

A Seminal View of Consciousness,
Cosmology and the Congruence of
Science and Spirituality

Stubbing My TOE

on Purpose

Bruce 'Zen' Benefiel

From Dudley Lynch, President, Brain Technologies, Inc.

"I consider Zen to be one of those superlative examples of what the human brain can store and serve up in unique and appealing ways at will on most any occasion or assignment. To say his range of knowledge and interests are "eclectic" is engaging in understatement. And this is what makes his services as a "possibilities coagulator" for his clients so valuable and exciting. Smart fellow! Great ally!"

This book is a pseudo autobiography, all events are true, with some added thoughts about life, our reality and how we might better understand our form, fit and function through expanding our scope and vision regarding self-awareness and harmony among people and planet. The scope of finding purpose within my Theory of Everything drives my life.



A point of
perspection
dances in the
balance of the
seer's vision.

StuBBing
My T.O.E.
On Purpose

**A Seminal View of Consciousness,
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Science and Spirituality**

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**An orphan's journey to find identity, purpose and truth in
and beyond this world; reconciling encounters with
extraterrestrials, psychiatrists, scientists, spiritual beings
and more...**

This is my goal:

To make this work relevant to you.

If you find something that helps you grow – fantastic!

If you find something that challenges you – even better! If you find something that stirs you to take an evo-leap in your own life – Congratulations!

Yes, the title eludes references to Tom Campbell's *My Big TOE*. His work infiltrated my life during the last few years of my writing this. The more I peered, the greater respect I had.

I was surprise that in his younger years his introduction to 'consciousness' was nearly identical to mine. I want to acknowledge our spooky action at a distance, for now. I'm sure it will get closer as the future unfolds.

If you aren't familiar with non-linear and non-local you might want to consider that my writing will at least be tangential at times, little stories within stories. It may be interesting, or not. I think little things are important, but not everyone does.

*"Who looks outside, dreams;
who looks inside, awakes."*

Carl Jung



A great deal of what I am today is an assimilation of various people I have known across various professional, religious and spiritual environments. It also includes books read and experiences of inner and outer situations. Each has affected the way I think and act, often prompting the possibility of deeper discovery and understanding of the matter, nature and function of reality as we know it and more.

The feeling of awe-inspired inquiry continually assists the experience of the kid in the candy store, ecstatic and driven toward the soon to be discovered treats. You will find some here as well, so long as you are able to bear with my stream of consciousness and threads of discussion. You will be stretched.

In the face of developing nomenclature for the 'new generations' of planetary pioneers (least of all potentially being one) I would offer yet another label; that of 'assimilationist,' as we harvest our past on the way to the future, hopefully avoiding any catastrophic occurrences that would destroy ourselves and our planet in the process.

I intend to take you on a transdimensional journey, full of trials and tribulations, leading toward a comprehension of the components of consciousness. It is already appearing in your inner theater on a growing scale I presume. My guess is you wouldn't be reading this otherwise.

As an orphan and adoptee with no biological records I have pondered many identities in the process of self-awareness and self-actualization, often finding that at the deepest levels of consciousness identity is a moot point. I've met many challenges in this and other worlds; the greatest of which has been my own quest for identity and purpose in this world.

Now in the throes of planetary challenges and a US administration of *change* there is new opportunity for many to consider how to proceed in personal and professional endeavors. Maybe there is a thread of consciousness that unites our hearts in a wonderful union toward harmony. I believe that to be a potential of Christ Consciousness within each one of us, born of our celestial heritage, cosmic consciousness, and nurtured by our desire to know truth.

Religious dogma and superstition have come under scientific scrutiny now. I hope to share some deep quandaries and a consideration of realities far greater than our current awareness. Quantum physicists are just beginning to discover what mystics have known for millennia, only now this scientific mirror is opening a door for many to consider possibilities once only offered by spiritual studies or religious pathways. Our world views are changing dramatically.

I've been gifted with great intelligence and a plethora of experience, some directly with Jesus. That alone is enough to handle as one seeks to understand abandonment juxtaposed with unconditional love and find harmony within oneself in the dance of life. Perhaps I am able to bring a new view of old patterns and how a new world order is evolving, regardless of those who fear it.

It is that part of me, Zendor, the 'door to what is'..ness of aligning spirituality and science with the harmony of people and planet and the mechanisms Christ Consciousness, multiple dimensions and quantum realities through direct experience. I hope your curiosity gets the best of you as you read further. I'll no doubt confront your previous belief systems as we seek congruency between inner and outer worlds.

Finding harmony within the two worlds, inner and outer, has been and will continue to be a lifelong experience for all of us I am sure. I've held council with many beings and persons and I will share those throughout this story.

My desire within this work is to present possibilities of how things may work as natural processes in our collective progression of the evolution of consciousness, through the

vulnerability of my own observation and understanding in the matter of spiritual explorations and direct experience.

It is a near-impossible task to make sense of everything, yet it is within infinite intelligence that all things are connected somehow according to both mystics and physicists now, so climb aboard the logic train and let's take a trip around the world, inner space and outer space.

We are all relation in 'God's Kingdom'... All That Is – Here Now. I believe it is time we recognized the truth as One and learn how to get along.

Although this book is all about my life's insights, it is written in an attempt to remove the spotlight and offer a consideration for acquiring intelligence that reflects Nature and the Universe in new ways. Obviously my ego is involved or I wouldn't be writing. I love to share and I agree with an old friend; there is no ego without wego.

However, the ego is neither good nor bad, absent nor all-powerful and if I'm good, I'll present more questions than answers. If I'm lucky, you'll find similar questions in your own contemplation of reality. God willing, we'll grow together as a body. I encourage you to continue to seek your own answers with renewed exuberance and investigative opportunities.

My influences include a plethora of prolific pontificators throughout history. From ancient texts and mystery schools to modern-day mystics and scientists, I've hedged the edge of consciousness and physical reality in my quest for congruence of truth as it becomes known.

I've sought the understanding of how humans are evolving toward self-regulation and a new world order of responsible leadership – a new millennial mindset based on spiritual principles and a testimony of Jesus Christ, or perhaps from some other spiritual icon.

Hopefully, our shared considerations may lead us toward a new living awareness of collaborative energy in motion, what some may call pure shareable energy; limitless oscillating vibrational energy...LOVE.

I believe in John Lennon's hopes...

and the world will live as ONE.

Don't believe a thing, but you'll find some interesting points to ponder as you continue. Let us explore the cosmic conundrum: "Who am I and what am I here to do?" The answers consume a lifetime of learning.

Are you curious about your own relationship with the Universe? It's a far more worthy cause and testimony of the truth within us all.

I certainly don't have all the answers. I do have a lot of questions, many of which you will find herein. I go places most don't or won't with a fearless attitude and willingness to test the truth with my life, if need be.

You'll find out what them means inside.

This book is dedicated to orphans and adoptees everywhere.
Every question has an answer.

May we all find self in the midst of others.

Special thanks to my parents, Bob and Lou, who adopted, loved and nurtured the desire to grow and learn within me. I owe them my life and I'm still their little boy who just wants to make them proud.



To Beth, Krystal, Katie, Ian and Aura...

You are always in my heart of hearts as mother and children;
gifts for my transcendence and understanding of life and love.

To Robin, who put up with me while writing the majority of this
work and her insistence on making it real.

To my love, Luba, my dream made real. You've inspired me like
no other, accepted me like no other and love me like no other.
Your presence in my life now empowers me to continue my
quest for harmony among people and planet.



"Remember, the truth wants to be questioned. If someone wants you to believe something without question, then take a step back and reflect for a moment. They may be positively sure, but an unwillingness to be questioned usually means there is doubt. A wise man/woman honors their doubt and is willing to explore it further without defense or deflection."
Zen Benefiel

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Part 1

When I was a little boy...



15 Senses - an exploration of Self-consciousness

1. Tactile - feeling the gross forms as entrance into the physical world
2. Sound - from physical to the plethora of vibrations in the audible range
3. Smell - refined further, the stimulations of the olfactory by unseen particles
4. Taste - substance beginning to enter the body and interpreted
5. Sight - light as visual stimulation engages the neuro-networks deeper yet
6. Temperature - sensations inside and outside the body
7. Balance - equilibrium or orientation
8. Time - movement within space
9. Space - dimensional quality
10. Memory - cellular experience of events in time and space
11. Knowing - applied memory or validation of experience
12. Intuition - internal leap of faith built on previous experience
13. Emotions - variety of sensations precipitated by stimuli (internal/external)
14. Soul - acknowledgement of interconnectedness with one's world
15. Truth/Love/God - experience of Oneness

Shooting the Tube

Cascading and tumbling through a vortex of activity, plummeting down a wormhole of consciousness I exploded into a stark, brightly lit room with masked and gowned beings of unknown origin. I could feel the warmth coming from their eyes, even though I didn't know what they were yet.

The shock of condensing into a physical form immediately disconnected my awareness from the freedom of formlessness and infinity. I could remember nothing of where I'd just been, yet there was a familiarity of this new world that felt inviting.

I had entered a new world of unknown potential, yet I was helpless in this new form. In a masterful display of creation I'd shot the tube, but became impotent as a result. I was helpless and reliant on others I would never see again.

I would have another wave to negotiate, one of the most traumatic an infant might experience.

I was conscious, bereft of the ability to communicate, yet able to sense something remaining from where I'd been... connectedness. I remained in a place where other 'little ones' like me continually came and went. I could sense the connectedness with the larger beings yet there was nothing like it for me. No one came.

It was my first lesson in separation and, unwittingly, an emotional imprinting of abandonment and rejection from me mum that I would carry for a long time.

According to records I was able to acquire much later, held by the State, I was born on June 30, 1957 in Indianapolis, IN at 2:50 am. It was six weeks later that I became part of a new family. It was years later I found out they adopted me on their wedding anniversary. I was very special to them.

I was adored and loved by this couple that could not have children of their own. I believe my given name set me up for a wonderful discovery process.

Besides the obvious link to the famous martial artist, the individual names have significance whether my parents were aware of them or not.

Shooting the Tube

My first name means ‘dweller of the thicket;’ my middle name means ‘clearing or meadow;’ and my surname means ‘good fidelity’ so the ‘set-up’ was apparent even from that angle. I certainly got in the thicket of things, clearing the way for many to engage a new living awareness in good fidelity of the soul.

I started as a proverbial possibility...orphaned and adopted by a wonderful couple. I can only imagine what a sacrifice it must have been for my mother, or maybe it was not a sacrifice at all. Was she alive or dead? What were her bio-roots, her cultural meme, her experiential level?

I wonder about her occasionally, whether I could have learned from her how to understand this thirst for truth, love and harmony at the core of my being. Again, the set-up allowed me to step beyond the usual limits of the nuclear family. I knew there was more.

Maybe my birth mother’s lineage could have helped me to understand the intrigue about life I felt as a child, the deeper awareness and sensitivity. I’ve heard that abilities are passed through the matriarchal side.

Because of my desire to return to that place, my origins, I’ve experienced connections to many mothers throughout historic legends, myths and within the celestial realms we so rarely explore. The quest for heritage beyond the physical has led me to discoveries few ever have the chance to explore, let alone experience in the realms of physical and nonphysical existence.

The same feelings exist regarding my biological father. I questioned my own worthiness for years, based on the feeling of abandonment and rejection associated with such things.

Why? A child wants to love and be loved. My birth parents left a huge gap. What was the real issue or situation that resulted in their decision? How could they...?

I searched for data for some years in my 20s and 30s, even writing a few dozen letters to talk show hosts on two separate occasions a decade apart. It wasn’t until my late 30s that I found

out my birthplace was different than we, including my adoptive parents, had thought previously. It felt a bit unsettling at least.

Why does this quest twist and turn so tumultuously? My search through the courts found the ‘dead’ end; the attorney, clerk of the court and judge were all dead and the records had been destroyed in a flood of the storage area in a state-run orphanage. Hmmm....

It seems many don’t have the thirst for understanding their origins until later in life, if they ever do. Quite frankly, one who has a clearly defined lineage has no need to question reality or their place in it for the most part. No matter what I’ve tried to do in life to avoid those deep questions, I keep returning to them. There is something more that drives me.

In my late teens I had already turned my search toward seeking the Source of our creation, my heavenly mother, father and family of record so to speak. The discoveries in my quest provided a plethora of possibilities as I grew to understand choice. I question fate and the DNA-driven life.

The dynamics of consciousness across culture, race, religion and space, both inner and outer, lead us to discover deeper realities. Our choice comes in how we construct our reality.

When I had the opportunity to finally research the adoption in person; the attorney, clerk of the court and judge were all gone from this world and the physical records had been destroyed in a flood over three decades prior. Microfiche records weren’t available. It was an interesting coincidence in my quest.

It wasn’t until a few years later when I needed a passport that I found I was born in a different city than I had been told, through no fault of the teller, and that my mother was 23 at my birth. Nothing else was available. Imagine the cosmic surfer still surfing the tube, entangled by the deep threads of the tsunami on the ocean of emotion, never seeing shore.

There appeared to be no other information available other than her age and ethnicity and my time and place of birth. To this

Shooting the Tube

day I still wonder occasionally, but the need to know has waned. The possibility of other origins seems to be an interesting theme throughout my adult life as weird as it seems. Regardless, I'm in *this* world.

Rumor had it, shared by my parents regarding the case worker in the adoption, that I was the love child of a bible college coed and a professor. It was definitely not something acceptable in the Midwest during the mid-50s. Possibly my biological parents are both still alive and wondering what ever happened to me.

Being a parent and grandparent now, it seems only natural that they would at least be curious. Maybe this will offer some comfort to them or others who carry the question of, "Whatever happened to...?"

Based on my knowledge of how life seems to work, the abandonment and adoption happened for a reason and led me to consider an extraterrestrial heritage as well. More on the latter later. It was perfect. I just didn't know it yet. It certainly set me up to process some pretty deep stuff later in life, let alone comprehend an outcome in respect to reality.

What I know to be true is that our lives are part of a much bigger picture that we may learn over time...or not. That depends on our own choices. I believe there are others on a very similar path that could use the encouragement from one who's gone through the gamut, so to speak; dealt with the potential insanity and found profound peace in personal and professional matters from years of investigation.

What I do know is that I was blessed with the couple who adopted me at such an early age. At six weeks old I was delivered into their capable hands. The wait had a deep and profound impact, being aware of all the other little ones coming and going while I remained. It gave me an internal, "I've got a lot to offer but you will reject me," belief system that affected my life for many, many years.

According to some belief systems we choose our parents and if this is so then I was in the very best of hands. We make no mistakes at that level, or so I'm told.

How would that play out in my life?

Well, my name sure made a difference when I began to inquire deeper after a serendipitous encounter in my mid-20s.

So from the perspective of choice, I chose parents that somehow supported my spiritual search. Dad was cautious and considerate in most things, a tool and die maker that dealt with millionths of an inch tolerances in his work. He eventually became a 32nd degree Mason, a Knight Templar, and I'm sure he hoped I would follow. He always had a book; an avid reader of mystery and sci-fi books.

He was a small man physically; only 5'5", but his character and countenance were quite large and well respected throughout town. Everyone seemed to know and respect him and I got a lot of protection as a result. I was a mischievous teen. He never really expressed what he hoped I would become, other than happy and successful. I miss him.

Mom was a music teacher initially, who returned to college to get her master's degree in English and Literature, going on to teach 8th grade students until she retired. She was outspoken about education; moral and ethical decision-making that supported healthy conservative values in child development.

She always hoped I'd either become a preacher or a teacher. I did both and more, which you'll come to see. I didn't really match with her expectations, though.

Maturation and curiosity led me through OBEs, NDEs, a little necromancy, bi-location, telepathy and teleportation, geomancy, and on into hyperdimensional and quantum physics in my quest for aligning inner and outer worlds that I knew inherently shared the same Source.

Shooting the Tube

What I've witnessed is surely explained somewhere. Or is it? You be the judge as you read further. We teach ourselves from our experience. Sometimes there are no immediate answers to give you solace.

I believe that ultimately all we seek is to love and be loved, initially. In the course of that, longing for life if you will, we also question the nature of reality and our place in it. I see it as the form, fit and function of our being, the combination of consciousness we have access to and the body we occupy.



Curious Minds

A young start indeed....

I became aware of my adoption as soon as my parents thought I could understand its meaning. I think it was somewhere between 4 and 5 because I knew by the time I started kindergarten. Oh, what we learn in kindergarten. I knew somehow my life was very different from others, beyond my adoption, but it was a subtle feeling in the back of my mind that never really got resolved until much later in life.

My discussions even as a child were full of inquiry beyond my age and often an enigma to the adults. I always felt like there was more that they were not telling me and no matter how many times I asked 'why?' or 'how?' their comments never satiated my curiosity. It left me feeling a bit empty.

Evidently I was destined to explore reality with an insatiable curiosity. The first occurrence of 'paranormal' experiences happened when I was six years old during the fall of 1963, shortly before President Kennedy was assassinated. November 22 has a special significance later in my life as well.

I was looking out the front window of our two-story yellow wood-framed house on Harrison Street, the main drag of our tiny town. Once deemed, 'Small Town, USA' it had one main street a couple of miles long with five stop lights in the center of town. The first light on the north side of town was about a quarter-mile away.

The town was surrounded by farmland, but most of the folks in town were auto workers or employees of companies that contracted with the Big 3 in our area, only a few hundred miles south of Detroit. My home town's claim to fame was two-fold. We had the first natural gas well in the state and the first trolley line that ran about 15 miles between two towns in 1897.

Our Sidewalk Days featured Soupy Sales when I was in first or second grade, but he didn't appreciate my pie in the face to

Curious Minds

honor him in the best way I knew how. His TV show featured a pie in the face every week as part of his routine. How was I to know he wouldn't appreciate my thoughtfulness?

Two major railroads crossed southwest of the downtown area, with the north-south line less than a hundred feet from our back door. I used to lie in bed at night, listening to the train while being lulled to sleep by the clickity-clack of the railroad cars as they passed the house. Our backyard was kind of like a trapezoid because the railroad was at an angle to the street.

We had a few fruit trees and a grape arbor in the southwest corner, with a swing set and sandbox in the center of the yard and a detached single car garage bordering the north which matched the color of the house. To the north of the house were several more fruit trees; an apricot, peach, granny smith and dwarf pear. Harrison and Tyler Streets along with the railroad tracks formed the boundary.

We had a front porch that extended out from where I was standing. My parents' bedroom was partially above the porch and provided the ceiling of protection against the elements during bad weather. The front door led into a small entryway with stairs to the left forming a short wall. There was a small closet under the landing, created by the turn of the stairs, reversing their direction as they ascended to the second floor.

To the right of door was a large thick curtain that covered a previously used entrance to an apartment where my great aunt lived. Just a few yards inside the door was our living room, which had a television set in the opposite corner from the stairway, a couch and coffee table with a couple of chairs on opposite ends.

I lay in my bed and thought about what I had just been told. It was just after my fifth birthday and my parents had dropped a bomb that completely took me by surprise. "We think you are old enough to understand something now, and we've been waiting to tell you how we got you," Dad said. "How you got me?" I wondered silently, thinking I was going to learn something about the process of birth.

“Your mother and I aren’t able to have children the normal way, so we adopted you. What that means is that you are very special to us. We don’t know why, but your natural mother wanted to give you the chance to have a better life than what she could provide. She made a great sacrifice in allowing you to be adopted. We had been looking and waiting for you, knowing that we would find you somehow.” He looked at me with loving soulful eyes.

“We love you more than you might ever know and will raise you as our own flesh and blood. We want you to know how special you are and how much we wanted you as our son, Bruce,” Dad strained to explain the truth of my arrival as best he could. What can you explain to a 5-year old that wouldn’t make him seriously question his life and value?

“I want you to know that we both love you very much and we will always take care of you. I know it might be hard for you to understand what we are telling you now, but we wanted to let you know as soon as we thought you would understand so you would know the truth. We thought it best to tell you now instead of waiting until someday when you might find out from someone else,” mom confided. “Nothing will change in your life. We are your parents. You know we love you, right?”

“Yes,” I relied. I didn’t know what else to say. My mind was racing with the new information, trying to figure out what it all meant. I understood as best I could, but he immediately wondered why my ‘real’ mother didn’t want me.

“Brucey,” Dad went on with a most genuine and loving voice, “we know you might have questions about what we just told you. It might be hard for you to understand. You can ask us any questions, but we may not have all the answers. Your adoption records are private, which means no one can see them and we don’t know who your real mother is, honestly, only that she wanted a better life for you.”

I decided I’d had enough and asked if I could go play with my race track. I’d gotten a figure 8 track with a couple of electric race cars that I loved to race, a controller in each hand as they

Curious Minds

sped around the track. I like to feel the controllers in my hands and learned how to pull on the triggers just right to keep the cars close together. I lost myself in the activity for a while, watched a little TV and then went off to bed.

I lay awake for a while, my mind racing with all the thoughts of what Mom and Dad had just told me. In fact, I was treated with care and love by my new parents. They showered me with affection and even their Dalmatian, Ricky, let me hang out by his food bowl and pester him without so much as a hint of a snarl, usually leaning into me further if I stopped, even while he was eating. We were real pals since I could remember. I was only slightly bigger than Ricky.

Thinking about my adoption, I couldn't help but wonder about other parents and, since I had been going to Sunday school for some time, I even wondered about a Heavenly Father and Mother and how I might know them. Somehow I knew it all had to be connected somehow, but it was still a mystery.

The information certainly blew my mind, even though it would be years before I understood that concept. Part of me felt very alone, abandoned by the most important people in my life without knowing why. Part of me felt loved and very safe with my new parents. They were affectionate, caring and generous in birthday and Christmas gifts.

There was something else, though; another part of me that went deeper than usual. I didn't realize it at the time, but I was developing a thirst to know things beyond what I was being told. It seemed only natural that, according to what I was being taught, that my heavenly parents would be available for conversation, too. So I acted as if and proceeded.

I had talked to them already, as though they were listening to the questions I knew my adoptive parents couldn't answer and somehow they would answer me. Sometimes my dreams were vivid with characters and scenes that seemed so real, but I could never remember them once I woke up; it was just a feeling inside. Funny how we remember the vividness but not the details, although sometimes the details do come through.

A few weeks later I was standing at the small window on the landing of the stairs leading to the bedrooms, overlooking their front porch, leaning on the window sill and looking out into the darkness awaiting Dad's return from the store with my favorite – strawberry ice cream. I was anticipating the smooth and creamy delight as I watched the cars go by on the street.

Suddenly, out of the darkness and beyond my normal hearing I heard a booming voice call out, "Hey YOU!" I stood up and looked around, nearly frantic, looking for the source of the voice. I knew it had to be close by because it felt like it.

Seeing nothing, I spun around and with an excited yet wary voice I yelled out to the only other person around, sitting in the living room at the bottom of the stairs only a few feet away, "Mom, Mom...did you hear that voice?" "What voice?" came her reply. "That voice, it said, 'Hey You!'" I yelled. "I didn't hear any voice. It must've been a peeping Tom," she said without inquiring further.

We did have a voyeur in our little town, but surely she would have heard the voice if it was, especially as loud as it was. I could see the front yard easily from the porch light and the small circular window further up the stairway would've needed a ladder to reach. Although I could imagine someone carrying a ladder around, the likelihood was nearly impossible it was actually the case.

