who weren't above telling lies to get their way or avoid detection of responsibility. I'd experienced that early in life and knew better.

My (ex) could be quite convincing of her convictions even when there was no truth to her assertions whatsoever. I learned that about her over the years, but thought that it might change.

So yet another slap in the face came when the bishop continued to push for some kind of punishment even when his superior, the Stake President, did not think it warranted any action.

Sure didn't help my depression. I accepted the term of 'disfellowshipment,' took a year to 'repent' and then rejoined the church afterward only to walk out on my own accord.

A few months later a gentleman who had attended the discussion group telephoned me. I really liked his energy and intelligent manor of conversation. He mentioned that he was having difficulty finding a roommate for a house he was going to rent. Without knowing anything I told him 'not anymore.'

I caught him a bit off guard with the immediate response, but clarified that I was willing to move in and help out. I needed to move and I just felt it was the right thing to do. It was two months after my family had moved back to Indiana and another family moved into the main house. The guest house wasn't comfortable any more.

The new house was on a hill in north-central Phoenix with a gorgeous view of the downtown area from its front porch. The night lights were particularly pleasant to watch as we could see the flights coming into and out of Sky Harbor Airport with ease. Sometimes we saw other things, too.

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The property was just under an acre, with an air-conditioned garage that had been converted into meeting space and private session room. The gravel driveway curled around from the base of the hill to the back, in front of the garage and was lined with pieces of rose quartz a foot across – hundreds of them – on both sides.

The street was on the other side of a drainage ditch on the western edge of the property and to the east was the Phoenix Mountain Preserve; SR51 curving around the mountains several hundred yards further with nothing in between. I was in heaven, or as nearly as I could be then.

The house had been used for metaphysical meetings, mostly based on the work of Ray Stanford and William Swygard. The group was called the Association for the Unfoldment in Man, AUM for short. They believed in aliens, channeling, multiple dimensions and our ability to access them through practice and process.

I'd been in many organized religions; the Mormons were my last stop. Still, there were many discussions I'd attempted to start; only to find out the doors weren't open. This environment helped me heal.

This group was a God-send. I felt completely at home and able to discuss my experiences, explore new vistas and further coagulate the notion of being Ashtar and Athena's son, whatever that was about in the scheme of things.

I've got to tell you the span of experience like my life provided was intensely challenging.

I've found that even with a large vocabulary and genius-level intellect, articulating the experiences still sounds like a raving of a lunatic to most people. I can see it in their eyes. Their own direct experience just doesn't provide a place for them to hear the words without prejudice and understanding or in the love intended.

So the folks at the house helped me to get back in touch with the part of me I'd left behind so many years ago. I'd given 13 years of my life to the relationship, only to have it all fall apart just after it was supposed to be so completely consecrated in the temple. Go figure...

Did I mention trials and tribulations earlier?

I did walk away with the understanding that the reason, primarily, that I was introduced to and felt the urge to merge with the LDS Church was to get the physical bestowal of the Melchizedek

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Priesthood. I couldn't get it anywhere else on the planet. I'm okay with that and it was worth all the pain and suffering, even though it was optional.

I have to admit that those trials and tribulations provided yet another lens to view the human experience. I was disappointed in the lack of openness, though, for an organization that professed to understand humans are gods and goddesses in embryo. Like so many humans, the concept had to be controlled and subjugated to rules and regulations, including complete allegiance to 'their' way of doing things.

I tend to mull things over and over, sometimes for months at a time. I don't mean I obsess and think of nothing else. That certainly isn't the case, but I do like to explore events and experiences so that I get the fullness of their value.

I woke up one morning with the undeniable impression that I must communicate with the President of the Church. I wrote the President that day, saying that if [these] things were true, then he knew I was here. I still wasn't sure what that meant, but I was following the prompting as directed. I figured it would make sense soon, or not, but I was free of my pondering.

I got a short and standard form letter back from the President's secretary a few weeks later. I was thanked for the submission and was told the President had received my post. Nothing else happened, although I didn't really expect it.

Shortly after moving, I got a phone call from a woman interested in the new age discussion group. I'd been advertising it on the back page of the New Times, a Phoenix alternative tabloid. The ad read: New Age Discussion Group – Any topic, any question. Call 602-XXX-3158.

I got some calls in the wee hours of the morning that were quite interesting, too. One of them was a gal contemplating suicide that lasted till sunrise. She made it through that dark night of the soul, but I never heard from her again. In retrospect, I'm glad I was there for her in that moment of need. Losing sleep was alright to me.

The pleasant call, referred to earlier, was received from Anna, a woman who lived less than a mile away across the mountain to the north, part of the Phoenix Mountain Preserve as well. She asked a few questions about the subject nature of our discussions and, after vetting the answers, asked for directions to the next meeting. She sounded intriguing and very familiar.

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So, this slender woman with long dark hair and a very deep countenance came to our next meeting. Afterward she invited me to her home for a meeting with some of her metaphysical friends the next weekend. Little did I know that it was to meet her daughter that had just gotten divorced and was moving back to Phoenix.

I pulled into a small urban ranch, with several out buildings, on a couple acres. Her daughter's travel plans changed and she wasn't there just yet, so her mother informed me of her hopeful introduction. I was pleasantly surprised to see a couple I'd already known for some time, but hadn't seen recently. I could tell Anna felt a trust by how she engaged me in conversation.

It got a little strange, too, as several women mentioned seeing things around me, including dancing lights on my shoulders and some ETs hanging out next to me. I've got to admit it felt really cool for them to note their sensory experiences, but it was also a challenge for me to accept the reality.

Many years prior I decided I didn't want to see them; life was distracting enough and people who said they saw things weren't treated to well. Sometimes I wish I could see them more

regularly, but the neat thing is when they really need to get my attention, my sight opens or I feel the presence of non-corporeal intelligence in the shift of frequencies that I hear in my head.

A few weeks later, their ranch hand brought Anna's daughter over to the house where I was staying. When they arrived, she stepped out of the mini-pickup and I recognized her immediately from the ship in my dream.

She was gorgeous; long blonde curly hair with a body that was trim and fit, just slightly shorter than me with brilliant green eyes that invited me to merge with her on a continual basis for a time. It was obvious the dream had become reality.

Apparently she recognized me too, because she nearly ran right over to me and gave me a hug and kiss that felt oh, so familiar. It felt like we merged on the spot. We made love later that night before I told her about our shipboard rendezvous. It was equally as magnificent.

We were inseparable for a couple of months from then. We journeyed together on several occasions and I felt the energetic connection from the base level through the crown several times, even when

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we weren't physically intertwined. Something felt askew, though, and I couldn't figure it out.

I've got to say that feeling the kundalini energy flow through you like we did... complete union in oneness... was the most intense feeling of physical connection I'd ever had to date. I had the feeling a few times back in college after ingesting some mushrooms, but not in such a clean and clear space. Another Mobius operandi moment of bliss.

While engaging my sexual side, I wasn't as available to the spiritual work. I was distracted. Consequently, I realized why our relationship only lasted a short time. We had a very mystical breakup, though, while taking a trip down by the Salt River in a beautiful setting along its banks. I thought it would be perfect for us. It was, but not the way I had hoped it would be.

We had a campsite nestled in a small cove in the desert cliffs with a small cave a few meters above that housed a golden owl family. They flew in and out with elegant form, hanging out in the large cottonwood tree surrounded by mesquite and cedar along the banks. There was a row of oleanders in front of us with a small opening that led to the shore where there was a large area of

river rock next to a deep and fast flowing area of the river. We had a wonderful gift later that night.

As we were laying silently looking up at the stars around midnight or so we heard horses' hooves clamoring about on the river rock downriver from our campsite. As we listen in silence they got closer and closer I knew they were wild Mustangs from the reservation on the other side of the river. I told Monique I'd seen them from a distance on a previous outing.

I was confident in saying that we'd soon see them come through the opening in the oleanders, which they did. Several came through, just a few meters away, and continued down the path that passed just in front of our campsite. They were in the shadow, but they looked so beautiful. I'm sure in the daylight the condition of their coats would have looked much different.

The last two, a chocolate and light beige one, came and stood just a few feet away from our campfire, looking at us with investigative eyes. I could see the campfire's reflection glistening in their eyes as they moved their head back and forth to take us in, like they were playing games looking at us with each eye. A few times they both jerked their heads up as if to notify us that

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they were considering whether or not our presence was okay with them or not.

She whispered that she wanted to get up and pet them. I told her to just keep still or she'd spook them and they would run off. Her mother raised horses and she was quite comfortable with them, but these were wild. She still wanted to try and, as I suspected, they ran off instantly. She seemed irritated with me.

It happened to be a full moon as well, so she decided as long as she was up that we were going to go for a midnight skinny dip. She had just moved from Truckee, NV and cold water was not a problem for her. I wasn't so sure. I really didn't want to get in, but did to appease her.

Being all macho and acting like I wasn't cold was not something I could do. I shivered violently and couldn't wait to get out, even though I pretended to be fine with it. It was still too early in the year. We got out of the water and there was a complete flip in her personality. It was really bizarre.

Suddenly and with no apparent warning, I became the devil incarnate and she could not say enough negative things to me. The flip was rather devastating to the moment, if you know what I

mean. I have to admit I didn't know how she truly felt about me even though our interactions had been powerful. I felt like she had a psychotic break or something.

I understood her perceptions were all projections of her own inner turmoil (her mother warned me), but I still was a bit shocked at the complete shift. I came to understand she was threatened by the self-responsibility in our relationship and soon reverted to her old ways of manipulating others to get what she wanted, borne of deep insecurity.

I'd already experienced that enough, so I was glad she decided to experience the old pattern. It allowed me to refocus on the group and our work together. It was a nice distraction, though.

She moved to live with her father in San Jose shortly thereafter. Anna and I kept in touch for some time and she occasionally came to the discussion groups. A month or so after she moved I got a phone call from her wanting me to send money so she could return.

I felt there was an ulterior motive for her seeming distress call and spoke to Anna about it. Monique was back in her old habits and was calling people

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she thought could help feed her habit, according to Anna, so it was a good thing I didn't bite.

The natural order of things includes us, and its laws are our laws. We are an endless moving stream in an endless moving stream.

Jisho Warner

Phoenix Long Ago?

Have you ever had a past life experience or regression into realms of the unknown?

Some people have them for an instant in recognition of someone they meet, a kind of Deja Vu. Others choose to explore them actively, seeking out ones who practice hypnotherapy or other regression techniques. I've always had my doubts as to their validity. Reality can be so strange at times even so.

On the other hand, I've desired to understand the development of our Soul, which has led me full circle back to the progression of personality through time, past lives having a great part in construction of our present day experience. There is even evidence presented in the Bible and the Dead Sea Scrolls.

I have experimented with various psychic and mystical phenomena in younger years, including Tarot cards, the Ouija board, psychokinesis, and telepathy. It still didn't prepare me for my journey into the past when I experienced it.

The group at the house used William Swygart's methods for regression into past lives. This particular technique was called Multi-level

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Awareness in his book (published in 1957). It uses a facilitator and specific process to access time lines, akashic records, spirit guides, chakra balancing, and some other nifty things.

I had been contemplating past lives for some years and recall that I did request to know what was important for my own progress here now. I still had some resistance. I wasn't sure if my mind would play tricks on me or what.

Several years later, I found myself in a conducive atmosphere, with people I trusted and a method that left the experience totally up to me. I had witnessed several others' journeys so I was comfortable with the process. We simply asked to view the most important lifetime to this present one. The rest I shall describe in hopes it may help you in your quest.

I'll leave out the preparation and prayer before moving into the actual experience. The time became approximately 26,000 years ago, offered by the prevailing consciousness in the moment. When asked, the time just 'appeared in my mind' from somewhere. As I waited for the scenery to evolve on my internal video screen, my mind was inactive and observant. The silence was golden, yet my vision was soon filled with activity.

The first scene I witnessed was looking through the eyes of one clad in a tunic, leather breastplate, and leather sandals that wrapped up my calves to just below my knees. There was a large group of people around me as we walked through lush green landscape. I'm not sure just how many as there were approximately 20 or so in my immediate sight.

I recognized my current son striding alongside me as a teenager, only shorter than he is now. I could look straight into his eyes. My son now is nearly 5 inches taller. We were walking into a valley, thick with vegetation, surrounded by a mountain range, broken in places and maybe a couple of thousand feet high. It was evident that there was plenty of water, plants, trees and other natural resources. It was like a paradise.

The next scene was one of celebration. We had built an entire community with many large flat-topped pyramids. They stretched for quite a distance. It felt like it had taken hundreds of years to construct for some reason. It was quite a vast metropolis that stretched as far as the eye could see. It was quite beautiful.

There was a festival happening, honoring our accomplishment. It was full of joy and song, with

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children actively engaged in games with each other all around. Adults were also enjoying various activities around the base of the platform where I sat proudly posed.

The celebration was focused around a large platform, with steps around its four sides that led down into a wide area of play, dance and activity all around it. It seemed like a centerpiece of the metropolis, but I couldn't say for sure.

The other side of the area down below us had steps as well, with families spread about as though at a community picnic or concert. In the center, toward one side of the platform, I sat in a huge chair smiling from ear to ear, with many celebrating joyfully around me as well. We were in different clothing, too, much less constricting. Something on the lines of loose fitting yoga attire one might wear today.

It was quite the feeling of accomplishment, humility, and unconditional love for everyone and everything. The feeling was quite extraordinary. The chair reminded me of Lily Tomlin's big rocker, dwarfing my body. It was a work of the most ornate carving that I have seen, with hints of gold as accents around the edges and in the center of the tooled areas.

The next scene came swiftly and I found myself on board a ship, or at least it seemed like it, because there was a 'bridge' in front of me. I walked up to a smoky quartz looking obelisk about waste-high that had an angled surface, about 20-30 degrees toward me.

I placed my hands above it slightly and a screen appeared on the other side of the room. It nearly filled the entire wall. On this screen was the face of one whom I felt was my father. I don't know exactly where he was, although my sense was far, far away. I could have been wrong.

What he said was of immediate importance, though. There were no pleasantries passed. He told me there was going to be a huge tidal wave come through the area and that time was of the utmost importance now. We had to evacuate everyone, immediately.

I told him I understood and thanked him for letting me know. He again stressed the importance of immediate action. I felt an intense wave of responsibility move through me and the scene changed again.

The next was looked rather chaotic, with many ships in the sky darting about from place to place.

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I watched for a few moments as the evacuation was being carried out with focus and precision. There was no fear or concern for leaving the city behind. The people were safe and that is all that mattered. I hoped we would be done in time.

Then, almost instantly as the last of the ships left I witnessed a wall of water, which looked to be at least a mile high, come crashing through the entire area. I felt sadness even though I knew that everyone had been accounted for and was all safe. I felt relieved and as I realized I was still there, instantly went to the next scene.

I watched as a very handsome and dynamic looking man, me, lying in a chaise longue chair of sorts became visible. He was accompanied by a young woman with long wavy auburn hair holding a palm frond, waving it gently over him. They were atop a small flat-topped pyramid that had been constructed in a cave that had water in front of it, like a lake or an ocean. He looked young, still, but his eyes were old and tired. He seemed relaxed and serene.

As I moved closer I became him, shifting my perspective and seeing through his eyes now. They closed and the sky opened. I could see five points of light, like an inverted pyramid, directly

in front of me yet the center point was a long way off. I began to feel movement toward them. The movement increased as I came closer until I went into the center point with a rush that felt like a rocket ship taking off. I had felt like I had transcended into another world.

The screen shut off at that point, so I assumed the movie was over. I opened my eyes and discussed the experience with the facilitator. I wondered if it was all real, even though I felt like it was. There was a 'knowing' beyond thinking.

I was still curious as to my past life's reality. I lived next to the Phoenix North Mountain Preserve at the time, with a trail right off our property that led to some beautiful views of the Valley. On the next full moon, I decided to take a hike up to the butte that was about a mile away from our house.

I stepped over the fence and proceeded up the path. About two-thirds of the way there I paused and turned around to look back into downtown Phoenix for some reason. What I saw was the same mountainous outline I'd witnessed in the past life regression. It was so eerie.

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Though our guardian angels may not reveal themselves to us physically, they are always there protecting and loving us. Each new day is opportunity to listen with our heart and see life through the eyes of love! Steven Eric Connor

Multidimensional Party Time

The other technique developed by Swygard was called Multi-Plane Awareness. As the name indicates, it focuses on multiple planes of consciousness available for us to experience. I have to admit just paying attention to one is enough to boggle the mind with all the details and deliberations necessary to maintain daily living.

When you consider the complexity of creation and the various vibratory realms that have their constructs in the hierarchy, if you will, one can at least ponder the possibilities that multiple planes of consciousness do, in fact, exist. Theoretical physicists now entertain this notion with the mathematical models that speak of the possibility of 11 dimensions.

Swygard's model has been in practice for over 50 years now. There are other descriptions of multiple planes of consciousness that I'll leave you to explore on your own. There is plenty of information online to satiate your curiosity.

On this particular afternoon the facilitator led me through Swygard's process, having done so for many others over the years of his practice. The basic understanding is that we have 9 other

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bodies, each on a particular plane of consciousness, that are all connected to our physical plane but have little interaction with it because most of us are unaware of them.

These bodies have senses, similar to the five we use here on this plane, but are slightly different due to the vibratory layers they occupy. Imagine a rainbow with each color representing a different level of consciousness and having a body on each. They are all part of the rainbow, yet have a different 'color' and frequency or vibrational range. I trust you get the picture.

Each level is slightly different for each individual. The process is designed so that the experiencer moves through each plane, calling forth a body on each. The experiencer, once the body is in view, inquires of the name this one can offer and through the facilitation garners any specific information that may be available. The facilitator records this information and then requests the experiencer to merge with this body and look out through its eyes onto the particular plane. The experiencer then describes whatever they see.

The process is identical for each plane until the arrival at the 12th plane, starting on the 4th because we are on the 3rd now. Throughout all the

facilitations I am aware the 12th plane is experienced as white light. The capacity for calling forth a body on this 12th plane is obviously a challenge. There is a brief venture beyond this plane before beginning the process of returning.

I was evidently a bit anxious to return because when the facilitator gave the prompt to get ready to return, I came back and opened my eyes. Now the process was supposed to have gently brought me back to the room by dropping each of the bodies off on their respective planes. I did not.

When I returned to the room prematurely, the facilitator was a bit surprised and uttered, “uh oh.” I suppose being a bit more informed of the process would have allowed me to follow it more precisely. I was told that no one he had worked with had returned prematurely and wasn’t sure what kind of affect that might have on me.

I didn’t connect the results at first, but I did begin to wake up in the middle of the night with a buzz in my room. It felt like there was some kind of party going on with a variety of tones, voices and other sounds that made it impossible to sleep for a bit after the abrupt awakening, but I got more used to it as time passed.

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During this same period I was working with a woman named Gail, whom I'd met at a metaphysical gathering a few months earlier. She had a doctorate in Parapsychology and, among other things, had a client base as a practicing psychic. She also had some organizational skills that dovetailed into a project I was working on at the time called The Earth Concert 1989.

I had been contacted by a representative of the founder of the event, Jean Hudon, who lived just outside of Quebec, Canada. He'd written a book that I had read, called The Immortal Child. Jean had put together a plan for organizing a global concert/telethon for raising funds to help ecosystem regeneration projects in the United States and around the world.

At the time, 1700 hectares an hour were being burned in the Amazon forest in order to clear the land for cattle grazing. Jean had asked me to head up the Phoenix portion of the proposed 32 cities that would be involved. I'd garnered some attention and interest, including the local office of Coca-Cola who was considering funding the satellite uplink cost for Phoenix.

Gail and I had been meeting with some others who were interested in helping to put the Phoenix

portion together. One of our evening meetings ran late and after everyone left I noticed she had left her Day-Timer. About an hour later I got a call, around 11:30, asking if she could come a pick it up. I agreed, hoping to get her help with the party in my room.

We weren't involved, but I invited her to spend the night instead of driving back down the hill to her home. She lived about 45 minutes away. She agreed and after some conversation, we retired.

I'd seen her in a vision as well, but didn't tell her so for quite some time. Even metaphysicians get a little wonky when others present previous experiences that include dreams or visions of them. I'm still skeptical when those things happen, but I've learned to be a bit more open.

I knew our time together was going to be interesting to say the least. I liked her personality right away, although I didn't anticipate being in any kind of relationship with her in the near future. That would change, too.

After I fell asleep the next thing I knew she sat straight up in bed exclaiming, "My god, how can you sleep in here? There's got to be a dozen different beings in this room!" Not until that

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moment did it occur to me that the party in my room was what I'd brought back from the multi-plane awareness session.

Now I know that sounds strange, a party in my room with myself; a little Billy Idol skewed. However, after you've experienced some of the things I have it isn't too much of a leap in logic to realize that it is possible. I didn't think anything about not dropping those bodies off on their appropriate planes, but there wasn't anything else that could explain the events in my room.

I didn't spend a lot of time thinking about it afterward because by that time I was used to the commotion and had little problem getting back to sleep. Still, I wondered what the long term affect would be. How would having these bodies operating in this plane of consciousness change my reality, if at all?

I suppose the phrase, "In my father's house there are many mansions," applies. It sure offers a new view of the constructs of reality and our place in it, connected to things beyond our current experience and understanding. Again, here I was in the middle of an experience that was at best disconcerting and at worst had me questioning my sanity once again.

Malevolent Humans

Along with the Earth Concert project, I was now the Coordinator (chief cook) for the New Age Alliance. One weekend I brought the two groups together for a potluck at the house. All of these things I did with the confidence that Christ was guiding the way, restoring order and helping me to understand things beyond human fears of separation and subjugation.

We had plenty of room and I thought it would be a good thing to cross-pollinate the groups, possibly getting more help for the Earth Concert. Of course I rarely announced that I was doing what my understanding of Christ's message offered for the doing, just that I felt collaborating would prove to be a worthy endeavor.

Once dinner was done, I invited everyone to gather on our patio to join in a group meditation. I had an idea for creating a group experience using a simple process of holding hands and offering a guided process designed to join our energies for the good of all.

We were all seated in an ellipse as the patio wasn't quite wide enough to accommodate a couple dozen people in a circle. I asked everyone

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to hold hands and began. There were maybe a dozen more that had opted not to participate and continued their conversations inside the house.

As I began, I asked them to focus within and take a few deep breaths to center, guiding them to visualize a point of light at the center of their heart. I then had them expand this point of light to encompass their body like an egg, and then expanded that egg around each person on either side of them, then around the entire group.

Just as I was getting ready to take them to another level, rising above the group as one, I got a tap on my shoulder. I turned to a woman who wanted to interrupt the process in order for someone to move their car; it was blocking another from being able to leave.

I thought it was extremely rude and I knew another had put them up to it, attempting to disrupt the experience for others and anger me. I paused and brought the people back for a moment, inquired of the car's owner (which belonged to someone else inside the house) and then continued on with the meditation.

What I learned later was that the past president of the New Age Alliance was bitter about being

ousted and that she also was practicing 'black magic' as she manipulated those in her group to do her bidding in getting others to become agitated and/or angry so they would lose center.

I was unaffected by her then, but within a couple of weeks I had an experience that nearly cost me my life. I didn't believe in psychic attacks, but this event changed my mind.

In the last couple of years of my marriage I had been involved with another discussion group, hosted by a neighbor who lived just behind us. We lived at 1111 S. Una in Tempe at the time. Grant, the host, was a second grade teacher in the Mesa School District. The focus of the group was the Urantia Book, a huge volume of material that covered the mysteries of God, the universe, world history, Jesus and ourselves.

I was in Mesa at the apartment of another Urantia Book student with a friend. The owner had two beautiful Dalmatians, Isis and Osiris, who usually hung out with us. We were in the kitchen area drinking sodas and Isis was lying on the floor across from me. I don't recall the exact conversation, but I had noticed a disturbance in my solar plexus area, almost a sick feeling.

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I hadn't eaten or drank anything that would have caused it and when I glanced over at Isis her eyes were deeply sad, like I had never seen before with her or with any other animal for that matter. The feeling in my gut got more intense. I intuitively knew someone was trying to mess with me, but I wasn't sure who or how. I got angry.