I felt alone in that moment knowing the voice couldn't have been what she thought, but I knew if I said anything more that she would not respond favorably. Even at my young age I had a sense of how people would respond to certain things beyond their knowing.

I turned back to the window and continued to wait for Dad, wondering who it was that had called out to me. Even with just the, "Hey You!" I had no doubt it was speaking to me. I thought maybe it was my heavenly father reaching out, since the voice felt familiar and, even though it was deep and loud, I wasn't afraid even in the slightest.

Curious Minds

Intensely curious was more like it. I couldn't believe that Mom did not hear it, but thought maybe she wasn't supposed to hear. My time in church had taught me that sometimes God talks to people and nobody else hears. Maybe this was like that and God had company.

I realized at that point that I had heard the 'Voice' from within my head and not with my physical ears, although I did not understand how or why. I remember telling Dad when he got home too, only to have Mom reiterate her assumptions. I felt alone and empty.

Acknowledging that a communication barrier existed between my parents and me, I had to find a way of understanding this 'Voice' and the feelings that came when I experienced it. It had a tremendous impact in my life at the time. I don't know if it was my imagination or something more, but it wasn't a one-time happening. The 'Voice' continued, but not so dramatic going forward.

I was caught up in my first experience. For some reason, I would stand in front of the window in my room, staring out into the darkness. I would leave the light on so that the glare on the window prohibited me from actually seeing outside. Eventually I turned the light off and challenged my fear of the unknown.

I'd shout out silently into the night, "Hey you," just as the voice sounded. Accompanying my thoughts would be a rush of energy from somewhere within me, like something within me was calling out, reaching out for something or someone. The energy would go out into the darkness as though it was being directed to a particular source.

I did not understand who or what. Then, within a few seconds, the energy would return with the same intensity as I sent out, but it came from a different source than me, it seemed. I wasn't sure how to put it in my construct.

In a way it was frightening yet there was a certain inner silent strength that built up over time. At first there was an intense rumbling, a stirring within my chest area every time it

happened, most of which was in the evening hours after dark. I never thought of actually listening or talking to it initially, but found I could later. At least someone was listening.

I don't know if I actually made the conscious choice to engage it differently, but I found it would respond if I paid attention. I didn't have a focused attention span for very long as a child. I don't think many of us do. Our development is not that disciplined. The memories are a bit vague, but the emotional impact remained.

My kindergarten was located in a house just down the alley and on the next block over from my grandmother's house. Nan Nan meant a lot to me and she always had a special place in my heart. I spent a lot of time there as a teenager, doing handy work and taking care of her yard.

She at least listened to me with an open mind when I had something I needed to talk about something. I didn't realize how unique the relationship was until later in life. I suppose because she never dealt with the hustle and bustle of transportation that her perspective on life was different. She was never concerned about time it seemed.

She used to tease me about those darn 'suckersaps' that would wake me up early during my overnight stays. There were several grandchildren from their four and we got together a few times during the year for the holidays.

Even as a teenager I made sure to visit her on a weekly basis and help around the house or yard with mowing or maintenance. PawPaw had passed away several years prior and I never really got to know him well. I just remember his constant hacking. I think he worked in a foundry in Indianapolis making castings for engines. Not much protection back then. No wonder he died of emphysema.

As I reflected on these childhood experiences as an adult, I often wondered if they were really real. In some sense I was sure of it. The impact of them was far to 'present' in my life. As I grew in my spiritual understanding it became apparent that the

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experiential process of relating to the ‘Voice’ held tremendous potential for relating to the connection between inner and outer realities.

We often keep these two areas separate in our daily lives, bridging them only in extreme circumstances of trauma or tragedy. *What if we were meant for more?*

Our intellect – the overactive mental meanderings bouncing from point to point in order to construct some kind of ‘safe zone’ for us to behave – becomes our master rather than our servant, keeping us preoccupied with the demands of its attention. Wouldn’t it be nice just to let go?

The mind is steeped in polarity from millennia of manipulation and those fears of incompleteness, being less than, losing our position in the pecking order and risking love are constantly vying for our attention. It is our challenge to move beyond the incessant gibberish of self-deprecation and sabotaging behavior.

I learned the essence of overcoming fear through this early process with the ‘Voice’ and my exploration of its complexity. So long ago I don’t remember everything but, I do have a remembrance of feeling like I was connecting with another world or a world much larger than it seemed everyone else was aware. I still wonder why so few seem to know of it today.

I think it is yet another paradox in the understanding of our consciousness. I had to relearn the process of moving beyond fear as an adult, as we all seem to be doing in this new millennial change of course during our economic meltdown.

The important lesson here, for me, was that the mind is only a tool and is empowered by what we choose to feed it. I knew that then, long before the self-help gurus hit the market with ‘The Secret.’ The mind can be quite powerful in innocent moments, too. Evidently I was using a greater part of my mind or Spirit without realizing what I was actually doing.

Oftentimes I think we are able to ‘engage the ethers,’ so to speak, because we have a natural connection to creation or

reality as we know it. Quantum theory seems to connect all the right dots of explanation, but there is no instruction for the practice of the process to make it usable to the individual.

I'm reminded of a time when I was about four or five, before kindergarten and the 'Voice' where I was entering the back of the sanctuary at church and naturally thought, 'Hi everybody,' to the congregation as I walked in with Mom and Dad. Instantly heads turned to look at us and I just remember feeling 'welcome' in that place.

I thought it was such a neat thing and years later I asked my parents if they remembered anything like that at all. What Mom did remember was me blurting out, "Isn't that beautiful," to one of my cousins on Dad's side of the family after the choir sang their special service song one Sunday.

My aunt was the church organist forever, only retiring after her eyesight had faded to legal blindness. Her son was a year older as well and they lived two doors down from my other grandparents on the West side of town, just a few blocks from the elementary school I attended a few years later.

He was sitting with his dad and sister further back and to the side of the sanctuary where I could turn my head and see them. Pappy, Herman Benefiel, passed away when I was six, just after Ricky, our Dalmatian, was put to sleep from an inoperable tumor on his bladder.

Pappy had owned a small grocery store, one of two in the town, since before the Great Depression of 1929. I remember the smell of the oil-soaked wood floor mixed with the meat trimmings. I was fascinated by his meat cutting, watching him behind the counter working on a large wooden block table.

I got the royal treatment in the store of course, with regular picks of the penny candy, sugar cones and candy cigarettes. My favorite was the strawberry and vanilla salt-water taffy. The store was a center piece for the town for many years.

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After Pappy passed it was run by Grandma, Thelma, and her two sisters, Edna and Mildred, hiring a full-time cutter for a year or so until they decided it was time to close the doors and retire. She passed away over a decade later while I was in my freshman year in college.

Back to the sanctuary scene now. To this day I remember what was weird was that nearly all of the people turned their heads and looked at us when I *thought* my greeting. Mom and Dad looked down at me with their prideful parental platitudes quite visible in their eyes, but never said a word as we continued to enter the sanctuary. I never thought about it being strange at the time. They obviously didn't think so either.

I've learned that telepathy is not so uncommon and I'll share some methods you can test later. I wasn't the first to explore for sure. Dr. J.B. Rhine was a pioneer in exploring the capabilities of telepathy in the late 1920s at Duke University, but the Zener cards seem to limit the potential.

As our technology for measurement develops, I believe we will find that our thoughts and feelings will prove to be our greatest allies – managed by our ability to consciously focus, empty dissimilar feelings and activate new mental processes.

Have you ever noticed that when you stare at someone across the room, they eventually look back at you? How do you think that works? I've seen it happen enough to know it is not mere coincidence.

Our mind's energy follows our attention. It is electronic. It has rules of functionality, too. We all have the ability to us it.

Most people do not access those abilities because their minds are so cluttered with random thoughts about the past, present and future at such a rapid pace that it is hard to keep up, to follow our own thinking, let alone have the awareness that we can slow down at all.

When we do garner that awareness, however, our thoughts can become laser-focused and attract the attention of one across the

room because their mind has the ability to perceive the energy beyond their own thoughts.

We THINK and therefore we ARE. That is the premise of many a magi. *The Law of Attraction* and book/movie, *The Secret*, compel one to consider the course of how our thoughts become things. The premise is that whatever we focus on strongly, with our thoughts and feelings, we attract in to our life – sometimes immediately, most often it takes a while for reality to respond.

The challenge of prudence seems to be to think pure thoughts, free of manipulation of data, persons or things. How do we do that? Is there a natural procession of thoughts that come when we learn how to be quiet inside?

Allowing the expression of the Soul through our mental consciousness completes the journey from the head to the heart, which is said to be the longest journey one can make. Once in the Heart Consciousness, the reflection of the Soul, the mind is guided through the process of connecting with Natural Order or Natural Law.

These are those things that man has yet to discover as we continue to push our way around the planet.

In *The Lucifer Principle*, Howard Bloom shares how men, and women in some cases, have pushed their way to control and dominance of markets, populations and planetary resources. We all know it, we all see it, and we all do little about it. Will we?

I find it rather odd that religion tries to blame man's inability to do the right thing and think intelligently on some being. In reality it is a product of the superorganism, ideas and the pecking order – the evil of man that comes from fear of loss.

Separation from Source (we all know there is one, we just can't agree on what to call it) is our own damn choice! How silly to blame it on something outside of ourselves. I mean, c'mon... Think about it!

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It is also important to note that our Christian word, Satan, comes from the Greek, *Thetan*, which means 'thinker.' Yes, we are all *Thetanic* by nature. We think, but are we? There is no condemnation there. It is HOW we think that is in question. How would Jesus think? That's subjective.

Our evolutionary process is to learn HOW to THINK in congruence with our creation and with everything we are connected. I often hear a playful voice in my head, my own this time, saying, "Oh Thetan, you thilly thavage." I get a lot of laughs when I tell the story in the right crowd. I get dirty glares and looks if I tell it in the wrong one.

Rarely do I drop it at that. I think we, as a human race, are ready to leave belief systems behind and advance to learning how to get along with one another as an outplaying of the ultimate belief system: oneness.

Our global environment now seems to require we change our modus operandi. I've changed careers and jobs so many times; waiting for the 'right' one to whisk me off to fulfill my 'destiny,' whatever that might be now. I've continued to view every job, position, project or production as a step toward the Promised Land.

I anticipate getting there, but I don't know how or when. I yearn for opportunities to connect, collaborate and commerce in support of the theme of harmony among people and planet. The scope is wide open for holistic business practice across industry boundaries and political borders to take us to the next level of global integration.

Early Initiations and Strange Visitations

We moved into a new house my father had designed just after my seventh birthday and the 'Voice' continued to be part of my private inner life. I also practiced the interaction with the 'Voice' through the window in my bedroom in the evenings after dark.

It was such an exhilarating experience that words, in my young vocabulary, were not available to express. The experience resided in more of a feeling than could be talked about or discussed, so it was fitting that I had no discussions with my adoptive parents about it. Maybe you can relate.

We lived in a small subdivision of about 25 homes that was surrounded on three sides by farmland or grazing fields, right on the north edge of town (pop 7500). There was a drainage ditch for the fields that ran along the north and west sides of the development. There was a five-acre field just behind our house with a large fenced field, probably close to 20 acres, where cattle would graze regularly during the day. The ditch split the field in nearly equal parts.

We were on the far east side and on the highest lot in the neighborhood, with the road at a slight incline down to the ditch, good enough for some sledding in winter. There were two large oak trees on the northeast corner (furthest from town), just across the ditch. To the west of the area with the trees was a corn field of several hundred acres with a half-mile square woods as its northern boundary.

I spent a lot of time playing in and around this ditch, year round, as it usually only had a trickle of water running through it. I suppose it was more of a creek that had been dug out some years prior, allowing the yearly floods to move without damage to the surrounding area. Some days I walked back to the woods a few hundred yards further to the north, beyond the corn field. I think I got Mom to join me for a picnic once or twice.

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As a young boy I remember I could not even reach half-way around the trunk, so the tree had to have been over 100 years old. Sometimes I'd play with other children, exploring the branches of the tree with growing confidence. I would spend hours and hours in those trees; my favorite activity to sway up and down, nearly 20 feet, on a huge limb that had somehow grown nearly straight out from the huge trunk.

Of course I would join the neighborhood children my age to play games like hide-and-go-seek. We always had the watchful eyes of the neighborhood on us and back then and there, doors were always open.

The majority of the children on the block did not have similar interests and preferred more social games, so much of the time I spent alone in the woods. I spent hours by myself in the woods free of distractions from the outer world; playing with frogs, catching and releasing salamanders and snakes and being watched by an occasional chipmunk, rabbit or squirrel.

There was a red fox that would wander by sometimes, too, keeping a wary distance of course. There were deer in the wood as well, although I usually never saw them. This protected environment, away from adult supervision, was very conducive to the explorative nature of a young boy where virtually no harm could come. I was so fortunate.

During this time I began having out-of-body-experiences or OBEs. I didn't know they were called that, or anything else for that matter, when they first started happening. I had no reference point at all, like free-falling with your eyes closed.

When they first began, the sensation of separation was rather intimidating. I had moments of sheer terror as I thought I was about to die, but I soon learned to let go as there was truly no reason for fear.

When I thought, "Am I dying?" the voice returned and spoke to me as though I'd known it forever. "Just relax and let go," it said, "you'll be fine." Since I wasn't hurt or sick and felt perfectly healthy, there was no reason to be concerned, even

though this sensation was really strange. I took a breath and ‘let go’ only to slowly rise up from my body. I wasn’t sure what to do. It felt like my body was electrified and I could hear a high-pitched tone that appeared just as I began to rise up.

Now the reason I felt like my body was electrified was that I’d learned that electricity wasn’t too dangerous only recently. I was one of those curious sorts that had to experiment with everything. I used the transformer for my electric train, detached from the track, to feel a shock of varying intensity as I held onto the bare end of the wires and moved the dial on the transformer. I tried to hold on with it turned up all the way. I could only manage a second, maybe, feeling the electric shock through my entire body and unable to hold on.

The sensation as I began to lift up felt like a less intense transformer shock and I was excited that I could ‘hold on’ to the feeling as I rose from the bed. I felt like I was on a big fluffy pillow and unable to find my balance as I looked side to side and felt the rock of my body as I did.

As I continued to rise, only just a few feet, I was looking at the ceiling approaching. As I got closer, I turned, effortlessly, to look back at my body on the bed. I was shocked to see it lying there, eyes closed and peaceful, while I was above it in some ‘other’ body. It was really strange, but awesome!

I turned back to look at the ceiling, heard Mom call my name, and slammed back into my physical body with a jolt. “That was really fun!” I thought, “but if I tell Mom she’ll just say something to make it seem like my imagination.” I didn’t want to risk that again.

In the weeks and months following, I had several other out-of-body journeys and learned how to fly around town in the process. They didn’t happen regularly and I didn’t have control over when they would happen. I didn’t know how to make them happen on command, but I learned to recognize when they could happen; a certain sensation and ‘tone’ that would creep into my awareness as I lay in bed, usually just before I would drift off to sleep.

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The first few times I only got partially out and snapped back in because I got scared. It was a totally new experience to me, so I was really uncomfortable to begin with, much the same as many who first experience O.B.Es. I'm not sure what spurred me on to move through the fear. I can only say that maybe I had some inner knowing beyond my curiosity.

Later in college I had a very profound experience that went beyond the OBE and even near-death-experience (NDE), launching me into a vastness of nearly indescribable magnitude. Do you ever wonder if you were created for a specific purpose?

As the OBEs began I was very relaxed and even serene, my mind silent. I felt like I was becoming weightless; my mental focus was in the observer mode as I was paying attention to the feeling more than thinking about it or analyzing it. It felt totally natural, but so different than anything I'd ever felt before.

In time the feeling of floating, and even rising, became more comfortable, even invigorating. I soon learned how to initiate them just by remembering the sensations, so my mind became focused on feeling instead of thinking. Getting over the fear of death was important.

When I first learned of meditation over a decade later, the desired state of consciousness seemed nearly identical; as one focuses on each chakra¹ in certain practices. My recollection of the specifics of those early trips is a bit hazy now, but the process is still intact. I used it early on in college with some amazing results, but you'll hear about that further along. For now, we'll get back to the story.

I remember the first experiences of floating around the house and the neighborhood was really fun. I did not venture much past the boundaries of our small town, though. My world was small at that age and I had not thought of further exploration at the time; just stuck to familiar territory I suppose.

¹ One of the seven centers of spiritual energy in the human body according to yoga philosophy.

I enjoyed an insatiable curiosity with a near-fearless attitude when it came to conquering the fear of death, at least what I had to address intellectually in order to get free of my body initially. It was surprising how effortless it was, but when I tried to force it nothing happened. I suppose it was my first lesson in letting go and learning how to flow.

So each new experience was exciting to me from the beginning; the gentle nestling of my mind into thoughtlessness, the rise of the tingling sensation in my entire body, the awareness of my heart-beat and then the sound current filling my consciousness as I effortlessly floated upward.

Suffice it to say that this process, like many, is simple. But, the discipline and effort to reach this state as we become more condensed in the world is a profound challenge; one that few choose to explore.

Looking back now, I think there was a natural openness and vulnerability, like all young ones, that helped not just to scratch the surface but to carve out additional neuro-pathways in areas not often traveled by the flow of consciousness.

My imprinting, based on that fearlessness, has allowed a deeper self-examination over the years. When one is free to explore their own depths without fear, the potential for clearing out the cobwebs increases dramatically. Truth holds up to scrutiny and loves to be challenged as we mature.

I am painfully aware of the consequences of such openness as well. During those days though, I was just starting to play the three balls: base-, basket- and foot-. I was more coordinated than most, but I still didn't have the aggressive competitiveness that came with testosterone. I enjoyed the game for the fun, played my best hoping others could too, and accepted whatever result was in store. Now school was another story.

I really enjoyed school and challenged my teachers early on, but I had a challenge with listening and interpreting correctly. I tended to take their words literally, so when the principal took over my second grade class one day, I was both excited and

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exasperated within a short time. I was ‘rolling my eyes’ while she was engaging the class.

She told me if I continued that she would ‘show me the paddle’ in her office. Well, I wanted to ‘see’ the paddle so I continued. Not only did I see it; I got that wonderful stinging sensation of a nice hardwood swung firmly against my buttocks. Of course I argued that all I wanted was to see the paddle. I thought better of rolling my eyes again.

Academically, I must’ve been pretty intelligent because I always got my work done way ahead of most of the others, with excellent results, so I had plenty of time to get into trouble. I didn’t do ‘bad’ things but I had a hard time remaining in my seat. I was a curious kid, maybe what ‘they’ would want to term ‘hyperactive’ today, but I could focus without a problem.

A dear friend, Jill, teaches ‘gifted’ children now and reflects the same of her students, only now there are methodologies she engages to manage the mayhem. I believe that many ‘special ed’ or ‘exceptional’ students are misdiagnosed and drugged without concern as well, missing their innate intelligence and inadvertently causing harm.

There was no such ‘gifted’ terminology then, but now there are ‘classic’ signs that an observer can identify within the students that are indicators of their advanced intelligence. Education has advanced to a science now. Jill made it a point to go through one of the lists, pointing out nearly every indicator as being traits she recognized in me still. Well, I never really wanted to grow up anyway, but I digress. So returning to my childhood...

Inner experiences began to change during the fall of that year, just after my eighth birthday. I remember waking up one night or at least I was sure I was, like I woke up with another set of eyes, and found myself looking down from the upper left corner of my bedroom from where I lay sleeping. The funny thing was that I was still lying in bed, too.

As I was watching myself with these other eyes, I slid out from under the covers, walked a few steps and opened the bedroom

window, climbed out and started walking towards the field that was just a few hundred feet to the northeast from our home.

There were no fences on the yards, so I walked catty-cornered through the neighbor's yard on the way to the pasture. This field was surrounded by a fence, though, like most of the farmland and fields in the area.

I followed myself and watched as I climbed over the fence and walked out toward the middle of the field, several hundred yards to the nearest fence line by the time I reached the center.

I became even more curious when, as I continued to watch from a vantage point above the scene, my physical body, or at least the one that had been acting under the rules of normal reality, suddenly began rising up into the air.

Wondering where I was going, I looked up and saw a bright, fluorescent orange cloud that kind of resembled a huge cigar only it was nearly a mile long it seemed.

This 'cloud' completely dwarfed the field, appearing huge in the sky. There were no lights or anything to make me think it was anything other than a cloud. It was just bright orange. It reminded me of the bubble gum cigars my grandfather stocked in their store, one of my favorite items in the candy isle.

I'm not sure how high in the air it actually was, but it was definitely lower than any cloud I'd seen to date. It was an awesome sight; just looking up at it made me forget about everything else at the moment.

By this time I was so absorbed watching my other body headed toward the cloud that all I could do was just observe. I remember no apprehension, only a sense of awe and this high-pitched buzzing feeling. As I reached the perimeter of the cloud and started to enter, the part of me that was watching began being drawn into the body that was going into the cloud. You could say that my *observer* became one with the *participant* at that point.

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I wanted to see what was inside and also felt like being snapped back into the physical body, much the same sensation as my early OBEs. The next thing I was aware of was waking up in bed the next morning, safely under the covers with everything appearing normal. The first few times I awoke with a sense of wonder, somewhat bewildered, yet energized by the experience. I couldn't wait to go back.

As time went on, I lost the intense feeling of wanting to return, but it didn't seem to make a difference. I never knew when it was going to happen. These experiences continued for about two years; maybe a couple of times a month or so for the duration from what I recall. I thought they were just dreams that only seemed more real somehow, but still dreams nonetheless. Apparently they weren't.

It never occurred to me that it was more than I had dreamed it could be, cited by several sources as 'contactee' stories of the unidentified flying object variety in several volumes I found later. As time progressed I did find myself contemplating greater depths of reality and the feelings of connectedness. These were thoughts that I didn't care to share, but found myself preoccupied with at times. I still do. It seems my life's work has been to 'figure it out' and share what I find.

I didn't have the intellectual vocabulary to 'think' about this feeling of connectedness in any great detail, though, *being* a young boy was about all I was interested in doing. My days were occupied with the normalcy of Midwestern life in the early 60s, complete with a 'Cleaver' kind of home life. These 'feelings' were deep inside beyond what my mind could or would think about most of the time.

Occasionally I would have glimpses of how my thoughts, naturally occurring ones that came without provocation, influenced my surroundings. Much later in life I had even more profound experiences and revelations that will blow your mind.

Although I didn't have in-depth discussions with teachers and preachers, there was something beyond the books and theories that seemed discoverable, yet hidden from daily discussions. In

listening to the Sunday school lessons and all the Christian stories, something didn't make sense. There was too much focus on good and evil and the plight of man, but I really didn't understand why I felt that way. Somewhere inside was this gnawing about a deeper reality, one that was already intimately insatiate, never satisfied yet compelling us to look for it.

It was obvious from my inquiries with friends that they weren't having any similar experiences or if they were, it wasn't part of their memory. I couldn't help but feel a little like an outcast and social misfit, even though I had very few personality conflicts or problems in school, my neighborhood or socially for the most part. I just felt different.

Sure there were a few challenges, but hey, who doesn't have them? Every one of those leaky relationships on that ocean of emotion nearly always became a friend. We learned how to grow, together. I still can mingle in about any circle.

Call me gullible and naive, but my early life had demonstrated that it was 'safe' to be in these places of openness and honesty. That didn't mean that you expressed yourself every time your feelings got hurt, but if something was said or done that felt totally out of place it was important to say something.

I had learned that you say what you think and feel, but you know no matter what you say or do, Mom and Dad still love you no matter what.

Dad used to say, "Tell the truth. You never have to worry about what you said and problems can always be fixed." I grew up with a high degree of openness and honesty, as much as I could feel or sense, so the imprinting or nurturing, for the nature/nurture crowd, favored open and vivid communication. It wasn't until later that he confided, "The truth is less than full disclosure." That one plagued me for decades.

Why couldn't he have told me that earlier? It really didn't matter. I still think that full disclosure is better. You can deal with all the information and not get caught off guard by missing details. Sometimes, though, people can't handle it.

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What I got out of it was ‘be gentle with the truth when you can be and withhold information, if necessary, to protect the feelings of others.’ I didn’t particularly know about the art of keeping secrets at that time. I didn’t filter or hesitate, even when I had problems explaining my experiences.

I continued doing my best to articulate my experience, even sometimes ‘puffing up’ a little from throwing in a word I’d heard Mom or Dad use that seemed much more intelligent.

My parents didn’t change their behavior toward me just because I didn’t always make ‘sense’ to them or even because I took all the doors off the cabinets in the kitchen one day while she wasn’t watching. Mom swears I was 3 at the time, but probably closer to five. I put them back on and they both laughed about the whole thing after I was done.

So, I found a challenge in the congruence of words and actions of others, especially when at the expense of others safety or well-being in outbursts of anger or just plain stupid behavior, to be very hard to understand. I sure didn’t know how to deal with liars, because it was hard for me to accept that anyone would purposely deceive another. How naïve is that?

I can understand this much better now as an adult, but back then it was brutal emotionally. The inquisitiveness was still there as a child, curious about relationships and understanding motivations yet extremely vulnerable in my trust.

As kids, we all learn about the dichotomy of words and actions, some to the extreme. We watch the actions of others carefully. We develop an emotional coat of armor over time as we weave our way through life, taking it off occasionally for intimate others. We still tend to hold back a bit, even with them.

“Damn it, Bruce, do you have to trust everyone?” my father used to say, too. The truth is less than full disclosure, I’ve been told. I’m not sure I agree with that, although in some circumstances I can see where full disclosure is complete overkill and could cause unnecessary emotional trauma.

How do you feel about withholding? Can you tell without a doubt when someone is not being completely honest with you? Is it important that they are honest? Do people trust you? Why?

My parents already knew that my IQ was off the scale from the testing during grade school, although they had not shared this information with me until my early thirties. I was a bit angry, although not surprised, that they had not told me. I remember well their mantra when report cards came out, “That’s good, but we know you can do better.”

I always got high marks, but citizenship grades were included in the ‘final’ grade. I was a bit hard to handle sometimes. I was 45 or so when I discovered the imprint, ‘I’ve got a lot to offer, but you will reject me’ so deeply buried I found the awareness alone totally freeing.

If I had known about my intelligence from sources outside myself, I might have had the confidence to excel instead of just being near the top. I might have had the drive to use my intelligence instead of turning on in school, tuning in to a separate reality and dropping out of the competition for the top spot. It is what it is and I still love who I’ve become.

I know I could have done things differently with that information. I’m sure they had the best of intentions for not telling me. They didn’t want it to go to my head and promote undue self-importance.

As I have reviewed my ‘intelligence’ many times over during my self-analysis phases, I found it is as much a curse as a blessing. I knew I was smart even if my parents hadn’t shared that I was actually brilliant. Brainiacs border insanity, not because of their inability to maintain a focus on reality.

Yet, because their thoughts and verbalizations are often above the intelligence level of those around them the natural inclination is to subdue or reject what is not understood, instead of engaging and inquiring further. I’ll give you some more examples of insanity later.

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During those years spiritual or metaphysical experience and understanding was viewed as so far out of the norm that it must be the result of some mental disorder. Talking about any kind of communication with the dead was viewed as being of the devil. Conversations with others unseen were more tolerable in their minds I guess.

I didn't want to be cut off from something I had learned to enjoy. All these years, though, and never once have I been misguided by them even in the most critical and tumultuous times in my life and especially in situations involving intimate others in the relationships of daily living.

That understanding is even more of a challenge to share in most environments today including the very places it should be welcomed, let alone any strategic planning for business, education or community development. I've discovered some methodologies that blend or synergize an expanded awareness in many best practices now.

They are really simple and just make way too much sense, yet everyone seems to miss the message. I've used them in my construction partnering (team building) workshops with project stakeholders for the Army Corps of Engineers, DOD, Homeland Security and Departments of Transportation.

I'm getting ahead of myself here, so let's go back a bit.

Are You Experienced? Well, I am...

Many of us have experimented with various substances in our younger years, especially in the 70s, and some may still. I'm not about to pass judgment, just acknowledgement of some realities. Psychotropics became increasingly interesting with the rise of Aldous Huxley, Timothy Leary, Ram Dass, Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, The Beatles et al.

A voracious intellect bored with school, because of the lack of real challenge, can find release in the effects of these substances on the mind. Many students still self-medicate to get them through the days. I don't judge it or recommend it, but it is what is happening in schools across America still.

Carlos Castaneda was a favorite author among many and the intrigue of shamanism went beyond the dichotomy of religions so the area was ripe for exploration. Jonathan Livingston Seagull gave flight to an inquiring mind as I began to question reality deeper.

I cannot say that I am proud of my decision to explore these realms, but I certainly didn't have any brain cells destroyed in the process. I did have missed opportunities because of my choices and I'd be a liar if I said I had no regrets.

I found that trap doors are just that. They get you in but they don't necessarily let you out. However, once you find that you can open the door without force it is much easier to go back and do it naturally. I'm speaking of accessing realms of consciousness of course.

Frank Alper, as a newly deemed Baba Ram Dass, wrote extensively about the doorways along with Huxley, Castaneda and others. I find it interesting that the 'spiritual' field still has major judgments on self-discovery through sacred plants or other psychotropic catalysts honored by indigenous practices.

The reality was that it was only a catalyst that opened the mind to new concepts and ideologies of connectedness to ALL THAT IS. The latter being the net result, each life has to move on in

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the realization of it *without* the substances involved in order to live in that awareness. The door to perception opens further.

We think and act, but without the knowledge of self, and through the other side of the looking glass we have the awareness and knowledge of ourselves. It is without the substance of a separate reality, but it opens us to hearing and seeing more deeply into our own.

I remember the first time as though it was yesterday or at least the day before. I dropped with my parents, not 'with' them but in the back seat of Dad's Buick on the way to an out-of-town high school basketball game.

I had several friends on the reserve varsity team and my parents liked supporting them too. I loved the game and would've been on the team, too, but I had literally ran over the JV coach in football practice earlier in the year and it was apparent he did not care for me after that incident.

I ran a 4.3 second 40 yard dash in full gear, so I wasn't a bit sluggish off the line and I had a great sense of timing with the whistler. We were doing backfield split-the-dummy hand-off exercises. As soon as we got the hand-off we had to split the large dummies in front of us, held by teammates, and go whatever direction the coach pointed after we got through the dummies. It was kinda fun.

The backfield coach sat directly on the other side and told us if he hadn't pointed by the time we got there to run him over... so I did, and embarrassed him further unintentionally. Ooops...

I was just following directions. He hadn't pointed and so, well, I did what I was told. The whole group of guys cheered as it happened. He picked himself up, along with his hairpiece that got knocked off, and proceeded to sarcastically congratulate me. Well, you can imagine the rest of the story.

I enjoyed playing as a defensive safety under another coach's eye and I also quarterbacked the reserve team. However, he was also the varsity reserve basketball coach. Rather than push my

luck, I decided not to try out for the reserve team that year which effectively ended my basketball career.

So there I was, launching into my first experience on ‘acid.’ It was pretty cool as I watched the trails from the basketball as it was being passed around and shot. I could sense that if I relaxed and let my mind go that the experience got more intense and I could sense the movement and sounds of the gym in a hypersensitive way, feeling the sounds as much as hearing them. It was like I became part of it all.

I could also bring myself back to a ‘normal’ state and interact with others like normal and nobody knew the difference. I even went up to one of my best friends’ father and talked to him about our overnight plans for later after the game. I liked the control of being able to go in and out of the experience at will.

Some years later I went off the deep end and spoke to him and Dad about the benefits of taking LSD while they sat at our kitchen table. It was not my best choice, for sure. I sure understood what Huxley must’ve felt.

After we returned home and while waiting for my friend, I laid on my sister’s bed (she was at a slumber party) talking on the phone to a girl and watching the patterns of headlights and shadows play on the ceiling.

Again, the scene seemed to be breathing with me and as I looked out at the lights they were surrounded by brilliant auras of varying colors, like rainbow-sparkled bubbles undulating in the darkness.

It was drizzling rain that night too, so the refraction of the light in the rain was absolutely gorgeous. When my friend finally showed up, we went out for pizza. When he turned the windshield wipers on I remember thanking him for letting me see clearly. I couldn’t help but laugh afterward.

We both got involved in DeMolay as well. I was already a Master Councilor at the time. About a year or so later he became our Master Councilor. We had an outdoor initiation

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planned at a local gravel pit; turned campground and swimming hole.

We had everything set up and he was to give a 'Flower Talk' to the incoming. Several of us, including the future class valedictorian, dropped just before the start of the program. Not all admit it years later.

Well, it started raining so we had to take everything down and move it back in town to the Masonic Temple and carry on the program there. We had planned the 'trip' to start about the time we got done with the ceremony, but it was well past the time when we finally got started.

It was his first initiation into the world of psychotropics and I knew he'd be challenged by the shift in consciousness, but he made it through the talk just fine and we returned to the campout a short time later. The rest of the evening was spent sharing perceptions and incredible thoughts about 'reality.'

My first consciousness expansion couple with a real visual experience came while sitting in my high school study hall, peering at the table in front of me as I had my chin resting on my hands on top of it. As I stared at the table, I began to see layers upon layers of waveforms all nicely nestled into each other, seemingly creating the table.

The most vivid point was 'seeing' the layers of the laminates used in the table top. As I watched intently it appeared as though these patterns ebbed and flowed with my breath. The orchestration of their movement was truly amazing at the time. I could literally see the layers as waveforms, undulating to some rhythm that I could not hear....yet.

Eastern philosophy offered an explanation that everything is vibration, not near as solid as one might believe. Many years later, quantum physicists and leading-edge pioneers in the field described very similar structures to reality.

I know that was just a moment in time with a profound viewing of the nature of creation, or at least that is what it appeared like

to me. Instead of just turning on, tuning in and dropping out, like Tim Leary suggested, I was intensely curious about the experience and the effects on my senses.

I never had the ‘hallucinations’ that I heard about, just a much more vivid display of perceptual reality. I got the chance to speak to Tim a couple of years before his death. My excitement waned quickly, though.

At the time Dr. Leary seemed only a shell of what I expected from one so intimately involved in the expansion of consciousness. Many years had passed and not all of them suited him. His own battle with physical reality was failing, although he still had a twinkle in his eyes.

One of my early desires had finally been fulfilled at least. I’d spoken to the man responsible for so many trips into the depths of consciousness and beyond, outside looking in.

What I found later was the explanation for it all, along with a growing understanding of cooperating with the natural actions of time, space, and matter. Mathematical formulas for constructing geometric shapes we all study in school really do have a connective framework with the foundational structure of time and space, thus facilitating the manifestation of matter. Recent movies like *The Matrix*, *What the Bleep Do We Know?*, and *TRON-The Legacy* hint of it.

Many years later I would return to the quest of understanding, only with my mind free of substance and much better prepared to ask prudent questions.

Sitting in an advanced geometry class in high school, I became aware that many of the internal images and patterns I was seeing were indeed mathematical models of these equations, passed down through discovery and revelation of earlier inquisitors of the nature of matter. I couldn't understand what it all meant then.

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All I knew was that, with eyes closed, I was seeing these same patterns in the movements of my mind and the traveling of my thoughts during those days.

Many artists and computer animation wizards are creating the same images for mandalas, wormhole effects for movies, and the imagery of the inner journey expressed on canvas. I'm still in the quest of how it flows together; to understand its significance in the natural order of our evolution, which this exploration seems to precipitate.

We are given many indicators as to how to find truth, a cohesive reality of connected experiences, in spite of what the neighbors might think. Back then there was little information to explore beyond religious texts.

Now there is a plethora of paths one can take through any chain bookstore, across the sections of occult, psychology, religion, self-help or spirituality just to name a few. I found a much more exciting world within than many were able to reach, hearing and seeing more subtle realms than most people considered at the time. It became enticing.

I was in a new world that few even knew about, let alone could express with any surety. Something in here made sense at the core of my being, but bringing it forth into conversation was nearly impossible.

The OBEs of my younger years sort of prepared me for the intense inner journeys as I'd been able to go beyond the fear of death, which released me to travel down the rabbit hole to a whole new world of inner imagery as I explored further. Bob Monroe and Tom Campbell were just getting started at the time with psychospiritual scientific studies.

Of course I was just awed by the inner trips down the wormholes and through the geometrically crafted doorways into worlds of wonder. The imagery was so beautiful and flowed from one image to another with effortless transitions. Many years later I would recognize many of the same images in fractals and sacred geometry studies. Regardless of what one

might think, the internal worlds are real no matter how you might reach them.

I hadn't done a lot of research on spiritual platforms yet, but this sure introduced me to the concept of what 'cosmic consciousness' might entail. I also enjoyed the conversations that deep thoughts evoked in my circle of friends, considering the possibilities of how the world could change if only people realized they didn't have to be so scared.

Now I have to say that I wasn't entirely single-minded in my approach to experiencing the inner realms on my own. I went to my share of concerts and parties, but I preferred to hang out with others that had a more intellectual experience rather than the 'party heartier' types.

I preferred to think more than less and engage deep philosophical questions while enjoying the opportunity to experience. One of the effects I most enjoyed was that 'serious' [drama trauma] matters became so trivial and even humorous, especially when it involved obvious ploys of the ego.

It was the beginning of understanding, for me, of how utterly silly it is to believe the mind is the master, without connection to everything around us. I came to realize that the mental constraints, emotional blocks and false belief systems one carries, come up for examination in so many ways in this altered state.

One truly has the opportunity to 'free the mind,' as Morpheus would say.

The more attached people were to their stuff, stressful situations or dis-eased thoughts, their demons would rise out of the darkness of their minds to visit them in the reality of their trip. Some could handle them, some could not. My cousin found out the hard way.

After a bad trip he was put in the psyche ward and in the medical profession's infinite wisdom, was given 51 shock treatments over a few weeks' time. How insane! They left him

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nearly incapable of carrying on an intelligent conversation. He was a brilliant student before those events and we had some wild discussions.

I removed myself from the psychotropic scene a long time ago, but I have to say it helped me to 'free my mind' of the constraints of limited thinking early on; remaining out-of-the-box for the rest of my life. I must have a strong constitution or maybe a powerful guardian angel, but I am fortunate to have a strong mind and contemplative spirit to this day. It's all good.

I am concerned about how the youth of today try to find solace in various synthetic ways, few of them anywhere close to being healthy for the mind, body and spirit. Still, they recognize the world as it is has little to offer one who truly desires to seek the mysteries of creation's natural order.

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I must confess that my home life was fairly ideal, with parents who really cared about my well-being and happiness. Nearly everyone in town knew them and whether I knew it or not, my activities always got back to them. I was quite popular in school, never saw a reason to ditch, and played varsity sports the entire time. I'd met a girl as a sophomore that I fell for right away, and she for me.

It was one of those 'when our eyes met' kinda things, reciprocal attraction. She was a cheerleader as well. I began visiting her at home as her parents would not allow her out on a date yet. She wasn't from the best of homes and lived in what was considered to be 'the other side of the tracks' neighborhood. I didn't care. She was sweet, pretty and intelligent.

We went everywhere together. She was a cheerleader, too. I would pick her up before each game and even when I wasn't playing, during basketball season, I still made sure she got to the games and home again. Of course, the ride home usually took a bit longer than normal. It is amazing what you can do in an Opel GT.

We were a couple all the way through high school, virtually inseparable. Her parents thought the world of me and I enjoyed them, although they were much different than my own. Their home was small and appeared that it had many add-ons over the years. It was cozy, though.

I'm quite sure I lost focus after my senior year, feeling the angst of my future considerations. I think I just wanted freedom and used the excuse to 'break up' with her, thinking she would be there when I returned if there wasn't any action on campus. I was so wrong. Regardless, I risked the loss over my sense of integrity thinking she would not willingly give me permission to explore other attractions at Ball State.

My own values were such that I couldn't violate her trust, yet I did. I'm sure I'm not the only guy that has made such blunders

and maybe there are some who didn't risk the loss and still managed to enjoy some encounters without commitment.

Many, many years later on our way to play golf, my mother confided in me that she wasn't sure that humans were made for monogamy. We had been talking about my girlfriends over the years, since my divorce, and that I had nearly always felt something was 'missing' in my relationships.

Mom's comment was a huge shock, especially coming from one that I held so precious in the category of pristine relationships. She and dad had been together over 50 years at the time and never ever, even under intense questioning, gave any hint of violating their own relationship in any way. I was dumbfounded that she would say such a thing.

But, you know, I think she could be right. Pair bonding is quite rare in the animal kingdom. The idea of past lives and soul mates sure gives reasonable cause for why one might encounter such deep feelings outside a primary relationship.

What if we could freely care about others, including having sexual relations, and not feel guilty?

What if our belief systems have kept us from a greater experience of loving and being loved?

Is it so wrong to love many?

What about the soul's progression according to ancient texts and mystery schools?

Is there a greater reality yet to be discovered in fullness by losing a perceived 'moral' code?

Are we really capable of loving others without attachments to their behavior?

The question is: can they love each other?

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Honestly, I think our culture is not equipped for such a leap in unconditional love to step away from the conditional pair-bonding propagated by millennia of religious and social practice in the West.

Circling back from that tangent in order to continue, I'd graduated 10th in my class of 300+ and was preparing to enter the pre-med program at Ball State University, having just turned 18. In the process I tested out of 5 quarters through the College Level Examination Program, so I started as a 6th quarter sophomore. I did amazingly well on the tests, but it still didn't dawn on me that I might actually be brilliant, let alone a genius.

This was my first time living away from home, even though Muncie and Ball State were only a half-hour away. I was living in the honors dorm on the north side of campus, Swinford Hall, on the top floor of four and had a roommate from Terre Haute named Eric. It was his second year. He introduced me to much of the campus life, but he was not as gregarious so he left out a few necessary details.

I didn't try out for sports, but I did join a flag football league with a bunch of guys from our floor. We were called the 'Off Brothers.' I found out later that the name had to do with getting really stoned before games. We still seemed to do quite well most of the time. At worst, we had a great time.

I had a full academic load, 17 credit hours, and managed to make it through the first quarter with a 3.33 average. These triple combinations and more would become significant in the years to come. I always loved repeating numbers and palindromes.

My first quarter's academic effort was pretty darn good, considering I still hadn't developed any real study habits from high school and I was smoking pot on a regular basis. I just read the books, did the work when necessary and showed up in class. In spite of my pseudo-success academically, I was missing someone.

There had been no 'hook ups' with attractive young college coeds and I missed the connection we shared.

After my first quarter I realized that girls weren't flocking to my door and I wasn't as suave and debonair as I thought. I was quite gregarious and easily engaged girls that I thought were attractive, but I was really shy and socially inept when it came to stepping out of my comfort zone and asking for a date.

I returned home with the intent of asking my high school beau to marry me. Like I said before, I had 'broken up' with her because I didn't want to violate my integrity (in my own mind) in case I met or was approached by another girl at school. Yeah, well, teenagers don't have a lot of wisdom you know. At that time I was full of myself and dreamed of many encounters happening in the new environment and freedom from home. But I had no game. I was shy.

In any case, after I dropped off laundry at home I went to her house - full of anxiety, excitement and trepidation. I wasn't sure how she would receive me. I knocked on the door and her father answered. I asked if she was home and he replied, "Haven't you heard?" with a bit of surprise.

My heart leapt into my throat. "Heard what?" I asked, thinking she'd been in an accident and had been mortally wounded. I came to find out that she was already married... a few weeks before. I was heart-broken, bereft of feeling in the moment. I thought I'd made the right decision, only I didn't think about the consequences before I made the choice.

Remember, teenagers don't have a lot of emotional wisdom yet. They barely have started to ask the right questions to get it, let alone have any emotional intelligence beyond self-interests.

I returned home disappointed, depressed and heart-broken. I felt lost and alone and even though my parents were shocked that she was married already, they could only offer encouragement of life moving on somehow. Yeah, they could say that. They met as grade schoolers, maintained a friendship all through school, got married and never had to face the separation.

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I have to say they were a poor example for a child to learn about reality; the pain and suffering of love. They are still together after nearly 60 years of marriage, a bit frail and delirious at times, but still very much in love.

Actually, though, they were the best example that one could have to learn about relationships, working through any difficulty and remaining true to their values. I never witnessed them argue, but they revealed later that they had their fair share. Still, conversations were always open as far as I could tell.

I returned to school with my whole life ahead of me, but feeling like I had nothing to live for now. I went inside and withdrew into my emotional quagmire. I was silent for a time, even in the classroom, where I'm usually quite outspoken and provocative.

So, one evening I knelt in prayer. "Heavenly Father, I want to know truth, eternal truth, and I'm willing to die for it if necessary." I was deathly serious. Time would prove that.

Although short, this heart-felt cry was a most intense prayer from my heart. I called out from the depths of the despair within me to seek something totally beyond me now. I don't really know if many go through this, especially at that age. Strange as that may seem, the outer world has a profound effect on the development of the inner connections, or lack of them, due to the struggles involved and how we choose to handle them.

The following week after school one day I was listening to the debut album of a band called 'Journey,' lounging on my dorm room bed in a pseudo-meditative state. The album itself was a testament to the journey of self and the style of the music was much different than traditional rock-n-roll.

Their music took one from the depths of tumultuousness to the heights of heaven, soaring like an eagle in the ethers of consciousness. I'd never heard/felt music do that, but Yes and Rush got close for me. Moody Blues had some affect, too.

As I listened I fell into the deep depression of being alone and wondered how I would ever recover. I became silent in that

feeling. During the second song on the album, ***In the Morning Day***, there was a pause after the lyrics before the vamp played out. What came next has affected my spiritual path and daily life since. It was totally unexpected.

Out of nowhere I heard that familiar 'Voice' say, "Bruce, are you willing to die for what you believe in?" Immediately the 'Voice' had my attention and I thought for a moment about what I believed in strongly enough to give up my life. I felt like I was put on call, above all calls, and my mind careened as I searched for the answer. I thought, 'Jesus Christ,' but more - 'Christ Consciousness' was the fullness of what I was ready to accept as the call. I thought it was the clearest path.

Just as I said, "Yes," to the question the music continued with a guitar riff that sounded sort of like a jet going by at Mach 3. The timing was so perfectly exquisite. I felt myself gently drifting upward, away of my body. It was familiar so I let go and followed the movement.

I turned and looked back to see my body lying across my bed, my head leaning on my pillow against the wall and my feet on the floor. I flashed on the bedroom scenes as a youth.