I hadn't said anything to Dave and Kelly, but as I got angrier my eyesight faded to black. My eyes were wide open and I couldn't see a thing; nothing but black. It was then that I got concerned enough to say something to the guys. I asked them to keep an eye on me because someone was trying to f... with me. I told them I could not see and didn't know what was happening, other than being 'attacked' somehow.

No sooner did I mention it than my body went limp, my head snapped back and my sunglasses fell off the top of my head into the stainless steel sink with a clang. I felt an upward pull on my solar plexus so hard that it brought me up to my tip toes. It was at that point that Dave and Kelly grabbed my shoulders. I instantly let go of the anger and it stopped, but I couldn't stand. I asked them to set me up against the cabinets on the floor so I could get my bearings.

I was baffled by what just happened. I wasn't afraid for one instant, but I was definitely pissed that someone was attempting to take me out. We continued our conversation in a little different manner and then Kelly took me back home to the house on the hill. I had a good friend that also had an advanced degree from UCLA and had studied under Thelma Moss.

Chuck had a keen interest in demonology, witchcraft and sorcery and had helped many to deal with the inappropriate and potentially catastrophic effects of malevolent humans. Still to this day I haven't met any 'evil' spirits, but I have met some evil humans. Chuck had traveled with me around northern Arizona when I was delivering the newspaper.

One of our conversations revealed he had been at an airport in southern California when Val Thor, a resident alien, had flown in to meet with some high-profile folks. He was with two others who had telepathic abilities beyond anyone Chuck had met to date. He said when he shook Val's hand it felt really strange because there was no bone structure, only cartilage. Val was an ET on assignment with the US Government. Look him up on the web if you'd like to know more.

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So I called Chuck as soon as I got home to ask him his opinion of what happened to me. Of course he through the question right back at me. I told him it seemed as though someone or ones had used Isis to project their energy through her eyes and into me, attempting to rip my spirit out of my body and eliminate my life here.

He responded that it was exactly what they were doing and that is was an old form of Voodoo, rarely practiced today because there weren't that many who could gather the willing participants to carry out such an attack. All I can say is that I was damn lucky Dave and Kelly were there.

I gained a new respect for psychic attacks and, at the same time, learned that the only way to overcome them is to simply let go with no fear, which includes not getting angry. Anger feeds it just like fear and perfect love removes all fear.

Did I know who? Well, I wasn't sure until a week later I saw the one mentioned before, Feather, at the post office where I had my mailbox. She turned white as a sheet when she saw me. I noticed her as I was walking in the door, but did not act like I saw her.

Oh, and something else about Chuck. He was a good friend of a scientist at Edwards AFB who had access to the files from Roswell. He had copies of them that he showed me and I spent a little time reading through them. Fascinating information defining the scene and what was found, including a live alien that was never acknowledged further.

Shortly after he got these files he was visited by Men in Black and military personnel in fatigues who ransacked his home looking for them. He told me that they never found them. Why? He had left them out in plain sight on the back seat of his car in an office box. Important papers like that would surely be hidden somewhere. Sometimes the best place is out in plain sight. Military intelligence is still the best oxymoron on the planet.

You might be wondering how an experience like this could build my testimony. Consider this: I remained alive regardless of the attempted harm. How or why? I trusted Dave and Kelly because of their profound faith in Jesus and Christ Consciousness, so when they touched me my anger completely left. It was as if the LOVE cut through any disturbance and freed my body and spirit from harm. It was still a wild ride.

Spiritual relationship is far more precious than physical. Physical relationship divorced from spiritual is body without soul.

Mahatmas Gandhi

Three Suns as ONE

A sun is still a mystery of spiritual and physical presence, an enigma in the intelligent design scenario. Three suns - thrice the mystery. The Great Central Sun is a ubiquitous reference in esoteric philosophy. The Trinity is another consistent presentation in many religions.

Is our central sun actually three suns reflecting the 'trinity' throughout all the major religions? Where does our understanding and the reality of our creation make sense?

In the summer of 1989, while learning the techniques developed by Swygard, I was privileged to enjoy some interesting explorations in the dynamics of human consciousness. My curiosity never waned as I went where few go in order to test my understanding and garner truth.

Swygard had written a book describing two techniques for exploring the depths of our psychospiritual composition. The two techniques are called Multi-level Awareness and Multi-plane Awareness and his book was originally one of two covers and no back, meaning the two were in one, much like 'Doors of Perception' and 'Heaven and Hell' by Aldous Huxley.

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These processes, although facilitated by a trained guide, allowed deeper individual experiences to evolve within the framework of the process. It was perfect for the explorative personality, yet overtones of deeply held beliefs could still affect the experienter's interpretations. The process was wide open other than that.

By this I mean only vague prompts were given to direct the consciousness in a particular direction, based on the responses given in answer to the questions of the facilitator. The experience was totally spontaneous from that point onward from the individual's perspective, allowing a freer exploration of the worlds within.

The purpose of the facilitator was more as a prompter and recorder; to maintain a verbal link with the experienter so that reflections could be discussed afterward. In this way there was some record for reviewing for the experienter.

This was definitely a metaphysical experience, yet it seems to correlate to much of the scientific research and referencing of the 'Holographic Universe' of Michael Talbot's discovery and sharing. In fact, this paradigm has been present in several physicists and scientist's exploration and revelatory considerations.

Among them are Alain Aspect, David Bohm, Karl Pribram, and Karl Lashley. Complexologists at the Sante Fe Institute have created yet another theory that the Universe actually seeks to replicate itself, based on their study of the math, physics, and science surrounding cosmology, quantum environments, and thermodynamics to name a few. John Gardner presents a similar view in his book, *Biocosm*.

Striving to understand how our universe works leads us to better understand how the human enigma evolves toward interaction and living amongst the stars. We don't have to go anywhere, we're already there.

Apparently instantaneous 'faster than light' communication between individuals, as well as brain cells, is a reality and violates the long-held notion that Einstein fostered: no communication can travel faster than the speed of light. One only needs to search the Web for validation.

The information age, along with scientific exploration made possible through discovery and development of new paradigms and technology, brings with it the ability of man to question everything he/she has learned about humans to date. Questions often scare people.

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This includes being able to cross-reference, if you will, the scientific and spiritual manifestos of our history on planet Earth. So let me take you on a little journey. You don't have to believe it was real, although I will do my best to relate it objectively. You'll love this trip,

On this particular afternoon, I was in process of preparing for one of these multi-level awareness journeys. I began by doing some deep breathing relaxation to prepare for the process. I was feeling my body and mind relax when all of a sudden, Zephyr, a guide I'd known since my late teens, showed up and gave me that look.

You know the one, where you know you are about to have something very profound happen and you let go of anything else on your mind. So it was. He simply motioned with his arm and said, "Come." And so I did. I completely let go and left.

I exited my body with such ease that I hardly felt the departure. Now the interesting thing is that by practicing this technique, I had the ability to describe what I was seeing and hearing along the way. As soon as Zephyr showed up, I was communicating my experience to the facilitator, who was now about to be tested in their ability to respond in a much different way. I'm sure it had

to have been pretty weird sitting in the chair next to me that day! I had to explain who Zephyr was later, so let me do so now as a refresher.

I'd met Zephyr while studying metaphysics with a small group of explorers in college in my late teens. We all read many books as well and I was in process of reading Carlos Castaneda's works. I think I was on Journey to Ixtlan at the time. I remember one of the consistent threads of other spiritual works being the existence of spirit guides or allies, as he called them.

I had inquired within, through prayer, regarding the existence of and ability to communicate with a guide or ally or guardian angel, if you will, that was 'assigned' to me. During a meditation one afternoon about a week later the name Zephyr and a face of an Indian appeared in my mind instantaneously. I was a bit shocked to say the least, especially the way he just popped in.

He appeared as an ancient Indian, with eyes so deep and simultaneously cold and warm, peering into the depths of my soul, yet with respect of my being. I was able to do some research later, assisted by a friend that was an adept at automatic writing, and found that his incarnation was over 20,000 years ago in what is now the

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Southwest US. Yes, it started my desire to move to the Phoenix area for sure.

I've had numerous occasions to journey with him since. If you've had similar experiences you can relate. If you haven't, well just consider it a great story. Maybe, just maybe, there is one on the way for you. No doubt your mind has been swirling if you believe in such things and haven't had a direct experience of it yet.

This session was a bit different because there was now a witness to record my experience as I related it. As I exited my body, he became a sphere of light with his face as the only feature on the front of the sphere. I first noticed his profile, with that large Indian nose... rather reminiscent of Jimmy Durante.

I found the large nose a bit humorous and told him so. Nothing can be hidden in those realms as even the fleeting thoughts are as apparent as turning a light on in a darkened room. So, just let it fly. You'll find your way sooner or later.

His humor caught me by surprise on many an occasion, cutting and insightful, but mine wasn't that respectful to him. I was still young and my ego had not been tempered with wisdom yet.

So as I was entertaining myself at his expense he turned and faced me with that look again. I realized how disrespectful I'd been. I asked him where we were going and he only responded that I would find out shortly. He began asking questions of my spiritual path to date and what I'd learned since the last time we journeyed.

I could see the points of light faintly, elongated, as we were whizzing by at an incredible speed. Then nothing was in my peripheral vision, until I felt us come to a quick stop. It seemed like the 'nothing' lasted for about half the journey or maybe I was just distracted by our conversation along the way.

I suppose the only reference to the travel route would be the speed of thought. According to the Urantia Book, an interesting exploration of the structure of creation, the speed of thought is approximately 841 trillion miles per second. Read that again and ponder what that means.

I've never seen a reference to the speed of thought anywhere else. Whether or not that is correct we can accept that it is indeed quite fast, much faster than the speed of light. In local travel terms it would be instantaneous.

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In answer to my question of direction, Zephyr told me just to wait and see. I probed again and his silence was absolute. I then spoke to him of other things that I had experienced lately and he responded with analysis, some sick humor, and engaged me in some great bantering that left me feeling very humble after having some pride in the depth of understanding I thought I'd been expressing to him.

I think we probably all feel that way when our bubbles are burst by our elders, bringing us back to a humble reality of our incomplete knowledge. One of the aspects of the Path is to be so rooted in one's own knowing as they are expressing it, yet being able to instantly let go of the attachment of its truth in order for further depths of understanding to occur.

Sometimes the knowing shifts, and must be left behind as merely a stone on the path. At other times, the knowing evolves into a much deeper acknowledgment of 'what is' in the conundrum of 'What is reality?'

This bantering lasted for about eight minutes, according to the facilitator, as the arrival at our destination brought it to an abrupt close. I suppose that the constant recounting of

conversation helped to anchor congruent patterns of thought and holographic reality at that point. It was very humbling, nonetheless.

The discussion also had a profound effect on the facilitator's life as it verified some inklings he'd been entertaining as possible answers to some of his own questions about the nature of creation and reality as we know it. As I said, questions scare people more than the answers sometimes.

I noticed a slowing of momentum and as soon as I did, I felt an abrupt halt. We had arrived at a solar system that was beautiful beyond belief. If you've seen *Contact* and Jodie Foster's character as she witnesses the beauty of space you can imagine the feeling of awe that overcame me then as I witnessed a nearly inconceivable scene.

We had stopped outside the perimeter of the largest orbit of some bright green planets that revolved around three huge suns that appeared so white yet shimmered with rainbow sparkles. They appeared to be equidistant in the center of this system with maybe a dozen planets around them. I didn't take time to count.

Again, the sight of this brought up the feeling of awe that came from such an indescribably

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beautiful display, only this was nearly a decade before the making of 'Contact.' I felt huge in that moment, and yet so small.

I only had a moment to take in the beauty before I heard a voice that felt like the combination of the suns speaking as one. I listened intently. The sensation was like a river of energy flowing through me at an incredible rate of speed.

In response to the natural curiosity and questions I must have been contemplating for such a long time, the voice(s) said, "We are not only your forefathers; we are also the forefathers of your solar system."

I felt such a deep connection to those words and the resonance of truth that I was speechless for a moment. I wish there was a word to describe it. You get the picture... I was blown away. Zephyr said, "Okay, that's it, time to go."

It took me a moment to regain composure and I began to want to ask some questions. Zephyr cut me off immediately saying, "No questions now, you've got all the information you need. You'll figure it out." Rats!

I needed some more feedback, more information, more understanding. My mind needed more

information to process. I argued for a few moments and then gave in to the trip back. He never did respond to those direct questions... damn stoic Indian. He was kind enough to offer some things to ponder, though, which gave me much more than I realized at the time.

I had been presented with information that, if I wasn't careful, would set me up for some unpleasant experiences with 'believers' and scientists alike. Zephyr let me know that, in time, it would all make sense and life would change.

Once back in the room and relating the journey to fill in the gaps of my description of the scenery, what I found interesting is that each leg of the journey was consistent in time. According to the facilitator's watch the journey of going and coming were about 8 minutes long, which was more than just coincidence it seemed.

This would indicate that it was indeed a journey that crossed some major distance at the speed of thought or something similar yet to be measured by modern science. Some part of me made that journey, regardless of where my body was at the time. So, what was it? Was I more than I knew?

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Just how the actual vehicles became 'real' or the method of travel used was something I didn't understand as a repeatable process. I did feel an unusually high resonance with the idea of these suns being the foundation of our Trinity.

Just imagine what this could mean to the developmental theories of creation and our scientific explorations into the depths of material structure with the proton, neutron and electron.

Could it be possible that the proton, electron and neutron are the micro-reflection of that macro consciousness?

I do know this: it was much more than my feeble brain was able to interpret. Yet the imagery, voice, and travel were very real. I'd been on many journeys to date and this was one of the most profound and potentially rewarding in the development of a cognitive model that removes conjecture and superstition regarding the nature of how we got here, or at least of our foundation.

To understand the mechanisms of creation from that point requires some intense study of the internal structure of creation. Metaphysics seeks to explain this in my opinion, but not completely.

Quantum physics and complexologists are moving closer to explaining the next levels of garnering consciousness in mathematical terms that result in patterns encountered in inner space, what metaphysicians have called 'sacred geometry.'

Methinks we are on the verge of a experiencing a Cosmic Evolution. If that were so, many of the various schools of thought would start to say the same thing, or at least those who cross-reference resources would begin to see patterns emerging.

I continued to have lucid dreams and visions that made it nearly impossible to distinguish the difference between them and reality as I knew it. I'd had this happen in college and didn't feel prepared to handle it then, so I wasn't sure I could now. Nevertheless, it was happening.

Don't get the wrong impression. I wasn't scared by the experiences in the slightest; just the opposite. It was fascinating and I longed to live in a world so totally connected. In my heart of hearts, I felt like this would ultimately be possible as we evolve biologically and spiritually.

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The Ultimate Encounter

I love to share stories as you might have guessed, especially about encounters with people, places and things beyond the scope of normal day-to-day living. Whether you believe in them or not is no matter. I learned that sharing is part of becoming vulnerable and trusting All That Is to let the words fall on ears that need to hear.

An old friend, a mixed-blood Cherokee named Willy Whitefeather, used to start his talks with, "Don't believe a thing that I say." He was quite the character. Willy wrote desert survival books for children and worked with schools to educate the students about desert plant life. His work has saved a few children's lives.

Willy was living in a teepee on the Goldfield Ghost Town property when we first met. He was a very simple man, full of compassion and great stories. While he was there, a rattlesnake used to come into his teepee at night and curl up near the fire pit in the center. He was never concerned it would attack him, but he did keep his distance out of respect. Like any animal capable of attacking, when you respect and keep your distance it is a rare that they will become aggressive.

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Okay, so I want to tell you a story about an encounter with Jesus some years ago. Yes, with Jesus, witnessed by others. Don't believe a word of it as I'm just relating an experience and we all know their origin in imagination, right?

Well, this was a beautiful day in the mountains of northern Arizona next to Woods Canyon Lake, a pristine 500 plus acre lake at about 6500 ft. elevation just south of the Grand Canyon. It was in the middle of June and the air was warm and smelled of pine.

There was a group of us, 8 in all I think, that had come there for a weekend of spiritual retreat... or rather engagement. We were led by an elder gentleman, in his mid-60s, who had worked with Ray Stanford to form AUM (Association for the Unfoldment in Man).

I had been asked to join them as I was now living in the house that was used as their 'center.' I was looking for a place to move and this showed up. It was on an acre and a quarter of land on a slope in north-central Phoenix where the downtown area could be seen from the front porch.

One of three houses on the 1/8 mile slope, with the Phoenix Mountain Preserve as the property

boundary to the east and a street nearly 50 meters to the west. This was the middle house on the hill, with all the desert landscaping and wildlife to go with it.

I joined the group on a weekend retreat, staying in a cabin in a town called Christopher Creek. We stopped there to unload on the way. Once unpacked, we journeyed to Woods Canyon Lake for an afternoon program of discussion and exploration of spiritual content.

We were sitting on the side of a hill in an ellipse with the leader of the group on a stump. The rest were on a log extending from a few feet away from the stump toward the lake. I was on a rock facing the stump at the end of the log.

The log was nearly parallel to the water's edge and we all had a wonderful view. The group overlooked the lake through the trees. I was able to see part of the lake extending into a small inlet just to my right. There was a light breeze and the smell of pine wafting through the air.

Ed (the elder) had just asked us to 'act as if' Jesus was in our presence. Interesting tactic, eh? It was surprising to me that everyone had difficulty acting as if and asked him questions

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about how to do it. He would refer them back to their own devices for acting. "Just talk to him."

I watched as inner turmoil surfaced in their facial expressions. After a bit, I blurted out, "Hey, like this.... HEY DUDE, GLAD TO HAVE YOU HERE!!! LET'S PARTY!!!!" Obviously I went to an extreme and, well, Ed didn't care for that one too much. I appreciated his concern.

He groveled a moment and then suggested we do a guided meditation together. He asked us all to close our eyes and take a couple of deep breaths. The group followed his suggestions immediately, and with some relief that they no longer had to act out their willingness to receive Jesus amongst their company.

As soon as I closed my eyes I had a vision unfold that was quite curious. I saw two hands and arms come around from behind my back at the level of my solar plexus. One was holding a piece of dark bread, like the color of wheat bread. The other hand grabbed the bread and 'broke' it in two right in front of me.

As the bread was broken my sight was attracted upward at about a 45 degree angle. There was a brilliant light coming from above me that I did not

know who or what was producing it, so I looked up to see a most magnificent sight. With my eyes closed still, I looked up to see Jesus just a few meters away, about 5 meters off the ground in front of the group. I was in complete awe with no thoughts for a moment.

There was a ray of light coming from his forehead and his heart that became one about a meter in front of my head, bathing me in the most iridescent and effervescent feeling since I had been taken into the White Light as a teenager. It was absolutely awesome beyond any description available. Those of you who have experienced similar things know what that feeling is like... undeniable by any means of logic or reason.

Then he began to speak to me, "I would like to speak through you," he said in such an inviting voice that resistance was futile. I battled in my mind as I recalled the words of my adoptive mother, not much over a month prior, telling me never to let anyone channel through my body.

Here, directly in front of me, was a personage that I had given up my life for many years prior in order to know Truth. What could I do? How could I be sure? Everything in my being was telling me this was real beyond any speck of disbelief.

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I broke down and cried like a baby, not knowing instinctively what to do... or so I thought. When I decided that there was truly no reason for alarm and the truth would prevail anyway, I took a few deep breaths and relaxed.

I opened my mouth to let the words flow without any perception of what was about to happen. His first words were, "Know that I AM with you always." Then he threw me a curve. He continued, "This one's fear (speaking of me) is great." Well, I couldn't have him saying that! You know how the ego wants to butt in whenever it feels slighted. So I immediately asked what he meant by that?

Next thing I knew we were off together conversing about fear and how to get through it. I was totally unaware of my body or what I was speaking to the group from that point onward. I know this may sound goofy, but he told me that the fears I had were the same as His were.

He went through several examples of situations that he had to move through only by relinquishing his fear to the Father. What that meant was that He had to completely let go and trust in All That Is... totally free of emotional or mental

attachments to outcomes. He managed to do a pretty good job I'd say.

Our discussions will remain private as only when one is ready to hear things does he/she truly listen. They are within your own hearts as well, when you are ready. There are the fears we all go through in order to find the truth within us, inside of the Kingdom of God within us and all around us. We tend to think it's very complex, though.

The war, if there is one, is with the mind as a master vs. servant. Fear enslaves the mind. Love frees it to act with and in the realms of heart-space, of heart consciousness, said to be over 60% of our total 'consciousness' in these bodies. Faith in things unseen...

Next thing I knew, there was a sound of branches snapping as some people approached on the trail. I opened my eyes to see the others staring at me with gaping mouths. I don't know what I shared.. must have been pretty impactful. It wasn't about our conversation it seemed. I had no desire to speak a word for several hours.

All I could do was breathe and hum... the dynamic hum of one in total bliss. I found out later that 3 others had actually seen Jesus in

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exactly the way I experienced with the rays of light from him to me. The elder has since passed and joined my 'dead council' from time to time.

The group grew and then dwindled over the years. I still keep in touch with one.. we play music together. It was he who invited me to become his housemate on the hill in Phoenix. I thank him for stepping out initially.

Wow, what a trip...

It is for reasons like this that I live, breath, eat, sleep, dream, and awake with the connection with ALL THAT IS in the deepest essence of my being. I have continued my path in various vocations and working relationships for the sustenance of this human form.

My personal path work includes my testimony and the evidence of my journey so far, demonstrated in the development and implementation of a model community that applies Divine Principles throughout. "Thy will be done," has been a constant mantra in my life.

Everyone has the opportunity to connect with their inner nature, as naturally resident in their world as the earth and sky. Although we often incorporate 'victim' mentalities in our daily living,

it is for everyone to ascend to the next level of living experience.

Accepting personal responsibility for choices is the first step, regardless of what others may attempt to enforce. Love means letting go of fear in all its subtle forms, allowing the limitless oscillating vibrational energy that is naturally present to pervade all living environments.

What was made quite evident in my experience at the lake was that we are all family, born to reunite as one people and one planet in a conscientious living awareness of harmony.

We had a guest staying at the house who had a converted Greyhound bus as an RV. He'd parked the bus just outside the converted garaged that was used for the Multi-Level and Multi-Plane sessions. He'd been there for a month or so by now and as he strode by our sitting area on the patio one morning where Ron and I were talking, he made a comment that caught me off guard.

Now I hadn't mentioned it yet, but at the time a lot of folks thought I looked like Jesus. Gail's son even asked her if I was, after spending an evening with us at the house. She told me later and we both had a nice laugh. "Really?" I thought

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in disbelief that anyone would ever think so. One never knows what others may think.

Well, this particular morning we had some pictures of Ascended Masters on the small table in front of us with Jesus' on top. Bill walked by on his way from the RV to the house, looked down at the pictures and said, "Wow, is that your high school annual shot?" with a chuckle and a comment about how uncanny the resemblance was to the portrait in front of us. I just shook my head in humble denial.

I suppose it would be easy to let something like that go to your head and use it to take advantage of others. Sure, I enjoyed the look as I let my hair grow and beard grow after leaving the aerospace industry, but I certainly didn't intend to look like Jesus. It did make for interesting conversation.

Weird Stuff in Sedona

A few weeks later I was with Gail and her son in Sedona. She also had a doctorate in parapsychology so there was a certain openness she had to a variety of experiences, including her own as a practicing psychic. We took some time to visit a favorite site - a huge medicine wheel at the entrance to Long Canyon, northwest of town.

The three of us (her son was about 12 or 13 at the time) hiked to the medicine wheel, where I asked her to sit in the east and him in the south. I was impressed to sit in the center and began with prayers and acknowledgements of ancestors, guides, and spiritual leaders.

As I spoke I went deeper into the 'presence' within each of us. It was an overcast day (rare enough in the desert) and the weather intensified as I spoke. I don't recall the words, but soon there was lightning, thunder and rain that were quite synchronistic to my spoken prayers. It was beyond words in the moment with the environmental punctuation.

Afterward Gail said that she saw some really bizarre imagery as I was offering the prayers. Always curious about correlations and

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confirmations I invited her to expound. The most significant imagery involved witnessing me standing on a large rock just a short distance down a small hill from where a craft had landed.

The craft itself was about a hundred meters in diameter and a line of folks that were boarding came down the hill and past where I was standing. She said it appeared as though I was part of the pick-up process, standing there in a long shiny white robe with a staff in hand. This seemed a bit too close to the recent viewing during my multi-level past life experience.