When I turned back to look where I was going I was immediately and totally engulfed in white light... feeling at one with God. It felt like home; warm, effervescent and serene, resting in the energy of unimaginable pure love.

I could see, but only white light. I could think, so I knew I was conscious. I had no tactile sensations of having my body, though. There was no element of fear whatsoever, only the pure feeling of this total surrender to love – completely free of any judgment. I did not 'see' any personage or anything else for that matter. It was like I was completely alone and yet totally surrounded by the love of many.

I was aware that I could think, hear, and see, so I knew that I was still very much 'alive' even in this new place that I'd only heard you go to when you die. I had totally let go of any

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attachment to life, but felt like I was more alive than I had ever known, humming like an amazingly powerful electric field.

It felt like I was wide-open in this field, yet silent and alone in the light as there was no 'voice' now. The paradox was that I felt connected to everything and everyone, I felt a 'oneness' of being. Only years later did I understand that oneness in a more explicable way.

Still, as an impetuous teen that bored easily and thrived on exploration of consciousness, I asked, "Is there more?" I felt another slight movement and found myself in the center of a sphere of pinpoints of light with an indigo background. The blue-blackness made the points stand out significantly.

I gazed in complete awe as I recognized what I've heard called 'nirvana' in Eastern texts. Wow!

It seemed like I could have counted the points of light had I so desired, as there were only a few hundred or so readily visible in this place of space. I could see in any direction I wanted simultaneously with a simple thought and without sensing any movement. They all seemed to be of the same intensity, but I could tell there was a depth of field in this celestial scenery.

As I pondered these points of light, I instinctively and intuitively recognized that they were points of consciousness, whether in body or not I wasn't sure. I knew I sure wasn't at that time. Just as I made the completion of this recognition the 'Voice' resumed.

"These are those that you are to work with in order to facilitate the new world order. It will happen in your lifetime. Know this to be true. Your path will be full of trials and tribulations. Trust and have faith that everything you need will be there at the appointed time. Trust and allow."

As so as I heard the finish of these words I felt another rush of energy. It was stronger than the other two movements. It felt like when I used to snap back into my body from an OBE, only

as soon as I felt the 'landing' I immediately took a big gasp of air, like I had actually not been breathing for those moments.

I kept my eyes closed for a few moments, totally enjoying the reintegration process as my body felt oh, so wonderful to me. The feeling of being 'born again' was as great as the feeling in the white light had been. I eventually opened my eyes and wondered what the f.. had just happened to me.

I could only relate to the experience as it was – with everything that happened as REALITY – because it was my direct experience. I heard years later that in most philosophical and psychological schools of thought, perception is reality.

Knowing much more about how music and lyrics can subliminally affect one's experience, it was no surprise when I went back and discovered the lyrics again. I can't tell you how many times I had listened to the album already before the experience.

I'd even memorized the lyrics so I could sing along. I think most of us have particular music that affects us profoundly. I agree with those who feel music is the language of the soul, often profound and prophetic in its effects. Indeed, this album affected me more than I realized. Just check out what the lyrics of the first two songs say:

Of a Lifetime

The mist is slowly lifting
The sound of life misplaced your mind
You're sitting, spellbound thru out time
I hope that you remember what you find
Singin' 'bout a lifetime

You put it down-all that I'm thinking
but take a long and distant search, when all is right
you take for granted
You can't look down but you're no worse.
Singin' 'bout of a lifetime, yeah

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The countless visions that are drifting
The silver dreams you hate to lose.
There's no harm, we've all been waiting.
Well keep your faith. Do what you choose.
Singin' 'bout of a lifetime

In the Morning Day

Everybody's got the blues
In the morning day, yeah
If you find the answer
And you wonder
Let's find a way
I want to give you happiness
Just like the sun gives to the day
I'd like to make you mine yeah
I'm gonna make you mine
Just like a blinding dream
Yeah, you're gonna be with me
Strolling through a summer's breeze,
And you find it's not the rain,
Leaving wrong behind you,
All your fantasies so very plain.
I want to give you happiness
Just like the sun gives to the day
I'd like to make you mine, yeah
I'm gonna make you mine
Just like a blinding dream
Yeah, you're gonna be with me.

Closer examination revealed just how influenced I was, but the intent was pure and righteous. My mind became the insatiably curious one again, so I immediately went to the campus library in search of empirical data... or something in writing that explained what I had just went through. I knew there had to be *something* but wasn't sure I'd find anything.

In 1975 there was not much information available at the time. Even though I knew internally, in those depths of understanding beyond mental activity, I still needed the intellectual explanations to help me get a handle on some kind of

harmonious reality that I could live. I had some preparation from the books I'd been reading, but they were static. I needed a current living explanation of what I had experienced.

The best explanations I could find were of near-death-experiences where people had died on the operating table or in a horrific accident, only to return to their bodies after experiencing a tunnel with a light at the end, or seeing dead relatives and sometimes even seeing a spiritual figure of their religion. Still, no reflections of experiences like mine.

I had none of these elements in my experience. Why? I wondered. The message seemed to be beyond boundary, not specific to any religious or philosophical mindset. It was an enigma to say the least, but I *knew* it was of the highest order and purposeful intent.

Now I'd also heard the stories of Satan appearing as an angel of light and that he would use this disguise to deceive people into following him. It seemed that many Christian 'believers' held that no one could have revelatory experiences nowadays, let alone talk to God personally. There was always a mediator, an intercessor with some 'sanctioned' permission to speak. That philosophy seemed dead, uninhabitable by what I knew to be true from this experience.

In every religion I'd studied so far there was always an intermediary and any 'direct' contact bordered on the side of 'demonic possession' in current times. Of course there were the stories of such cases where the demons had entered at the behest of Satan trying to take over their soul and wreak havoc on the unsuspecting. I've never felt that to be the case.

There was something deep inside of me that felt like there was much more to the story than anyone was willing to admit.

I never felt like I was possessed by a demon, approached by Satan or had any inclination to kill or murder or go postal on my fellow students. There was only the desire to know Truth and to live in unconditional love. The ability to harm another,

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reject the concept of creator-connection, claim to be a ‘messenger of God’ was never in my scope of vision.

All I wanted to do was connect the dots from my experience and find meaning to my life.

So the first place I went was the double volume dictionary just inside the Ball State University Library doors to look up the word ‘satan’ and find out what it said. The volumes were displayed on a large lectern just in front of the help desk. I thumbed through the pages until I found the entry.

To my ultimate surprise the very first dictionary reference was to the Greek ‘thetan’ which meant ‘thinker.’ My mind was instantly at ease, like it just proved something I’d known instinctively. I wondered how it got misinterpreted in the Bible.

Of course, I thought, it only makes sense that the truth is that our mind **is** the ‘deceiver’ and all our battles were in the mind rather than choosing the love in our heart to guide us through any disturbance. We are just way too quick to go to the dark side, the negative thoughts and feelings of separation. There are no arguments of power in the heart-felt unity and oneness that I had just experienced.

I told my adoptive parents about my ‘revelation’ a few days later and found myself speaking with a psychiatrist within the next week. I assured them I wasn’t crazy but I guess I did need to talk about the experience so I could learn from it. I told them even at that time that without a direct experience of their own it would be hard to comprehend mine. They thought I was ‘on drugs’ and on ‘LSD’ specifically.

Yes I’d had a couple of bong hits just prior, but nothing that would have affected me so profoundly.

I *almost* wish that I was on some drug because it would have made it much easier to dismiss the entire experience. I wasn’t and I knew a couple of bong hits weren’t going to send me into hyperspace. As an adult now, I know it would be a normal reaction from people who had no direct experience from which

to relate. Those who had experienced hallucinogens would also agree that a puff off a pipe wouldn't produce that kind of event.

I still find that so today, whenever I share things in group settings that are beyond the scope of their experience and sometimes even in the more open groups. People seem to be inherently skeptical at best.

It took me many years to understand the dynamics of what those few moments truly meant and what my life's mission was in accordance with the experience of being in the presence of God (or whatever you may call it). I knew the purpose for my life. That was the easy part. I was on the way at least.

I also had to figure out just 'how' it was all going to happen and what I needed to do to facilitate the process, as I had been told I would. I figured finding out about how reality works was my first task. I was caught up in the experience, though, and not very rational about its implications.

What did it mean?

Was I the One?

How was I to fulfill this mission?

Now that has been a lifelong task and as soon as I think I have an answer... another question presents.

Unexpected Voice of Wisdom

The psychologist had his own perfect role in this process. Dr. Abell (quite the appropriate name) listened intently as I described my experiences from childhood through the White Light. It took nearly three sessions to get through it all. He asked pertinent questions along the way to ‘check in’ with my coherence and observations of my own experience.

I was able to distance myself from emotional obsession of its importance and reflect from an observer’s perspective without a problem. Even though I could remain free of attachment, the importance or sharing wasn’t always in my best interest. At least I felt like he was listening and he certainly wasn’t telling me I was wrong or misguided.

About half way through the third session he confided in me. “Bruce,” he said, “I don’t think you are crazy at all. As I’ve listened to your experiences, it appears to me that you have all the classic signs of one going through what is known as a ‘spiritual awakening.’ Most people don’t experience anything like this until their mid-40s, if they ever do. I’m curious as to why you are experiencing this so young.”

“I think it goes without saying that it is not a good idea for you to talk so openly about it, especially with your parents, at this point in time.” I heard that as meaning, ‘Keep your mouth shut for now.’

He went on to share something I would have never expected from a psychologist. He asked me to please follow him upstairs as he would like to show me something. I was about to get some confirmations.

His office was in a historic two-story in downtown Anderson, Indiana. I followed him up the stairs and to our right, he opened the first door. My heart nearly exploded out of my chest as the door opened. I realized some time later it was my heart chakra opening to the graciousness of the world I was about to enter.

I peered inside the door and noticed bookshelves lined with books nearly covering the walls along with metaphysical posters and icons placed around the room. I was amazed that he could be so ‘hip’ and that my parents chose him. Somehow they were not aware of these ‘other’ methodologies in his practice.

Just inside the door at the top of the stairs was a fold up table with a deck of tarot cards setting in the center of it and two chairs on opposite sides. He asked me if I knew what the tarot cards were and I explained that I did, citing my understanding of them being tools to gain understanding through setting oneself aside and ‘conferring’ with the Divine Source.

He asked me if I had ever had a ‘reading.’ I replied that I had not. He asked if I would be interested in exploring their insights. “You need to ask,” I thought. I knew I could not tell my parents about this for sure. I admitted that I would love to see what they had to offer about my experiences and life. I could use all the help.

I can only say that the reading, according to his interpretation and my acknowledgements, revealed that there was truth in what I had shared of my experience and much more to come. The reading seemed to echo what the ‘Voice’ had told me on the other side of the Light with expanded explanations.

I still was confused about what it all meant, although it was quite clear that I was in for one heck of a ride in this life. I took the red pill without realizing it.

Looking back on my first ‘reading’ it was quite apparent that my life was going to involve the quest for Truth and figuring out the means for which to share understanding, leading toward a new living awareness of harmony among people and planet. My youth prohibited me from the wisdom I knew I needed.

Contemplating what was in store created emptiness beyond the imaginings. I had no answers.

My young mind could not even begin to wrap itself around the journey I was about to embark upon. I knew that my purpose

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was to find these points of light and figure out a way to collaborate with them in order to facilitate a new world order.

I knew this was to happen in my lifetime, yet it seemed like such a dream at the time. Maybe it still is. Based on my experience to date, I knew it would be a great challenge to discuss, let alone embody.

I kept the knowledge to myself for many years, even throughout my marriage and initial move to Phoenix, although I did manage to meet some folks in very strange ways that seemed to be somehow tuned in to my investigations. I kept the faith and enjoyed those spontaneous moments.

Over a decade later I formed a consulting company called Be The Dream to apply this 'harmony among people and planet' attitude in organizational development. I called myself a 'peace consultant' and used one of my favorite images, the pyramid and capstan, as my initial logo to invoke the all-seeing eye.

Living that purpose has indeed made my life full of trials and tribulations. Most people never find out what their true life's purpose is, even in their 40s and beyond. Yet, at 18, I was informed of what my purpose for being here was all about. I didn't have to search for it. I just had to live it now.

I wasn't concerned as to what that might mean as far as my own identity, future exposure, or how I would be perceived. I did not take Dr. Abell's advice, except in rare instances, and kept sharing my contemplations and experiences throughout my life.

Now that I'm older, I've had many more experiences that have led me down the path of discovery of Self and Identity. I'm amazed at how the fabric of life is so connected and I'm still a bit reluctant to accept the fullness of it, even though it appears to be true beyond any reasonable doubt.

I recently formed a non-profit events company, Be The Dream Academy, to share the science and technology of how to apply what quantum physics and advanced consciousness studies are

proving to be possible and that is only the beginning. What I remain focused on is not the identity... it is THE WORK.

This 'mission' is still the most important aspect of my life as an adult. To facilitate a new world order based on harmony among people and planet is indeed a life-long process, complete with attending trials and tribulations. At least I have a tentative plan and working toward its achievement.

Even when one has a vision, it is imperative that others can see and understand it as well, otherwise it will go nowhere. What is even more crucial is the sharing of life-empowering and sustaining technology, both material and psychospiritual, allowing the imagineering visions of many to become as one.

As I've shared the concepts and creation of such an accomplishment, it became obvious that there needed to be a model that could both demonstrate the living awareness and provide the scientific proof of its validity. Assimilating various pieces (everything is present and just waiting to be connected) became the foundation for a written plan.

Maybe it matters who I AM, but it probably doesn't. It is not about 'me' in this life. If it takes standing up and being identified as anything, then it is a small price for assisting bringing some kind of harmony to this beautiful world, especially in these times of academic, environmental, political, religious, and social disorder that seems to be growing.

Harmony is not without challenge or conflict. A good friend, western attorney for the new Karmapa and Aikido instructor, says that in reality there is no conflict; it is miscommunication that creates discord.

Harmony is the result of the wise use of the perceived conflict to empower communication between people to work together collaboratively.

Might I suggest that we begin to focus on socially responsible programs and environmentally sustainable living environments, including renewable energy resources? It appears America has

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the opportunity to lead the way now, since we have learned the ways of corporate-sponsored and ill-advised political administration of recent years.

These concepts and ideas are nothing new to the consciousness of mankind. Learning to put down the weapons and use our arms for hugging instead is a giant leap from where we are today. Shall we go so far as to call it an Evo-Leap – and evolutionary leap in consciousness? No ego without WE go.

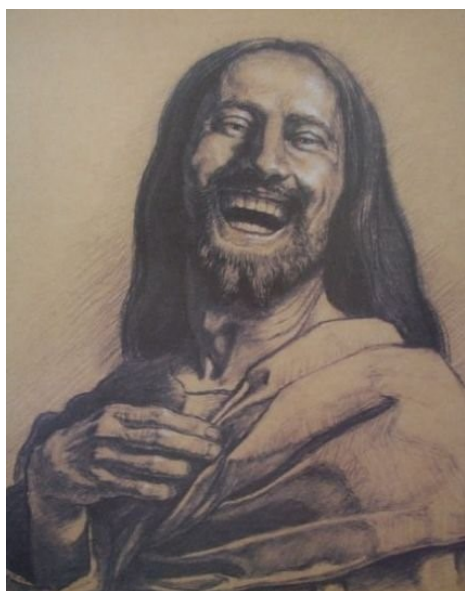
Learning the TRUTH is what I've been doing since that first conversation with God, long before Neale Donald Walsh invited the world to join his conversation. It is about pure sharable energy sustained through our hearts, directed by our minds, and made visible through the actions of our bodies... as natural as the movements of our solar system through the cosmos.

I respect the efforts that organized religions have made in an attempt to share righteous ideals with their congregations, but there has been something left out in my humble opinion. There is Living Word outside of the confines of the Bible or Quran or Bhagavad Gita.

It [Living Word] resides in each one of us. Every time I get into a conversation with 'Christians' who walk the streets proselytizing, it is the same story... they judge one as blasphemous who tries to get them out of the Book and experience the reality of the Word, the Living Word within our hearts.

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

Mahatmas Gandhi



Travails of Traversing Worlds

During the rest of my first year, as I continued college amidst the party paradigm that most beginning students without discipline experience, I also continued my exploration into the deeper realms of consciousness. Beyond the normal studies of Biology, Chemistry, Statistics, and English, I was a voracious reader of metaphysical books and spiritual texts.

After my initial white light experience, I felt it imperative to know more about past spiritual masters and their writings and lives, even though I felt Christ to be the epitome of them all. I also began to thirst for direct experience of continued experiences carrying them forth from my earlier years. So now I did choose to go further into psychotropics, too.

Be Here Now, the Bhagavad Gita, Siddhartha, Doors of Perception - Heaven and Hell, The Teachings of Don Juan, and the Urantia Book were just a few of the books that I poured through at the time. More came although I worked as much with astral travel, psychokinetic and telekinetic experimentation during this period.

I'd met a guy in high school who turned up in one of my classes and we became fellow explorers. Gary worked as a grounds keeper for one of the most well-known spiritualist communities in the world at the time - Camp Chesterfield.

Through our association I found that, along with a few others, we could do some amazing things, like move energy back and forth between us as we sat across the room from each other. This energy was emanating through the palms of our hands and could be directed at will, it seemed or rather with will.

It took a lot of concentration to focus. Years later I read about parapsychology experiments at prestigious universities like UCLA that matched, or at least closely resembled, those things we just stumbled upon as we wondered what we could do with our minds. The Midwest just wasn't a receptive spot.

Were these imaginings? I still was very much the scientist and considerate enough to check with the various students on their condition. Increased sensitivity from use of psychotropics seemed to make a big difference as well. I lived on the top floor of the honors dorm at the time, and many of my dorm mates were involved in this exploration of conscious connections.

We were teenagers with too much time and curiosity on our hands. It was strange and wonderful that these experiences seemed to echo what I would learn much later about auras.

There were other times when the empathic/telepathic experiences were a bit much to deal with for anyone. I became aware that I could hear many different voices as I traveled back and forth from the honors dorm to the cafeteria, where I worked part-time as well.

I could hear very negative remarks that seemed to be all directed at me. "You asshole, you are so stupid!" "You worthless piece of sh..!" "Can't you get it right?" "You are such a f..g idiot!" And so on...

After hearing all that in the space of walking a few yards outside the cafeteria one afternoon, I was so rattled and spooked that I locked myself in my dorm room for a couple of days while I freaked out. Talk about paranoid for no reason, I would come to find out.

I called my friend Gary in an effort to get some kind of reality check. He and Carolyn, his girlfriend, came over and we talked it through. With their help I realized that the voices were not my own and that the comments always began with 'You...', which allowed me to realize that I was hearing the thoughts of others and not going crazy with my own self-deprecation.

I have to say that I did have my share of self-deprecating thoughts, but not to that extent. The voices were definitely not my own, so I had reason to release my vice grip hold on considering possible insanity and contemplate a more global 'you' in this instance.

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What I eventually recognized was there seemed to be a constant negative self-talk going on within the minds of students at the time, mine included. I'm sure it is consistent with students today as well, feeling like they have to be perfect in their actions and studies, beating up on them for every little mistake.

At any rate, there were times that I would be so sensitive to these 'voices' that I thought they were my own. In future research and study many years later I found the patterns of perdition were prolific in society, prohibiting personal growth.

Only as I began to *observe* when they would happen did I realize they were coming from the other students as we would pass on the walkways on campus. Thank God I had someone that I could talk to that helped me to see clearly. When the experiences first started happening, though, I had to figure out what these voices were in my head and why they were so negatively oriented.

I became less affected by them as I realized that they were outside of me rather than coming from within. Still, it was a tough time for anyone going through 'sensitivity training' and admittedly I had some of those thoughts, too.

Apparently with the lack of distractions and responsibilities of life, our awareness was able to advance without much disciplined practice. Baba Ram Das' *Be Here Now* really made a lot of sense. LSD allowed Westerners to experience Eastern spiritual realms without the disciplined meditation practice. I felt like the information spoke of truth and I trusted it.

Experiencing the freedom that resulted from allowing this innate 'trust' to permeate our lives gave us opportunity beyond imagination. One of the things I really enjoyed were the times that Gary and I would consciously get out of our bodies and go exploring around the campus together. My old OBE training made it easy in altered states. I didn't have to wait until I was relaxed and ready for bed.

It was amazing! We could actually 'see' each other as we exited our bodies. We stayed around the dorm most of the time, as we

hadn't realized at that point that we could travel further, much like my younger days.

Instead, we would observe the activity in the lounge area connecting the women's and men's honors dorms. The honors dorm was actually in a V shape with a female and male wing, connected by a common lobby area with couches, a couple of TVs, two pool tables, a tabletop shuffleboard and a grand piano.

Several times we were able to observe others in the lounge, re-enter our bodies and return to the lounge and relate what they had been doing. Not too many people were real excited about the fact we could do this. In fact, it was a bit scary to most of them as they were unable to comprehend that we all have these abilities. Sound familiar?

Rarely did we find our experiments to meet with acceptance at first. The Midwest is fairly conservative and steeped in Christianity of organized religion fame... fearing and judging everything that appears outside the realm of experience.

Music was also a great facilitator of these internal and external 'bridge' experiences as well. I already knew that music was supposed to be the language of the soul. What I didn't realize was that it seemed the progression of music was such that it held many keys to the discovery of my own identity and the understanding of many emotions related through musical expression. Journey, the Moody Blues, Rush, and Yes were big favorites at that time... still are.

Many personal fears can be addressed during the process of listening to music and the deeper one goes into consciousness, the more clearly one can see their connection to the cosmic cords woven throughout the music. Now, this also brings up the question that is often raised about the ONE who is the Angel of

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Light and Music, Lucifer. Eckankar² is a practice based on the study of Light and Sound.

Eckankar offers its practitioners a way to examine their spiritual body and learn how to travel with it through the ethers using the ‘sound current.’ It’s been proven that vibrational waves are what truly make up our physical reality. This kinda slaps modern day Christianity in the face... rather rudely I might add.

The fear, guilt and shame scenarios are losing their grip on the congregation. I had to attend to yet another rite of passage as I was not one to keep my mouth shut, nor was I without very creative actions in time of need.

One of the more subtle realizations, quite profound in its comprehension, was a particular night I recall where I was able to sense the energy of people inside their dorm rooms. That may sound a bit bizarre, yet the experience was quite disconcerting at first, to say the least, as it was also profound.

At times of particular sensitivity and while in an altered state, I could literally ‘feel’ the energy of other students as I passed their rooms in the dormitories. I already had that sense in close proximity of others, but this was even broader in scope, let alone experience.

If no one was in the room it felt cold and empty, almost like an abyss could easily suck me in. On the other hand, if there was someone in the room I could feel a warm glow emanating from the room. If they were in an altered state, some I knew meditated; I could feel a gentle push from their energy, like a thick pillow being gently placed on my skin.

Now if they were engaged in any kind of psychotropic I was literally pushed up against the opposite wall in the hallway. I was so loose or rather ‘empty’ as I walked that sometimes it felt like I was nearly being thrown against the opposite side of the

² a Westernized version of the Punjabi Sant Mat or Radha Soami Satsang spiritual tradition. ECKANKAR was founded in 1965 by Paul Twitchell (c. 1908–71).

hallway. I was never afraid of this experience at all. I had a sense of the magic and mystery of energy already.