I wondered about the potential of that happening in this life. I dismissed it as being a bleed-over from the multi-level. Years later the same feeling would resolve into knowing it could happen, but that it was not something that was absolute. It would be a last resort.

Gail's abilities allowed her to connect to other beings/entities that apparently were very close to me as well. There were several occasions when she would begin speaking to me as though 'others' needed to make sure I was aware and paying attention to the events and processes in my life at the time.

Whether an evacuation occurs or not doesn't matter. What matters is that we focus on this life, this world and what can be done here and now to move us toward collaboration, communication and creating the world we desire.

A few months later we were in Sedona to promote a project we were working on, Earth Concert 1989. We attended a small community gathering sponsored by the New Age Center and got invited to stay the night by a gentleman we'd just met. He thought it was important for us to attend a breakfast meeting the following morning as his guests. A Hopi Elder was due to speak.

That night there we were visited by some 'other' intelligence, apparently extraterrestrial. I felt a presence, yet she immediately tuned in to it. Gail informed me 'they' wanted to let me know I'd be taken up to a ship while totally conscious during the breakfast. 'They' needed me to have the experience in order to understand non-linear time. My skepticism won for the moment.

I was amused by the no nonsense direct approach to communicating. It vastly differs from the 'channelings' that sound more like a poet meandering through lines than a cosmic

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communicate, but who am I to judge. I've learned there are far more realities than once thought.

During the breakfast I had completely forgotten what she had said. The elder, Hollis Littlecreek, stood up to speak about Hopi trials, tribulations and prophecy. As he spoke our eyes met for a moment. Instantly I felt my consciousness transcend the meeting, like it shot straight up out of the top of my head and onto the bridge of ship for a moment, then came directly back. It happened so quickly I didn't have time to react.

The elder saw the look in my eye I supposed and seemed to crack a smile for a split second, and then returned to his stoic appearance as he delivered his talk to the group. I was in awe. There was no denying what I had just experienced, yet I knew there was more that happened other than witnessing the event.

Many of these experiences I've kept to myself. I learned early on that talking about things didn't always get the results that I hoped. Although they sound really neat, people often remain distant from those in such experiential paths. I suppose there are many reasons for it.

I've learned that the timing of things isn't always when you expect. There can be years of drought that are replaced by an overabundance of stimuli in a matter of days or even seconds in some cases. As I've gotten older I care less about what people think. When I feel the prompt to speak, I do with reservation now.

The period of reconnection to my spiritual path, after my divorce and separation from the corporate world, was pretty intense with the variety of experiences that were presented to me.

I constantly found myself wondering just how all this would eventually make sense and fall into some kind of order. I wondered if that would allow me to find a place in the world and be completely functional in it. I had commitments to supporting my family that I was not fulfilling.

Beyond the considerations about my personal life and obligations, it became clear over the years that many people were looking for some evacuation to take place. Many locked themselves into a believe system that looked for relief rather than creating solutions. I think that is out of integrity, personally, but to each his own.

Paradise is at your own center. Unless you find it there, there is no way to enter. Angelus Silesius

Moving On...

Toward the end of August, we found out that owners of the house, who lived at the top of the hill right behind us, had told the management company that they needed the house vacated. They had some relatives moving from Denmark that were going to occupy the house. The folks also owned Denmark Furniture in Phoenix.

I moved to a trailer not far away in a small trailer court that was quiet and secluded. I was by myself now and started processing some deeper emotions; connections to my children. I got involved with a group who studied the works of Carlos Castaneda, one of my favorite authors.

The particular book they were studying at the time was called *The Eagles Gift*. There was a process described in the book known as 'sealing the egg' which essentially allowed the experimenter to cut all psychic cords. These cords, and we all have them, cause our energy to 'leak' which inhibits our capacity for fully being 'present.'

Initially I was aghast at the thought of disconnecting from my children, but as I did our connection actually became stronger and it allowed me to experience a more conscious

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dreamtime. I had my first series of lucid dreams and they were so connected that, on several occasions, I would wake up as though the dream and reality were contiguous – no separation at all.

What I mean by that is I would be dreaming of an event that felt like it was real; so real that as I awoke it felt like I was still in it. One event was surreal, returning home from a gathering of folks I had not seen for a while. One of them told me they would call me the following morning. I woke up to the phone ringing... and it was them.

I think we all have those kinds of experiences but tend to think they are merely coincidence. I'm telling you that innerspace and outerspace are far more intricately woven than we can often imagine. Whether we have our eyes open or closed doesn't matter, we see the same things. Now this happens more often in waking or retiring moments when we are more relaxed and less engaged by the daily mental perturbations.

Anna called one morning, wanting to introduce me to a friend that she thought I'd find attractive and intriguing. I think she might have felt a little guilty over the fiasco with Monique, but I was game nevertheless. She said her friend's name was Sara. That was all I need to know.

A few days later we met and within a couple of months I moved in with her and her 3 children. She was from Paraguay originally and had a fiery personality, which didn't bode well for an extended relationship. I went into it with an open mind and heart, but soon found that there was more than I expected.

She confided in me that she had a dream of being with Archangel Michael and that when we first met she felt I was him. I looked identical to her dream and carried the same 'energy' as she had perceived. I really didn't know what to think. I was already living with her, but I felt that her perception might cause more harm than good.

I began having precognitive dreams about our relationship and some other things going on in my life that I kept to myself. They turned out to be spot on as our relationship continued, revealing a much more unpleasant side of her behavior that I certainly had not anticipated. I dreamed she was having an affair and nearly immediately her behavior changed.

About a week later I confronted her, but without being confrontational. I just told her about the dream and gave her the opportunity to be honest.

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It worked and although I was disappointed, I was ready to move on. It was nice while it lasted.

In January of that year, 1990, I went to work for a company that managed a program for developmentally disabled adults. How I got the job was a wonderful sequence of events. It was quite unexpected, yet a great gift still.

When I was working on the Earth Concert, I had approached a local Lions Club that I'd found out was doing a lot of outdoor fundraising events with a carnival. One of the members owned the carnival and they 'wintered' in Phoenix.

The president of the Lions Club was the administrator for the company that dealt with the disabled adults. He approached me to come and work for them. He, too, thought I looked like Jesus and made the remark that they would have their very own 'Jesus' working with the clients.

It was a fulfilling job for the most part; serving 30-60 year-old developmentally disabled clients. There were two-person crews, a male and female, that picked the clients up in the morning and took them to various places in order to work on community skills. Each one had a particular

behavior or challenge that we would work with on a daily basis somewhere in the Phoenix Valley.

The behaviors included biting and scratching to disrobing in public to picking objects up and throwing them for no apparent reason. Needless to say it kept us busy. My partner and I enjoyed each other and the clients, regardless of the behavior, and that seemed to diminish the frequency of the behaviors for the most part.

There was a Mojave Indian woman, Jolene, who loved to tease and be teased, but when she would feel like she wasn't getting her 'way' she would rip her top off and it didn't matter where we were at all. She was also quite sensitive and seemingly telepathic. I thought I noticed it one day and began paying attention to her communication a little more to test my suspicions.

You are probably wondering, "Well, how the heck to you test for telepathy?" I wondered myself some years earlier. I found that when one is very still and observant of their own thoughts there is the potential of being aware of others. For instance, standing some distance away with my back to her one day, I heard her call my name. I 'heard' it in the same way I hear the voice within.

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I turned to look at her smiling the Cheshire cat smile, from ear to ear, as though she knew I had heard her. I had other indicators; looking up into the rear-view mirror to see her staring into it at me, calling out to her internally and watching her head and body spin around to look at me. These are just subtle indicators, but she certainly wasn't 'practiced' at it by any means. Neither was I.

Pablo was a different story. We had the group at a bowling alley one day, where they had a special handicapped ball ramp that could be positioned on the lane and allow the person to push the ball so that it would roll down the ramp, onto the lane and eventually strike the pins. Pablo picked up a bowling ball, brought it over his head and threw it at me without me know it.

Fortunately my partner saw it happening, called out to me and I turned just in time to catch the ball. Whew! Pablo was laughing so hard he was bent over. I didn't think it was particularly funny, but what was I going to do? So I laughed with him. Scolding him would do no good whatsoever. These clients weren't children, although their behavior sometimes made it seem so.

I had been attending the Lions Club meetings since the previous fall, after the Earth Concert fell

apart. To make a long story short, we never got a business plan from the promoter and without it, Coca-Cola backed out and so did other sponsors we'd been soliciting. We had our own 2-day event here even though it wasn't as magnificent as we once hoped. It still drew nearly a thousand people at a local 'new age' establishment in Scottsdale.

Pat, the Lions Club President had introduced me to another member who was just a few years younger. John and I helped to organize some of their outdoor events with the carnival and the Phoenix Parade of Lights when it first began. John had another avocation at the time as well. He directed a television show that the Lions Club sponsored on the local cable access network.

He invited me out to the studio one night and I was hooked. I took the mandatory training from the cable company that would allow me to operate cameras or any of the studio equipment. Over the next few months I was Floor Director, Camera Operator, Audio/Video Operator, Graphics Operator and Switcher Operator.

During that period I had moved out of Sara's place and stayed with an elder friend for a short time. His name was Michael, an assumed name he took from *Stranger in a Strange Land* by

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Robert Heinlein. Michael was a character, having been written up in Time Magazine's March '71 issue as being a prophet of his own time. He had nearly single-handedly launched the water bed industry. Life Magazine did a center spread on his home in Hawaii in June of '72.

I was introduced to Michael through a friend, Derrick, from Prescott, Arizona. Michael lived in Phoenix, though, just down the street from Vintage Recording Studio, where Fleetwood Mac had recorded several of their albums from '94 to '97. I had recorded some drum tracks for a friend there, too, although it never went anywhere.

I spent a couple of weeks with Michael and realized I needed a place of my own. I called Norma to see if she knew of any place. She was surprised because Ruth, the woman whom I'd met initially at the New Age Alliance meeting that like what I was doing, had just told her she was looking for someone to rent her guest house. What a synchronicity!

I moved in the next week. It was perfect, about 600 sq. ft. and just off the freeway in east Phoenix in a quiet neighborhood with a grocery store and shopping within walking distance. The

best was she only charged me \$200 a month. I'd be there for 3 years and some pretty wild times.

John was getting tired of the current show, *Harry the Origami Man*, and turned to me one night. "Why don't you do a New Age show? You've got all kinds of contacts."

I was also still heavily involved with the metaphysical community. I instantly agreed, but with the stipulation that we did not call it a 'New Age' show in any way. I wasn't sure what the name would be, but figured it would come to me soon and I was willing to wait.

A few days later I was meditating in the afternoon and like a lightning bolt, the show's name and format came to me. I was dumbfounded as I could only observe the thoughts that were flooding into my head. The show would be *One World* and the format would peer into the depths of common fears and how folks overcome them.

The questions that would form the basis for the show where:

What prompted you to do what you are doing from both inner and outer perspectives?

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What kinds of fears did you encounter, in both places, in the process of achieving success?

More importantly, how did you overcome them?

How do you see those fears showing up in the people around you?

Do you think there is a similar process going on with them?

Do you ever talk about it with others?

In our developing global village, what barriers do you see that keeps people apart?

Do you see them changing or dissolving?

What evidence can you offer of that?

What kind of advice would you give someone for everyday living?

By April we were set, had our first guests lined up and would start off with me being interviewed by another friend who was a local celebrity DJ. The show was a half-hour long with a couple of breaks so we could insert Public Service Announcements. It would be completely live to tape, no post production. The PSAs would be inserted on the fly. Man was I nervous.

Well, my DJ friend couldn't make it. He called at the last minute while we were in the studio. I had a backup just in case. One of John's friends, Rodger, was part of the crew. He had a Master of Arts in Television and Video Production from ASU, so he knew how to conduct himself on camera. Plus, he was a really intelligent and pleasant guy to talk with on or off camera.

So we launched. You can find the first show and several others on YouTube by searching for 'One World w/ Rodger and Zendor.' You'll find some other shows there, too, timeless in their messages and thought-provoking discussions. We produced over 100 shows from 1990 to 1992.

I interviewed people from all walks of life, from homeless in transition to the Deputy Public Works Director for the City of Phoenix to well-known actors and public figures. Learning how to listen and craft a coherent conversation was a great education, let alone the tidbits from each guest that made my life richer for the experience.

Shortly after the show began I introduced Rodger to a gal that was rooming with me for a bit. Her name was Annie. She was from Scotland, visiting the US on a Visa, and had that wonderful Scottish accent and manner of speech that was sometimes

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hard to understand. At any rate, they fell in love and a few months later moved to Kentucky to help Rodger's parents with their trucking company. They returned almost a year later.

Their return was perfect timing to do a one-year anniversary show to recap the year. Rodger and Annie were married on South Mountain the following week. Their ceremony was small and special, accompanied by a native flute player. They flew back to Kentucky and ten days later Rodger slammed into the front of a school bus doing 75 miles an hour in a mini-pickup.

Word got back to us the day after his death and was shocking to say the least. Three days later I had been out with a woman I'd been dating and had just returned home. As soon as I walked into the house I felt a compelling urge to just lie down and close my eyes. I wasn't tired or sleepy at all, but I went with the urge.

As soon as I closed my eyes I saw Rodger's face. He was smiling as usual, "Hey how ya doin'? Got something to show you!" was all he said. For the next few minutes I lay in amazement as I watched several video clips that seemed to show what it was like during his transition and acclamation to a world without the physical body.

You know how hindsight offers much clearer vision? Well, Rodger and I had many private conversations about necromancy; speaking to dead people. Both of us had previous experiences of it, yet we weren't the type who 'practiced' it like John Edwards or Alison Dubois. Still, we were fascinated with it and wondered if someday it would be more widely accepted and a beneficial method of communication to garner wisdom.

Annie was also a Tarot Card reader. On her return to Phoenix a year later, and stepping into Rodger's place to interview me as a third anniversary show, we had a conversation about a reading she had done on herself one afternoon. She had 'read' that she would meet someone, fall in love and then they would leave unexpectedly. She hadn't looked back since his death, but when I brought it up she got a smile on her face.

She remembered that afternoon well, wondering how or if that would all play out. She hadn't given it any more thought until I brought it up, tenderly of course. We both mused on how interconnected worlds can be and the tools we have to find out.

*Between truth and the
search for truth, I opt for
the latter.* Bernard Berenson

Mystic Moments

One of my guests was Louis Russo, a local radio host/psychic/actor who also had metaphysical gatherings at his home in central Phoenix. I met a lot of wonderful people there, including a dear woman who nurtured me through some heart-angst and showed me what real love was like. Her name was Kim and she became my muse.

I wanted to develop a presentation, something that spoke of transformation through personal experience and transcendence. I wasn't sure just how it would happen, figuring it would come in a moment of lucidity during a meditation like the name and format for *One World*.

I was driving west on Indian School Road one afternoon and it came to me. Now this is going to sound a bit odd, but it worked really well. The concept was to wear a corporate-looking 3-piece suit over another set of artsy looking clothes.

I related my 'weird' life story, gradually disrobing as I identified each article of clothing with a fitting metaphor, like taking off the emotional coat of armor, divesting ourselves of false beliefs, untie the knots that bind us to things, giving the shirt off our backs, and so on.

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I told Louis about it and he invited me to try it out at one of his gatherings, which usually had around 50 people or so. I was nervous as heck, but I thought, "Why not?" and proceeded to wing it through the entire process. I only had a brief outline in my head and hadn't practiced it at all.

Personal stories are the easiest to tell, especially when there is an element of transcendence. We all have the capacity for transformation yet many hold back, fearful of change or an outcome they may not have anticipated. We really are a very calculating race, crafting possibilities in our minds before ever taking the first step toward freedom.

My thoughts were that sharing my experiences would be cathartic, refreshing the cache so to speak, and spontaneous evolution would occur. A practiced routine doesn't allow for that, imho. Consequently, there was a little more angst.

Sharing in public what used to make me quake on the inside was a huge leap for me, even though I'd shared a little on *One World*, it was still in a safe studio environment with only a few folks. When I step out in front of tens or hundreds of folks it would be spectacularly different. Concerns and contemplations were released, too, as letting go is the first step toward a solid landing.

It was a huge hit. Everyone loved it and even adlibbed the standard strip-tease music we all remember from the burlesque shows. There was even a woman in the back who rolled pennies up to the front of the room during the removal of each article. Ariel Wolfe went on to form Mishka Productions with her daughter and together they founded the *Celebrate Your Life* event.

Louis and another psychic, Cia Sun, were guests on my show in the spring of '91 and shortly afterward I was also on Louis's radio show, called Mystic Moments. The meetings at his home got so large that he decided to move them to a former church building that provided a lot more room. He invited me back as 'The Stripper' and my second performance, still unrehearsed, was in front of several hundred people. You can find it on YouTube as *Zen's Mystic Moment*.

This was a far cry from where I was after coming out of the hospital with no self-confidence, afraid to share anything for fear that people would reject me. Now I had a hilarious presentation that allowed me to laugh at myself while offering something of value to others. Maybe they could even laugh at themselves through my antics.

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Louis had some other Mystic Moment event of a smaller nature, in between the house and the old church. They were at an Embassy Suites just around the corner from where I lived.

I'd like to note one of his meetings that had a particularly profound effect on the audience, and me as well. The theme was 'tapping into infinite intelligence' and the demonstration was awesome.

Louis asked a few people in the audience of a hundred or so to write down questions of import, place them in an envelope, seal it and deliver it to him. Once that was done he had another group of volunteers go to the back of the room and pick up something from the table. On the table were books, magazines and newspapers.

Now this next part was really phenomenal. He held up an envelope, offered a quick acknowledgement and thank you for providing the answer to this one. Then he had the folks with the written material open them up and point to something inside without looking. Then he asked each to read where there finger pointed.

Every piece of information had something to do with answering the question in the envelope. The same thing happened with each of the five

questions stored inside the envelopes that no one had the opportunity to know until they were opened and the 'pointed' comments made. It was a perfect demonstration of how a sincere question can be answered externally as well as internally.

Louis didn't leave it there, though. He went further to note that even with this example of how well connected everything is around us; the inner truth looking place was still the most powerful. We acknowledge the outer answers because they are right in front of us. So it is when we ask poignant questions about our lives.

I would have some interesting times with the presentation early in the next decade that I'll share in the next book. Back to more poignant, rather, probing questions...

Courage means to keep working a relationship, to continue seeking solutions to difficult problems, and to stay focused during stressful periods.

Denis Waitley

Probing Questions

Later that summer I woke up on what seemed like a steel gurney, with several Zeta-looking ETs (Verdants, noted in Phillip Krapft's work are also of the same look I'm told) at the end of the table, having quickly stepped back as I awoke.

How I awoke was interesting... laughing and joking with them as I began pulling electrodes the size of acupuncture needles out of my sphincter. I had a shirt on and was unclothed otherwise. I said something like, "C'mon guys, what are you doing. This is embarrassing."

They appeared pinned up against the wall; pushed there from the uncontrollable laughter I presented instead of the normal fear that could be managed. I realized that most people get freaked out and their fright is manageable enough, used to 'paralyze' so they don't hurt themselves or others during these kinds of procedures.

As they watched me continue pulling the electrodes out, I was having no sensation until the last one. It felt like I'd pulled out a pubic hair. You know those things sting... ☺ (Sorry for getting so graphic) I instantly awoke in my bed as a result. "Shit," I thought, "I want to go back!"

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I was baffled at how I could be there one moment and instantly return to my bed. I hadn't really understood non-linear time yet, let alone the aspect of multiple dimensions even though I'd experienced moments of them.

My immediate thoughts went to a recent library scene. Kim and I had been doing some research on the nervous system. She was training as a message therapist and needed to do the research for her anatomy class. I remembered being intrigued by the perineum nerve.

To make a long story short, the nerve is a direct-connect to the central nervous system through the anus. This explains why some suppositories are so much more effective than oral medications in the medical field. How it applied here was similar as I found out moments later.

No, it wasn't a probing question. It was an answer that explains many, if not all, the 'anal probes' reported by abductees. Sure it is embarrassing, but when you think about the science, it makes perfect sense. Truth is often stranger.

I closed my eyes again, hoping to find a way back to the table, or at least the same room. As I let go of physical boundaries, I found myself talking

to a rather androgynous looking humanoid figure that appeared to be in a shimmering white robe of some kind. He rather glowed in the darkness.

I didn't notice any particular surroundings. This one says in a soothing male voice, "Listen, you need to relax. We were attempting to raise your vibratory level so that we could have easier communication. Next time it happens, just flow with it. You already know it is nothing to fear."

At that point I lost waking consciousness again. I woke up the next morning with awe and honor of the experience. I knew that soon, I would have better connections and discourses with others of the Order. By that I mean Divine Order.

When you let go of ego and surrender, Divine Order is all that is left. We call it Divine Order because it is so far beyond human comprehension. It actually is just natural order in the construct of consciousness. I haven't had that type of experience again until recently, although there have been many more of different types.

Since that time the levels of communication have indeed become more fluent. Beyond my belief, I've shown up at places and times and bore witness to some amazing manifestations of

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Cosmic Consciousness, extraterrestrials and other worldly beings. These are witnessings that I sense are important to ALL THAT IS or I would not be having them. I just trust that beyond anything.

As I bear witness to my own experience, I testify to the reality of Christ Consciousness and the Kingdom of Heaven, for lack of a better. I chose to give my life in service and surrendered to God's Will or Truth as I had perceived it. In the experience of what we call 'God's Love' there are myriad worlds to discover and experience.

I have not only seen the Light, I have been inside it and beyond it. I even had an escort to meet the Forefathers. I wondered about the Foremothers, too. These things I live and breathe and have my being in...LOVE. Perfect love casts out all fear.

I seek to share in this deep connection of LOVE we all know in the depths of our Being. Call me whatever you want, including late for dinner. I have much more to share for those who desire. I know I'm not the only one that has had these types of things happen.

We are entering a truly blessed time in the history of our planet and Creation. Many vie for your attention outside of your heart. You know this to

be true. It is evidence of the climax of human consciousness as it ascends into the next world.

That doesn't mean we are going to go somewhere else. We're going to stay right here. The Hopis and the Mayans both have prophesied this movement, with the Aztecs revealing that it is the time where the devil takes off his mask to reveal the true god that he is. This is the polarity paradigm conclusion, ascending into ONEness.

The Hopis speak of moving from the Fourth World to the Fifth and the Mayans the Fifth World to the Sixth. This indeed could be evidence of different civilizations evolving simultaneously on our world, inside and out.

The Hindu scriptures speak of the end of the Kali Yuga, a progression of time where man degenerates from spirituality, including moral and ethical behavior. It would appear we are at that stage in our human development; decrepit from lack of attention to what we say really matters.

The Mind of Man still seeks control while the Heart of Humankind pushes everything in the way of ONEness to the surface of the Mind. As we become aware of this process, we ascend to new levels of consciousness as an individual.

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As we ascend, we resonate with a higher vibration and begin to find our own harmonic within this new orchestration of light and sound. It is a tough journey. It is full of trials and tribulations.

The time is nearing when this, too, shall pass and we will enjoy a new heaven and a new earth. I really don't know when that will be, only that I will see it in my lifetime. Who knows, maybe our life expectancy will leap to hundreds of years soon. Our ancestors were capable of it, so why wouldn't we be able to return to that way of life?

As luck would have it, another event came to town not too long after my probing. It was called "New Age and Alien Agenda Expo," put on by Tim Beckley. I was introduced to him by another friend, Jerry Wills, who had also been a guest on One World the previous year.

Jerry was a contactee since his early teens, growing up in rural Kentucky. He had just started going to South America to investigate shamans and UFO sightings there. He was also involved with some explorations into the Grand Canyon and ancient artifact sites there.

Jerry introduced me to Tim, thinking he'd make an interesting guest on the show since he was

also in the middle of the 'phenomena' of agendas. I'm not that tall; Jerry towers over me at 6'8" and Tim was slightly shorter than me. After I was introduced I just gazed into Tim's eyes for a moment before saying a word.

I spoke briefly about the show, but within moments he became visibly uncomfortable and with only a 'Gotta go...' he turned and nearly ran away. I was baffled. I had sensed a certain feeling from him, like he really wasn't there for the truth.

Jerry had already left, so I just stood there a moment wondering what that heck that interaction was about because it felt rather rude to say the least. I went outside of the hotel meeting area and joined the group near the pool.

It was late fall, so the weather was a bit cool and the sun was just setting. I was attracted to a good looking blonde with bright blue eyes who was dressed in a really hot looking outfit with turquoise cowboy boots. I walked over and we struck up a conversation.

She wanted to meet Jim Dilettoso specifically, so when she found out I knew him I couldn't refuse the introduction.

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Jim wasn't there at the time, though. I knew where he lived, at the 'Flying Heart' Ranch in Scottsdale, so I offered to take her out there. Jim was accustomed to folks just dropping in, so there was no need for a phone call. We all talked until late in the night and ended up spending the night.

The next morning Susan and I were talking about the similar dreams we had about an open field with a short stone wall on one side. It had an opening in the middle of the wall and we described a very similar scene, so it seemed we had entered the twilight zone together.

Jim must've been listening to our conversation because he entered the room with a question about a tree on the left of the scene that we both remembered. Evidently he was there, too.

The essence of the dream was about a group of human-looking ETs that had landed in the field. We both felt like they were part of an extended family and we were celebrating a reunion of sorts. She and I had been working in the ethers for years and just now reconnected on Earth, so there was cause for celebration.

Susan became Jim's partner for several years afterward, even becoming the drummer for the

UFAUX Band – a slot I was hoping to fill at the time. I was happy that they worked well together, at least for a decade or so. I introduced another woman some years later who became the mother of their daughter.

I got to know some other folks fairly well over the years; Rev. Robert and Shirley Short, Dr. Frank Stranges, Al Bielek, Bill Cooper, Bill Hamilton, Ret. Colonel Wendelle Stephens, Brian O’Leary, Darrell Sims, Anna Mitchell-Hedges, Hunbatz Men and some other lesser known wonderful people who were really working toward disclosure, transparency and harmony among people and planet as best they could.

If you’ve ever witnessed a medium or a ‘channeler’ they often have visible shifts in their body and language. Sometimes the folks I talked with would exhibit these changes, speak to me about things no one else could possibly know, and then shift back to their normal demeanor without knowledge of what they had just said.

It seemed like I was getting ‘downloads’ of information whenever I spoke with some. With others there was empty space, like they were out of alignment or their words felt empty and void of congruence with truth.

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Experiencing those kinds of relationships was a bit bizarre to say the least, but I will not deny their reality. Maybe you've had something like that happen in your life. Suffice it to say that one is challenged to speak out about these things in any kind of company, except where others experience similar things. These events seemed to be a perfect place to encounter those kinds of people; a little more comfortable an atmosphere for talk.

Later that year at another small event in Scottsdale I met Anna Mitchell-Hedges and Brian O'Leary. Anna was traveling with the crystal skull she had discovered while with her father on an archeological expedition in Belize. She, too, was adopted and had such a bright-eyed countenance even at her advanced age.

Because of the normal flow around these events, there wasn't much time to talk, but we did have a short conversation about the skull releasing information to those who were tuned in to the frequency of the cosmic order from which it came. She knew that much and was eager to have me share a moment with the skull.

I slipped my hands underneath it and held it just above the table for a few moments with my eyes closed and my mind as open as possible...

nothing. I thanked her and moved on so the next person could have their moment with her and the skull. I could not have imagined what would happen next.

Some minutes later when the gathering was being called to order, Brian O'Leary spoke for a few moments and then asked us to join in a short meditation. I closed my eyes with all the others, a few hundred or so. He started with some words of guidance to relax and focus our energy.

Within a few sentences I saw a bright flash, like a flash bulb, a few feet above his head. I felt like it was a pulse of data, generated by the skull, which was specifically for me at that time.

I sat there in silence, listening to Brian while doing my best to keep my mind from racing with the internal investigation of the meaning of the pulse of light. It is really hard to just allow the flow to happen and not get caught up in all the mental perturbations of inquiry. Still, I knew that this was a 'data pack' of immense importance.

The pulse of light might also have been experienced by others, so large as to have filled the room for an instant. After the meditation

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Brian spoke for about an hour so I had to wait to inquire of others about their experience.

Afterward I asked about a dozen people, most of which I did not know, if they had experienced anything like a flash of light during the meditation. Only a couple had, but they didn't seem to think it was of much importance.

How could you not think it was important? I was reminded almost instantly of how limited most people think. They just don't go deep or pay attention to the most obvious of signs, let alone the subtle signs. These always seemed to have the most importance and significance in my quest for understanding. It seems the quieter one is the louder the internal voice becomes.

Sometimes, however rarely, others hear that voice, too. I find myself caught between the desire for others to be so free to hear and the sadness of the reality that they simply do not care no matter what they profess to be their spiritual intent. Where do you stand?

Are you one who finds probing questions that engages the deepest quest for truth?

Commander Hurley

I'm really a skeptic at heart I suppose. I've experienced a lot and a lot I haven't. Still I find even with the most bizarre and intense experiences I've had, I question others with the intensity of my own discovery process.

Truth is often shared agreements of the perception of reality. When the truth of experience or even just a desire to connect with life in such a way as to open our eyes, ears and heart happens, the agreement has been made.

On a Tuesday afternoon in mid-September 1991, I was going over some notes and received a phone call from one of my previous guests. She and her partner had worked with ETs and humans to remove etheric implant devices from them. Now granted, I thought it was a bunch of hooey to begin with as well.

In my investigations I've found many profess and few actually deliver. They proved to have some interesting abilities. I wouldn't have believed it, except I saw it with my own inner eye as they demonstrated their work to me in process of preparing for their interview.

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I went to their office on a gorgeous spring day. The temperature had already hit the 80s, normal for Phoenix in April. They were expecting me. We had a short conversation about the theme of the show and how I'd been encouraged to get to know them by another guest, a publisher of a multi-cultural magazine that served the corporate market. Mary and Royal invited me to experience their work first hand, so I joined them in their 'healing room.'

The room had a massage table in the center, covered with a lavender colored sheet. Around the perimeter of the room were various candles and crystals, an incense burner and pictures of grand celestial scenes on the walls.

I took my shoes off and climbed on the table, lying on my back with my eyes closed. They told me they were going to scan my body for implants first. I didn't think they would find any and they did not. However, they did detect an energy 'block' in my right knee.

Now I don't normally 'see' things, but occasionally I do and even with a vivid imagination the visuals have a different 'sense' to them when my inner sight is activated. When they noted the 'block' in my knee I could see what appeared to be a

swollen thigh, about twice the size of my left thigh. What happened next made me a believer.

I watched internally as I felt them place their hands on my knee. I saw what looked like violet laser lights coming from their eyes and going through their hands into my knee. The swelling in my thigh began to subside and I could feel a distinct change in the flow of energy through my leg. I have to say it was rather bizarre, but my experience was nevertheless real.

For some reason I was moved to try something new for me, too. I open my hands up and moved them to where I could direct energy from them toward their feet. I visualized sending light from my hands to their feet and up through their bodies. At the same instant they both stood straight up for a moment and then returned to a semi-bent over position they had previously.

I asked them if they just experienced something, noting their movement. Both Mary and Royal said they felt like they left their bodies for a moment and went up to a spaceship and then returned almost instantly. I told them what I had done. None of us could explain the apparent synchronous events beyond our individual perspectives, but it was obvious they were

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connected somehow. Strange indeed and we all just accepted that we experienced the event.

We did the show a couple of weeks later. My standard set of questions included how the guests were led to their work from both inner and outer perspectives. Each guest was different, of course, but they all had some form inner guidance that led them through the process.

A few months later I got a frantic phone call from Mary early in the afternoon. She was alone and she said I was the only one that came to mind to help her address the situation. Her partner had flown to Canada for a few days to take care of some personal business at the time. So, I listened to what she had to say.

Her voice was anxious, a bit confused and bewildered. She said there was a tall ET standing outside their office door, hunched over like he was injured in some way. She described him as a Zeta-looking figure, approximately 8 foot tall. She was having trouble communicating with him, she thought because of his unfamiliarity with the feminine energy perhaps. I had my own type of experience yet this kind of mid-day occurrence was new to me. I listened to her with a bit of skepticism yet, something rang true.

She asked me if I would come over as soon as I could to help with the situation. For some reason she felt like he intended for her to contact me immediately after she saw him outside the doorway. She had seen ETs before but this was new for her, too, and I could tell she wasn't sure just what to do.

Well, I told her I'd be right over. It was about a 15 - 20 minute journey depending on traffic. I didn't have anything else to do at the moment and thought it might be a nice diversion, whatever the 'reality' of the situation. My critical self did not want to accept that anything was actually happening, but after the session with them I was at least open to possibility.

I rolled a smoke along the way and pondered this event. If he was injured, and it was real, where was he hurt? Instantly I felt a sharp pain in my left hip joint, as though a spear had been run through it. I mean it HURT! My body doesn't do obstinate things like that normally.

So, I began to loosen my skeptical spectacles.

What the heck could this be about?

Why was I called?

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Are these guys really aware of who I AM?

Who the heck is this guy and what is he doing here of all places?

Then I got back to me... What AM I to do?

Hmmm.... I thought. Well, let's just play it by ear and see what happens.

I pulled up behind the building, in front of their door. It was standing open and I could hear this woman inside. She met me at the doorway. I raised my eyebrow to her and she proceeded to explain what had happened so far.

This doorway was at ground level of an attached office in the rear of a 7 story office building that bordered Sunnyslope High School football field at the rear of the property, just a few meters from their door. There were a few trees along the fence line, in between the building and the 'visitors' bleachers that were about a hundred feet away.

This other-dimensional ET had shown up there appearing hurt and needing assistance. She said it took her a few moments to settle down as this was completely new to her. When she was able to communicate with him finally, he told her that she

had done the right thing by calling me. He came there knowing that she would contact me.

It was me who he came to see specifically and he knew that she would be able to get me there. I was the only one that could assist him, both for triage and for something else he needed. That was all she knew.

I raised my eyebrow again, asking her to go on. She told me that she didn't know much else at that point; the time of my journey was spent persuading him to come into the office and lay on the healing table.

She did say that he was not of this dimension, although he looked like a tall Zeta, with the large almond eyes. I asked her to show me in please.

As we walked through the door into the healing room (a small room with a couple of tables, some incense, an altar, and a massage table in the center of the room) I blinked my eyes.

Now, I don't blink too often as it is. When I did, I was amazed at what I saw, even only if it was for just a moment... I clearly saw [it].

By 'it' I mean 'him'... He was as tall as she'd said, with his feet hanging at least two feet beyond the

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end of the table. He was dressed in a grayish uniform and looked like something of a ranking officer by the tailoring of his uniform and its emblems, which I only remember vaguely now.

What I saw was not a Zeta, though. He was what some would call a Draconian. His head was wide and looked like a crocodile with straight teeth, well inside his 'lips', and a shorten snout, wider than they (crocs) are normally.

I wondered why she had seen a Zeta. Later she revealed her fears of the Dracs, so I was not surprised at his disguise toward her. They do have the ability to shape shift, you know, just as we do. Regardless, at the time I wondered why all I felt was that he was docile and needed attention. He truly was no threat.

She had established a conscious link with him by this time and I did not feel it necessary, so she related his answers to my questions as we proceeded. Before we did, though, it was necessary to stabilize his condition. His injury was in the precise place that I had felt the pain earlier, evidence that this was a 'real' multidimensional event and I had to let my skepticism loose.

Some part of me knew that there was much more to this happening than we knew. These things happen like that... when you least expect it. The normal questions were asked.. Who are you? What are you doing here? Where did you come from? ..that sort of thing.

The summation of the discussion was that he and his crew were assigned to watch us, myself and my close associations, and dissuade us from progressing in our work of figuring out how to bring a new heaven and a new earth about. His name, as close as we could get it in English, was Hurley. He was a commander of a 3-ship flotilla.

Why we got that much attention was beyond me. While they watched us... which had been a period of years... they were touched by our compassion, literally. By this time I was also carrying on a telepathic conversation with him beyond the one I was having through Mary-Margareht.

Hurley explained that at first they felt it as incongruent to them; this new sensation. They were logic-driven creatures with mission focus their only direction and task. They were basically devoid of emotions. I thought how that might be nice for humans at times, only not for anything destructive; just for what needed to be done.

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Their own natural process took over when they began questioning themselves about why we acted in such unconditional ways. It was completely foreign to them. As they pondered, a spark began to burn in their hearts, even though they were not initially aware of the shift.

Their understanding of compassion grew from there and brought them to a new living awareness that they could not deny. Now for a logic-driven specie this was hard to compute, to internalize, as it defied what they knew about 'reason.'

Reasonably so, they began to question their own mission and why they were sent to thwart ours, if that were indeed the case. During our conversation he revealed that they knew I was the son of Ashtar and Athena and that is why they had been dispatched. He was a member of what we would call their High Council as well. Sounds too much like Star Trek, huh?

As I mentioned earlier, the woman and her partner were adepts at removing etheric implants. They had worked with humans and ETs for some time. That much was obvious to me. The woman still did not know of his Draconian appearance as I had assumed she could see the same as me.

I found out years later that again, the axiom had applied. I assumed wrong. If he had shown himself in his true form, she would have not been able to deal with the situation as she was predisposed to the 'Dracs' as being a 'bad' race of beings to be treated with disdain and distrust.

From all the stories of Zacharia Sitchin about the Annunaki, true or not, I can see how that mentality could filter through the public perspective very quickly. Nefarious news, no matter its validity, travels so quickly through the thoughtmosphere. This is something that needs to change, although it may never.

I find that most information and 'stories' portray them as being some kind of controlling race that is hell-bent on taking over the Earth. If that were the real case, they have had the capability of doing that for a long, long time. Even if they had particular needs for their survival, they had not demonstrated such an 'antagonist' role to me.

Humans are used to the literary polarities and often carry them over into whatever reality they may be interacting. Of course, I've also seen quite a number of 'true forms' when gazing into the eyes of another for such purpose, but the Dracs have never seemed that intimidating to me.

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Hurley went on to say that he and his crew had attacked the etheric implant facility that was being used for Earth and the surrounding territory. They destroyed it and in the ensuing battle he was injured.

As a member of the High Council, he was both feared and revered and the normal protocols of the facility were lessened at his approach. They had left quickly, destroying their communication and tracking systems on board their ships so they could not be tracked. I wondered how this action, the dissension, would move through their culture.

After their attack and equipment damage, telepathy was used for ship-to-ship communication. They proceeded to our location in order to carry out his next intentional move that had been prompted by their heart-centered awakening. I can only imagine the freedom and fright that simultaneously rose within them all, a new living awareness indeed.

He had his own internal realizations and transformations that he knew to be connected with something far greater than he, but like anyone he was in the dark as to how to proceed. It took him several years of observation, and even attempted interventions with me, before his

observations changed his previous thinking and mental constructs of cultural upbringing and duty-driven lifestyle of his command.

Understanding this and my connection to the Ashtar Command and the Galactic Federation as commander of the New Jerusalem, he knew that their next step would be to contact me; however that was to be achieved. He knew their sudden appearance would cause confusion.

Mary-Margareht was the solution because of her openness to the next level of hearing and sight, whether she would respond well was another concern. It was also a most appropriate location because of the space and the fact that she would reach out to me as a result. I can be a little thick-headed and unavailable at times, even with the communication upgrades installed.

According to Hurley, they came straight here to contact me and ask for permission to board the New Jerusalem and join the Federation. He said I was the only one that could grant them that permission. He knew it would be the beginning of massive changes within their domain, but that in time it would cascade through their culture.

The *New Jerusalem*? I hadn't heard that for years.

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The whole thing made my head spin. Knowing of my celestial heritage and the New Jerusalem did not make it any easier to manage on a conscious level at all. I wouldn't have dreamed this scenario in a thousand years, yet here it was in my face. There was definitely another 'part' of me that became present in this process; a leadership in the midst of chaos.

So, I did what I felt anyone perceived to have that authority would do... I gave permission, with stipulations. It was time to bring the regions of time and space together as ONE. I did not know how long it would take to move through the rank and file, but something inside me knew it would. By this time I had been engaged in this conversation for nearly an hour.

From the beginning of our conversation I had Mary-Margareht stand at his feet and assist the flow of energy from his feet into the ground as I sat at his head and sent energy through his crown, into his body and out his feet in order to stabilize his condition. The bridging of worlds from ours to theirs with my energy, vibrationally, had a healing effect on him.

I left shortly after wondering what the heck had really just happened. It was not a lucid dream. It

was waking consciousness. My rational mind was having a hay day with the processing of this event. There was no one to talk to, no one to confer with and certainly no one who understood.

It was the middle of the afternoon in uptown Phoenix and I was completely in awe for hours afterward! How the heck was I supposed to deal with this *and* carry on with a 'normal' life?

A couple of hours later she called again, relating that she was able to see nearly a hundred more of them, in between the office and the back of the bleachers on Sunnyslope's football field. They gradually disappeared in small groups and the last were about to leave.

She thanked me for the help and said that had she not witnessed it herself, it would be one of those wild stories you hear about that no one knows if they are true or not. As I said before, don't believe a thing I've said here. It's all just a story... or is it?

YO...DA!

Some weeks later, I called out to Hurley just to see if the connection was still there. I was meditating just before falling asleep, pondering recent interactions that could be deemed out of

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integrity in human behavior, yet seemingly in alignment with soular re-encounters.

The daughter of my landlord had moved in with her mother for a short time while getting her life back in order. While unloading some items for Norma (New Age Alliance event coordinator), Ruth's daughter was standing in the kitchen. As I walked past her, I felt a strong pull from my solar plexus and sacral chakra. It literally spun me around and I instantly responded with a, 'Whoa!'

You can imagine what happened over the next few days. I was in relationship at that time, so I was conflicted emotionally yet, I could not resist the urge to merge with this one.

As his energy entered a few moments later, it was more intense than nearly anything I'd experienced. It was so strong that if I had been of a fearful nature, it would have made me so afraid that I would have hidden somehow. I instantly went into a self-judgment mode regarding my behavior with Ruth's daughter, thinking the sensation was self-generated.

I felt like one feels when a near-miss occurs and your adrenaline rushes with the sudden burst of fight or flight energy of fear, the same occurs

when one recalls of a moment of doubt or judgment of self.

I can understand why many humans do fear them and concoct all kinds of stories to corroborate that fear. When I quieted my mind again, I soon remembered that I had called out to Hurley. It was his energy that had prompted the constriction of my internal value system.

At any rate, once I cleared my thoughts, Hurley's communication was available. He informed me that things were well underway in the current negotiations to bring their race into harmony with the ONE and aligned with the Federation.

He stated that in every progression of time and space, there comes a time when all things must honor their uniqueness and sameness within the construct of consciousness simultaneously, establishing an 'order' of coexistence, collaboration, cooperation and most of all... *communion*. Maybe that is what Whitley Strieber was trying to say the whole time.

Years later I heard met Whitley after a presentation at the International UFO Congress. His tune had changed, stating that there was indeed a consciousness that these beings had that

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we were only just beginning to understand. He wasn't afraid anymore and suggested to the audience that we might consider a different approach to understanding these visitors.

Hurley and I weren't sure about the human race being able to get over their misconceptions of truth. Nevertheless, we acknowledged our allegiance to service to others in accordance with the ONE. Love is eternal and all things come to pass to demonstrate that love intrinsic to creation. I hoped humanity would evolve soon.

Either you believe it or you don't. I grow tired of those who constantly look for deceit and dissention. Hopefully this story will help to align your heart and mind with the ONE. Just consider that there is more than the tales and travails that have been presented by those steeped in fear.

A Surprise Visit

I entertain possibilities and situations that might scare the bejeebers out of some Christians and often enter where angels fear to tread. My continual contactee (for lack of a better) encounters leave me with a deep faith in things that are beyond my comprehension.

Yet, when faced with the unknown, I seem to be able to stand in high regard in some circles. I'm still not sure why or what the ultimate purpose is. All I know is that I have these experiences and they are moving me, and others who have them, in a consistent path toward love and acceptance of ALL THAT IS.

In late 1991 I was producing and hosting a television show at the time called ONE WORLD. I interviewed guests about their inner and outer promptings, but more importantly how they overcame their personal and professional fears.

Consequently, I had been doing some extensive reading and contemplating about agendas and movements within the various groups and factions of the 'New Age and Alien Agenda' ilk. I was concerned that some may be lost in the ascension process and I felt it to be intolerable, although

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possible results. Something within me knew of a greater possibility for humanity in my lifetime.

Many new authors were writing apocalyptic tales weaving ETs and government cover-ups together to get better 'ratings' on the book sales it seemed. Cash is still king and too often money is valued more than truth or even human lives.

The conspiracy theme surely wasn't my experience, but that doesn't mean it wasn't happening. Since childhood, I have been aware of the process of prayer being very powerful in such regard. Too often prayers are self-centered, prompted by personal travesty. The prudent path is a selfless one as far as I could tell.

When I asked questions, I got answers... whether I liked them or not. I have some unique history and experiences that qualify my understanding and presentation of information here now. I learned how to test the truth, whacking away at it consistently with better questions, which allowed perspectives to become clearer over time.

In some circles it is well-known that I am the son of Ashtar and Athena, come to unite the Ground Crew of the Ashtar Command in a Mission of Unity for the people and planet Earth. The following

happened long before I took the 'stage' in the process of fulfilling something I didn't quite understand, let alone feel like I was prepared to do. That seemed to keep me humble and present.

I had known of some powerful connections with the structure and hierarchy of the 'Galactic Federation' as I knew it. Over the span of my life I'd been introduced and acknowledged by many beings in many places, both on and off planet, as a leader of leaders. I thought it only a dream for most of my life. I had to keep it that way to remain present and maintain some normalcy.

I've always had a 'resistance' to speaking my truth regarding these experiences because it tended to make me appear full of myself, let alone a bit insane to many with less open minds. Even though I might be, it has been more important to downplay who or what I AM in order to assist the development of concepts and ideas that facilitate higher-order thinking and acting in respect to people and planet.

One night I prayed for further connection and an 'update' on the condition of my mission. As I became further awake and aware during a meditation, feeling the buzz, I had not opened my eyes yet or at least I was not aware of it.

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Even so, I watched as a small round table appeared next to the foot of my bed. Sitting on the other side of it were two pairs of small beings, male and female. My eyes were closed, I think, yet it was as though they were wide open. I could see everything around me... AND them.

Both pairs were about a meter and a half tall I guess. One pair's heads resembled a praying mantis type configuration, much thinner than the greys I was used to. The proportion of their heads was not as cerebrally expanded as what the Zeta's appearances have been. They were a bit smaller. Their uniforms glistened in the darkness, and they seemed almost a golden glow.

The others, about the same height, had more like a miniature Draconian type head, reptilian appearing nonetheless with the shortened crocodilian snouts. Their uniforms appeared to be of the same substance as the others and very similar in appearance as well in their glow.

The two were obviously from different origins yet seemed to be there for the same purpose. As I was mulling the scene over in my mind I would imagine they were wondering when I'd stop thinking and start asking questions. After some time of studying them, the male mantis spoke. He

said they were reporting in as requested and wanted to bring me up to speed on the current happenings of the 'Work' at this time.

Although, I do have a strong sense of the general discussion being focused on bringing a new living awareness to the planet through intradimensional and interdimensional contact, the exact details of the conversation are hazy at best now.

They expressed that things were going as planned, although there were still some issues that were being dealt with as we spoke. They were concerned that some not-so-nice factions on Earth were about to attempt to make some power moves that could hinder progress for a short time.

The disturbance could be dealt with unceremoniously or these folks could be allowed to move forward and potentially harm many. No decision had been made as to the actions that would be taken. This, too, shall pass was all I could think in that moment.

Still, the overall affect would be simply part of the process of the awakening of the human race to a new level of care and concern for one another. My only response was to make sure that there was no manipulation on 'our' part.

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'Our' part was the key issue as we have a 'prime directive' of non-interference, yet some help can be offered. We were here to facilitate a new world order of harmony among people and planet through natural processes and systems. That was our mission and it was imperative that we kept integrity as our highest ethical standard. They agreed; vowed allegiance once again, and our meeting was adjourned. They faded from view.

Now, it might seem like this is all made up. It's too short a recount to be of any literary value. What if there was, or is, a movement going on within the dimensions of time and space as we know it? How would we really know?

Would this be consistent with the general state of affairs on planet earth now?

Well let's see... It would seem that we are in the period of time that many fear as the End Times. What if it really was the Beginning Times?