As we open to new or increased sensory awareness we are offered experiences to correlate the inner instruction, or at least this is what I seemed to understand at the time. I remember walking down the hallway in the honors dorm where I lived and being so sensitive that my body actually responded to the energy being emitted from others.

It was so dramatic in some cases that I found myself being pushed up against the opposite side of the hallway as I passed certain doors. I couldn't believe I was that sensitive.

Others were less dramatic and those where no one was home presented no sensation at all or even a coldness of sorts. I could understand why some people choose to become reclusive or even hermits if they are unable to adjust their own sensory levels, like using an internal dial to turn down the sensitivity.

If one was not aware or had no way of reflecting their experience to gain understanding, it surely would put them into a state of potential insanity. On the other hand I've heard that you have to be 'in' to be 'sane' when seeking spiritual enlightenment. Being able to self-assess is an art and skill.

A couple of decades later I met an elder woman at a metaphysical organization business gathering. There was a disturbance, or argument, about the direction the organization should take. I was determined to assist in ways I knew worked.

I sat with a purple folder, information I brought to share, between my fingertips, breathing deeply and intending the equitable resolution of the issue and a shift of energy in the room. Ruthie, her mom, came up to me after the meeting and said, "I know you from long ago and I like what you are doing!" She recognized my 'peaceful' meditation, but I had no clue what she was talking about 'long ago.'

A few days later during a conversation with another friend that had attended the meeting, I mentioned I would soon need a

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place to live. She told me Ruthie had a guest house that had just been vacated and I should check into it. I moved in later that month. It was the perfect place for me at the time. It was open, with a short wall that separated the living and sleeping area. There was a small gas stove and refrigerator in the kitchen area, like a large studio apartment.

Her daughter had moved back home after a divorce about a year later. Norma, our mutual friend, was delivering a microwave to Ruthie and needed help taking it inside. I happened to show up at the same time and she asked me if I could take it in for her. Gladly I did.

After I set the microwave down on Ruthie's kitchen counter, I turned to exit through the Arcadia door that opened to the back yard where the guest house was located. I had already been introduced to her daughter, but as I walked past her I was literally spun around by what felt like a hook in my solar plexus and below. I even exclaimed, "Whoa," at the time.

It was so noticeable since I said something that she offered an apology immediately. I didn't know what to say, so I just nodded my head and exited the house. What a sense of attraction, way beyond anything I'd felt before then.

Back in college at Ball State another dramatic representation of these abilities and awareness came one weekend during the winter quarter, a couple of weeks before Christmas break. Gary and I were engaged in one of our trips together. We had realized that telepathy and telekinetic ability were present upon occasion, using our thoughts to reach out to each other no matter our location on campus.

There was a small group of others that we'd found that also were able to communicate beyond normal verbal ways, so I played with it by 'sending' a meeting place to the group and then checking to see if they would show up. There were always some who did.

On several occasions they did arrive at the location, enough to affect belief in the process, meeting in places off the beaten

path. But this night was a bit different. We had moved to the window of my room and were looking over toward the 8-story dormitory building across the street.

It was only a hundred yards or less away and we both noticed a couple of girls standing in their window. We could see their silhouettes in the window of the girls dorm. I felt like they were in our heads, too. I hadn't said anything about it yet.

We had been conversing both verbally and in our 'telepathic' manner, but I kept hearing girls laughing. I had been hearing them and asked him verbally if he could hear them too. When I did, we both heard one of the voices say something like, "Silly boys, we've been listening to you for some time now."

And then the other spoke, "Why did you think we were laughing?" I couldn't believe it and told him so. Then I thought, "Well, if you've been listening, then let's make this for real and meet outside. Meet us in front of the dorm in five minutes." With that, Gary and I put our coats on and began our journey to the front door in great anticipation of meeting some cool chicks that could do this too.

When we reached the door and stepped outside they weren't there. I was bummed, but something attracted me to the side of the dorm between the dorm and cafeteria. I motioned to Gary and we walked toward the area. As soon as we turned the corner we noticed a dozen or so people lobbing snowballs back and forth without a word being spoken verbally.

As we approached the group, I recognized the voices of the girls and nearly instantly heard many more. We stayed and played for a while, but we never actually hooked up with the girls in person. I'm sure this was a pretty intimidating experience for all of us and most of us kept our distance.

It was bizarre enough just to fall into this experience, let alone try to articulate it verbally with any kind of rational thought. It was still pretty freakin' cool! There were rare moments where we could pass from telepathy to voice and back without breaking the stream of consciousness of our thoughts.

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I wondered if the Kingdom of Heaven was like this, so effortless in communication and transparent intent. Now, let me take this same consideration to another level of open communication. Let's include the nonphysical close to us.

What do you think about ghosts or spirits being able to show up through another's eyes? I mean using another's body; one who is still alive. I don't expect you to believe it, but here's an interesting story nonetheless.

Scott and I were discussing the boundaries or limits of telepathy. We had been experimenting with telepathy for some months, engaging a few others around campus. Scott and I were in a class called Futurisms and seemed to find each other instantly among the 200+ students in the lecture hall.

It's funny how people enter your life when you open the door to a new experience. One of the things that intrigued me during college was not what was being taught, but what was going on with students who were hedging the edge of reality and stretching for experience, trying to understand a deeper life.

Hedging the edge includes investigating the senses deeper than waking consciousness. In order to do that, it is necessary to go beyond the waking consciousness into a deeper part of one's being. I found psychotropics to facilitate the process, much like many of those who sought to explore consciousness in years past but never found an ear with the public.

Regardless of the anti-drug propaganda over the decades, there seems to be some real merit in opening the doors to perception – just as Huxley found.

So one Saturday evening late in the spring Scott and I dropped just before dark and took a walk through the Christy Woods, the campus botanical gardens. It was only about a quarter-mile square, but it was enough to make a wonderful backdrop for a nice walk while we were waiting.

Christy Woods was about a 10-minute walk from the dorms. Scott's was just across the lane from mine. I think things started

off when Scott asked me about the experience Gary and I had the last winter where Carolyn and I had shown up at his Grandfather's cabin in the middle of the night.

Gary had also told Scott about the telepathic event we'd experienced with the girls from the same dorm he and Scott lived in. He asked me if there were any limits to telepathy, specifically about distance and realm. I told him that I thought there were no boundaries, since there was no indication that focused thoughts would be dissipated over distances.

The only challenge would be the receiver, one who was tuned in to the thoughts of the sender or at least energetically open to them. This is a pseudo-science at best, so the discoveries usually aren't recorded, let alone shared over any kind of a network. Heck, this was pre-internet anyway.

Back then there were no computer networks or the Internet to disburse our discoveries far and wide so the only kind available was neural nets at best, other minds that somehow were available to others. We had no ideas about quantum realities or that what we had done was 'impossible' to many.

It was during that time that Dr. Hawking was exploring the nature of black holes, sometime before the introduction of M Theory, and even then it was all theory. Robert Monroe had just applied for patents for his Hemi-Sync® methods, so the idea of the benefits of altered states of consciousness was beginning to take hold at least.

Scott and I took up positions on opposite ends of my dorm room, lounging on the beds yet able to see each other easily. I don't recall what music we had on at the time, but as we gazed at each other in silence something happened quite unexpectedly. His body disappeared, with the exception of his eyes as this is where my focus of attention was at that moment.

In semi-rapid succession several others appeared in his place, the eyes appearing to shift slightly in the process. I saw Jimi Hendrix, Lenny Bruce, Janice Joplin, Jim Morrison and Marilyn Monroe just as plain as day, each remaining just long enough

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for me to recognize them. I was able to observe without ‘thinking’ about what was happening.

His body returned after Marilyn and his eyes immediate shifted to a widen look as though he was cognizant of something amazing happening. I asked him what had happened and he replied that he wasn’t sure, but he knew he had left the room for a few moments. I told him what I’d seen during those moments and we both mused over the experience. Neither one of us could explain how or why.

“This is a work of fiction. Still, given an infinite number of possible worlds, it must be true on one of them. And if a story set in an infinite number of possible worlds is true in one of them, then it must be true in all of them. So maybe, it's not as fictional as we think.”

– Neil Gaiman, InterWorld

Long Distance Voyager

Institutions of higher learning provide such a plethora of potential for the personal perusal of possibilities in the paradigms of perspectives. In the second year of school I had changed my major from pre-med to psychology with a religion minor. I wanted to find out more about the connection between God and man, and the variety of ways that ones have journeyed in order to realize their own connections.

Quite often I found this to be the foundation of many religions. Someone had journeyed within themselves and found a way to express their connective tissue so that others might get a glimpse of the glory or profound peace it brings.

Well, that attempt has often also been turned into credos and memos of understanding between less scrupulous or wealthy individuals that desired domination of the population.

We have many of our organized religions to thank for that interesting display of human ego. Is there not a coherent message throughout?

School went okay for the first quarter, as I reacquainted myself with friends and the campus. My familiar partner in spiritual exploration was not present, though. I envied his vacation location. Gary was about 2,000 miles away in northern Canada with his grandfather, staying in a rustic old cabin with no modern conveniences.

I had called his parents a few times to inquire when he would be returning and each time it was, "Soon." They knew he would be back for winter quarter, just not the specific day. I was frustrated at not knowing when.

I returned from a date one Saturday morning, about 1 a.m. or so and proceeded to test my telepathic ability a bit further. I had been thinking about the theoretical limits of telepathy, which were none that I knew of, and wondered if I could reach him.

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I plugged in a tape by a band called 'White Witch' to a song called 'Help Me Lord.' It was quite spacey so I thought it would help set the tone. Again, music does many things to help us with our lives. Take a moment and reflect on your own life.

I lay down, closed my eyes, and began to picture his face in my mind's eye. It didn't take long before I was peering into his eyes, able to see his face as well. We gazed at each other for a moment, and then I imagined grabbing him by the shoulders and standing him up so that I could see his whole body. My visual perspective changed instantly as I could see his entire body now in front of me.

It seemed to work as I felt a 'normal' connection and we discussed a few things about his return and a mutual girlfriend as well. She entered the conversational atmosphere as easily as we were talking with each other at the time. Her image was just as clear as his. We continued as a threesome for the duration of the song and as it came to an end, I felt it was time to disconnect as well.

So, I said my goodbyes and I returned to the room and opened my eyes. I laid there thinking about it for a while. I wondered if it was real or I'd just imagined it all. The following week was pretty normal and I decided to call his house on Friday evening to see if his parents had heard from him yet.

To my amazement, he answered the phone and I could tell he was slightly out of breath. I asked him where he'd been and what was happening. He had just pulled into the driveway when I called and knowing it was me on the phone, he ran in to answer it straightaway.

Cool... I told him I'd join him in a couple of hours.

Upon arrival, I talked with his parents for a short time regarding his trip and the advantages of being out in the wilderness for the summer. We got in my car to leave, a sporty orange Opel GT, and I asked him a rather open question to probe his mind. "Hey, did you catch any flack last weekend?" I said without any set-up as I wanted to leave the question open to anything.

He looked at me squarely in the eyes and said, "Yeah, you son of a bitch... you woke me up out of bed! I was lying there sound asleep and felt someone grab my shoulders and set me up in bed. As I opened my eyes your face was right in front of me, you f...r." Imagine my surprise.

He went on, "Carolyn's face was right behind yours, too. We talked for a few and then you two split. I don't remember what we talked about, but I knew you were there. It was pretty bizarre, dude!" I wondered what else we could do.

I then told him what I'd done and we both just sat there wide-eyed and awed by the experience. Then we fired up a joint and drove off to meet some friends. About a week later, he got a postcard from Carolyn. It was one of those touristy postcards from a Krishna Camp.

All that was on the postcard was a circled address among many (a location in Santa Barbara, California) and at the bottom was written... "Enjoyed the conversation," in her hand writing. Nothing else was on the card at all. Neither one of us had heard from her since the end of spring quarter, some months previous.

Imagine if something like that happened to you. What would you do? How would you feel? What would you think?

Shortly thereafter, I bought a couple of drum sets and put them together as one in my dorm room. They were both Slingerland models, only a few years apart... about 25 or so...and all wood. I didn't care about the mis-match.

The antique kit still had its original calf-skin heads, which I didn't have the sense to remove and keep. I broke most of them in just a few days. I stripped them down to bare wood so that at least they would look similar and replaced all the heads in the first couple of weeks. Man, I was having fun!

The older set had a 24" bass so I took the newer 20" bass and made a floor tom out of it...a 9 piece kit in all, with 6 cymbals including a nice thick Zildjian 21" ride that had a wonderful ping ring. The kit was huge and I was ecstatic! I cut classes and

Long Distance Voyager

practiced 6 to 8 hours a day using my album collection to learn to copy riffs and styles. It didn't take long to learn.

Neal Peart, Alan White, Aynsley Dunbar, John Bonham, Graham Edge, Lenny White, Danny Seraphine and more were quite helpful in my formative development. I'm sure it was brutal on my dorm mates while I was in the learning stages. I'd played before so I wasn't totally bereft of skill.

Surprisingly I picked it up pretty quick and reached a fair level of proficiency. During that same time, my paternal grandmother, Thelma, was in the hospital just off campus. After a few years of her claiming to have throat cancer, she finally got it and passed on within a few months. I visited her a couple of times before her passing.

One morning shortly after my last visit two hometown friends, also students, showed up before school. We used to get together before school because we had the same classes a couple of days a week. Nothing like an early morning puff or two.

They still lived at home and commuted, so we would meet in my room and 'get ready' to go to class together. One of the guys was the nephew of David Star, the original owner of the older drum set. David had passed many years prior.

I was sitting on the floor in front of my base drum, leaning up against it. One of the guys was on a loveseat that we'd procured from the lobby and the other was sitting on my bed. As we were sitting and talking, among other things, I felt three finger pokes in between my shoulder blade just to the left of my spine. I noticed the time – 7:30 am.

Without hesitation I told the two that Grandma had just left this world. They looked at me kind with the weird look you might expect and so I told them about the pokes. Later that morning Dad called with the news. I told him I knew already and that she had passed at about 7:30.

He asked me how I knew. I told him about the pokes. He was silent for a moment and I could feel his concern about my

sanity. It was really hard for him to discuss this event or how I was able to know.

One evening some time later I was having difficulty picking up one of Neal's riffs on Rush's *Fly by Night* album. I went over and over and over it for some time. I just knew I could get it but it was an elusive pattern to say the least. I paused to think about how I might be able to 'tune in' to the pattern better.

I got the idea that maybe; just maybe, David Star could help from the other side somehow. I got real still and quiet for a moment and said internally, "David, man if you love these drums as much as I do, could you give me a hand here?"

As if by magic, I immediately felt a warm tingling sensation start at the top of my head and go clear through my body down to my feet. "Far out!"

I went over to the turntable and started the tune over yet again. I hit every note perfectly. Wow, what a rush.... Pun intended.

Some people might not be so open with their past. Hey, I figure the universe has no secrets and if you wanted to investigate deep enough, the information is out there. I'm not particularly proud of my choices, but I'm alive and still an eduholic.

Beside the facts, somewhere I might save someone great pain and suffering by sharing this. At any rate, I'd been contemplating a way to get back to the Light I had experienced the year before. Even though I was not on any 'drugs' at that time it happened.

I was dating an English professor's daughter at the time and we had experienced a few trips together already. One night after we had ingested the LSD I wanted to play for her while waiting for the effects to launch. I put on Led Zeppelin II and cued it up to Moby Dick, John Bonham's solo, which he started by playing with his hands.

I played through the solo, starting with my hands, and by the time the tune was over I had sticks in hand and was a bit sweaty

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from the workout. The next tune, Bring It On Home, began and I kept playing along with the album. I was feeling pretty strange, though.

After a few moments I looked over at Betsy and as our eyes met something miraculous happened. I saw a flash of light. Everything beyond the perimeter of the cymbals and drums went 'white.' I continued playing even though I was aware something pretty bizarre had just happened.

I could still see the drums, my body, and the floor beneath me as I continued to play. Somehow I knew it was okay because I could feel no physical disturbance and could think as I continued playing, although I wasn't thinking much as I played.

So I just continued along with the album. Within a few moments, my sight returned to normal and the rest of the room came back into view as I played through the end of the tune.

Betsy had a really weird look on her face that looked like a cross between complete awe and intense fear. I asked her what was up and she asked me where I had gone. Evidently I had disappeared for a few moments into this white light after our eyes had met and it really freaked her out. I could understand why. I was a little concerned, but the fact I could still around me made me less concerned.

I told her I had no idea where I had gone, but that I could still see the drums, cymbals, my body and the floor from my perspective, although I was surrounded by the white light, too. I'm not sure what it proved, if anything. All I know is that I had the same feeling of being 'home' in the light.

I had returned somehow, however surreptitiously, but I was there. It was a place of freedom, no fears of any kind, totally blissful and serene. I would not recommend this procedure to anyone, however. **Do not try this at home.** There are no trained professionals.

Of course I didn't tell my parents that I had used half of my room and board money for school to pay for drums. I didn't

even tell them I had them. I didn't think about what I would do about my room and board situation when Christmas break came. I knew I'd figure it out somehow, though.

I had a car, so I could find a house off campus. But where and how? This meant that I had to move out of the dorm over winter break without their knowledge, too. I wasn't sure how I was going to do it.

I scoured the Muncie Star and found a house with free rent. It was south of Muncie that I could live in for free. "Free?" you might ask. Well, it had no heat as no fuel oil had been purchased for the furnace and no running water because the pipes had already frozen a month before, according to the owner on the phone.

There was electricity and another couple was living there already, so it was inhabitable. I guess the owner just wanted someone in the house. So I took the opportunity and made some plans. I figured it would work out somehow.

I knew that I could borrow some quilts and baseboard heaters from my maternal grandmother, who was still alive, to prepare one of the rooms. There was another couple living there already, oddly enough. They stayed for another week after I showed up and moved on to warmer quarters within the week.

Even though I had a car, a '65 Skylark, I had help with moving from a couple friends. We took all my stuff; drums, stereo, albums, clothes, etc., and brought them to the house. I brought the quilts and three baseboard heaters from Nan Nan's house.

Needless to say I needed a support network to make it through this transition. I had no idea how it was going to happen. It was quite an interesting production indeed. On a good day you could barely see your breath in the living room.

I was still going to school, having sold some albums to get enough money to fill my gas tank, driving back and forth to school on a daily basis. Gas was around \$.50 a gallon so I didn't need much. Sometimes others would join me, but I was usually

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by myself. It was a really deplorable situation and I knew I needed to do something about it.

As much as I was in denial about my situation, I still hung out on campus and with friends after school. One Friday evening I joined some friends at an Apple Scruffs meeting (Beatles fan club) to watch the monthly movies shown in one of the lecture halls on campus. I was glad to be in a warm environment.

The 250-seat auditorium was about two-thirds full. Magical Mystery Tour was first up and Yellow Submarine was next. About half-way through Yellow Submarine an idea hit me like a freight train and surprisingly, I felt like a weight was taken off my shoulders as a result. I was not particularly thinking about how to change my situation at that moment, but the idea came anyway. I wrestled with it for a bit as it required me to trust.

The thought was to go down to the front of the room after the movie was over and introduce myself as Billy Shears. At first I thought it was nuts. I certainly was not Billy, nor did I think it was a particularly sane move on my part. Beatle's fans know who Billy was... to the rest of you - he was the leader of Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.

After contemplating it a bit and arguing with myself I thought it might be a great way to get an immediate support group that could help me with food, laundry and a much needed shower, even though I knew I was only 'acting as if' I was him.

I really had nothing to lose, so I walked down to the front of the room, turned to face the audience that was just beginning to leave and announced, "Hi, I'm Billy Shears." I noticed there were several guys still sitting in the front row that started crying. It was like they were shedding tears of joy.

That was a bit bewildering, but I suppose somehow they might have been thinking about Billy Shears actually showing up. Maybe that was what prompted the thought in the first place. I certainly believe I wouldn't have come up with the idea on my own, even though the thought came into my head. Perhaps the universe conspired for it to happen.

After a few moments of milling about, I walked outside with my friends, who were understandably a bit shocked at what I'd done. They didn't have much time before a group of people assembled around me. I didn't need to embellish on the Billy Shears thing but wondered how to tell them I needed some help.

I found that I didn't even have to voice my needs as I got all kinds of offers to come visit, hang out, and party or whatever. I found everything I needed and more, at least for a short time. It worked to perfection. I wondered what would happen if I told them the truth.

Christmas break was the following week so I spent a few days at home with my parents, unable to tell them of my stupidity and thinking nothing about the severity of my living conditions at the house. I had seen an ad in the Muncie paper for a free place to live, just for house sitting.

The house had no heat, no running water, but it had electricity. I got some baseboard heaters from my grandmother, along with some heavy quilts and fixed up a bedroom with them as best I could. There was another couple staying there temporarily. They moved out shortly after I moved in with my drums, large stereo system, records and tapes and my clothes.

I'm sure my parents knew something was amiss, but I was in my defiant days and wouldn't talk to them much at the time. I wanted to get away from them as soon as I could. So I did. Looking back as a parent now I'm sure it was excruciating for them, knowing they could not reach me in that state of mind.

I went back to the house and continued playing with my life for the next few weeks. In spite of the conditions, I felt like I was at least making progress and was safe and secure for the time being, even though the conditions were dismal in reality.

I was able to get back and forth to the house in my '65 Skylark (I even got some gas money) and still attend classes. The winter quarter had started up again after Christmas break.

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The first week of January I was on my way back into school with some friends after going out to the house to get some books. We turned a corner and were soon confronted by a black Rambler headed straight for us. It had snowed the night before and the streets were icy still. I swerved to miss it.

I missed the Rambler only to clip off an old telephone pole that had been replaced, having it fall right in the center of the top of the car. The new pole was just far enough away that I didn't hit it. The old pole had put a nice crease not only in the front of the car, but in the roof after it came crashing down on it.

Of course the car was totaled even though we'd only been traveling about 20 miles per hour when we hit the pole. Fortunately no one was hurt. It all happened in slow motion and we joked about it as we stood waiting for the police to show up.

I was really bummed that the only transportation I had was now gone. I couldn't waste time in my misery, though. I quickly made some phone calls and had a ride from some of Betsy's friends, at least for a while.

We were all fine and after the tow truck took the car away we walked the rest of the way to school, only about a mile. It was at least sunny out, although in the high 30s, so the walk was semi-enjoyable. I spent that night at a friend's house, went to school the next day and then got a ride back out to the house.

I got rides for the rest of the week, but I wondered how I would continue getting to school the next week. That weekend the weather got worse. It was getting really cold, snowing and the wind was howling through the poorly sealed windows that Sunday night. I didn't even think about *not* going to school the next day. It was mandatory for me.

Monday morning I awoke at about 5 a.m. to the radio alarm only to hear the radio DJ talking about the 77 below zero wind-chill factor. He was commenting on the severity of the cold – breaking a 100-year record. We were also getting some snow still, but even with minimal amounts it was creating 'white-out' conditions for driving. I still had to make it to school.

I could see my breath even with the heaters on. I grabbed my clothes and put them under the blankets with me to warm them up. I knew that I would have to get to school somehow, so I got dressed with several layers of clothing. I walked through a couple of feet of snow and really hard wind up to the highway that was about a half a mile away, hoping to hitch a ride.