Every end of a cycle of time precipitates a new beginning, does it not?

If there were a much greater aspect to the Nature of Reality than we ever dreamed possible, what might it be?

Given our understanding of science, technology, physics and spirituality what might the synergy reveal in human transformation?

What if God were moving throughout ALL THAT IS with Cosmic Consciousness and leading us toward many worlds becoming ONE?

Considering the Galactic capacity for which we seem to have a certain proclivity... wouldn't it be cool if everything got turned upside down?

Most truth seekers find that the mysteries of God and Creation are revealed though studying the 'log entries' or particular belief systems that 'religious' authorities tell us are taboo.

What have you found lately?

During this same period I was interviewed on Louis Russo's radio show, Mystic Moments, regarding my personal journey, One World and a book called *ET 101 – A Cosmic Instruction Manual*. I had felt a desire to write a book, but my intuitive voice said to wait, the book would be delivered in a different way.

Well, my hair stylist was also a metaphysical woman and during a visit she handed me this book and told me she felt I was supposed to have

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it. As I read it became obvious that it was for me in that moment, a comedic look at the process of understanding extraterrestrial connections and the 'work' of being a contactee.

A few days later was when I got the idea for 'The Stripper' routine as I was driving down Indian School Road. You've read about that already. Louis was having bi-weekly events by this time.

One night after a Mystic Moment gathering I came home and, as was customary at the time, I thanked the four directions, Father Sky, Mother Earth, Jesus and the Ascended Masters for the wonderful experience. This time I sat down on the couch and closed my eyes as I took a few deep breaths as I began a short meditation.

Immediately I saw Zephyr in front of me with his hand gesturing for me to follow, much like the trip across the universe started a few years prior. He kept the journey more local this time.

The scenery was a landscape with a lot of lush green foliage and a stream gently meandering through it. He led me over to a rock and had me sit on it. He began speaking about my history with him and the willingness I had to go through the turmoil of the 'tests' he had given me to date. I

thought about the 'trials and tribulations' mentioned beyond the Light. He told me there was a gift I was ready to receive.

I couldn't imagine what he was preparing me for now, but the feeling was as sacred as any moment I'd experienced with him. I took another deep breath and relaxed as he asked me to stand. I wondered what was going to happen.

I felt him place something on my head and almost immediately I was looking from deep within my body at this white feathered head dress that went from head to foot. All he said was that I had earned it and then he became completely silent. I did too. There was nothing I could say or think other than feeling a deep reverence. I remained there for a few minutes.

I opened my eyes, stood up physically then closing my eyes again I bowed to the West and thanked him. As I rose my head a portal opened above my head. I felt/saw a white light come in through my crown and split into a rainbow grid that formed a half-sphere around me, ending at ground level. I looked up into the portal to see three concentric circles, like circular tables, with heads looking over the edges and down at me.

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I became completely silent and sensitive to the energy in my body. I felt slight tingles in various places in my body; hips, shoulders, abdomen, chest, head and even my knees. I didn't know what was happening but I could feel the subtle changes in energy as it felt like each area was being turned on and off.

The sensation was much like a trickle charge of electricity, very subtle, that connected to various places within my body. All I could do was observe, silently, as this process was taking place. It felt like I was receiving another gift.

I got the impression that my sepharoth was being activated, the Tree of Life within the physical body, but I couldn't say for sure. It was one of those weird things that just happened, but who the heck was I going to talk with about it?

I have no idea who the visitors were or what they were actually doing at the time. All I know is that it felt like some ritual was taking place beyond my comprehension, but somehow I understood it.

My hairdresser friend created another opportunity for heading down the rabbit hole further. Christopher Jelm had developed a 'soul tracing' methodology using a special chart he developed

and pendulum. He'd given several hundred 'readings' before I had met him. The reading took us both by surprise.

He began by explaining how he developed the technique and the general structure and types of worlds that his work had revealed. What he presented felt consistent with my own loose formulations at the time. So, we proceeded with his process. It took some time for each stage, let alone the explanation of each.

As he got closer to honing in on my soul's origin, with no verbal interaction yet, he began shaking his head. It appeared he repeated his steps several times, each with the quizzical shake of the head. Finally, I had to know what was causing this obvious rethinking of his.

After a short, 'hmmm,' he explained that every one of his previous 'clients' had come through the lineage of the Maitreya, no matter the system – Pleiades, Orion, Arcturus, Sirius, etc. I, it appeared, did not. His chart contained a space titled, 'Undifferentiated Source,' which has its obvious connotations. I *really* didn't know what to say or how to interpret what his method might indicate. I certainly wasn't about to speak of it.

**The one awakened liberated sees
all things as one unseparated.**

Angelus Silesius

Bridging the Normal Life

Amidst the quest for identity, which didn't really seem to matter a whole lot at this point even though it was deeply embedded, I still had to find employment. I spent nearly a year recovering from the devastation of my divorce and hadn't paid any child support for some time.

I'd found work with a company that served the developmentally disabled adult population, providing day programming for clients. Essentially we (male and female team) took them into the community and worked with them to achieve behavioral goals. I loved the work and the clients, although challenging at times, seemed to enjoy my company. I discovered that some were extremely psychic, too.

I got the opportunity to produce and host a new television show, which I named One World. It was focused on finding the golden thread in our experiences of working through fear to find harmony and unity of purpose in personal and professional endeavors. My guests included people from all walks of life and professions.

I had three hours of studio time twice a month and, after some getting used to the 'live' to tape

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process, we were able to tape three shows at a time, complete with change of clothes in between. It was one of the best educations one could ever have in learning how people dealt with their fears.

One of my guests, a guy named Tom, who came into view through an old friend, Linnea Reid. Linnea was then the president of Light and Sound Research in Scottsdale, Arizona. The company made LED glasses and devices that worked in tandem to produce states of higher consciousness for the wearer. They were the first of their type.

I'd been in her office a few times by then. I was amazed at the amount of honorary doctorates she had from all over the world. Linnea regularly spoke at brain science symposiums. She also reported that sometimes the 'galactic beings' would just beam into her office and have chats with her about various topics. I could relate.

She left Tom's name and number on my answering machine one day, telling me she was doing the same with him and that he and I needed to meet soon. She thought he would be an excellent guest for my show. She had never done this before, so I took it as evidence that I needed to move on her recommendation.

I called Tom and set up a meeting at his cousin's architectural office in Scottsdale. Annie was a house guest at the time, a gifted psychic, and I asked her to come with me to observe and report her impressions. I wasn't sure she'd have any.

We sat down with Tom and I locked eyes with him as he began explaining why Linnea thought he would be a great guest. He had contactee experiences throughout his life. As we were talking I continued to focus on his eyes.

I don't blink much and sometimes that can be intimidating when I'm looking into the eyes of another. He didn't flinch and seemed to enjoy the intensity of our conversational gaze. As I was looking, my gaze went beyond his physical eyes and I saw two almond-shaped eyes behind them. I didn't change my focus, but wondered why I was seeing them. It was really strange.

He continued reciting the story of his first contact experience working as a doorman for a club in Kansas City. He felt a compelling urge to take a drive outside of town and, after a while, he pulled over on the side of the road adjacent to a large hill. He got out of the car and literally ran up the hill and over the top.

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As he crested the hilltop he saw a silver disc-shaped craft on the ground at the bottom of the hill. He continued running down the hill and about half way down was hit with a green ray of some kind that buckled his knees immediately. He found out later it was a bio-hazard removal device that was used to decontaminate humans.

When he regained his composure and could stand up, he continued on down the hill and was greeted by a humanoid that stated they were from what we would call the Pleiades system. He was taken on board and, long story short, given a quick tour of their planet.

The speed at which they traveled was incredible and he was able to watch Earth disappear through what seemed to be a transparent wall on the side of the ship. It vanished within seconds. He related that their civilization had no sense of ownership and was what we might term an 'open' society-no 'coupling' per se. Sexual encounters were a norm and there was no angst or jealousy.

After a brief visit and some explanation of their way of life, he was returned. He was in his youth then and soon went into the Navy, eventually becoming a Seal after a few years, and kept his mouth shut about his experience.

He thought it was time to begin to talk about it and, after a discussion with Linnea, apparently this was a way for him to do so. He said she trusted me to treat the subject with respect and felt I could help him process, too.

We parted with an agreement to speak again soon. Annie had been sitting in the office with me, quietly observing our conversation. When we left I asked her what she thought. I was surprised when she related that she had 'seen' a large green eye about a foot away from his body that extended from his forehead to his chest. She wasn't sure she was supposed to see it, but she acknowledged that it was definitely there.

A couple of weeks later I called Tom and went to meet with him at his cousin's home. He invited me out back as he had some work to do. While we were talking he was cleaning leaves out of the pool with a long-handled net. I didn't waste any time in asking him about his eyes. He asked me what I meant by that, to which I told him he knew exactly what I was talking about and I shut up.

He took a deep breath and remained silent for what seemed to be an uncomfortable moment, then told me he wondered about what people

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saw, but no one had ever had the balls enough to ask him – in his terms.

He went on to explain that his mother was abducted and impregnated; he was a hybrid. He'd known it most of his life and was aware that he was being monitored by both the impregnators and our government, hence his stint in the Navy as a Seal and his unique abilities as such.

We didn't get into his unique abilities because he thought that was enough of an 'opening' for him. We did the interview with another guest accompanying him a week later.

On the show I used two guests of divergent background, as often as possible, so we could explore the similarities in the process of moving through fear, even though different personal experiences took place.

Different words were used to describe each of their processes as well. I used some time during the show to draw comparative and similar emotional processes out, even though they were explained in different terminology in most cases. I thought it would help our audience to draw comparisons and see similarities as well.

You may find this rather interesting. I never watched the finished shows. I didn't have cable and never considered asking others to record them. It was years before I ever saw them. I'm not sure why I didn't make the effort, but it wasn't important. I wasn't a professional that needed to perfect his craft. I was just a guy having conversations, albeit deeper than most.

A couple of years later Tom called me from Hawaii and asked if I could put him up for a little while. He had run into some health issues and needed a place to recuperate. We had kept in touch and spent some time together on a regular basis during the previous two years. We had developed a close friendship over that time and I was open to sharing space for a while. He said he didn't need any special treatment, just a friend and time. I told him I'd pick him up at the airport.

A couple of days later he arrived. I wasn't able to pick him up, so another mutual friend did. After he arrived and the mutual friend had left, he said he had something to show me. He unbuttoned his shirt and I saw staple marks covering his entire sternum. He also had what looked like a wallet under his skin in his lower left abdomen. It was obvious something serious had happened.

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He explained that he was no longer obligated to keep his mouth shut. He needed to share some of what his life had entailed and he trusted I would be able to 'handle it' more than anyone he knew. My antennae went up and my ears opened.

It had nothing to do with the previous conversations. He had been recruited out of the Seals by a part of our government that is kept under complete secrecy. He had worked as an assassin, taking out the unsavory characters that didn't want to play nice. I was reeling inside, having to confront the very essence of my belief system in that all life is sacred.

He told me about his last mission and how he ended up with a defibrillator in his abdomen with two platinum paddles corkscrewed into his heart. He was with two others; their mission was to take out a biological weapons developer/scientist that was in Russia. Evidently there had been some communication between governments that included a request to stop the work. It wasn't.

So as a last resort and in order to protect potentially millions of people, his team was given the assignment. Even though they had access codes to disarm security, they were discovered

and a hail of bullets ensued. He alone made it out. He'd lost two old friends and partners.

I had a really tough time accepting and believing his story, let alone transcending my feelings about his activity. I was a pacifist at heart and taking another's life did not have any value in my past belief system. I knew him as a kind and gentle man, even though he did have a stalwart personality and was highly opinionated toward certain human behaviors.

We talked further about his transition; the experience of the mission, making it to the pickup point, passing out in the helicopter, waking up on an operating table, passing out again and coming to with the newly fitted technology in his body. The simple awareness became apparent- that sometimes it is more appropriate to take out one person in order to save thousands or millions.

How would you handle that information?

A couple of months before Tom's call I had another 'out of this world' experience with one of my first guests on the show, Khigh Dhiagh. He was an actor and rector for a Taoist sanctuary in Tempe. He had passed a few weeks prior in October of 1991. I felt a deep kinship with him.

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On a Tuesday morning in early November while working at my desk, not thinking of him in particular, I paused for a moment. I put my hands together with fingers interlocked, elbows on my desk and rested my chin on my hands as I closed my eyes. I took a deep breath and sat in silence.

Almost instantly I found myself in a conversation with him about the concept of world citizenship. This had been one of the main points of conversation in our friendship over the last couple of years, and featured on One World as a starting point to build harmony among people and planet. His "World Citizen" credo is featured on PlanetaryCitizens.net.

After a few moments I had a question about the immediate; concerned about his activity on the other side. "Am I interrupting some appointed duty?" I asked. The answer came unequivocally, "There are many worlds!" When the 's' came it sounded like an extended 'z.' The whole guest house shook as if hit by some kind of shock wave. I was really startled, got up and shot over to the arcadia door of Ruth's house just a few feet from my front door. I was a bit frantic.

I saw her vacuuming the room. I tapped on the door and opened it. I asked her if anything had

happened – furniture falling or whatever. She hadn't felt a thing, but she'd been vacuuming and moving around so it was doubtful she did. Her response was rather comforting, "When the masters want to move, they move."

The following Thursday I was at Kim's house in Scottsdale, sitting in her kitchen. A copy of The Scottsdale Progress newspaper was on the table. I opened it up just to peruse it while I was waiting on her. Inside the cover, my eyes were drawn to a heading, 'FAA Announces Sonic Boom.'

As I read the short article, it stated that the FAA office had been flooded with calls at around 10 am on Tuesday morning, the same time I had my conversation with Khigh. The article went on to state that the callers were seeking information about the explosion that was felt by many.

Without really investigating, the FAA had announced there was a sonic boom. However, the second paragraph of the article went on to state, "Sky Harbor, Luke Air Force Base and Williams Air Force Base could not identify its source." Hmm...

When Kim came into the kitchen I showed her the article and told her the story of my conversation

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with Khigh followed by the house shaking. It was obvious there was a connection, but what?

How the heck could something like that happen?

I knew that many things were possible, but to think that this event was connected to my experience with Khigh was a stretch to say the least, but it happened. The synchronicity of the events was too close and similar to ignore. I could only recognize the possible connection and let it go; yet another inexplicable event in my life.

Transitions and Relation ships

Shortly after moving into the guest house I lost my job working with the developmentally disabled adults. I had progressed from working directly with the clients to a community liaison position, setting up arrangements at public places for all the groups, nearly a dozen now, assigning counselors and managing the record keeping for the progress reports of the clients.

My old partner approached me with a concern about her new partner, the father of a young marathon runner that was being assisted by the Lions Club. He was sexually harassing her and she didn't know what to do, so she came to me instead of talking to the supervisor. Once she told me I was obligated to inform our supervisor. I suggested that I move him to another group and step back into my old position for a few days to see if he got the message without causing chaos.

On the third day, after my return from our outing, I was called into the office. We had met with another group, the one I'd transferred the guy to, at a theater in the west Valley. I was informed that someone had called in a complaint that I was yelling at one of the clients and treating them harshly; the Mojave Indian I mentioned earlier.

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I was let go immediately. I couldn't understand how that could happen. I hadn't mistreated her or yelled at her harshly. My partner confirmed it. I found out later that the guy that had been sexually harassing her had set it all up.

My boss, the Lions Club president, instead of confronting him and potentially losing the 'project' that the club had invested quite a bit of time and money on, decided to let me go. After I found out, I returned to his office and confronted him about what I thought was totally unethical behavior. It didn't matter, I was already gone.

The one good thing is that it didn't interfere with One World, so I kept producing the show. I had nothing to do with the Lions Club meetings or activities, other than the show. I felt betrayed by someone I thought was a good friend.

I bounced around telemarketing jobs for several months, not really caring too much about work. I just needed something to pay rent, buy food and provide enough gas money to get around. The show was completely supported by volunteers and made no money whatsoever. It was an act of love for me and everyone else.

Kim and I were nearly inseparable for almost two years, although we maintained separate residences. She lived with her mother and daughter, now 15, in Scottsdale. Oddly enough, her ex-boyfriend also rented a room from her mother. We got along fine, but there was no room for me. I wasn't the type to demand he move just to accommodate me. I was completely comfortable with having my own place.

She accompanied me to most of the gatherings I attended, a very eclectic mix, which is where I found most of my guests. I was a networking maniac and entered environments that spanned nearly every industry and community imaginable. I could always count on her to keep my ego in check, too. She was a Scorpio and had an eagle eye for crossing the line; letting me know if I was even getting close.

There was something that kept me from feeling like she was 'the one,' but I cared for her deeply. We had great conversations about the depths of human understanding and spiritual awareness.

Her favorite spiritual leader was Gurumayi, the leader of the Siddha Yoga path. That might have explained why our physical relationship was so

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intense, but there was a deeper connection that was evasive to me.

There was an understanding of exclusivity, but we never committed to being monogamous until late in our relationship. My commitment was prompted after we both had temporary affairs. Mine seemed divinely orchestrated and hers was out of revenge. I was honest with her, but the event hurt her deeply and we never fully recovered.

I had not clearly set my boundaries and left my egg open, I suppose. As soon as I committed to monogamy another woman appeared in my life that was somewhat aggressive in pursuing me. I wasn't as strongly committed as I thought and, as I had agreed I would, I let Kim know that I was unable to honor my commitment before anything happened. I regretted my choice later, but was never able to heal the wound I had created.

I still carry a deep regret for my behavior and the loss of a relationship that was very important to me at the time. During the writing of this book I received news that she had passed, succumbing to cancer. I didn't even know she was ill. I'd seen her just a few months before and she hadn't said a word. I'll share more about our after-life conversation in my next book.

I'd met this new woman, a fiery redhead with brilliant blue eyes that I could not resist, at a support gathering for the Phoenix Indian School Preservation Coalition. I was an acting co-chair at the time. The Coalition was formed to lobby for Native American cultural designs and reservation tours to be integrated into the Phoenix Indian School Park that was under consideration by the City of Phoenix. It was the result of a land swap.

The Baron Collier Corporation had traded 100,000 acres of swampland in Florida to the Federal Bureau of the Interior in order to gain control of the 160 acre parcel that contained the Phoenix Indian High School which had closed in 1990.

The original site was an encampment built a century earlier to house the Indian youth that were removed from the occupied lands at the time. After a year-long search for a school site, the Indian School opened in 1891 on 160 acres of land. Up until 1931, the federal "assimilation" policy that sought to regimentalize and culturally exterminate Native American students was in place. It had a deplorable history to say the least.

One of my guests, Jean Chaudhuri, a Muskogee-Creek who had married an East Indian (then head of the East Asian Studies at Arizona State

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University), was the Chairperson of the Coalition. It was made up of representatives from 18 of the 21 tribes in Arizona. She had approached me to get involved because of our previous discussions and her knowledge of how I felt about Native culture. In essence I became the 'token white boy' who put everything in writing.

My writing skills came in handy for sure. Jean had scheduled a meeting with the Mayor of Phoenix, Paul Johnson, and his staff to discuss the possibilities. The night before this monumental meeting I went to a friend's house to use his computer to write up a one-page document that succinctly covered the desires of the Coalition; recorded from several rather intense gatherings.

On my way to the meeting I took the document into a local Kinko's to make copies for everyone, including anyone in attendance. I knew that black and white copies certainly weren't appropriate, but I had no idea what color to put it on. As I entered the Kinko's I got the distinct impression to put it on blue paper, so I picked out a light blue that still allowed the content to be read easily.

I arrived at the Mayor's office well ahead of time and shared what I'd written with Jean. She thought it was perfect, including the blue paper. I

still had no idea how I'd present it. I found out that there were several others who were in the group that was meeting and not Coalition members. They included the curator for the Arizona Native American Historical Museum, the president of the Arizona Native American Vietnam Veterans (whom I'd met in 1989) and the Arizona Inter-Tribal President.

There were about 30 others in attendance, mostly Native American. The smaller group mentioned above, along with Jean, sat with the Mayor and his staff at a table in the front of the room. As I listened to the presentations from the folks at the table to the Mayor, I heard him and his staff say repeatedly, "That's nice, do you have anything in writing." Or "Do you have anything in black and white." I'm sure they were aware that Indians are not known for putting things in writing. That's where I came in and I waited with baited breath.

I learned to allow the spirit to speak of its own accord and timing, so I waited until I felt moved. It gave time for everyone else to be heard. When I felt the spirit move, I stood and spoke.

I don't remember exactly what I said, but this will be pretty darn close...

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"With respect to all my relations, I've been attending the meetings of the Phoenix Indian School Preservation Coalition at Jean's request. As you've heard the desires of this group, Mr. Mayor and staff, (I looked them all in the eye) you asked if there was anything in black and white or anything in writing. I've prepared a document that has all the things you've heard. I apologize it is not in black and white, it is black and blue but maybe it can be used to heal the situation."

I passed out the papers as I spoke and sat back down. The Mayor thanked me and the folks at the table. The meeting was adjourned. I got up and stood next to the door. I knew many of the folks in the room had no idea who I was or that Jean had asked me to provide the document.

I met the eyes of everyone who walked out, some were smiling and some didn't appear so nice. A woman about Jean's age, some years my senior, walked up, looked me straight in the eyes and said, "You really need to let us take care of this," holding the paper and shaking it at me. I responded, "Jean asked me to provide it." She walked out without another word.

The next day the Coalition had another meeting on the ASU campus to discuss next steps. The

woman who spoke rather gruffly to me was in attendance. She had not been at any of the previous meetings. Her name was Avis and she worked for the State as a counselor of some kind. She spoke first after the meeting was called to order, "I've read through this (she held up the paper I'd written) and, with a few minor changes, I motion that we use it as our working document."

I was flabbergasted. She'd done what I thought was a complete about face from the day before. I felt so wonderful in that moment that words would not do it justice. Avis looked me in the eyes from across the room as she made her statement to the group. So it became our working piece. Here's what it said:

Native American Multipurpose Cultural Center

The purpose of the Center is for integration of Indian and non-Indian cultures through the sharing of art, education, music, technology, theatre, and other modes for cultural exchange of information and resources.

The grounds for the Center are designed to reflect architecture and structure of traditional Native American villages with respect to local terrain. Accommodations for events, participants, and on-site staff would be included in the design.

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Areas for potential development and economic viability include:

Cultural Education Center

Sharing of cultural value systems, governing methods, agriculture and economies.

Library Resource Center

Information service for research into Native American history, leadership and developmental resources.

Communications Development Center

Research and development of cross-cultural integration methodologies for effective communications.

Arts Center

Feature art gallery, merchandise sales, audio/video production facilities, auditorium and/or amphitheater.

Community Outreach Center

Information service to network multicultural events, tours, programs and various tribal organizations.

Vocational Training Center

Utilized for cross-training of Indians and non-Indians in current technologies applicable in global environment.

Transitions and Relation-ships

Initial funding may include Federal grants from a variety of programs, educational grants and philanthropic support.

City of Phoenix benefits from educational orientation, ease of cultural integration as well as tourism interest and much more could develop with the support of the community.

Respectfully submitted in support of the Phoenix Indian School Preservation Coalition.

Bruce L. Benefiel, Citizen Activist

It took months of meetings with the City Council and the Parks and Recreation Planning Subcommittee before the final Site Plan was developed, including the commissioned work of a Native American architectural design firm from Flagstaff, Arizona. I attended nearly every meeting, spoke to the City Council and Subcommittee as well as at the public hearings.

None of the efforts of the Coalition or its primary members was ever mentioned in the final documents, but most of what we desired was included in the final product.

Several years passed as the funding was developed. I had no involvement after the actual Site Plan began. In 1996 the old school buildings

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were torn down, first needing asbestos abatement before any work could begin. A local businessman and philanthropist, Horace Steele, donated \$2.5 million to start the project, which is now called the Steele Indian School Park. It opened in November of 2001. Jean passed in 1998.

Getting to know Jean and the others involved with the Coalition was one of the greatest gifts in my life. I learned about the deep respect and honor for life and land that are at the core of indigenous culture, however distorted it may have become today. I found their understanding to mirror what I knew of Christ's teachings without conflict at all.

By the time the Coalition work was done I had moved in and out of the redhead's place in northeast Scottsdale. I was quite dismayed at the whole relation-ship, buffeted about on the ocean of emotion and unable to find safety in any harbor of love. Cindy was quite lovely, even asleep. One morning I woke up early and was propped up on my elbow just looking at her sleep. She looked so peaceful and serene. I wondered if she knew.

When she opened her eyes she jumped out of bed away from me. It was like I was some evil being or something and she couldn't get away from me fast enough. She lashed out verbally, telling me

never to do that again. Do what? I was just looking at her in as lovingly a way as you can imagine. It wasn't long before I was moving on, yet again. How strange people can be.

I landed in Phoenix at a friend's house who lived a block away from the guest house I'd lived in for three years before moving in with Cindy. I didn't have much, so the move was real easy. Scott and I had worked together doing HVAC repairs when I lived in the guest house nearby.

We also repaired and sold old washers, dryers and refrigerators that folks had setting in their back yards. It was a nice side business. People were eager to have us take away their old units and it didn't cost us a dime in most cases. The guts of most appliances are interchangeable, so it was easy to cannibalize other units and repair the nicer looking ones, run an ad in the paper and make quick sales.

During that time I was offered a commercial television project, something more along the lines of community activism. One of my previous guests on *One World* liked what I was doing and thought we could help make the community better in a more active way. He had founded New Day Educational Center, a homeless transitional

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facility that was in an old hotel complex on Van Buren in the shady area of town known for its prostitution business a few blocks to the west.

Julian bought a half hour of prime time on a local station and we set up a studio in one of the offices at the Center. This new show was called *Who?* and featured me as Zendor, the Devil's Advocate, who would interview people in the community who were actually doing good work. There was rarely any 'good news' on the local stations so we thought we could showcase those who were the unsung heroes of the community.

We sold off three nights to help with production costs and I became the producer of three other shows - Straight Talk, with a local lawyer who had been the Republican Party President for Arizona; Kid Power, hosted by an administrator for Phoenix Children's Hospital; and the Terry Friedman Show, hosted by a holistic medical doctor.

I was now in charge of securing studio time, hiring directors and post production folks to edit the shows after recording. It was a step into a world I know a little about, yet my production control background helped me to create detailed production schedules and hire the crews to make it all happen. It was another amazing education.

We got two weeks' worth of shows 'in the can' and ready to air before finding out the station could not provide us with the coverage they had promised. Julian took them to court, got our money and production costs covered and turned the production company, Can Do! Productions, Inc., over to me. By that time I was burned out on the whole thing and looked for something else.

Toward the end of that cycle I met another woman, Elizabeth, and became enamored with her for a while. I left Scott's place and moved in with her, less than a mile from the house on the hill where I'd had such a wonderful time in 1989. I found work at a market research company a few miles away and looked for other opportunities.

We experimented with several network marketing companies, teaming up with a father/son team to offer a network consulting company that would survey potential clients and present a 'best fit' based on their interests and passions in life. It was a good idea and we had some initial success, but the long-term results weren't good. The attrition rate in network marketing companies was just too high. We spread our focus too thin.

I hadn't learned that leaping into relationships was not a good thing. People need time to get to

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know each other and we aren't always what we present ourselves to be in the beginning. We're on our best behavior and when the honeymoon is over, so to speak, the real person surfaces. I'd jumped in too quick again, found myself in a place I didn't want to be with an addictive and self-centered personality and looked for a way out.

We did manage to travel around the West for a time, building the network marketing businesses and enjoying exploring new locations neither one of us had been before, like Portland and LA for instance. It seemed we were going to be able to create a nice income and enjoy the spoils. It didn't work out; neither the business nor relationship had any staying power.

Now here is an interesting note, Chrystal was having problems at home, so her mother asked if she could come live with me for a while. I didn't think she recalled the dream, but I wondered if this was the actual roll out of the meaning. She moved in with me less than a month later. I had to muse over the timing of my move. It seemed perfect, yet I was a bit nervous about Krystal.

She was a bit out of control and her mother could no longer deal with her defiance and typical teenage behavior. She was 15, going on 30. We

were able to do a lot of things together and deepen our lives with the conversations beyond the typical family ties as a result.

Today I am proud to see how much Chrystal has grown in her understanding and ability to manage life on much greater terms. She has three children that keep her on her toes and they challenge life as only curious and inquisitive children can – in the moment and always.

If there is a sin against life, it consists perhaps not so much in despairing of life as in hoping for another life and in eluding the implacable grandeur of this life.

Albert Camus

Eventful, Special and Sad...

I decided to go back to school and get an MBA, so I applied for a school loan and enrolled in the University of Phoenix. When I got the first round of funding, which included living expenses, I found an apartment on the west side of Phoenix and moved as quickly as I could.

The interesting thing was that the apartment number was the same number Beth had seen on the back of the motorcycle that Chrystal and I were on in a dream she had years ago. The dream included what she had interpreted as a nuclear explosion, a flash of light, followed by seeing Chrystal and I driving away from the flash on a motorcycle with the license plate 2123.

University of Phoenix was set up so an entire class, usually around 20 or 25, would go through the program together. In my first class I met a controller for a health club management company. By the middle of the second class, about 9 weeks in, Luann asked me to come to work for them. It provided great benefits, too, although all I took advantage of was the racquetball court.

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A couple of times a year I worked as a coordinator for a large arts and crafts festival that drew nearly a quarter million patrons over the weekend in Tempe, Arizona and did the same for the Fiesta Bowl Block Party which brought the same number, only in one night.

As I was recovering and considering work during my time at the house on the hill I thought event management would be fun and rewarding. I wanted to get involved with MAMA (Mill Avenue Merchants Association) which ran both events. I reached out to the organization and fell right into place after interviewing with the executive director, Frank McGuire.

I seemed to enjoy stepping into the middle of chaos and producing order beyond the expectations of others. I'm not sure if it was dumb luck or nobody else wanted the area I got, but I managed 350+ artisan booths and 20+ food vendors for the duration of the decade. I got to where I knew what was going to happen where; the normal hiccups that just are what they are no matter the arrangement of vendors.

I eventually got the reputation amongst the artisans as some kind of a mystic because I always knew exactly where to be and when – as

an issue was just occurring that needed to be resolved. It wasn't that difficult really; I just paid attention over the years and was proactive in nature. Once everything was in place and the event opened, there was little to manage (volunteer crew did all the cleanup at that point, making sure trash bins were emptied and patrons were assisted when necessary). I got called when problems emerged.

I loved getting to know people and, when traffic was slow, made an effort to get to know all the vendors in my area. Most of them were cursory relationships at best, but there were a few that I looked forward to seeing twice a year. One of them had marbled tuxedos that I fell in love with when I first saw them. It took me a couple of years to make the purchase, though.

It made a great addition to my 'stripper' routine as the last item on the list was to 'suit up and show up' with a new attitude. The tux was the perfect example of the new and quite colorful attitude, almost like Jason's coat of many colors.

Chrystal came to live with me during this time and I was ever-so-thankful to have the time with her. We hadn't had much time since the divorce. I wasn't able to travel to visit very often. I'm not

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sure whether it was my wounded spirit or that I truly needed to remain in Phoenix that kept me here. I felt like the latter and applying for jobs with no response in Indiana seemed to validate it.

That is the unfortunate thing about most divorces. One turns the children against the other, regardless of the true story. I remember on afternoon as I returned to my guest house after working on a promotional video for *Who?* I was with another friend, Tasha, who despite her gruff exterior attitude was really wonderful inside. She was of Russian/Polish decent and had the appearance of a bad ass woman.

In actuality, she was quite the opposite. Tasha was a gifted artist with a critical eye. She designed much of the artwork for the new show and some other brochures. Her own artwork included a painting of the Phoenix with symbols from all the world religions and more. One of my favorites, though, was a painting of Hecate. Tasha passed a few years ago of cancer. I'm in process of acquiring some of her artwork now.

The phone started ringing immediately as Tasha and I entered the guest house. I answered it, feeling like it was something important. I usually let it go to voicemail when I'm with anyone else.

This time I didn't. It was Krystal. She was 12 at the time. She was crying. "Daddy, why does Mommy have to lie?" was her first words.

I could hear the heartbroken pain in her voice. I asked her what happened. Her mother had been talking to another adult and said something about me that Chrystal knew wasn't true. Chrystal was almost 10 when the divorce was final. She knew what her mother was doing, being with other men instead of spending time with them, was wrong.

Whatever her mother had said I don't recall. Chrystal spoke up in my defense and her mother slapped her and told her to keep her mouth shut when she was talking. What was I supposed to do? How could I help my daughter with this dilemma from 2,000 miles away?

All I could tell her was that her mother was in pain inside and the only way she could deal with it was by controlling others around her. I wanted to hold her in my arms and tell her everything would be okay, but I knew better. I encouraged Chrystal just to love her in spite of knowing that she told lies and that someday her mother would heal the wounds causing her pain.

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Well, Chrystal tried for a while but got increasingly defiant because she was angry at her mother for separating us and for continuing to lie to others about why we got divorced. Chrystal knew better, but as a young girl she could do nothing but watch the behavior. It was sad and there was nothing I could do but love her from a distance.

I had spoken to her mother during the preparations for Krystal's move. Her mother told me she's been smoking pot and doing drugs, but she wasn't sure just what kind of drugs. Chrystal had gotten into fights at school and was nearly uncontrollable at home. I kept my mouth shut no matter how bad I wanted to shine the mirror on the truth. I knew why, but bringing it up might jeopardize my time with her.

Being a father to a 15 year-old after nearly 6 years of separation wasn't going to be easy. I longed for that responsibility, though. I still shed tears to this day when I see families doing cool things on TV or in public. I'm a little more reserved in public, though. Still, my heart feels empty whenever I think about not being there for them as they grew up even though it was impossible for me to do so. Mom made sure of that, especially with our son.

I know this seems like airing dirty laundry, and maybe it is, but it is part of the life I was given and the trials and tribulations may be something you've experienced, or are experiencing, that no one else knows. Sometimes we just need to know that someone else has gone through what we are and they made it through somehow.

Chrystal arrived mid-summer, so there was ample time for us to explore each other before school started. I knew that I had to set some healthy boundaries, but I couldn't deny her previous behavior. Tasha was like an older sister to me and she was anxious to meet Chrystal after hearing our conversation on the phone several years prior. She had commented to me afterward that she wished her father had been that way.

A few weeks after she arrived, I took her to an extended family birthday party. It was for several Cancerians in the group, including me. The home owner was another, Tara, and had known Tasha for many years. I thought it would be a nice introduction for Chrystal so she would be able to see intelligent party behavior, or at least something different that set a better example.

I'm a bit reluctant to share this as I'm sure I'll get quite divergent opinions of what I chose to do.

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Tasha and I took Chrystal aside and had a conversation over smoking some pot together. I thought it would create a more open relationship with her and that by doing so she would confide in me rather than hide her activities that I knew would evolve no matter what I said or did.

Condemning her behavior or denying it was happening was completely out of the question. I dealt with life straight on and wanted to be that example. I tried to put myself in her shoes, however slippery the slope might get. Sure, I didn't want her to go down the wrong road, but she had already started. I felt like I had to do something different than expected..

In some respects it worked perfectly, although I think she got the impression that I was giving her permission to do whatever she wanted. For a time the latter seemed to be the case, but within a few months she completely changed her behavior and got involved in an inpatient drug program with Charter Hospital. She was in for a week. It was all I could afford with the help of my parents.

She continued in the outpatient side of the program and got involved with regular weekly meetings at a church a few miles from where we lived. I felt like it was a good program with solid

values and an unconventional approach that, over time, would prove excellent results. The parents and teens set behavioral guidelines together. If they are violated, the door gets locked and the teen has to contact others in the program to resolve the issue.

What it turned out to be was an opportunity for the kids to push the limits of behavior even further. However, over time the philosophy worked because the teens usually got tired of couch surfing and/or being with others who didn't have their best interests at heart. It worked that way for Chrystal and she found her voice finally.

That whole ordeal took place midway through the school year. We had our struggles for a while. Chrystal had enrolled in Washington High School which was just a couple of blocks away. It made it really easy for her to walk to school, but it also caused some issues. I had told her that whatever she did, I wanted her to do it at home where she was safe and out of harm's way.

I worked only a mile away and came home for lunch on occasion. One day I pulled in and saw the assistant principal standing out in our parking lot looking up toward our apartment. I thought that was really curious. I went up, opened the

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door and got hit with the smell of pot as I heard what sounded to be a party coming from her bedroom. I walked down the hallway and opened her door without knocking.

There were at least a dozen kids in her room. She was sitting in the middle of the floor with a large Plexiglas bong in her hand. She looked up at me and said, "Hey Daddy, want a hit?" I just about lost it. I knew then why the AP was in the parking lot. I booted all the kids out, but kept Chrystal back to let her know how I felt about this mess.

"Do you realize I could go to jail because of this?" She was in no condition to have a deep conversation at the moment. I told her I was going to call the school and talk to the assistant principal about what had happened.

When I talked to the assistant principal I asked him what he thought had been going on. I thought maybe this wasn't the first time she had brought kids home during their lunch break. He confirmed that he had noticed a group leaving on occasion and had chosen to follow them that day. They had climbed over the wall next to our building and he had walked around to the entrance, not sure exactly where they went but knew which building.

I told him it would not happen again and that I was taking measures to make sure it didn't. I thanked him for his diligence and concern for the welfare of the students. I have to admit I was covering my ass as well. I could not afford to have that kind of behavior in our home nor the possibility of being incarcerated if the police got involved. Loose lips do sink ships.

That afternoon when she returned from school we had a heart-to-heart about what had happened. She understood that under no circumstances was she to ever have a group of kids in our apartment, especially during school hours or if I wasn't home at the time... EVER. I needed trust.

Shortly after that, she befriended a Hopi girl that lived in the same building as ours and before too long they conspired to get me and her mother together. They introduced us, not knowing what to expect and hoped we'd find some attraction beyond just friendship. We did.

Chrystal and Holly became fast friends and were inseparable. They got into their fair share of trouble, too, and I'm sure they were exploring the mind altering substances available. There really wasn't much I could do about that except be open and receptive to talking about them.

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Eydie was the daughter of a Hopi elder, a past president of the tribe who was in declining health. I didn't know how deeply she practiced their tradition, but I felt honored to have such an opportunity to learn more about their way of life. She had separated from the tribe some years ago, but my insistence on learning more seemed to nudge her back toward the fold.

We spent a lot of time together, but did not travel to the reservation. It seemed she was really uncomfortable whenever I mentioned going. It would be some time, but it would happen.

Chrystal made it through the rest of the school year with minimal problems and I was really proud of her growth as an individual. She missed her brother and sisters, though. We decided a trip to visit them was in order. I warned her that she had to be on her best behavior.

I knew her mother would be looking for something to keep her from coming back, especially since we were making such progress. It didn't take long. She was going back for a month's visit and a week and a half in I got a phone call from her. She was in a detention center. She had spent the night at a friend's and

when she returned her mother had a sheriff's deputy waiting for her.

Her mother had filed 'incorrigible youth' charges and Chrystal found herself in front of a judge and then at a detention center for how long she didn't know. I was heart-broken and pissed at the same time. She wasn't going to return.

I was surprised to learn that court documents regarding Krystal's adjudication showed that her mother stated that her youngest child, born several years after our divorce, was mine as well. I really do not understand why that happened. I may never as any time questions arose there was no answer offered and attention was diverted.

I prayed often that I would have the strength to not only love, but forgive the actions and circumstances that brought such deep despair to my life. As long as I focused on other things and didn't think about my sadness, I was fine. In time I learned to be able to talk about these things with less and less attachment to my feelings.

God does work in mysterious ways, often bringing us the challenges that do the most good in our spiritual growth, no matter how tough the situation is or becomes. I am thankful for

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whatever time I've had with my children and seek to continue to love their mother unconditionally. After all, according to the LDS doctrine, we'll be meeting up again. So I had better remain in love.

*There is no enlightenment
outside of daily life.* Thich Nhat Hanh

Secondary Priorities

Nearly as soon as I finished the degree program the health club company folded. Faced with yet another choice of direction it felt appropriate to get involved with youth close to my children's age. I decided to get a secondary teaching certification. My mother was a teacher and she always thought I'd be a great one.

I thought maybe I could be of some worth in the school systems, sharing the types of communication and negotiation skills necessary to survive and thrive in business environments while being able to understand teenagers better. I knew that high school grads were ill prepared for what life held for them in many ways. Few teens could see beyond their self-interests in support of others, yet it appeared curriculum didn't either.

I had just moved into a home owned by a retired fireman who loved to surround himself with musical instruments, displaying them on the walls of his living room. He was a master gardener and his back yard was like an oasis of paradise with how he decorated it. He also owned a blacksmith shop in downtown Phoenix called Phoenix Forge. He was an amazing artist with metal.

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I loved that each wall was a different color in the two rooms I enjoyed, an office space and a bedroom. Bill was a really neat guy, too, and I felt blessed to have the friendship and space.

Just after *Who?* failed I landed a job that flew me all over the country on weekends, running an electronic scoring system for corporate fundraising go-cart races. We flew out on Friday and returned on Sunday. The best one was on Kawai, one of the Hawaiian Islands. We had an extra day and a few of us took a drive around the island. Wow, I was stunned at the beauty.

I continued with the Tempe festivals and Block Party and was hired by a former MAMA event manager to help coordinate a new Arts and Antiques Festival in Glendale, Arizona. It was also twice a year, a month prior to the Tempe Arts Festival. It wasn't near as big which and it only took two of us to do the logistics.

Early on in the teacher education program I met another young woman and soon found myself in a live-in situation, seriously considering marriage again. I felt like I might be ready, but it wasn't meant to be yet. I seemed to desire that which I wasn't meant to have yet and maybe never will.

While in the live-in with Kelly, I was hired to do logistics and help produce Arizona's first Bike Week at Speed World in Surprise and in downtown Tolleson, Arizona. The event was split into two weekends, one at Speed World and the other in Tolleson, complete with the Broken Spoke Saloon which was a well-known staple in Sturgis.

I really enjoyed the chaos of large events, not knowing exactly what was going to happen yet completely confident in being able to get the job done. I got a brief glimpse of Bruce Willis while directing the parking for a 10,000 bike run on one of the days at Speed World.

Bruce was camouflaged well, but I recognized his gate after he got off his bike. He caught me staring at him wondering if it really was, pulled down his sunglasses, winked and went on about his business. I'm sure there were others I missed.

There were only five of us that managed all the logistics, four guys and a gal. We had a great time and the event went off without a hitch, although there was a mishap with a patron on a test ride of one of the Buell sport bikes.

Speed World had bike drag races, supercross races, bike runs and nearly a hundred vendors

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that we managed from set-up to tear-down. Tolleson had three times the number of vendors and took up the main street in town and an adjacent park that had the main sponsors and the Broken Spoke Saloon in a 100x200 foot tent.

I didn't think about the comfortability of 'managing chaos' until I began to analyze the process that was evolving inside of me as a result of my path. I still am not quite sure what my path is, only that I do experience one that seems to be developing a particular skill set. Being able to not just jump, but *leap* into the middle of chaos and create order seemed more natural than not to me. I used to think everyone was like that growing up. My view changed as I got older.

I knew I was not comfortable with the corporate culture of manipulation and misuse, in most cases, of human and material resources. It also seemed that most of my interactions with people, places and things were under a subtle, yet obvious directive of 'harmony.'

I kept adhering to that theme of 'harmony' no matter what the outcome. I wondered if humanity would ever be open to the awareness and creative knack for getting people to enjoy life, the results of which would automatically better the world.

Breakups weren't as emotionally devastating for me though, being able to see the cause and recognize my own inability to see the writing on the wall in retrospect. It's funny how we override our quiet voice and subtle intuitive impressions in order to feel some kind of bond or security. There is no security in another I've found, only in self.

Kelly had decided to move back to Buffalo, New York, her hometown and now residence of her ex-husband. She wanted to be closer to family and to be able to have her son be more available to spend time with his father. I thought that was a perfect attitude and effort on her part. I wished my ex-wife had felt the same.

So she moved back and I moved into an apartment on the west side of Phoenix. I continued with the Teacher Ed program, which was nearing completion. I knew I'd miss her, but was hopeful she'd return for her student teaching, which she eventually did and stayed with me during that time. It was enjoyable for both of us.

Spiritual relationship is far more precious than physical. Physical relationship divorced from spiritual is body without soul.

Mahatmas Gandhi

The Prophets Conference

During a break in my teacher education program about a month later, I was approached by an old friend, Jim Dilettoso, to manage a large event. A group of promoters were coming to town to put on a conference and needed someone to run all the logistics for the event.

It was called *The Prophets Conference* and included a number of well-known speakers in the realms of consciousness, UFOs and spiritual evolution; Dr. Edgar Mitchell, Joan Ocean, José Arguelles, Drunvalo Melchizedek, Zacharia Sitchin, David Icke, Dr. Steven Greer and more.

The promoters were officing out of Village Labs, Jim's business location at the time. He recommended me so I got hired on the spot, with only three days to put together the necessary logistical details. They expected 5,000 in attendance. There was 120 vendors that all needed piped and draped tents.

We needed several large tents, chairs, vendor booths, port-a-johns and a couple of large generators at a bare minimum, plus traffic cops and volunteers to do grounds, security and as speaker area attendants.

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I hired a woman Ann Fogg, to put everything into Microsoft Project so I could see all the details at a glance. She was invaluable and her friend Peter Oosthuisen was a key right-hand man to take care of details during the event. Ann told me later that she never saw a smile leave my face the entire weekend and that she'd love to work with me again in the future.

Well, I figured she didn't see my face when David Icke reamed me for not having his A/V equipment set up in time for his presentation. He was quite arrogant and demanding, something I felt spoke volumes about the validity of his work.

As the event manager I had the opportunity to meet people on a completely different level than just being an attendee. Frankly, I've never paid admission to events like this because either I was part of putting them on or knew those who were and got complimentary entrance. I've been blessed with some very interesting acquaintances and friends over the years.

I met two of the most brilliant and fun people I've ever known, José and Lloydine Arguelles, and that alone was worth the effort. José was responsible for letting the world know about the Harmonic Convergence. We had wonderful discussions

about their work; the Law of Time, the Planet Art Network and the 13-moon calendar movement they had been promoting for years.

They gave me a piece of software later, called the Dreamspell Calendar, which calculates an individual's relationship with the Tzolkin among other things. My particular glyph is the White Cosmic Self-Existing Mirror and its baseline relationship is: *I define in order to reflect measuring order. I seal the matrix of endlessness with the self-existing tone of form. I am guided by the power of timelessness.*

The sense of using natural rhythms and cycles for time seemed to ignite something inside of those who were more earth-conscious and human endearing. They appear to be much more playful in the seriousness of life and living, which tends to allow the creative spark in us all to grow.

José was kind enough to sign my event journal with, "The Galactic Federations looks forward to the New Time!! Zen of the Clean Wave Form – Harmony of the One Mind." You can find the Mayan Dreamspell online if you are interested in finding out about your particular glyph.

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I got to know his South American coordinator well during the weekend as he was in charge of the Planet Art Network booth on the lawn, among the other 119 vendors, each with their own 10x10 tent laid out on a two-acre parcel amidst a few trees and a couple of authentic Indian lodges.

I got to know Dr. Mitchell fairly well too. We had several conversations in our 'green room' area just outside the main hall. I was feeling open enough to share some of my experiences and listened to his sharing, both arriving at the knowledge of a shift in the works, beginning with the more intimate awareness of extraterrestrial consciousness, our own and their cosmic link.

Being able to discuss my life's work and passion with others of the same ilk was very refreshing. I don't get to converse on those levels often enough. I had my suspicions that the level of interaction I had with the 'cosmic conundrum' was still beyond the experiential level of most folks.

I was hoping to find some congruence and/or others who had similar understanding. The logic paths were there, leading the way to the possibility of deeper involvement with extraterrestrials, for lack of a better name, but the experiential foundation was still missing.

It is funny how looking someone in the eyes reveals more than you would like at times. I just never felt real comfortable with Dr. Greer, Mr. Icke or Mr. Sitchin. I'm not sure what the disturbance is or was, but something just didn't pass the filters of my sensory array.

I've learned to trust those senses, but I couldn't tell you what triggers them other than a feeling of cognitive dissonance, incongruence in energy or something not being in complete alignment.