To my delight and surprise, I got a ride rather quickly from a couple that was returning from an Edgar Winter concert in Indianapolis. They dropped me off at the intersection of the highway going into town at around 5:30. The wind was mind numbing and as I stood alongside the road with my thumb out, I started to feel my fingers and toes tingle; the first signs of frostbite. I didn't know what else to do.

I started walking with my thumb out, holding my collar tightly around my neck as I walked directly into the wind's force. My arms and legs were beginning to feel the effects of the cold and the wind felt like it was blowing right through my clothing. I noticed my fingers and toes were beginning to feel numb and I began to get concerned for my life.

Now at those temperatures and in that condition I had to make some quick decisions, although it seemed excruciatingly long. I suddenly felt the terror of a life-threatening situation. I figured I had a couple of choices - keep walking and possibly freeze to death or stand out in the road to get a car to stop.

Obviously they could not see me alongside the road as several cars had passed by without stopping. Looking back I'm sure they couldn't even see in front of them very far, let alone notice someone on the side of the road in the dark with their headlights being refracted through the blinding snow.

I was taking a chance at getting hit, but I had to do something, I knew I would die from exposure if I didn't. The traffic wasn't moving but a few miles an hour, so I figured I had a good chance of surviving even if I did get hit.

I hated my choices, my position, and my life at that moment. I was so angry with myself and my condition that I didn't care

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about stepping out into traffic and was ready to give it up. I just wanted out of the cold.

So I stepped out in front of the next car and prayed they would stop. They did, fortunately. A Ford station wagon stopped and the passenger door opened. I ran around to the side and jumped in, immediately voicing my thankfulness for his consideration.

My first obstacle, the fierce storm, was now outside and I was warm again. I felt safe temporarily and I was totally thankful for the result of my steps.

My savior was an older guy on his way to pick up newspapers from the newspaper office and deliver them to customers. He looked a bit concerned although he did not pry. He asked where I was headed and I told him I needed to get to school. It was still really early and he asked me why I was trying to get there in this ridiculous weather. I wasn't sure how to answer.

I told him I wanted to give myself plenty of time to make it there because I wasn't sure how long it would take in these conditions. I thanked him again and told him about an IHOP close to campus that I could get a cup of tea (I didn't drink coffee yet) before heading to my first class at 7:30 am.

He gave me a ride all the way there, even though it was out of his way. I had enough change for a cup of tea, so I warmed up and knew I would catch my first class on time. It was about 6:00. I sat at the counter and enjoyed my tea.

After warming up a bit I walked over to my old dorm and sat down at the piano in the lounge. For about a half an hour I plunked at the keys, imagining I was creating some mystical piece reflecting the situation I was going through. It wasn't much at all, just a few chords and single keys struck in randomness, like some of the new age music I heard decades later. I'm sure it didn't make sense, but it gave me pleasure.

I had no idea how to play the notes, but the song in my head was bittersweet. It let me pass the time in quiet desperation. I went on to class wondering how the hell I was going to make it

through the day. I had something to do and someplace to be so it was good enough to start me on my way.

It wasn't surprising that only a few other students, probably as insane as me, were in class that morning or anytime that day for that matter. I attended the Philosophy 200 class first at 7:30, then the Psych 301 (Statistics) around 11 and finally my Comparative Religions class at 1:30.

The campus bookstore and student commons were close so I spent my off hours there. Fortunately I met up with some friends that bought me some food and drink. Later in the day I went over to a girl's dorm to visit a girl I'd befriended at the Beatles movies. We hung out talking until midnight curfew and I had to leave.

I walked across the street to a frat house. I hated frat rats and never considered going to one of their houses on campus. What the hell was I thinking? Well, it was about the only place where I might find some shelter at that time of night. It was still intensely cold and I needed shelter. Billy Shears had lost his network. I was afraid.

I'd never been in a frat house before. I walked up and knocked on the door. I was dumbfounded and so grateful when a classmate opened the door. I never figured him for a frat rat because his hair was almost as long as mine. At that time my hair was down past my shoulders and my beard was a few inches long as well. Hippies and frat rats didn't get along.

We had *Statistics 101* together, so I had seen him earlier in the day. We had gotten to know each somewhat in class and had spent some time throwing the Frisbee at the beginning of winter quarter during some nicer weather. He wasn't quite the jock by appearance, so I was a bit shocked, although thankful, when he answered the door. I still can't help but think it was a divine intervention for me.

Nevertheless he invited me in and asked if I'd like to go downstairs and play some pool. On the way he asked what the hell I was doing out on a night like this and I was honest -

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looking for some place to crash for the night. I was out of options and this was the closest place to look for relief from the weather. I had no idea what I was going to find.

The house was three stories with a huge basement, part of ‘frat row’ which was along the main east-west street through the center of campus. I followed him through the house and down the stairs to the basement.

I was again pleasantly surprised when I saw an old girlfriend standing in front a jukebox with another guy. It looked like she was having a rather heated discussion with him, but I said ‘hi’ (and she responded) on the way toward the pool table.

Once there I started racking the balls while my host got a cue. After I finished and on the way to get my cue, he asked me if I’d like some electric Kool-Aid. My eyebrows went up and I nodded an affirmation. He walked over to the refrigerator and pulled out a gallon jug about half-full of red Kool-Aid. We played a couple of games and finished the jug in the process.

I had to relieve myself by that time so I asked where the restroom was, got directions and headed upstairs to find it. I was feeling good that I’d found a place to hang out, at least for the time being. My security was about to be threatened.

While on my way to the restroom I heard someone yelling obscenities and threats, but I wasn’t sure at whom. I looked up to see a guy about twice my size practically running across the balcony floor and down the stairs toward me. He was yelling at me. I remember something like, “What the hell are you doing here m...f...r? I’m gonna kick your ass!”

By the time he was done with the last sentence he was at the base of the stairs and in front of me. Evidently he didn’t like my being there and while continuing to verbally assault me he literally picked me up by the back of my shirt and belt, carried me over to a door with a metal bar across it, kicked it open and threw me up the stairs leading to the ground level.

I pleaded with him to at least let me get my coat and hat. I knew better than to challenge him. He refused to allow me to get my things and hoisted me up the stairwell with a “Get the f.. out of here and stay out. If I see you again I’ll kill you, you f..n loser.”

Well, I desperately needed my coat and hat (it was still sub-zero), so I tried to sneak in the front door to find them. They were down in the basement close to the pool table.

I made it to the top of the basement stairs. He saw me again and repeated his previous motions, this time following me up the stairs. His eyes were angry and violent and I wasn’t sure what was going to happen as he came toward me.

I had no idea how to get out of this one so I took an open stance and told him all I wanted was my coat and hat and I’d be gone in a heartbeat. He snarled and swore at me as he continued toward me again.

As if it would help, I asked, “Don’t you know who I am?” I thought it might at least get him to stop and think. I wasn’t the slightest bit concerned about being Billy Shears or even that he’d heard of the name.

That comment seemed to fuel the fire and he moved faster toward me, backing me up against a small sports car in the parking lot a few yards away from the top of the stairs. There was no way I could fight him. The size difference was ridiculous, let alone not having any fighting skills or my condition at the moment.

He took a swing at me and connected with my left eye. I tried to get out of the way, only to find myself launching backwards onto the hood of the car, sliding off and into the snow. I picked myself up and backed away from him, tripping over an unseen curb, falling backward into the snow. He pounced on me immediately and as he drew his arm back to strike me again, someone grabbed it and pulled him off of me. I looked up to see it was a campus policeman. Whew!

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What happened next was a little weird. There were several cops and they started asking others what had happened. One of them asked me for my identification and I handed him my school ID and he began writing on an index card that was on a clipboard.

I asked the one that had helped me up if I could go get my coat and hat because I was freezing. It was nearly 1 am or so and the wind chill was probably -60 degrees. I was scared.

He walked me to the front door where two other guys and my friend were standing. My friend said he'd go get them. While I was there waiting, the two others grabbed me by the arms, extended them out, and lifted me off the floor while pinning me against the wall.

They weren't being violent, but they definitely wanted to show me they were not letting me go. My eyebrow was cut pretty bad, dripping blood down the front of my face and onto my sweater. It had a really weird vibe if you know what I mean, feeling like I was about ready to get crucified or something.

My friend came back with my coat and hat and the two put me down and followed me outside. My eye obviously needed stitches so the campus cops took me to the hospital from there. They were curious about why I was there to say the least.

I told them I was just looking for a place to stay warm for the night. The hospital was only a couple of blocks away so it didn't take us long to get there. I was taken in to the emergency room, ushered to a bed where they cleaned me up and stitched up my eyebrow.

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After being stitched up an attendant showed me to the waiting room. I found the Dean of Admissions (a personal friend of Dad's) sitting in the room waiting for me. I tried to talk with him a bit even though I could tell he was more than just a little upset. I really couldn't blame him. I felt alone and ashamed.

Heck, it was 3 am by this time. I'd be angry too. He told me that Dad was on his way and he'd be there soon. Dad showed up about a half hour later.

I was so relieved to see him and didn't think a thing about what I'd just gone through, only that he was there and I felt safe now. Rather than being able to leave, he advised me that I needed to stay there for a bit. I thought with a blow to the head and possible concussion, overnight observation might be in order so I did not resist.

I found out later Dad had told him that I was on the edge and needed a watchful eye. In turn the Dean had told the campus police that if my name ever came up he was to be called immediately. So there he was at 3 am after getting a call. He was a good friend to Dad. We all need friends like that.

What soon became apparent, though, was that it was not just overnight observation. A couple of orderlies escorted me onto an elevator and up to the seventh floor, where there was a very large black man 'guarding' a door. I knew I was in trouble then. I would be there for some time.

The guard stood up from the chair next to the door, grabbed a wad of keys from his belt and said, "Ah, got another one for me, huh?" He put a key in the door and opened it. The orderlies took me inside down a hallway and into an empty room.

Shortly thereafter, my shoes, belt, necklace and pants were removed. I argued with them as they were stripping my pants off, but to no avail. I was given two shots (one in each butt cheek) and the next thing I knew I woke up hours, possibly days, later with a very full bladder and need of relief.

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I had to pee so badly, but both the door to the bathroom and the hallway were locked. I banged on the room door for what seemed like hours and nobody came. I eventually urinated in the corner because I couldn't hold it any longer. I was so embarrassed. It was hours more before anyone came.

I had no idea what time or day it was at that point as it was dark out. Several hours later a nurse came in to check on me and brought me some food. Another few hours went by and I finally spoke to a doctor. By this time it was light out.

I told him what had happened as briefly as possible, but he probed more for the long version and I reluctantly provided it, including the part about Billy Shears. I knew I wasn't crazy, so I was completely open with him, thinking he'd be like Dr. Abell. I was completely mistaken.

The nurse brought me in a pink liquid a little later and told me the doctor wanted me to drink it. I was not allowed out of the room. I couldn't understand why, but they kept telling me everything would be fine. I found out later that I was being assessed and their procedure was to keep me isolated until the determination of my treatment.

I was moved to a room, a few days later, shared with two other guys. Once I got out of solitary confinement there were others on the floor that seemed to really have some mental problems. I soon realized that I was getting a glimpse of reality few experience. I wasn't sure how long I would be there, but it sure was an eye opener into a population often hidden from view.

There was this really short guy that would squat in the middle of the hall while yelling out, "Two dogs!" Another woman paced back and forth talking to herself in several tones of voice. There was another guy that reminded me of Prince Valiant because of the way his hair was cut. He was quite soft spoken and kind. Others were very kind, too.

I think I was the youngest one on the ward and others seemed to try to look out for me. I had no idea how long I would be there or what the pink liquid was I was taking four times a day.

I soon learned I had been prescribed 2,000mg of Thorazine (500mg 4 times a day in a liquid suspension) because I had been diagnosed as a manic depressive paranoid schizophrenic. Could they find more? Jeez....

As much as I attempted to explain the logic of my actions the doctor wasn't buyin' it, no matter how I tried to explain it. I also told him about the 'white light' experience from the year before. I thought it might make things better, since Abell had understood it, but I wasn't sure.

That went over like a led zeppelin. It became painfully obvious that 'my' truth did not matter and that his 'expertise' held the most weight. I grew to appreciate his point of view, although it wasn't pleasant. I'd screwed up royally.

Since I was 19, I was taken to court for a competency hearing after about a week in the hospital where I spilled my guts, knowing I wasn't crazy and this was all just a big mistake. I thought I explained myself fairly well and this would all be over soon. It worked just the opposite. Now I really understood what Dr. Abell had meant.

I spent days in the music room, mostly, listening to albums and sometimes talking with the other 'inmates.' Most of the people were really nice, but some of them were hard to understand when they engaged their 'psychosis' or whatever put them there. I just wanted to be helpful and get out as soon as possible.

The nice thing was there were no fights, except with some of the nurses trying to subdue patients that were a little out of control. That was hard to watch. I felt so bad for the patients, most of which were just needing to be understood, to be listened to without judgment.

I'd play ping pong for an hour or so just about every day as 'exercise' and make fun of the male nurses that thought they could beat me. Sometimes they could, but I usually held my own. We had a ping pong table in the garage for several years and I loved to play.

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I wasn't supposed to do that according to the 'treatment' scenario if I was truly responding to it under the diagnosis deemed relevant. My quickness wasn't completely there or I would've been demolishing them, but I could definitely hold my own even on medication. I should have been a lump in the corner on that much Thorazine.

Years later I understood the diagnose/treat/monitor scenario much deeper, but with little change in attitude toward its usefulness. I taught special education in high school for a couple of years.

I learned that the only way the doctors could tell if the medication they prescribed was doing what it was supposed to do was by observing the teenager's behavior. There were and are no blood tests to determine the right cocktail. It's hit or miss when it comes to most treatment plans.

One night in the hospital I got a phone call. The nurse said they weren't allowed to let patients use the nursing station phone. It was the only one I ever got there. I didn't get to answer it but the nurse told me her name. There was a girl with a similar name that I dated a couple of times after breaking up with my high school sweetheart.

I never thought much about her phone call, although I did think it was a nice gesture to try to reach out to me. I had prayed for a soul mate, too, and it happened to be the night before the girl had called. I was curious of the timing, but still held some reservations. I remained open to the possibility and also knew that I wasn't ready for any relationship yet.

One thing did happen that was most notable for the record. Mom only came to visit me once during my entire stay at the Ball Memorial hotel. Dad told me later that she was too emotional over my institutionalization that she couldn't bring herself to come see her 'sick' son. Well, one night she did show up unannounced. I was glad and conflicted.

About a half an hour before she got there, my tongue swelled up and my right foot became curled in like I had a club foot. It

wasn't a muscle cramp because it didn't hurt. My tongue was so swollen that I could barely speak and my words came out so thick they practically drooled off my lips, but even without the drool they were nearly inaudible.

So Mom shows up a little later and I'm in that condition still. I was so embarrassed because I had absolutely no physical side-effects whatsoever, except weight gain, before this night and the new side-effects had started just before she came to visit, about the time she would have started her journey from home.

I was not thinking that deeply at all at the time, only that I was sorry she had to see me in that condition. I could tell by the look in her eyes that she was just devastated by seeing me like that. As a parent and grandparent now, I can empathize even more.

She sat with me a while and told me some news about family things, so I didn't have to try to talk a lot. I hurt so bad inside then. She soon needed to leave so I escorted her down the hall to the door as best I could. I went to bed shortly afterward and woke up the next morning with no more side-effects; my tongue was fine and my foot was normal again. "Weird," I thought, but didn't take it any further.

Now I had been sensitive to feelings as a child, but picking up on Mom's energy and manifesting a 'sick' son for her to witness was a new trick. There was no medical reason for my side effects. They only lasted that evening.

It happened during a very traumatic emotional period, my mother having to face her fear in the moment, and a wide-open empath could very easily manifest that strong of a projection, especially with the emotional cord already in place. I had to consider the obvious even though I knew the doc sure wouldn't.

A week or so later I was up late one night, sitting at the table in the common area when a large vivacious Black woman came up and asked if she could join me at the table. I welcomed her and she sat down to my left and opened a rather nondescript looking book, bound in brown leather.

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I was reading a Bible at the time as well. There wasn't much other material to read that was of interest. I found some solace in reading from it by spontaneously opening the book and just letting my eyes drift to a passage. I'd start there and read for a bit. The passages always had something to offer.

After reading for a few minutes we began talking, sharing our reasons for being there. She had been talking to others about being a 'white witch' and soon found herself being submitted to psychological evaluation. I inquired about what a 'white witch' was; reminded of the album I used to contact Gary earlier that school year. It was a loose association for sure.

She told me about Wiccan beliefs in general and I'll synopsise them here:

1. Live in harmony with nature, the world, and people.
2. Respect all paths whether or not you agree with them. Do not impose your own beliefs upon others through acts of evangelism or conversion.
3. Respect your body, and keep it healthy and pure through practices such as exercise, healthy eating, and meditation.
4. Celebrate life and living. Don't just exist.
5. Attune with the cycles of the earth.
6. Respect all people, regardless of sex, age, race, culture, class and religion.
7. Respect and revere the God and Goddess in their many forms.
8. Always focus on learning and understanding for personal growth through reading, practicing your craft, and accepting the advice and wisdom of others.
9. Harness and develop your power and nurture a kind of union with the gods and powers of nature.
10. Create balance in your own life by embracing all the above.

Now I remember being fascinated by the Wiccan beliefs. It was not one of the religions I had read about in my earlier quests, but it seemed to embody them all in a much cleaner philosophy.

I told her what had happened to me, starting with the white light and including being taken to court for a competency hearing. She took a very deep breath, paused in thought for a few moments and then asked if she could give me a blessing. Absolutely! I was up for any assistance in my predicament.

She excused herself for a minute, got up and went to her room. She returned with a small vial of oil, said a short prayer, moistened her fingertip with the oil and made a cross on my forehead. I felt honored by the attention she gave me.

I had a similar blessing from the Rev. Dr. Charles Brown (spiritual guide for Understanding Principles for Better Living Church – founded by Della Reese) a couple of decades later.

I truly felt ‘blessed’ by her genuine intention for my well-being and her acceptance of my ‘story.’ The next morning was my weekly appointment with the doc, the hospital psychiatrist. I had continued a similar theme throughout, hoping someday he would actually listen.

The next day I shifted from the old storyline. I began telling Dr. Yarling what he wanted to hear, evidently. I admitted to everything he suspected, somehow, and must’ve been very convincing regarding my shift in mindset. He seemed more pleased than usual.

A few days later I was told they were going to begin reducing my dosage and I would be out in three weeks. My favorite nurse, Betty (a cute petite black woman), told me Yarling had said something about a ‘miracle’ cure... I’d come out of my psychosis. He was considering reducing my medication.

Did I have any 'success' in my treatment? I really didn’t feel any different about my personal experiences, other than pretty stupid for not talking to my parents about the drums and my financial condition. It might have saved me losing my album

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and 8-track tape collection, not to mention the quadraphonic stereo. Still, they were just things and my life is what mattered.

I felt like I'd just lied to the psychiatrist in order for him to deem me 'sane,' even though it solved the problem. My real questions were still about my experiences I knew I was just one person, Bruce, and Billy Shears was a totally fabricated ploy for attention... worked.

All of a sudden, after prostrating myself in total submission, I had a 'miracle' cure (he'd told my parents he wasn't sure I would ever come out of 'it') and I was released a few weeks later, still on some massive doses of Thorazine and 50 pounds heavier. I felt and looked swollen, my body image was gross at that point. It was embarrassing.

I was a bit emaciated when I went in (125 lbs.), but the 175 pounds I carried when I left was 35 pounds over my normal weight and it looked like all water. I didn't even look like me I was so puffy. It came off in time thank God.

The result of all of this was my self-esteem was temporarily absent, no confidence at all and it would be some time before I felt 'comfortable' as *me* again. I got severely anxious for quite a while. When I spoke to people I would shake on the inside so bad that sometimes my body would physically shake.

It took me some time to recognize that I could control the fear of rejection, even though I just wanted to be accepted and heard as being authentic and real. I thought 'quivering' was in fear of rejection or misunderstanding I guess.

I learned later that it might not have been my own feelings I was responding to – others had similar sensations when being confronted with experiences beyond their direct knowing.

I suppose it could have been because of the withdrawal from the Thorazine, too. Over time, through years of focused work and serendipitous opportunity, I gradually rose back into the person I knew before the brief hospital visit, or at least someone recognizable as a shadow of my former self. I liked that person

a lot and so did everyone else. I hoped I could ascend from my first trials and tribulations.

I had been involved in many high school activities, some in front of several thousand people, so I was no stranger to exposure. One of the neatest was doing a solo trampoline performance as part of a circus act for a half-time show during one of our basketball games.

I was a real ham at heart, I suppose. I enjoyed performing feats of skill. When I was a lifeguard I performed some pretty spectacular dives during the breaks, too. I loved having the audience and sometimes people would even clap.

My favorite was a reverse 2 ½ with a half-twist. An uncle told me some years later that he tried to get a diving coach from IU to come to Alexandria to watch me dive. He thought I deserved a good look. Nothing ever happened, though.

In everything I attempted that was challenging I was a bit nervous at times, but I never felt like I was shaking on the inside so strongly that I just knew it was visible on the outside. This sensation was horrifying.

It was tremendously disheartening to go through that depth of insecurity. I was determined to rise again, just like the Phoenix, and fulfill my destiny as was told to me so short a time ago.

I was engaged in some reckless behavior, no doubt. Looking back I was amazed at how 'protected' I was in those days. Now it is important to note that I was fully aware that this was an act and I did not have any false notions that I was Billy Shears.

It was a purposeful deception of a group for my own personal needs. I totally understood that, but it was seen as incredulous to the doctor. I'm aware that it did have some psychopathic tendencies, even though it was just self protection.

The only reason it did not continue was because I got lucky at the frat house and was 'committed' by my parents in an act of desperation for my life. It took me years to forgive them, but

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after my own children I have such great respect for their ability and decisions to act when they did. I'd gone too far.

I also considered that, because I'd focused more on the personal or self-aggrandizement during my second year at school that the events were a warning. I had stepped outside the realms of service to others and my intent to be honest and sincere in 'The Work' brought consequences beyond my understanding at the time. It was a great lesson.

I had some time to think about that for a while. Sharing my thoughts with others wasn't possible as no one cared to listen without judgment or opinion. I felt so alone and yet there were many around me. Something else you'll find interesting. The doc owned the lake cabin next door to the one my parents rented during the summers for a few years when my sister and I were younger. I'd completely forgotten that when I was in the hospital, although I'm sure Dr. Yarling did not.

*We can think of the soul not as
an entity but as a principle.*

D.T. SUZUKI

The Messy Antic Complex

The uniqueness of my entrance into the White Light and the ensuing experience made me vulnerable to an ego-centered, although well-intended, bantering that many with similar experiences have fallen prey to over the centuries. *A personal experience is interpreted as being important for sharing with the world.*

As with many others, the first human place in consciousness was to want to announce to the world that I AM HERE, believing that I AM THE ONE. After all, I was told I was to work with these ‘points of light’ to facilitate this new world order. If it is true, then I need to tell others about it, right? ...NOT!