The event itself went off without a hitch, with a festival atmosphere provided by musicians and activities amongst the multiple speaker venues. We even had an elaborate laser-light show accompanied by Pink Floyd and Tangerine Dream music and a live concert by the UFAUX band. Jim played keyboards, Jerry Wills was on bass and Susan was on drums.

Our 50 volunteers and security team got rave reviews from the patrons and participants. Some of those volunteers traveled across the country to be part of the festivities. The only drawback came at its close, with the promoters leaving town without paying me or the outstanding bills. They left me to make good. I was still thankful for the experience and blessed by the connections.

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I found out they had left town while waiting on them to arrive at an after-event party that was being hosted by Francis Emma Barwood, the Phoenix City Councilwoman who made a big stink about the disclosure of the information about the Phoenix Lights. She was also a previous guest on One World, appearing the night before her election to the Phoenix City Council.

It wasn't long before I was settled and happy alone again. I had a three-bedroom apartment, an office in the second bedroom and my drums and massage table in the third. It gave me freedom to work without the constraints of needing to give someone attention. Don't get me wrong, I really enjoy relationships, but I tend to be more productive outside of them. A relationship deserves attention and focus to be completely present. Priorities don't always align.

My middle daughter decided she wanted to come and visit Dad that summer. I was ecstatic! We'd never had time alone together since the divorce, so I was looking forward to developing a deeper relationship with her. I was also sensitive to letting her guide the ship.

While she was with me, we took a drive that was made available by the owner of the go-cart racing

company. He gave us gas money instead of plane-fair for our trip to Colorado Springs and Denver that would encompass two week-end events. It would give us plenty of time to explore Colorado and have some fun together.

We drove up to visit my hybrid friend up on the reservation as part of our journey where we'd spend the night and then finish the trip the next day. Catherine had not been in the desert since she was 7, so her appreciation for the beauty was greatly enhanced. I didn't tell her how I knew Tom, only that he was one of the guests on my television show. She already knew Dad was a bit weird and I didn't want to send her off the edge, yet. That would come a bit later.

We took the train up to the top of Pike's Peak and found we weren't quite dressed for the drop in temperature. We did manage to get some nice photos, though. The next day we took off for Boulder to visit some other friends, one being my left hand guy (Ann was my right hand gal) for the orchestration of the Prophets Conference.

They moved to Bolder for work shortly afterward, so it had been almost a year since we'd met. They had a wonderful meal prepared, Catherine's first introduction to organic raw foods. She got over it.

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I had arranged to meet my rock climbing buddy just outside of Drake, a short distance away from Estes Park and Alpine Village. We drove there, hoping to find a campground. It just so happened there was one, quite unique, with a wandering bull that like to stick his head into tents in the middle of the night. Fortunately the owners of the campground informed us just in case.

Sure enough, late that night I was awakened by some heavy breathing outside our tent. Nearly as soon as I awoke as the head of a bull appeared through our tent door. Catherine woke up with a start and then laughed uncontrollably. We both did, actually. Evidently he only needed a peek, within a few seconds his head withdrew and off he went on his midnight stroll. I think we managed to get a picture, but I haven't seen it in years.

We met up for a nice climb the following morning. Catherine had only been in a rock climbing gym once, but she was always a good athlete. She really loved going up the rock, once she got over her fear of falling. We had her practice falling a couple of times so she could get the feel of having a belayer protecting her (one who holds the other end of the rope stretched high above and attached to the climbing harness around your waist). She was a natural climber.

The Prophets Conference

We spent a couple of nights at the campground, drove up to Estes Park and took a few pictures, one of me sitting on top of a 12,000 foot high outhouse. Catherine thought Dad was being too goofy, but hey, I never said I'd grown up.

We made it back down the hill and found our hotel in Denver. Our setup was the next day, putting on the race for the Children's Miracle Network. Catherine was up on top of the trailer with me. It doubled as our hauler and stage, with a platform built on top (with shade) for running the races. There was room for the starter, the computer scoring system (my job) and a few others that would join us throughout the day.

Imagine a bunch of grownups, mostly guys, acting like they are Indy racers with pit crew. The track was usually a quarter mile, fashioned with tires donated by the local junk yard and put in place by local offenders, prisoners from somewhere. At least that is the way most places worked it. In spite of the work, everyone always had fun and a day away from the madding crowd.

We stopped in Albuquerque on the way back, visiting Ruthie, my former guesthouse landlord, and spent the night at her daughter's place. Next day, we headed back to Phoenix via another night

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at Tom's on the way. We had three wonderful weeks, one with a girlfriend that was also going to visit family afterward and a week and a half spent on the road together. She was going into her junior year in high school and had just recently got her driver's license, so she had the chance to learn how to drive a stick shift.

I threw her into the thick of things, heading up steep inclines where she quickly learned how to down-shift to maintain a steady speed. She freaked out the first time, thinking the Jeep was going to stall, but I had faith and a calm voice to get her through. She punched me when we stopped for a break later. We had a nice laugh.

I really do hope that I can be an example my children can look up to when this is all done.

*I and the ten thousand things
are of One Root.*

Wan Shi

Secondary Teaching Trials

I had recently moved and completed my hypnotherapy certification as Southwest Institute of Healing Arts just after the Secondary Teaching Certification program. I had an idea for my next degree as well. Did I mention I am an eduholic?

It so happened that shortly after moving in I got a phone call from a friend that had been caretaker for a property that had a main house and second house, owned by a chiropractor that was a purple freak. Nearly everything in the house was purple. The chiropractor had passed several years before and his wife followed about a year later.

Their daughter had married a man who worked for Robert Schuler Enterprises in California. They retained my friend as caretaker until they could decide what to do with the property. Tim had asked me if there was any furniture I might want as he thought they would probably give him whatever he asked for before selling the rest.

I pointed out a 3-piece set of lavender naugahyde furniture; short-backed rocker, recliner, hide-a-bed, and an old desk with matching credenza that had a massage table top. As if by divine

order Tim called about two weeks after I moved in to the new apartment. "Purple furniture," was all that his message said. I was ecstatic! I called him back as soon as I heard the message and arranged to pick them up that weekend.

Now that I was getting a regular paycheck I wanted to start playing drums again. I had two activities that gave me the most pleasure one can imagine; playing drums and golf. I'd sold my drums and clubs a decade before and thought I could at least start playing drums again. I had a cheap Yamaha DD-11 drum module that was small and really difficult to play. I had been using it for 5 or 6 years and needed to expand.

I sat down and meditated one evening, visualizing playing a set of electronic drums I'd seen, a Roland TD7 electronic kit. I had seen new kits for about \$1500, but thought I could find a used one for \$600. A few weeks later I picked up a local New Times and flipped through the musical instrument for sale section. It was there, only for \$700. I called the owner, went to meet him, offered him \$600 and took them home.

I spent a lot of time on them over the next few months. Being able to control the volume made them ideal for apartment living. I was in heaven. I

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had been playing with some guys for several years, recording some interesting music that was a cross between Pink Floyd, Tangerine Dream and Kitaro if you are familiar with any or all of them.

I have some of our CDs on Amazon now, in case you are interested in checking them out. Look up ***Outcasts and Social Misfits***. The music is yet another side of the creative juice that flowed through my veins. Everything was recorded live with little, if any, post production.

The following spring I went to work teaching high school, starting as a long-term substitute for an English teacher and then getting an emergency certification in special education to fill a vacancy that the assistant principal thought appropriate. Dealing with the spectrum of students' abilities was a great challenge, one that seemed equally as rewarding as I saw the students grow.

While working for the go-cart fundraiser I met a gentleman that was also an assistant principal. When he found out I was working on my teaching certification he offered me a long-term substitute position at a local inner-city high school, Trevor Browne. Everything seemed to be working out fine and I was excited to begin.

The substitute position was for an English teacher who also had charge of the school newspaper. She was going to have surgery to repair damage from a car accident. She thought she'd be back before the end of school, but it turned out that I finished the year for her.

I really enjoyed the students and called them to task in the two Journalism classes that included feature article writing and the production of the newspaper. The teacher of record, Angie Budde, thought I'd be perfect for the students and got more from me than she expected. She wrote one of the best letters of recommendation I've ever had, citing the unexpected results.

I was surprised to learn from the printer that her classes had only produced two papers per year for several years and, according to him, the paper we produced in one quarter from start to finish was far superior. I had expectations of completing the paper and let the students know up front. I got the usual groans and moans, but their final product was something that made them proud.

It wasn't easy, though, as these students weren't used to being pushed to perform in so short a span. After that assignment, I learned more about teaching over the next two years than I expected.

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TJ, the AP, thought I'd be good in special education and asked if I'd be willing to take on a position that had trouble filling. He thought I'd do very well, based on my attitude and performance.

I had no experience in special education, other than the developmentally disabled adults I worked with nearly a decade prior. I applied for a two-year emergency certification to teach in the special education department. I had to take a couple more classes to fulfill the requirements, but I could do that during my tenure. I had high expectations for the students, higher than other teachers thought could be accomplished.

I took a freshman English class through the process of writing a research paper and, although several nearly came to tears for fear they could not complete the project, all of them had done something by the end of the class. To see the look in their eyes when they did more than they thought possible was truly a gift beyond measure.

The following year I was at a different school, Carl Hayden, in charge of a self-contained classroom. What that means simply is that the students I had were essentially the worst-case learners with a severe disparity between their age and learning

ability. Most were less than a third grade reading level with behavioral problems.

The modular unit that was now the self-contained classrooms had two rooms connected by a short hallway that had a sink and cabinets in it. The unit had been designed for daycare, complete with mini-toilets in the bathrooms that were now used for storage. I shared two groups of about 20 students with another teacher. He taught English and Social Studies. I taught Math and Science.

Evidently God had some interesting plans for me because even though I felt bereft of training in how to manage these kids, something was different. I took to them as they took to me because I did not treat them as though they were damaged or disadvantaged. Instead of trying to control the behavior of those who were bouncing off the walls, I redirected it with activities that made them feel included instead of rejected.

One day I happened to be standing outside the modular unit waiting for students after lunch. I saw a library staff pushing a flat cart full of old Mac SE II computers. The Art Department had just received new computers and these were headed to the warehouse, I was told.

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I went to the Director of Technology for the school with a proposal. I wanted to create a LAN (local area network) between the two rooms and put the computers to use for the kids. There were enough to where we could remove RAM and install it in others to increase their speed a little, then install learning software that were actually games the students could play. He was all for it.

I got some of the more capable students to help with the RAM, run the cables and connect them all together. I spent a weekend installing the software to get them ready for the test run. I had something else up my sleeve to encourage the students to perform better in the classroom work.

Self-assessment is the highest rung on the teacher's ladder in student performance and mastery. I taught the classes how to create a spreadsheet in AppleWorks that had three components: completed work, their honest assessment of their effort and how they thought I would assess their behavior and work for the day.

Once they got their work done and completed their input on the spreadsheet then they were free to play the computer games. It worked better than I dreamed possible. Students started helping each other both in the classroom and on the

games. Their attitudes completely changed from the start of the year and many cried when they found out I would not be there the next year.

My emergency certification was up and I had to find another teaching job. Since my area of focus was business, in order to complete my certification for public schools I had to have two years teaching in my chosen field. Well, business jobs were non-existent Valley-wide. I couldn't find a thing, so I started looking into charter schools.

I became the 'lead' high school teacher for a K-12 charter school in 2000, thinking there would be other teachers with me. I had full charge of the high school curriculum and students. The enjoyment for me, beyond the challenges of the charter school population, was creating multiple intelligence learning centers that got the praise of the president of the Arizona Charter School Association that year; the owner of the school.

Alas, I had a problem student that just made the classroom environment nearly impossible for any learning to occur when she decided to challenge me. It wasn't that she was belligerent, but she would continually banter with me even after I'd given instructions and asked for her cooperation.

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After several weeks of dealing with this behavior on a semi-regular basis, I called her parents. I was not too surprised when her parents exhibited the same kind of behavior toward each other. I tried to be as gentle as possible, but I told them that their daughter was behaving just like them in the classroom and it wasn't conducive to learning.

Well, needless to say they complained to the principal and within a few days I was asked to leave. The problem with charter schools and behavior modification in general is that it is more important to the owner to have students in the seats that it is to maintain order. The dollars per student were much lower than traditional public schools and every dollar matters, so when parents threatened to remove their child...

I wondered how our educational system was going to do any good for students if they were not being held accountable and appropriate classroom management was not supported by school administration. I hoped someday I could make a difference, but I wasn't sure just how I could.

There are amazingly wonderful people in all walks of life; some familiar to us and others not. Stretch yourself and really get to know people. People are in many ways one of our greatest treasures.

Bryant H. McGill

Hopi Return

Eydie re-entered my life about that time, clean and sober and hoping to rekindle our relationship. I was open. I really enjoyed her sassy character and she was quite intelligent. I thought this might be my second chance to find out more about the Hopi and explore the ancient sites on the reservation. Oraibi is the oldest known continuous city in the country, Kykotsmovi just a short distance away and both on Third Mesa.

I had some selfish motivation, too. Back when I first drew the symbol from Zephyr, shown in the first book, I had a strong feeling that it had something to do with the Hopi, too. The swastika was a key symbol in their development and prophecies. I understood that during this period, according to their prophecy:

"The Fourth World shall end soon, and the Fifth World will begin. This, the elders everywhere know. The Signs over many years have been fulfilled, and so few are left.

This is the First Sign: We are told of the coming of the white-skinned men, like Pahana, but not living like Pahana men who took the land that was not

theirs. And men who struck their enemies with thunder.

This is the Second Sign: Our lands will see the coming of spinning wheels filled with voices.

This is the Third Sign: A strange beast like a buffalo but with great long horns will overrun the land in large numbers.

This is the Fourth Sign: The land will be crossed by snakes of iron.

This is the Fifth Sign: The land shall be crisscrossed by a giant spider's web.

This is the Sixth sign: The land shall be crisscrossed with rivers of stone that make pictures in the sun.

This is the Seventh Sign: You will hear of the sea turning black, and many living things dying because of it.

This is the Eight Sign: You will see many youth, who wear their hair long like my people, come and join the tribal nations, to learn their ways and wisdom.

And this is the Ninth and Last Sign: You will hear of a dwelling-place in the heavens, above the

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earth, that shall fall with a great crash. It will appear as a blue star. Very soon after this, the ceremonies of my people will cease.

Many of my people, understanding the prophecies, shall be safe. Those who stay and live in the places of my people also shall be safe. Then there will be much to rebuild. And soon -- very soon afterward -- Pahana will return.

He shall bring with him the dawn of the Fifth World. He shall plant the seeds of his wisdom in their hearts. Even now the seeds are being planted. These shall smooth the way to the Emergence into the Fifth World.

We finally took a trip up to the Res on weekend. It was a six-hour drive from Phoenix. We stayed at her father's home. Her oldest son lived with him at the time. He was bed-ridden, unable to speak and I never got that chance to meet him.

Eydie directed me as we drove around all three mesas. Oraibi was much smaller than I anticipated, looking like a third-world scene. The whole reservation looked bare and I wondered how any crops could grow there at all. No pictures were allowed to be taken in Oraibi either. I respected that and kept the camera off.

She then led me out to Prophecy Rock. This rock holds the story of the Hopi; one of their most treasured artifacts. It is so big that it just sits in a field next to an old spring. The petroglyphs tell the story of the Hopi's arrival from the third world into the fourth. I was fascinated by it and felt so honored just to be able to see it in person.

I observed that the area where once a flowing spring had been was now only a moist area of dirt, the spring had apparently nearly dried up and had been filled with dirt blown in from the surrounding desert. I was saddened at the state of the land but the look in the eyes of the Hopi elders I met was determined, resilient and strong.

Her youngest son was invited to take part in the planting dance the following spring and I was asked to come along. I had only heard of the Kachina dances and knew that very few white folks were ever invited, let alone actually made it there to watch. It was an honor indeed.

When we arrived, her son had already been there a few days in preparation for the dance. As we walked toward the plaza I could feel the pulse of the dancers through the earth. We were several hundred feet away still, but the pulse was obvious already. I was deeply moved and humbled.

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We entered the back of a house on the plaza in the center of Kykotsmovi. She introduced me to various cousins, but I was already attracted to the hundred or so dancers just outside their window. The plaza itself was a couple hundred feet long and about a hundred feet wide.

As I stood on the porch outside, the feeling of sacredness filled the air. A very small and obviously old man sat inside the entrance to the porch, puffing on a pipe that smelled horrible. We only had a moment's glance and I bowed my head to him as soon as our eyes met. He was the eldest of the Bear Clan and I was in his home.

The dance was in several sessions and the clowns, dressed in black and white clothing looking like jailbirds came out in between each session. In one break, they went around and grabbed all the white people in attendance; me included, and put us all in the center of the plaza without a word.

The clowns split up into two groups with the non-Indians in the center. One group grabbed 5 gallon buckets of water and long reeds that looked like whips then descended on the other group in a vicious attack. This 'war' was soon all around us and I noticed the people with me looking rather frightened and wondering what to do.

The battle was ferocious with one group completely defenseless and the other beating up on them with the switches and throwing water on them continuously. It was a chaotic scene

Instinctively I knew this was there way of showing us how it felt to be victimized by a marauding factor, white or otherwise, and the sensation was certainly driving home the point. I felt ashamed. I also felt a great strength in acknowledging internally that we were there together now.

This attack went on for some time, at least 10 or 15 minutes. That doesn't seem long, but try standing in the middle of something like that and see how it feels to be out of control of your surroundings with few options for escape.

I got the attention of the others in our circle after a while and, without a word, motioned with my head toward the alley way where the dances entered and exited. I began to back out of the plaza and the rest of the group followed.

To this day I do not know if that was appropriate or not, but there was no nasty looks afterward. I walked back around to the Bear Clan house and wandered inside. Edie saw me and began laughing so hard she nearly doubled over.

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She asked me how it felt to be in the middle of a war as she gave me a comforting hug. It was an extraordinary experience for me that I will always hold sacred in my heart, as I will her.

Unfortunately, she returned to her habits not too long afterward and I had to sever the relationship again. I think it really got to her. One night about a week later she showed up late one night after I'd gone to bed. My heart ached as I heard her in the parking lot outside my apartment, "I love you, why won't you love me back?" as she cried in what sounded like a drunken stupor. I prayed for guidance and had to let it appear I wasn't there.

I know that sounds harsh, but not responding to her was one of the hardest things I've ever been guided to do. She eventually left. It wasn't like I hadn't tried to help. We had a long talk about her needing help and I loved her enough to let her go. I could do nothing for her and yet my inner guidance was firm in the conviction that she had to make those steps to maintain her sobriety.

Enabling others was not something I was willing to do. It didn't feel right at the deepest levels of my being. I've helped quite a few find sobriety, find support groups and even attended them. I often felt Jesus' presence with me while struggling

with my conscience, the desire to help and having to let folks walk their own path no matter what.

Please understand that I never criticized or condemned them. I was always loving and supportive, but I had to recognize my desire for their sobriety didn't always reflect theirs when their actions showed it wasn't a priority for them. I prayed for them and let go. I had to or my life became a mess and I couldn't afford that.

Gathering of Souls

In the fall of 2000 I was contacted by a member of the Galactic Federation ground crew regarding a conference to be held at the end of September near Sedona, Arizona.

The post, an email from someone I'd never heard from before, from Bill Spuher referenced the 13th Tribe group I had engaged online a couple of years previous. He felt it was important for me to connect with a group in the Village of Oak Creek.

Again, it was one of those synchronicities that led me to the group and I found many others who were also in process of learning more about the nature and substance of their contactee experiences. Bill's post encouraged me to contact the folks putting on the conference, so I did.

I wasn't sure just how or what I could do to help them, but I proceeded with contact in order to offer my event production expertise. In the back of my mind I hoped that I might be able to find a speaking opportunity for the 'stripper' routine, but I was going to just be of service regardless.

After a few posts and some conversation with the coordinators, two women whom I felt instantly connected with, I made a journey to their home in

the outskirts of the Village of Oak Creek, just south of Sedona. Their home was on the edge of public land, surrounded on three sides by high desert foliage. Many wild animals stopped by for food that they kept in the side yard – deer, javelina, bobcats and fox were their main visitors.

They had opened a slot for me to speak after hearing about my live metaphor about human transformation, I thought. We had a conversation that was both hilarious, making fun of experiences and the ignorant humans, and poignant in the progression of those who were reluctant to speak about their experiences.

It wasn't long after I arrived at their home that I was informed that they had known of me for some time, through their channelings of Ashtar and Athena. When we began corresponding there was a certain energy that piqued their curiosity and their channelings bore witness to my arrival.

I did not take it all too seriously because I had my own experience, yet the fact that Ashtar and Athena had been speaking through them about me was intriguing to say the least. It had been some years since I had heard from them through other humans, although I had numerous dream-time experiences that felt all too real.

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Even though there was no doubt in my mind about my heritage at that time, I wasn't prepared to openly admit it to others, let alone go public. I soon got over it with these two and a few others who were helping to organize the conference. It was going to be a wild ride.

Now these two were very interesting women. One looked identical to Madame Blavatsky complete with the intense glare and no-bullshit attitude one would expect and the other had the features of a lioness, especially with the energy in her eyes of a soft yet powerful presence. They had been working with a group of folks for a number of years, teaching ascension and spiritual mastery classes based on the channelings they had produced over several years.

The material was quite good and had helped many to grow to know themselves much better, but it had not addressed anything of First Contact or much at all in the way of the Galactic Federation beyond noting that Jesus and all the ascended masters were affiliated.

Now being around sensitives is quite different than being around the general public. They see and hear much more than normal, often bridging

worlds in the process. The more time I spent with them, the thinner my own perception became.

I had made a choice as a teenager to limit my scope of seeing and hearing, too much input for me to handle and remain capable of managing my daily details. Regardless of the communications and sensations, I still had to operate in the world of others. I'd learned all too well that loose lips can indeed sink ships. I wasn't about to lose my freedom again.

So being around people who accepted and even invited the other worlds to merge into one experience was refreshing. I began to loosen up my sensory filters and immediately found some old friends that had been waiting for me to welcome them back into my sphere of consciousness. Zephyr was the most notable.

I had been a warrior for many years, wielding the sword of truth and whacking away at anything I felt was out of sync with the inner reflector. I hadn't made a lot of friends that way, but I knew the ones I'd made I could trust.

I was prepared to do the same thing with this group, but it felt like I could trust them a bit more than others. At least they were more open to

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bridging worlds than I'd experienced to date. I still had a slight challenge, but I figured it would all work out soon.

So it wasn't long before my dream state become more active and participative in universe affairs. I was aware of council meetings with various beings. We met on board various star ships and on myriads of planets over the couple of months prior to the conference.

The scenes were magnificent in scope, with worlds far superior to Earth and environments specially designed for inter-dimensional communication, or at least that is how they felt at a deep level within. Experiences in those places often defied description still.

I began to notice similar events here, too, facilitated by meditating to various pieces of music and especially with some of the music I had helped to produce. Evidently I really am that drummer that plays to a different beat.

I was also teaching at the time. I had full-charge of a charter school curriculum and its high school students. I was enjoying the opportunity to completely immerse the students in multiple intelligence learning centers. It was working so

well that the owner of the school, then Chair of the AZ Association of Charter Schools, praised my work to the school's Board of Directors.

I was able to engage the students on relevant topics and assist their understanding of learning on a much deeper level. Still, I had to focus on State Standards so the more esoteric conversations were absent from the classroom.

One evening I was rehearsing my presentation in my head, complete with visualizing all my slides and the salient points of my act. I'd developed it nearly a decade prior after asking how I could share my experience and make it enjoyable for others. A pseudo-stand-up routine evolved.

I get bored with stories easily, unless the storyteller is able to create an atmosphere of total immersion with vibrant detail. I've met few master storytellers to date, Jean Chaudhuri and Willie Whitefeather were the most notable. My presentation included removing my clothes as examples of barriers and boundaries humans create to protect themselves from emotional and/or physical harm.

I started off reciting my story, from being orphaned to early adoption to contactee

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experiences as an 8 year old and so on until just after my divorce and reflection of life to date. As I proceeded I began by acknowledging my 'coat of armor,' then removing it and continued through all the items of my 3-piece suit and shoes.

I had some encouragement to do the full-monty thing, but I liked using another layer that portrayed a more colorful self. I finished with donning the marbled tuxedo with the idea of 'suiting up and showing up.' I was closing up my notes when a figure approached me from the audience. I sensed a familiarity.