That was the beginning of what the field of psychology calls the ‘messiah complex.’ This is where one sets themselves up as a self-proclaimed messiah. I was not intentionally setting out to do so, yet I have to admit that it would sound like it to many.

I would imagine that if I was listening to me, I’d have to agree it sounded a bit self-prognosticative. That would seem to be the historical pattern as well.

However, like Howard Bloom’s scientific exploration of history, religious leaders tend to manipulate masses of people in order to crush any resistance to their ‘truth.’ I’m glad I let go of the desire to even be considered as a spiritual leader, if only because I didn’t feel educated enough or experienced enough to be an effective leader.

Since that time, I’ve observed a paradox that claiming identity is only a consequence of having a huge ego, and yet to some it is a **major** consequence. As one of the many paradoxes in the discovery of Self, I’ll elaborate further and hopefully shed some light on the subject (pun intended). It is probably one of the most profound realizations one can have on the path of discovery. It is the discovery of Self.

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As seekers of truth progress in consciousness we see the goal as Cosmic Consciousness (many other terms could be used) or so we believe. What is that exactly? *Cosmic consciousness* is the concept that the universe is a living superorganism with which animals, including humans, interconnect and form a collective consciousness which spans the cosmos.³

In order to truly find it, one has to let go of everything held within the sphere of attachments - beliefs included. Experience, both internal and external, is the ultimate teacher in establishing a harmonious reality that balances our inner and outer polarities, bringing a state of harmony – within and without.

Now it would be easy to see how one with such a profound experience at such a young age would attach himself to this belief, not realizing its fullness. There are many, both male and female, who have reached a state of consciousness where they believe themselves to be THE ONE.

They also become so attached to this identity that their focus becomes telling everyone else that they are THE ONE, whether verbally or nonverbally, and espousing grandiose concepts of living in love without providing so much as a shred of evidence of their ability to do so. Living in love is important indeed.

The thing is, it's all a repeat of what happened several times throughout history and yet we attach ourselves to an incongruent and inconsistent belief that God works through one person only. That kind of connection isn't singular.

We also must realize that this identity thing is great, but we make it too great. We are all Cosmic, we are all Christ, or as I have learned from the Mayan "In lak' esh... I am another you."

In spite of that awareness, "Yeah, but I AM THE ONE!" resounds internally in many still, leading others down the path of self-deception to self-destruction. Imho, such as is happening with the current world leaders believing they are acting

³ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cosmic_consciousness

according to God's Will when it is quite obvious that the nature of love, to care for one another, is not in the picture according to the basic premises of love.

Okay, so you are THE ONE. What's next?

What do you do?

How do you act?

Moreover, how do you LEAD?

Once you realize that you are Christ, or even God or Goddess to some, then what is next?

You are still here, still in a body, still within the world of physicality and its natural laws and order.

What's the catch?

Well, the catch is that ONE turn into MANY, rising above their own identity issues to collaborate with others to actually do something about manifesting this new living awareness we call LOVE. At this phase, identity becomes a non-issue.

Jobarchy rules... the job is the boss and everybody wins. Ego becomes Wego. It is a collective work of art and science.

We all know of our paths and THE WORK. Well, maybe not but work with me here. Why do you think it is called that...The Work? Wouldn't it make sense that all this talk about the 'Cultural Creatives' might indeed mean that this is the 'Collective Messiah' at work? Can you imagine the effort necessary to unite the world?

Surely we could not be so pompous or presumptuous as to believe that we can do it 'alone.' This is what happens more often than not because we cannot get our ego attachment to agenda or identity out of the way. We start wars with others that don't seem to 'get it.' Can't we all just get along?

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True humility is to serve the people without attachment to outcome, being guided by the simple nature of addressing what shows up right in front of us. Stating the obvious with clear sight is tough.

Once harmony is found in your immediate surroundings, then greater opportunities are presented by those who guide us all from places we may not even be aware of yet; other relatives of cosmic consciousness. This is the place of experiencing the magic of a personal relationship with your 'higher power' or whatever you may choose to call IT.

Do we exercise sound mind and heart? Do we recognize that polarizing to any ID... whether it be Jesus or Lucifer (most prevalent duality)... still separates. Balance is the key to rising above duality consciousness. Many are claiming to embody either, even sometimes both, yet they still are unable to remove the mask to reveal their own individual identity, choosing to identify with an archetypal image rather than their own Divine Nature. As with any evolutionary path, it will change in time.

We might call this the Cosmic Conundrum: Who Am I? How do we find, accept, and then live our own individual Path connected to the ONE?

It is one thing to be self-initiated, the Path where many are called and few choose. It is quite another to claim to BE the ONE, as in the case of many professing to be the return of Einstein, Jesus, Mary, Lucifer, Isis, St. Germain, or whomever. It would seem we have a spiritual epidemic of polyphrenia, many personalities, in reverse.

Indeed something is happening.... just what? Why would one identity incarnate so many times AT THE SAME TIME? Seems a bit confusing, eh? Obviously something is being missed in the process. How does it all fit together without so much distortion?

The point of wisdom might be to recognize that when one attaches identity to themselves, especially in self-proclaiming ways, then the likelihood of the 'reality' is probably miniscule.

You don't have to speak it – others will. Only by continuing to release attachment to 'identity' can one truly find their perfect path, free of the continued subtle efforts of the ego, desiring to be in control, polarizing paradigm.

Truly... there is NO EGO without WEGO in the current best practices of Spiritual Evolution.

A true spiritual master claims no ownership of the Divine identity flowing through them. They allow the process without attachment to outcome, giving freely their concepts, ideas, heart, mind, spirit, soul and wisdom. As humans, it is rare that we are able to live in such an awareness and reflection of the Divine within us and through us.

The Collective Messiah, the Cosmic Consciousness prevailing in many 'world servers' now is an example of the progress toward true ONENESS. Each has a gift, just as important as the next. It is not the size of the gift, or the manner in which it is delivered. It's use is mandatory and, perhaps, compelling.

The fact that it is used that is important. May we all find that ONE in our hearts and share it with the Many who are also here on the planet now.

The only way that we can truly exemplify the Christ Consciousness that we so profess is by leading by example just as Jesus did, or so we believe, by letting go and offering ourselves to the Divine Flow that courses through ALL THAT IS. Now we might make the distinction here of not following Christianity, but being Christ-like.

To fool ourselves into believing that we are separate from anything is another false belief, yet the polarity paradigm seems to edify it still. How do we get beyond this? How about recognizing that all things are available to those that believe? Believe in what?

LOVE... Limitless Oscillating Vibrational Energy. Energy is active and so we must BE active. We are far more advanced technologically than in the times of Jesus, and yet the WORD is

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still in our HEARTS *and* the KINGDOM OF GOD IS
WITHIN. So, wouldn't that mean we ARE the Living Word?

What we seek to do now is to make the WITHIN, WITHOUT...
into the world as we know it. Jesus said to 'Love thine Enemy.'
Self-judgment is one of those enemies, among others.

Maybe, just maybe, we need to learn to love our own 'evil' first.
When we can love the worst in ourselves and others, then we
can begin to address these features in positive ways, resolving
and rehabilitating rather than resisting their obvious existence.

This WORK takes nothing short of ultimate cooperation and
collaboration from the depths of our Souls, with natural/divine
order. We each have gifts as well as skill sets we've garnered
from our living in this world. Would it not make sense to honor
these both, bridging our inner and outer worlds now?

Only when we do this individually can we do it collectively,
sharing our wealth and our wisdom, through demonstrating how
to work together for the greater good of all, including self and
others, establishing harmony among people and planet.

Attachments to identity or ownership of ideas only get in the
way of this process of progress toward a new world order of
harmony among people and planet. Finding solace in the Heart
of Creation comes from forgiveness of self, others, and
situations that have not met our expectations.

Even the most advanced souls still have expectations and they
are constantly vigilant of the need to detach and forgive.
Forgiveness is powerful, both for self and others as we let go of
expectations that weren't met.

So what about giving our enemies food, clothing and shelter as
part of our planetary evolution?

There is a natural order of movement within this Collective
Messiah as we each bring our offerings, our willingness, to give
to the whole. Many are experiencing delays in what they feel
are important projects for them, and the world, yet they refuse

to relinquish 'control' of their ideas and how they are to be implemented. Wouldn't it make sense to combine all ideas, as the natural process would synergize them into a greater potential for actual manifestation?

Sadly, this is a lesson it seems we are still learning. Could we actually choose to bring all our talents and skills together and WILLINGLY SHARE them?

Do you think that you, personally, would be willing to offer your most vulnerable secrets for the benefit of the entire world?

Believing that there are secrets might be your first step in an undesirable direction. There are no secrets when you reach this level of awareness. This does not mean that we 'know everything' yet instantaneous answers to pertinent questions occur often. I think it is a natural component of consciousness.

In reality whatever we choose, the polardigm {polarity paradigm} leads us hOMe. From the place of extremes, we can recognize all the paths of the polardigm and how they benefit us all to learn the ways of LOVE.

As a Zen master once said, "There is interaction if there is a call for it, no interaction if there is no call for it." It would seem that the Universe is calling for it now as we have entered the new millennium. Faith, love, trust and allowance in this new living awareness *is* the Way, the ultimate showing of strength on the Path. How do we encourage each other?

We begin to gather together now in celebration of our birthright, understanding that we are all part of the ONE, each with our personal path that compliments the whole. Knowing is showing. Showing is caring. Caring is giving. Giving is receiving. Receiving is limitless love pouring through our minds, hearts and bodies toward joining in the ONE.

As each of our masks is revealed in our discovery process, we allow the ONE to play through our actions in the ultimate play of life, love and happiness for all. Could it be that, "All things are possible to those who believe?" Imagine the possibilities.

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What if many believed in a new world order of harmony among people and planet? Imagine the shift in consciousness it would take to facilitate the demonstration of that belief. We might notice a proliferation of self-awareness gurus, motivational books and movies, non-profit service organizations or a nation electing change. It's a start.

The thing is, if Jesus were to have an influence on us now in preparation for his return, wouldn't He expect us to have learned how to live together? That was one of his key points, to love one another. I'm just thinking that if/when he does show up we ought to have done the prep work as dictated by the Word in our hearts.

Now I want to make sure that you don't think I'm proselytizing here. I don't think Christianity is any better than any other religion. As a matter of fact, I think they all compete instead of collaborate and cooperate. None is better or worse, except for how their devotees behave toward one another.

We need to look for what brings us together, not what keeps us separate. Unless and until we learn that, our world will remain in turmoil, in my humble opinion.

Recovery and Next Steps

After a few more weeks of recovery at home I needed to get active, find a job to help me continue to ‘recover’ from my previous ill-thought choices. There was not much available in town, but I thought of a wonderful man who used to be my Sunday school teacher. He owned a couple of grocery stores, one in Alex and one in Noblesville.

I went to speak with him about a job as soon as I felt I could. I told him a little about what happened and that I needed a place to work and to continue my recovery. He spoke with his general manager and I soon found myself installing kick panels on the bottom of all the shelves in the store. I moved on to cleaning each of the shelves in the store. It took me several weeks.

Eventually the meat manager asked if I would be willing to clean the meat department in the evenings and more thorough cleaning on weekends. I agreed and after a few weeks he offered a full-time position. I found myself working in the meat department as a butcher apprentice, something my father and his father (who had owned a grocery store) had done previously.

My new vocation helped me to move forward and provided a foundation I sorely needed. I made friends easily, still, and knew my life was getting better. I was still regretting the separation from my high school sweetheart (I saw her in the store a few times a month), but I was doing much better otherwise. Dad had bought a vehicle for me to replace the Opel GT that I lost.

Well, I didn’t really lose the Opel. Dad told me if I graduated from college it would be mine free and clear. If I didn’t, it wouldn’t. Obviously I didn’t so it sat around for a while as a reminder until he sold it, but he bought me a 1969 El Camino so I could have some transportation. Dad was a far greater help to me than I can ever repay, but he also let me learn my own lessons as much as possible.

Maybe he figured out early that the answers or solutions to problems were worthless until I learned to ask the right

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questions to lead me there. I wasn't real interested in having a relationship at the time and the confidence building that came with the stylization of the El Camino made a big difference.

I put a lot of effort into making the El Camino something I was really proud of; a near show-quality street rod. It was gold with a black vinyl top and looked pretty standard when I first got it. I dreamed of creating a chick magnet. I spent a lot of time and money building it up. Since I was living at home I had the extra money to spend on it.

By the time I was done it had G60s on the front, L60s on the back, a lift kit, fresh gold metal flake paint, a tarp to match the top on the bed and polished slotted magnesium wheels. Even then I was conscious of mileage and gas costs, so I only did minor upgrades to the stock 307 cubic inch motor – an oversized cam and dual exhaust with headers. It wasn't much for speed, but it got a lot of looks for sure.

During my preoccupation with the street rod, my hospital caller came to visit me weekly at the grocery store, just to stop by and see how I was doing. She worked at a fast food place in Anderson and was still living with her mother, now on her sixth marriage. I missed the first clue to my future. My attitude started to change, however.

I was truly touched by her visits, that she took the time and seemed to be genuinely concerned about me. A few months later I finally asked her out on a date. It was awkward to say the least. The date was enlightening to say the least.

I found out she was in her own recovery process. Evidently I'd gotten her pregnant when we first dated and her mother sent her to live with her father in Fort Wayne. While she was there her father hospitalized her and while there she had a miscarriage. The tone was set for our relationship, regardless of my considerations.

I felt bound by duty and honor, but also in love with the possibilities that she was indeed my soul-mate. I remembered the night I prayed for a soul-mate and her call coming the next

day. It was too present and real for it not to have been part of the answer to my prayer.

So a year and a half later we were married. She was deeper in recovery than I knew, not realizing the implications and situations that would come. We moved in to an apartment in town about a month before our wedding; a one bedroom in the top story of a house a few blocks from the grocery store.

We were there for almost a year. I had talked her into getting on the ‘pill’ when we first started dating, being responsible while having advantages with the freedom. I knew introducing a child so early in our marriage was not the best thing to do. We needed time to evolve.

Soon after we married she stopped taking the pill without informing me. I came home from the store one evening to a special dinner and overly joyous wife, only to let me know she was pregnant with a much excited, “Guess what?” My first thoughts and feelings were mixed indeed.

There had been no discussion of children yet and I felt she totally denied me the right to be part of the decision. But hey, she could always abort...NOT. I wasn’t ready yet and had other plans. How could she do this? I changed my tune, shifting my station on the shuttle, rather quickly. I embraced the situation.

We moved to the country in May and set up house in a freshly remodeled 3 bedroom wood-framed, aluminum-sided 2-story farmhouse that was on 2 1/2 acres. It had covered porches on the south side and the west side, opposite the driveway and rear entrance and an enclosed rear porch with a storage room.

Working in the meat department allowed me to get marked down grocery and meat items. We bought a freezer and had shelves to put canned goods from our garden in there a few months later. There was a huge yard and ¼ acre garden that turned out to be nearly more than we could handle.

There was also a 40’ x 80’ pole barn garage, once used to store combines, which we used for parties from time to time. It had

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electricity, too, so we set up the band (I was playing my drums again) and didn't have to worry about the next door neighbors a half-mile away and invisible from the corn growing all around us. The barn was now empty so we put the wood there to keep it out of the snow.

The northeast corner of the property had a full size barn about twice the size of the garage, complete with hay loft, horse stalls and pig pens. It hadn't been used for a few years, but the landlord stored some equipment there during the winter.

There were no animals, though, other than wild ones that took advantage of the vacancy. We were surrounded by cornfields. Our nearest neighbor was a half a mile away. It was a place for us to begin. We spent many hours dressing up the yard and planted flowers in the center of the tear-drop driveway.

We soon had several dogs and cats, too, thanks to her big heart and the local pound. We fed them pretty cheaply with meat trimmings and damaged 50 lb. bags of food available at deep discounts from the grocery store. Sometimes the guys unloading the trucks would poke a hole in a couple of bags of dog and cat food, setting them aside for me.

My wife had brought home a female silver Sheppard from the pound, named Queenie, as a birthday present while living in the apartment in town. A week after we moved we acquired a male black and tan Sheppard and soon had six pups. We acquired a couple of cats from her mom and she brought home several more from the pound. By the beginning of winter we had about a dozen cats living in the barn and three inside.

In September, about a month after we moved in, I had just laid down to sleep when I heard a woman's voice ask me if I could hear her. I literally heard, "Bruce, can you hear me?" I could, so I answered her out loud, "Yes." My wife asked me who the heck I was talking to, which I could only say was a woman's voice. Now here we go, I thought, she's gonna think I'm nuts.

We had not discussed much of my prior experiences at all. I didn't want to risk rejection and I hadn't had any for some time

now, so the need to reveal anything was minimal. She didn't reject me and accepted that I had heard a voice, even if she didn't, but it kinda spooked her. It left me a little unsettled as well, but I thought it was cool that we had a house guest.

We did some research with neighbors and the library and found out that there was an elderly couple who had lived in the house previously. The woman had developed cancer and after her death her husband moved away. We also found out there had been several other small buildings around the property that had been bulldozed prior to our move.

Mrs. Watson, we found out, chose to hang herself in the chicken coup (one of the buildings that was gone) about 6 months or so prior to our moving in. I can't imagine what it would be like to suffer so much that suicide would be a solution. I was still excited with the contact. It was mysterious and real, possibly a way for me to help her somehow.

My wife was scared. She really didn't like the idea of messing with spirits of dead people. I'm not sure if it was a religious objection or just what, but I wasn't having any luck with changing her mind. She was admittedly curious but also obviously afraid for some reason. I tried to soothe her and offered the story of David Star's appearance in my life. It seemed to help for the time being.

The house also had a brand new fuel oil furnace, but we chose to put a top-loading wood stove in the living room where the old stove had been. Her grandmother owned several acres of wooded land a few miles away and told us we could have the dead trees for firewood.

The permission to enter the woods was a windfall - Ash, Maple, White Oak, Red Oak and some Hedge-apple were all perfect for firewood, so we managed to get help from friends with saws and loaded the El Camino nearly a dozen times.

That winter I bought a snowmobile for fun and for possible transportation if we got snowed in. The country roads drifted easily and road clearing was slow after large storms. I needed to

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be able to get to work. There were a few occasions where it came in real handy. Indeed we were snowed in for several days at a time being several miles out in the country.

My wife and I had prepared for the delivery of our newborn with Lamaze classes, which mostly focused on breathing techniques to ease the birthing stress. The classes were held at the hospital over several months. We enjoyed the time together and it helped relieve some of the tension she was going through.

During the classes it was normal to hear ‘code blue’ on the hospital intercom at times. One particular night, though, I felt a strong desire to go the emergency room after hearing a ‘code blue’ announcement.

I really did not think it would be a good decision to just take off and leave my wife there, but the ‘pull’ was strong. I didn’t say anything about it until later.

The next day we heard the news about a good friend that had died in a car accident the night before. I knew that was the reason I’d felt the pull. The timing of his accident coincided with our class. He was DOA. I suppose if he was still hanging around he might’ve been able to reach out to me somehow. I’d had it happen before.

I still had my drums of course. Putting them in the upstairs unfinished bedroom above ours gave me a certain ‘security’ of their nearness. I spent a few hours a week playing them. It was a great feeling to connect with my entire being.

I first heard Mrs. Watson’s voice in early October. I mentally introduced Mrs. Watson and David as I was meditating a few days later. I began hearing the drums late at night, playing very melodically, like David was serenading Mrs. Watson somehow.

I knew that David was still near and possibly he was helping Mrs. Watson somehow. I told my wife about it several times, only to have her scoff at it.

Other than hearing the drums on a fairly regular basis, there was not a whole lot of ‘spirit’ activity for me then. The end of the year with Thanksgiving and Christmas always seemed to preoccupy the attention and so this year was no different, especially with a new baby on the way.

We had our first child on January 10th, 1980. What a beautiful child and totally wild experience – giving birth. Our daughter came a little early, weighing in at 5 pounds and 12 ounces. My wife’s water broke early in the morning and Krystal was born a few hours later. My uncle, who was also our family doctor, actually delivered her. Her birth was nearly effortless.

About a month after Krystal was born, the intercom at the store announced I had a call. I went to answer the phone just outside the cutting room door. My wife was frantic, “Bruce, Bruce... your drums!” I just laughed.

I knew right away what had happened. I responded, “What about them?” She had been breast-feeding Krystal on the couch in the living room which was right in front of the stairway’s open door. Krystal had fallen asleep in her arms and within a few moments, she heard the drums playing... unmistakably louder than I’d heard them before.

They were so loud that it scared her and even woke Krystal up with a start. She was hysterical now, hardly being able to calm herself enough to speak with me on the phone. Part of me found it humorous, validating what I’d tried to tell her about David.

I told her to slow down, relax, take a couple of deep breaths and not be afraid of what had happened. I tried to make it clear that she was safe and in no danger. I related that David was finally showing her that what I had said about hearing him on the drums was real. She was so upset that I don’t think it mattered.

I told her all she needed to do was speak to him directly, telling him that she was scared and really didn’t want to deal with him right then. Somehow I knew he would respect that and it gave her the opportunity to feel more in charge of her emotions.

Recovery and Next Steps

I told her he was only trying to communicate and show her that I was telling the truth, in my opinion. I tried to get her to just relax and find something to do around the house until I got home. We only had one vehicle running at the time. Her Mustang was frozen to the ground in the barn.

We had a serious discussion about moving when I got home. She had put up with minor things, like our back door being locked from the inside or Krystal's swing suddenly starting to rock back and forth.

This was the opportunity I'd hoped for, though, because it pushed her too far into having to deal with a reality way beyond her comfort zone. I'm sure she decided in that moment that she could no longer stay there and we needed to move as soon as possible. I was bummed to say the least.

We moved back in town in April once the weather got better. We had accumulated a house full of furniture, so it took us several loads with my El Camino and a pickup truck of a friend's. During one of our trips we came back to a near-hysterical wife, her sister and cousin. Evidently all of the doors in the house were open and they all slammed shut at the same moment; one on the south side, the west side and the back door facing the East. They assumed it was Mrs. Watson. I was amused to say the least, but it wasn't appreciated.

We rented a house we both had dreams of living in one day. It was a 17-room two-story farmhouse on the south side of town, across the hi-way from the golf course on top of a gently sloping hill. The view was beautiful.

Rumor had it that the house was built before the civil war and supposedly used as a stop for the Underground Railroad as well. The old barn, built around the same era, had burned down a half-dozen years earlier and the house had been vacant for two years. We knew it was going to take some work. There was an old boiler in the basement, but all the copper pipes had been removed, probably by some looters while the house sat empty.

The floor joists were rough-cut timbers from over a century before and dwarfed any current models, about 12" x 12" and at least 25' long. When we opened a wall in the southwestern corner of the living room to expose the glass-enclosed room on the west end of the cement porch, the studs exposed showed the adze tool marks. The exposure of the studs gave it nice rustic feel. We installed three wood stoves, two in existing flues and one with a new flue system in the dining room just off the kitchen in the rear of the house.

Meanwhile I thought I was getting closer to serving my 'mission' as I was playing in a pseudo-Christian rock band and having regular paying gigs, too. I was really enjoying the guys and the gigs. The room off our bedroom, which had a Ben Franklin stove, was the perfect size for our rehearsals.