Her hair was golden blonde and so curly I wondered if it was natural or a perm. She had it pulled back at the top, just above her ears with some kind of clasp in the back. Her body was thin and sculpted in all the right places as I watched her walking toward me.

The odd thing was that her face was blank... featureless. As I gazed into this featureless face I heard her voice, like one I'd known for a long, long time. She simply said, "Okay, are you ready to get to work?"

Well, I'm all about The Work so without hesitation I slammed my notebook shut, stuck it under my

left arm and held out my right arm toward her. She looped her arm inside my elbow and we walked away toward the audience, which had since disappeared from my vision.

Now this last portion of my 'rehearsal' was totally unexpected and left me with a feeling of imminent connection to someone I'd been looking for all my life, thinking I'd found it in a few others but obviously being mistaken to date. I will say that women have been the greatest teachers for me. I've learned much about the emotional nature of humans from them.

So now I'm looking for this woman to show up at the event and I am preoccupied with the possibility. Fortunately, I had my slides and presentation notes in order and all I needed to do was show up. I got a phone call from the coordinators just a few days before the event asking me to bring my drums, too.

There were a couple of other guys bringing their guitars and a bass and were hoping for a drummer so we could have live music for dancing on Friday and Saturday nights. I got even more excited about the event. So I showed up late Thursday afternoon at the Cliff Castle Conference Center ready to rock.

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An unexpected spin....

The main room was set up for several hundred people with a vendor area in a room of equal size. I walked the area quietly, looking into the eyes of those setting up and greeting them with a bow and clasped hands; a silent 'namaste.' I had met a select few in the weeks prior to the event, but the majority of the people I had not met directly in this lifetime, although nearly everyone felt as though I knew them already somehow.

Throughout the introductions I was looking for this curly blonde. She never showed up, unfortunately. However, there was one who arrived mid-morning on Friday. She attracted my attention the moment she walked through the door as my head turned without cause.

She didn't look anything like the woman in the vision. I watched her for a while, trying not to make it seem like I was staring at her, waiting for a moment to engage her somehow. It turned out to be quite simple and serene when we were introduced by one of the event organizers.

We bowed to each other and hugged for what seemed a long time, not wanting to let go and feeling a deep connection beyond any words. I

was quite taken and evidently so was she. She had traveled from Chile to come to this event.

It felt like we both just 'emptied' into the other for that brief moment. We eventually separated and just stared into each other's eyes for few more moments. I have to admit it was quite overwhelming, but I couldn't find words to express what was happening inside me then.

It seemed something similar was going on with her. I broke the silence with, "Namaste. Nice to be with you again." The words seemed empty compared to the energy of familiarity I felt. It seemed by the look in her eyes that she felt it too. I felt a bit mystified in the moment.

We slipped into a conversation about where she was from and what it was like. I wanted to know all about her, especially after that introduction. I'd had some strong sensations before, but never like this. This wasn't 'normal' for me and if it was for her I was in for a real challenge.

Our conversation was interrupted by one of the event coordinators who needed my help with a situation immediately. We parted for the time being, agreeing to meet up later knowing that timing would be perfect when we did.

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One of the patrons had been out walking, weaving back and forth across the road a short distance away. He was picked up by the Tribal Police and later they contacted the conference center after learning of the patron's reason for being there.

He had told the police about the conference and that he was out teaching God about wave form energy when they came upon him. They brought him back to the hotel in handcuffs. The gals knew he was bi-polar and was off his medication, confirmed it with the police and promised to watch after him if they would release him to us. My assignment, or request, was to assist him in managing his environment for the time being.

Marc was silent, his eyes darting around as if looking for help. After his handcuffs were removed, we stepped to the side onto the lawn area in the front of the building. He was pacing in place and obviously his mind was racing beyond being able to speak.

I introduced myself, told him I could tell he was having challenges communicating and placed my hand on his chest. I stood with him for a few moments in silence and did my best to tune into his energy. It was manic to say the least.

I let him know that I could pick up on his general state, but I could not keep up with his thoughts. In order for me to be able to help him he needed to slow down, open his mouth and talk to me. Instantly he stopped pacing, took a deep breath, turned to look at me directly (for the first time) and uttered, "Okay, I'm ready to go in now."

Evidently we had an audience. As we followed Marc into the building the gals and a few others commented on how I'd handled him, talked him through recentering and got him to respond. He was still quite the handful for us that weekend. He was brilliant, though, a software engineer that wrote code for encrypted data bases.

I found out a few years later he'd worked on an NSA project. He'd had numerous telepathic contact experiences and had come to find others like him, hopefully. There were several folks that volunteered to keep an eye on him. He was one of the gentlest people I've ever met.

We got to know each other much better when I became his handler for the rest of the day. He had been up for a couple of days now and it was obvious he needed some sleep. I'm not a big advocate for medication, but sometimes people can live with greater ease with it.

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It was a struggle for Marc to manage any kind of 'grounded' reality in order to converse with others about simple topics. He responded to every comment as though his life depended on it. I had to get comfortable with an excruciating process of compassionate communication.

Now here's where I had to part from traditional views on the subject of mental health. Marc was completely lucid and his topics of discussion reflected a perspective far beyond the scope of most humans I knew. I felt like I was in a conversation with a consciousness barely able to stay in body, like he was from somewhere else.

His point of view was from as high a spiritual place as I had experienced coming from a human being. I'd encountered these discussions in council and on board ship, but that could all be written off as a vivid imagination. Marc seemed to be the one to validate the conversations I'd been having on my own.

Marc's understanding of energy and waveforms was replete with knowledge of physics. His father had a doctorate in physics, so he had access to information throughout his life. He told me he felt like he was walking around on a ship and that I was the commander, checking in on his status for

developing the technology to transfer data files into human consciousness.

As much as it sounded strange, there was a part of me that felt like this was a reality. The fact that we were in this place on a terrestrial plane seemed surreal, yet the sensations of some sort of bilocation happening were evident.

We were both sure that our conversation would probably not be understood by anyone else, at least for the time being. Still, the discussion about how to slow down the frequencies that carried this information was akin to discussing Einstein-Rosen bridges with quantum physicists.

He would explain a theory and his understanding of its application and I was able to cross-reference it with a direct experience; one of the many world-bridging moments from the journey of inquiry into the evolution of consciousness. It was peculiar to note the number of tones we each heard, inaudible to the other but apparently particular to our discussion.

These tones are something many contactees report, associating them as part of their contactee experience over time. It takes a bit of getting used to, I'll have to admit. When they first start,

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we usually don't have the presence of mind to make mention of them as part of the conversation. I have them a lot when encountering others, especially contactees that are comfortable with their experience.

Over the years I've noticed that they seem to carry not only information, but tend to set up a series of events to illustrate the demonstration of the information played out in the earth plane.

I really think there is an advanced set of senses that folks who have extraterrestrial heritage tend to develop over time. I'm sure there are other reasons, but again it seems to indicate an advancement of consciousness.

Later that evening I was playing music with the guys as part of the gathering, providing an atmosphere for conference attendees to get up and dance with each other. The two others had played together before so it wasn't a complete guess as to what I was going to play with them, but fortunately it was all cover tunes that I knew.

We were playing for a few dozen people who were thoroughly enjoying dancing to the music. While we were playing, though, it felt like someone was trying to knock the drumstick out of my right

hand. I looked over to where the energy came from and guess who was sitting there smiling like a Cheshire cat? Yep, it was Marc. I winked and continued playing.

Diana was there dancing, too. We'd had a little more time to talk earlier. Her English was good, but it was hard for her to translate conceptual ideas, I could tell she was starting with Spanish as she was thinking off the top of her head and then working to translate it to English.

I had this feeling of being intimately connected with her, something that went far beyond our current budding relationship. I was so enjoying the thoughtmosphere that there was not a moment of distraction about my life back in the Valley of the Sun.

In this kind of environment I never know what people can see or how thin the veil is between worlds until something happens to demonstrate it. At one point several orbs became visible to a number of people, including me. One particularly large one, about a foot and a half in diameter, settled on top of the small amp I was using for my electronic drums.

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It appeared translucent, but you could see some definite features in it, like a series of triangles with gaps between the outer perimeter and a solid circle in the center. The image showed up in a video that was being recorded as well.

Someone took a digital photo of me doing some 'energy' work on a woman I'd met at the coordinators home. It revealed a crystal clear image with the exception of my hands, which were blurred as they moved from the top of her head to her elbows where she was sitting. I dare say it had some interesting implications.

We all knew this conference was set up as an opportunity not only to meet other contactees and experiencers from around the world, but to become available for other-dimensional communication as well. Many of us had individual direct experience, but never had gathered together in communion for such purposes. The next morning started early with only a few hours' sleep. We had played until midnight and talked amongst each other until nearly 3.

The night air was perfect, cool and full of the smells from the desert surrounding us. Diana had retired early, noting the jet lag from her 17 hour flight and 2 hour ride from Phoenix.

There were many other very interesting folks there from all over the world. Nearly without exception, they had some kind of contactee experience, from the 1st to the 5th kind. I've learned there are 6 types of contact.

- Type 1 – a sighting of one or more UFOs.
- Type 2 – observation of effects – crop circles, ground disturbance, interference with devices, animal or human responses.
- Type 3 – appearance or observation of 'beings associated with a UFO.
- Type 4 – abduction without permission, markings on skin, missing time, etc.
- Type 5 – intentional interaction (telepathic, physical) on an ongoing basis with beneficial results.
- Type 6 – physical interaction that produces a hybrid (Star Child)

Now you may think that these kinds of folks are all a few French fries short of a happy meal. This group includes small business owners, corporate and independent professionals, doctors and even lawyers. As you might expect too, there were just as many on the fringes of society who have their own challenges yet obviously brilliant in their own right. Consciousness has such variety in

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expression. Just notice where your mind has gone reading this story.

My presentation went as planned, even though there was no woman who walked up afterward. There were some anecdotal references that reflected in the audience with much laughter. I'm always aware that opportunities pop up during the program for some loose association that more often than not is right on cue with the natural thought process of the audience.

I've given the presentation on several occasions and laughter from the audience accompanied the silly human actions and thoughts one has in the daily activities that evolve on the fringe of a new living awareness.

During the conference the next day, Diana and I had the chance to talk more in depth. I was really curious about the sensation I had about her. As much as I knew, there was much more I didn't. I hoped that she would open up and share something that would indicate why. I was not disappointed, although I was quite surprised.

She related that I was introduced to her by Ashtar in a dream-vision she had about a week before coming to America for the event. It is rare that I

have these experiences with such intensity and it was obvious to both of us that we have a much greater mission together than our human understanding could comprehend at the time.

Nonetheless our humanness and passion, both being Cancers, was quite lively and the urge to merge was overwhelming to say the least. We refrained from becoming sexual and fell asleep in each other's arms the second night. It felt natural and serene just to hold each other. It was completely sensual, but not sexual in nature.

She knew me to be the son of Ashtar from her personal experience, so here I was faced with yet another hard to accept 'validation' of some kind.

The last day of the conference something completely unanticipated or expected by anyone happened. During the closing ceremony the two coordinators asked me to join them on stage. I had no idea why, but I figured I'd find out. I felt like it was going to be something spectacular, but I had no idea of what they were going to do.

Before I knew it, they explained to the audience that Ashtar and Athena wanted them to publicly announce that I was there beloved son. Part of me wanted to completely withdraw and hide in a

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corner. The greater part of me knew it was time for me to stand up. I felt honored and scared at the same time. I didn't know how people would respond to this new information.

It seemed like they all knew it somehow, too, and my feeling of 'holy shit' went to 'it's okay' and finally to 'wow, I'm home.' I breathed a heavy sigh of relief I'm sure. But that wasn't all. They weren't done with their announcement yet.

Each took a position on either side of me and Rev Deb announced that Ashtar and Athena had requested that I, if willing, step up as the leader of the ground crew now. I was to help gather the crew around the world and prepare them to come together as one and fulfill our mission of unity.

It felt so right and yet so out of this world that I had quite the challenge as to how to integrate this experience in some kind of action that made sense. Well, the action they [Ashtar and Athena] chose was for me to be baptized as a symbol of my acceptance; in the conference center pool right after the completion of the ceremony.

The recognition at the initial physical encounter with Diana was more of a magnet than either one of us quite understood, yet denial was not an

option. After a couple of days checking out Sedona and the surrounding area, she hopped a bus for Phoenix and I picked her up at the station.

We continued our discussions about our cosmic family and the 'missions' that we felt were a growing part of our lives now. We made love for the first time that night. The energy didn't swirl like it had with Monique a decade before, but it did feel like I was reuniting with a lost lover.

We only had a little over a day in Phoenix before I took her to the airport to catch her flight home. I was standing in the parking garage at Sky Harbor Airport watching her plane back away from the gate. I saw a vision I had two years ago that I had completely forgotten. It was her. I knew it was her in an instant. She was looking at me as though she was impatiently waiting for something very important to happen.

In the days that followed the event, there was a great deal of activity. I returned to the home of the coordinators on numerous occasions to craft an action plan to carry out the mission callings. One of the first details was to craft a letter to the mailing list of subscribers that were following the events online. I'll share that correspondence...

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Released in October, 2000

Dear Eagles and Members of the Ashtar Command,

It has been the honor and blessing of the two of us to have Ashtar's and Athena's son, Zendor, brought into our lives and work. We were asked to baptize him into his mission at the Gathering. During this baptism, on October 1, 2000 at 8:00 p.m. Pacific Time, in front of a quorum of witnesses, Zendor was formally introduced as Ashtar's and Athena's son, and he pledged his commitment to this mission.

At Athena's request, we are relating what was said to those witnesses. As Ashtar anchored into Debbie and Athena anchored into Janisel, 'they' faced the witnesses... Zendor standing between 'them.' Ashtar announced, "This is our son. We love him dearly." In essence, Zendor was baptized and accepted his mission.

The following is a letter to you from Zendor. Below his letter is a message from Ashtar and Athena that they asked be added at the end of Zendor's introduction. Please read carefully... and take to heart what he has to
say.

*Love and Blessings
Janisel and Debbie
Ashtar's Trinity*

Just after his presentation at the Gathering of Souls and with trepidations still, my introductory letter went over like a lead balloon:

Who...? Hi, I'm Zendor and YES you have been expecting me! I'll be your guide as we peer into the depths of what keeps us afraid, angry, ignorant and immobile. Nah. I'd rather be your guide to fortuitous serendipitous synchronicity! Unfortunately the former is what needs to be dealt with first.

We have been called to serve with our lives so let's begin creating the lives we ARE. This rise in consciousness that includes a living awareness of multidimensional reality is about the collective messiah or 'body of Christ,' universe citizenry come to prepare for the ultimate family reunion.

I have been watching and waiting as I have prepared myself for this monumental macrocosmic mission. As we all are integrating our multidimensionality in this wonderful 3D time/space, it is imperative that we remain free of the temptations inherent within it, like thinking we can do it alone.

The Galactic Fleet is a cooperative multi-race and multi-system collaboration that has been

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developed with the utmost care and concern for the elevation and demonstration of Unity! In other words - time to Rock-n-Roll...walk the talk...trust our connections.

Your mettle and mine are about to be tested and you can be assured that any deterrents to the harmony of a unified purpose, our collective efforts to move our beloved planet and her peoples into Universe status, will be removed. The comfort levels of this removal will be determined by your own willingness to serve this mission, should you decide to accept it.

To put it succinctly, the job is the boss and there is no room for those entertaining edification of their perceived positions or rank within the Command. Humility is key. It is time for the Commanders to lead by example. It is time to allow our higher integrated multi-sensory network to do its job. The Truth will set us all free! Truth is... all things connected... we are ONE.

We all know the importance of our individual efforts. It is the synergistic effects those efforts create that will determine the physical bestowal of inner and outer reality congruencies that lead to the obvious heaven on earth. We are called to embody our highest selves at this time, thriving

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on the joy and celebration of our coming together as a unified planetary (or interplanetary as the case may be) family.

I beg of you to look within, shift into the true Center of your Heart of Hearts and release any attachments to control in ANY fashion. There will be a peace that surpasses understanding at first, then the understanding will come along with the prudent path opening in front of you.

Trust me; I've had to hold on nowhere to step forward now. Intuition and rationality are often seen as conflicting. Can you imagine what it is like to have a life full of 'experiences' that few seem to accept, let alone understand. This is not about control; it is about Flow.

Divine Flow, the Truth of which resides in your Center. Only those willing to release the final fetters of the subversive 'little ego' will be available to the Master Ego of Self individualized in our bodies. Let's celebrate being here now, as Baba Ram Das once said, and keep it light. Serious as the job is be playful in thought and action.

The integration and implementation of our Divine Actions in Unity (warm fuzzies for everyone) will

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occupy much of this next year as I move into closer relationships with you all. An unprecedented need for physical involvement is at hand. This is all about bringing multidimensional consciousness to play in the 3-D environment in which we now live, move and have our Being.

I will be personally visiting the Command sites in the coming weeks and months. All I'm doing is beginning to connect all the dots as best I can. I encourage your willingness to play with me and to support our efforts through making preparations for these visits.

Janisel and Debbie are in charge of the scheduling and confirmation of venues. Hope there are some musicians among your groups.. drummer on the way! For the rational thinkers and skeptics a couple of master's degrees in Business as well.

With a warm heart and an unyielding Love, I look forward to our meeting.

*Namasté,
Zendor*

Now just to keep things on the up and up, I happened to get a copy of a transcript from a channeling that came through immediately following the event.

Friday, October 6, 2000

Athena, through Janisel - Re: Zendor's mission

A: I anchor now so that you may fully hear what I have to say regarding our son. He has great work to do and the two of you are to be part of it. He will in no way replace the work you are currently doing, but will augment and complement it. The two missions will interact together. Do you understand?

J: Yes

A: He has much 'knowing' inside him, but needs to be guided in practical ways. This is where the two of you come in. No 'one' channel for us is 'perfect.' We are depending on the three of you to collectively use your discernment within the scope of your guidance. Do you understand?

J: Yes

A: As has been hinted to you, he has met his new mate. While this is yet new to him, he will, perhaps, become a bit self-absorbed in the discovery and exploration of this relationship. This is to be of no concern for, indeed, this bonding must take place. Do

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not become discouraged if things don't move as quickly as you think they should. In the interim, Ashtar and I would like for the two of you to lay some groundwork for our son's mission to formally begin.

He will, of course, need introduction. Now...while you are also introducing the new AC logo and the new use for the crystals.. would be an opportune and appropriate time. Please deliberate with him on the wording of his introduction and mission statement, as this is within his freewill choice. Ashtar and I would, however, ask that a short message of sanction be added to the end of his 'coming out' announcement. If you are ready, I will dictate to you what his father and I would like to say. Ashtar and I have discussed this between ourselves and agreed upon the following:

"We, Ashtar and Athena, come forth this day to herald the arrival to your world of our son Zendor, sent to awaken and unify those earth-based members and Commanders of the Galactic Fleets working under the auspices of the Ashtar Command. It is time for ego, pride, and separateness to be put aside. It is time for Oneness and Unity among our Command, and for this purpose he comes. Our son speaks and acts with our authority. Hear ye him."...

Ashtar and Athena

You may also, if you wish, as part of your introduction, relate the baptism of our son of which you were a part. Ashtar and I would encourage you to include

what was said to those witnesses gathered there that night so as to show the connections between Ashtar's Trinity and the mission our beloved Zendor is about to begin.

This will show to the world the solidarity and oneness which shall act as the foundation. You have gained great respect throughout the world for your integrity and the work that you do, and by the two of you being the ones to introduce him, align with him, and publicly show your support and oneness with him, it will act, hopefully, as the catalyst for bringing together, in oneness, our earth-based Commanders.

Ashtar and I applaud you for fanning the Flames which so gloriously leapt to the higher dimensions during your past few days. And we are deeply honored by the part you played in the baptism and introduction of our son. We are pleased by your acceptance and support of him. Let us go forth together now and bring unity to the ranks. It is time, and the opportunity is here. Thank you, my sister, for opening yourself for me to speak these words on behalf of Ashtar and myself. I bid you adieu.

Saturday October 7, 2000

OK Rosie... are you ready to type for me?

First of all, I want to congratulate you on the conference. The two of you did a better-than-hoped-for job given the time frame in which you had to work.

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I wish I could go into all the energetics that took place, but there is not time for that now. What I would like to do is prepare you for the energetics which are yet to take place.

Yes, much of this has to do with your work with my son. You will find the energy beginning to shift as he is with you more and more. As the three of you come together to work and plan, you will feel an energy shift which shall be unfamiliar to you. There is no need for concern, as it is merely the combining of the three energies into a more synergistic pattern. We have indicated to you before that between you and Debbie there has been what you might call another 'being' created.

This will be true also when the energies of the three merge... a new entity, of sorts, will come into being. The 'trick' is to hold and expand your own energy pattern while at the same time allowing your own energy to freely flow to the others.. thus, creating the fourth energy field. This is not something you need consciously focus on. If you stay within your center, it will be done automatically.

The biggest challenge in the three of you working together will of course, be ego. You are each my family...neither of you is what you would term 'better' or 'more advanced' than the other. You are each here, simply to do a different job. By working in tandem with each other, in love and harmony, your individual

and collective jobs will get done to everyone's satisfaction.

I apologize for coming to you first thing in your morning in what you term my 'commander' mode, rather than the more playful mode we usually meet in. There are, however, pressing matters at hand which need to be addressed and this seemed to be the most expedient time to do so. Forewarned is forearmed, yes?

Please be keenly aware of your egos as you come together to do this work... for that is the very thing which Zendor's mission is honed to eradicate within the Command. It would serve no purpose for the three of you to get caught up in the same scenario. As I said, this is to be a group effort, a working together.. however, the prime motivator to remember is that this is Zendor's mission and you are aiding him in all his endeavors.

In the end, it is his freewill choice which must prevail. We have every confidence that the three of you will be able to work together in harmony, pooling your collective guidance and discernment. Were we to NOT have this, the job would have gone to others. We trust and know that it has been chosen by the 'right' combination. We watch not from afar, but close, and our love and guidance are with you in all you do Adonai, Ashtar

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"We, Ashtar and Athena, come forth this day to herald the arrival to your world of our son Zendor, sent to awaken and unify those earth-based members and Commanders of the Galactic Fleets working under the auspices of the Ashtar Command.

It is time for ego, pride, and separateness to be put aside. It is time for Oneness and Unity among our Command, and for this purpose he comes. Our son speaks and acts with our authority. Hear ye him."..

Ashtar and Athena.

So this is how I'll leave you for now at the end of the millennium. I, too, felt an quiet and powerful anticipation for the coming years.

What will happen next?

You wouldn't believe it if I told you, and I will in the next book. The story continues...

About the Author

Bruce 'Zen' Benefiel, MA, MBA

Zen's focus spans several areas of future development. He is a coach, thinker, presenter and writer about empowering individual and collaborative action. His passion is fulfilling present and future needs of personal and planetary development. His interests include economics, education, entrepreneurialism and esotericism that create a solid foundation for the 21st century.



His expertise as a facilitator has served various markets, from aerospace to transportation, aligning stakeholders to achieve project goals and objectives. Several of his project facilitations empowered the team to award-winning status, including the redevelopment of the Mather Point Lookout at the Grand Canyon.

He served as Web Director, Conference Chair and President-Elect for the Phoenix chapter of the American Society for Training and Development; Coordinator for the Phoenix Institute of Noetic Sciences community; member of the American Counseling Association, International Association of Facilitators and World Futures Society among others.

He served as the liaison for the Phoenix Indian School Preservation Coalition, a First Nations coalition made up of representatives from 18 of the 21 tribes in Arizona, for the design/build process of Steele Indian School Park in Phoenix.

After teaching high school for nearly a decade, he wrote a business plan for an educational village that draws out the natural cycles, rhythms and yearnings of students absent from traditional institutions. It includes integration of green *and* psychospiritual technologies.

Zen received his MA in Organizational Management, MBA in project management, Secondary Teaching Certification and BS in Business Administration from the University of Phoenix. His student number was 671 (first 1,000 graduates) and he lays claim to the current marketing slogan, "I am a Phoenix."

Courage means to keep working a relationship, to continue seeking solutions to difficult problems, and to stay focused during stressful periods.

Denis Waitley