The stove kept us comfortable during the winter. We all had day jobs (I had two) so we rehearsed after 10 pm usually. Krystal would stand in her crib in our bedroom and dance until she decided to lie down and go to sleep.

Our lead singer/rhythm guitarist, Don, was the younger brother of the friend I mentioned earlier from my first 'trip.' Their dad was the assistant chief of police at the time. Our lead guitarist was phenomenal, but had severe stage fright and the bass player's dad was Danny Gaither, of the Gaither Trio fame.

They are based in our small town, too, and Danny let us use some PA equipment that rocked like Altec Lansing speakers, almost as tall as I was, on wheels. We played for high school dances, college parties and a few clubs in the area even though everyone but me was under 21.

That year included switching jobs several times as the job market was slowly drying up from the effects of the economy. The auto industry had hit a down turn and with layoffs, people were leaving right and left as they were unable to find work and some no longer able to get unemployment.

Recovery and Next Steps

I was working as a part-time meat cutter as well as a machinist apprentice while playing in the band. We were doing okay, but in one week's time it all came tumbling down.

We had two songs on the Indiana Homegrown album over the last couple of years and were on the verge of 'making it.' Don, our lead singer, had been dating Danny's daughter, Trina.

Trina's parents were going through a divorce and he wasn't sure could weather the storm of being on the road. The band fell apart. I also got the news from both my other jobs that work had dried up and I was no longer needed. I wasn't sure what to do.

Just after April 1st my world changed dramatically. I'd been all over several counties looking for work. I'd found a part-time meat cutting job in Elwood, nearly 10 miles away, and picked up some work from a local machine shop. In one week's time I was riffed from the two jobs and then, as a last straw, the band broke up. What a cold reality check.

I was ready to sell everything and leave. I just didn't know where to go. That changed shortly. It happened to be a bright sunny day when the last news hit, Don decided to quit the band. I was out of solutions and needed some guidance desperately. I didn't know how to tell my wife that I was going to be able to provide for her and Krystal, let alone our new baby on the way.

I walked out on the porch, threw up my hands toward the sun with the intent of talking to God directly and shouted out, "Okay, I'm listening! Where do you want me to go?" I let go and listened. I had no idea if anything would happen.

The first word I heard in my head was 'Phoenix.' It is amazing how quickly the answers come when you are listening. Of course, that doesn't mean we always follow. In this case, however, I *did* listen.

We had some friends that moved out west the year before and another couple a year before that, so I made some phone calls in preparation. We had a place to stay initially and informed our families we were going to make the move to Phoenix.

We put an ad in the paper for a moving sale, sold off most everything and bought a $\frac{3}{4}$ ton van to load the rest. Three weeks later we were on the road.

We had friends willing to put us up for a few weeks and a job waiting for me when we got there. We packed our belongings in a big plywood box on top of the van, put my drums under a makeshift bed in the back and turned a large antique crate into a cushy bed for Krystal that fit snugly between the only two captain's chairs in the van.

I didn't realize just what kind of a trip Phoenix would truly be in my path to self-discovery and fulfilling my mission. I did know that there was relevance in this move, based on my initial introduction to Zephyr. I didn't say anything, though.

*The whole of existence is
imagination within imagination,
while true Being is God alone.*

Ibn Arabi

Zephyr – Ally and Guardian

Who was Zephyr? Let me fill in the gaps. This will take a little bit. When I was in college I made a lot of inquiries about many things. One of which was a question about whether or not I had a guide, ally, guardian angel or whatever.

I'd been reading *The Teachings of Don Juan, A Separate Reality and Journey to Ixtlan*, all by Carlos Castaneda. They were about his experiences under the tutelage of a Yaqui shaman. He wrote about unseen guides that apparently are accessible to the shamanic seeker. Supposedly they were available to contact.

I wanted to know everything about them; if I had one, how to communicate with them and if indeed I had one. I didn't consider the 'Voice' I'd known since childhood, nor had I had the white light experience yet.

One evening while in meditation, I got my answer. I'm not sure what album I was listening to, but I know I nearly always had something on in the background during my periods of deep contemplation. Music has always facilitated my journeys.

Simultaneously, I heard the name 'Zephyr' and saw what appeared like an ancient Indian's face in my mind's eye. His gaze was soft and warm, yet cold and piercing like he could look right through to the very depths of my being. I simply paused in awe for the moment. I did begin to inquire who he was and what his connection with me would offer. I was satiated for the moment.

A few days later, while listening to George Harrison's *Living in the Material World* album, I heard a familiar voice prompting me to pick up a pen and paper and write. So I followed its direction, trusting 'something' was about to happen.

I had never done anything like this before. This voice was somewhat different, it felt, than the 'Voice' I'd known to date, but it could have been the same. I was in a much more aware

Zephyr – Ally and Guardian

state of mind and not in deep contemplation. I picked up a pen and paper.

When my hand stopped writing, I had three pages of what looked like elaborate scribbling. I was a bit baffled and confused. Why couldn't I write in something more intelligent, or readable? I suppose somewhere inside I knew, but not now.

All I could do was watch while my hand wrote on and on. What I found over the next few days was that it resembled Sanskrit, one of the earliest forms of writing that historians have been able to determine. I compared it to many other writings and Sanskrit was the closest.

I wasn't sure what the heck it said, although there were some definite impressions of importance made on my mind while I was in process writing it. Unfortunately, they became buried in my subconscious, waiting for their own time to resurface. I did not connect this experience to Zephyr yet. The professors I had shared it with were not at all impressed.

Jim Wilkinson, a guy on the other side of the fourth floor, had told me about his metaphysically oriented family some months prior. I knew he could do 'automatic writing,' as it was called. So I asked if we could inquire more about Zephyr.

So we got together the following weekend. Heck, as teenagers we really didn't know what we couldn't do yet, so I'm sure we accomplished many things thought to be impossible by many.

We met in his dorm room and began the process by offering some prayers and putting on a Tangerine Dream album. The actual invitation or set up for this was all new to me and I really wondered if it was possible. Jim invited Zephyr to participate and asked if he would please answer some questions. Jim seemed to be quite comfortable with the little ceremony, confident that something would happen.

I began internally asking for Zephyr to show up. In a few moments I was really surprised when Jim started to write. I

recognized the script right away. It was the same as I had written before, unrecognizable again.

Now I was really getting excited as I thought there really might be something to this 'automatic' writing. I had not shown any of the pages to Jim so he couldn't have known about the style of script. I was still frustrated, though.

Neither one of us could read or understand the language, regardless of the lack of foreknowledge of my writings. If we were supposed to understand any of this for real, I needed to have a language I understood.

Jim had told me he had a guide that he had been communicating with for some years now. I figured if Jim had access to the spirit world, then maybe they had access to each other and we could find a translator. So, I asked Jim if his guide could act as a translator in hopes of some interpretation at least.

Again, I didn't know what we couldn't do yet, so it was easy to believe that anything was possible in this world. Jim's guide was named Herschel and supposedly lived his last life in what is now Ireland. So he asked Herschel to help us out.

I've got to say this was a pretty trippy kind of situation, with all this spirit communication that somehow seemed to flow quite easily. I guess the veil between this side and that is quite thin, even non-existent at times, based on what I was experiencing.

Through the questions we asked of Herschel, we found out that Zephyr had lived in what is now the southwestern United States over 20,000 years ago. He functioned as a shaman or spiritual leader for a large population. We thought it might be Lemuria or possibly Atlantis. Neither of which we knew much.

When he wrote about the southwestern US I immediately wanted to go to area to discover more. It wasn't time yet. Time does have a way of working things out though, eh?

Zephyr – Ally and Guardian

I had already longed to go to this region after visiting there just after I graduated from high school. Now the desire was even more pressing. I wondered how or when I could go.

Four years later as I stood on our front porch and pondered hearing, “Phoenix,” my mind suddenly felt like it expanded a hundred-fold. It was an odd feeling, like my vantage point suddenly shifted to somewhere really deep inside of me and simultaneously produced a feeling of being so expanded that there were no boundaries. It was like standing on a mountain and taking in a huge panoramic view without leaving the porch. It was freakin’ amazing.

It was obvious that my life was about to change in a huge way, or at least I anticipated it, because Phoenix was right in the middle of the southwestern United States, where Zephyr served his people thousands of years ago. I needed to explore this further. I didn’t know how at the time.

I only hoped that my wife would somehow grow with me on this journey, choosing to leave her mother and sister behind took a lot of courage. I didn’t feel the closeness to my parents after the hospital thing yet, so I was good to go. We’d had some rough times, including infidelity, yet we chose to carry on and leave everything behind.

Now that is a noble choice I’m sure, but the reality is that two people have to make the choice that eliminates all others. They absolutely need commitment. The relationship on the ocean of emotion must have the collaboration and deeply vulnerable cooperation of the crew in order to survive and thrive.

I knew I had it, but I wasn’t sure about my wife. We were about to take a trip to launch a new life, free of a self-indulgent manipulative mother-in-law, insecurities and I only knew the half of it at the time.

I wasn’t able to ‘see’ the challenge ahead clearly. Her mother had been married six times and the most recent husband was about 15 years younger. The baseline of love and trust I learned as a child was nowhere to be found in my wife’s childhood,

unfortunately, and it would ultimately have a devastating affect our future. I suppose it was a harbinger of understanding for me.

Our journey out West would prove to be a true trial by fire in respect to maintaining my spiritual focus and personal actions toward my commitment. I would be tempted by and accused of many things from many people who really had no clue of the inner drive I held or the personal experiences I'd had to validate my desire and conviction.

It was still only just a few years after Dr. Abell's impactful insights, but I still had not learned to keep my mouth shut. It was almost like I wanted to challenge anyone I met to ascend in their spiritual considerations whenever I had the opportunity. That doesn't always bode well in certain situations.

I felt like it was my duty as a testimony to the beliefs I'd given my life to explore, even in death; to challenge myself to engage others in the best ways possible. The notion of self-discovery would have to include the unyielding loyalty to perfect love and trust. I didn't know what it was, really, but I knew it was possible. It would be a long time before I'd find it.

Maybe I'm going way out on a limb here, but I did that as a child playing in our favorite towering Oak just across the ditch. I learned that the tree had this one limb that stretched a good 40 feet, could withstand a young boy's weight and still sway 20 feet or so without a hint of breaking.

I have great faith in limbs. Like arms, they are great for hugging, especially when safety is at stake.

Part 2

Coming of age...

The Call of Phoenix

The drive to Phoenix held nothing spectacular, but we managed to stop a few places along the way for sight-seeing, fishing and camping. There was no real hurry to get there. We had a bed in the back of the van, so our camping consisted of building a fire and using the campfire to cook our dinner and sometimes breakfast. It was a nice experience, overall.

Once across the Arizona border and traveling across I-40, we decided to go south at Holbrook, down through Payson and on to Phoenix. It was an absolutely gorgeous ride down across the Mogollon Rim and through the green of the forest in springtime. The glimpses of the forest below us were breathtaking to say the least.

We had traveled the roads of southern Indiana and the undulating hills to see the beautiful colors of fall as the leaves turned, but nothing prepared us for the panoramic views in the mountains. We stopped several times at lookout points to take in the view and take a few pictures.

Krystal even got excited, jumping up and down on the seat of the van while her mother held her. Before the mandates of seatbelts and child seats, we had no child's seat and only lap belts on the captain's chairs in the van. Krystal rode proudly in the quilt-lined crate we had prepared for her on the floor.

We found the crate in an abandoned farmhouse one day. There were many abandoned farmhouses in the country around where we lived. We liked to explore them, picking up small items of interest to decorate our home or yard. There were plenty of old farmhouses around the country where we lived.

The crate was about two feet deep and wide and four feet long, perfect to use as a base for an old cutting table I brought home from the store. After a good scrubbing with bleach and a week of outdoor drying in the sun, we had a very unique 3x7 foot living room table made of 2x4s held together by several lengths of 5/8" all-thread.

Call of the Phoenix

Leaving the table behind, we converted the crate into a travel bed for Krystal, with several quilts providing a soft and protective place for her to enjoy the journey. Krystal was a great traveler, lulled to sleep by the engine and the road for most of the days and sleeping soundly during our nightly stops. Our little family was growing, too. My wife was several months pregnant with our second child, due late August.

When we crested the last hill before entering the Phoenix Valley my heart felt like I was home again. I don't know how else to explain it. I'm sure the scene and sensations were affected by the anticipation I held.

I could only hope that my wife would feel the same way about our arrival and taking up residence in Phoenix. Little did I know how many times the legend would play out over the next few decades in my quest for connections to life; Phoenix was rising for now. I liked that feeling.

We landed on the far west side of Phoenix first, staying with my high school sweetheart's sister and her husband. Funny how small town dynamics play out. They had moved to Phoenix about a year before.

Joe worked for Syntex Ophthalmics as a supervisor and knew there were openings for production workers. The company made contact lenses of all types, cutting them on pneumatic lathes was part of their production. The plastic pellets were held by wax on the ends of metal bullets that were held in the machine after heating them up to loosen the wax. We used a pencil to get the pellets to run 'true' before cutting them.

My machining experience was useful to them and I was hired quickly. After a few weeks we had saved enough to move out of their place and give them back their space. I'm sure they were thrilled, but they had been very kind through their hospitality.

Phoenix was growing like crazy at the time and apartment complexes were popping up all over. After looking around for a couple of weeks we found a place that was in phase two of a

three-phase build. There was a completed phase that had about two hundred apartments from studios to two-bedrooms.

We decided a studio would be good initially as we had worked out a deal to be the ‘recreation managers’ which basically meant we were in charge of checking out the recreation equipment for the complex. This ‘position’ allowed us to get a one-bedroom apartment at a reduced rate in the second phase.

Before we moved into the one-bedroom, though, we had another couple from back home over for dinner one evening. Bob and Julie moved to Phoenix nearly two years prior. I missed hanging out with him and Bragg, yet already obvious our commonality waned.

Bob was running a roofing crew and Julie was raising their daughter, Charity. Charity was the product of a prior relationship of Julie’s, another friend I’d grown up with in Alexandria. A strapping young man named Steve Absher, but nearly everyone called him ‘Blab.’

I knew Charity’s father initially from church. He was a couple years younger, but nearly a foot taller than me by the time we matured. We’d remained friends but had gone our separate ways with the cliques of youth. We’d run into each other occasionally at parties.

Steve had died just a couple weeks before, the result of a broken neck from a motorcycle accident. He was on his way home from a party in Muncie, no doubt a college party of some sort.

Bob and Julie had lived a mile away across the field to the north of our ‘haunted’ home in the country. I knew Bob from high school, although he was not a student at the time. He graduated nearly a decade ahead of me. Most of my friends were older for some reason. My wife got to know them when we first moved to the country

Charity was five now and quite the cutie. We had all learned of Steve’s recent passing, but it was not a subject of conversation other than to acknowledge it had happened. Instead, since death

Call of the Phoenix

was on the agenda, Bob related a story about an old friend of his that had died of a brain tumor.

Steve (happened to have the same name) and Bob grew up together, graduated and even worked together for a few years. Steve was diagnosed with an inoperable brain tumor after showing some strange behaviors and loss of motor skills.

It advanced rapidly, but the two of them remained close and Bob spent a lot of time with Steve before he passed. During that time, they had made a pact that Steve would return somehow to let Bob know what the ‘other side’ was like. Bob had no idea how it was going to happen, so when it did he nearly lost it.

Bob and Julie were renting Steve’s parents’ house in the country, a two-story as well. Steve’s parents had several children and had farmed the land until they were no longer able to meet the physical demands, so they moved into town and rented the farmland to the folks who owned our property.

It had been a few years since Steve’s death when Bob and Julie moved in. They had their bedroom set up in Steve’s old room downstairs since it was bigger than his parents’ original bedroom. It was an old wood-framed house that was in considerably worse condition than our freshly remodeled house.

Bob, Julie and Charity were all fast asleep one night when Bob had a dream that literally put him into another world for a moment. Steve showed up in his dream and after talking with Bob for several moments,

Bob realized he was dreaming somehow and said to Steve, “Hey, wait a minute. You are not supposed to be here. You’re dead.” Steve replies, “I just got tired of listening to the crickets.” That had to have been a bit spooky.

At that point Bob awoke from the dream and sat straight up in bed a little spooked. He looked around the room and was even more startled as it appeared as Steve’s room once looked. As the vision subsided he woke Julie and told her what happened.

They got dressed, picked up Charity from her bed, drove into town and went to Bob's parents' home.

I certainly would not have responded that way, but everyone is different. He had never had any 'weird' stuff happen to him his entire life, even if he had made the pact with Steve.

Bob and I hadn't really spent much time together since I went off to college, so this gave us a chance to share a bit more of our lives. I finally found a place to talk about some things that I felt needed to be brought out on the table. I wasn't sure how it would be received.

I synopsized the story about David, Grandma and what led up to my wife's experience with the drums and Mrs. Watson. Apparently Steve had passed around the time Krystal was born. It was only a few weeks after his death when Bob had the dream. They moved to Phoenix shortly thereafter.

Now Bob knew Charity's dad, too, but he and Julie really didn't talk about him too much, so we didn't discuss Steve's accident other than to clear up the details of how it happened.

Steve was returning from a party in Muncie and was riding his bike down a country road that would drop him off in the middle of Alexandria, only a few blocks from where he lived.

He was kind of a thrill seeker and rode his Kawasaki 1000 like a race bike at times. He missed a corner just before a bridge, catapulting his bike across the creek and broke his neck when he hit the other side.

A passing motorist saw him the next morning and called the police. According to the reports from our local paper and relatives, he died instantly. That was a good thing.

Charity really took to Krystal, watching over her the entire evening while keeping tabs on the adults from time to time. The temperature had hit 100 degrees for the high the first day we arrived and by now it was rare that the high was below 110°, so we spent most of the evening inside.

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By 11 o'clock the girls were both ready for bed, Krystal asleep in Charity's arms already. They looked so cute and Charity seemed to enjoy holding Krystal, rocking her gently as she grew tired and sleepy, too.

By midnight they were both asleep and shortly afterward we said goodnight to Bob and Julie. My wife was ready for sleep, but my mind was racing from an idea that came while we were having dinner. I wondered if I could contact Steve (my friend) directly somehow, like I used to talk with Gary in school.

I just meditated for a while, hoping my wife would drop off to sleep and I could try to talk to Steve without 'interrupting' her sleep. Sometime later I decided to move forward with my experiment. I prayed, "Jesus, if it be your will, your will be done. Can I talk to Steve?" With that I began to telepathically call out to Steve. "Steve...Steve... are you out there? Can you hear me?" I waited with no result.

After a few times I called out louder in my head, like I was yelling, "Steve... Steve... Are you out there, man? CAN YOU HEAR ME?" Nothing... Then it occurred to me – Steve is a common name, silly, and I'm not using his last name, either. What about his nick name?

"HEY BLAB! ARE YOU OUT THERE? CAN YOU HEAR ME?" I thought that might work.

"Bruce, is that you?" I heard his voice just as plain as day. At the same moment his face appeared in the center of my mind's eye. That was cool, but nothing like what was about to happen. My wife raised up off her pillow and exclaimed, "I just saw Steve's face and I tried blinking my eyes... he wouldn't go away! What are you doing!?"

I hadn't said a word and had been perfectly still in bed so as not to disturb her. I told her what I was trying to do and that at the same instant he appeared to me, she raised up off her pillow. At that point all I could do was cry in joy of the connection. There was more, though, and it all made perfect sense.

I said, "I heard it has been medically proven that the body loses 4 to 6 ounces of weight immediately upon cessation of life. Weight has mass. Mass has form. I wonder if we can see him with our eyes open?"

She replied, "I don't know. It scares me. You do whatever you want. I'm going back to bed." Well, at least she didn't freak out and keep me from going further. I couldn't understand how 'going back to bed' would solve her concerns. Anyway..

I lay back down and kept my eyes open now. I asked, "Blab, can I see you?" A mist formed in the darkness at the foot of the bed. As I watched, his body came into focus and he looked normal, complete with his favorite flannel shirt and jeans.

His hair had been past his shoulders for years. Seeing him there now all I could say was, "Far fuckin' out!" in my head. This was still just telepathic communication, nothing out loud.

"Tell me, can you travel with a thought?" Immediately I saw what looked like 'trails' going out of the room and immediately returning, starting and stopping with his full body visible in front of me. Again, "Far fuckin' out, man!" was all I could think of to say. Then I got real critical because it helped me focus.

"Are you really there or am I imagining this? I know how powerful my mind can be and I could be projecting you there." At that instant I felt the sheet moving across my feet and the bed moved slightly as though some pressure had been applied.

I looked closer and it appeared he had his foot on the end of the bed between my feet. He had his left hand on his knee, elbow in his hand and chin in his other hand, smiling at me like a Cheshire cat. "How's that?"

My energy went through the roof at that point. I could barely lie still so I took a few deep breaths and tried to relax. I was in bed and really didn't want to get up, but I couldn't calm down. My mind was racing with thoughts of spectacular accomplishment as I continued talking with him. I had to get up.

Call of the Phoenix

I felt like a kid about ready to go over the top of a roller coaster. I got up and put some clothes on, walked $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile to a pancake house and bought a pack of smokes, talking with Steve the whole way. It was about 2 a.m. at that point.

I walked back and decided to walk around the park next to the apartments as we continued. Most of our talk was about old stuff, Charity and his regrets. I told him about my experiences and evidently, along with my original question of being able to travel with a thought, he felt more at ease in his new environment. He was kinda freaked out too when we first began. It almost seemed matter of fact to me.

We finished our conversations and I returned to bed, still excited but quite exhausted from the early morning ordeal. I fell asleep quickly. My wife didn't want to talk a lot about it in the morning, bothered by the confrontation of her fears I can only assume. I longed for someone that understood.

I guess she must've had some deep seated old 'Christian' views of necromancy, talking to dead people, and it really affected her outlook on such things. I'd read that doing such things was a taboo and seriously frowned upon by the 'church.'

I found some conflict with my own experience, especially since I had asked permission. I prayed to Jesus for permission and it was granted. Why do most Christians fear the ability to speak to others who have passed beyond this plane?

We never did reach reconciliation on my spiritual discoveries, explorations and theories. I felt so alone in that place and simply could not understand why those things were so frightening to her. Of course, the unknown is frightening to most people. I get that now.

There was obviously nothing harmful in the act of communication. Later I would question the very core of the religious systems that limited human experience in the exploration of communication and consciousness; opting for a more open and inclusive experience system.

Inner Space Overtones

After a few months of working at Syntex, I approached the powers that be for a raise. I had been consistently producing well over the quota so I felt like it was appropriate to be compensated. Well, though the floor managers agreed that my performance was considerably above the norm, their hands were tied when it came to giving raises.

I acknowledged that mine were too due to my family's needs and told them I was quitting. I had nothing else to go to just yet, but I felt compelled to take the leap of faith. I was confident something good would happen.

The following Sunday we attended a church just around the corner from our house. I'm not sure what it was that prompted me to suggest it, but I thought at least she might be happier knowing I was considering our spiritual welfare. We had been talking about joining a church.

We were welcomed and met several people who seemed genuinely interested in how they might help us. We shared our story about moving West and found some very sympathetic ears. God was working.

When I explained our situation a little more in detail – the split from Syntex – one of the folks recommended that I talk to one of their members right away. I was told he and his brother owned a small machine shop and they were looking for someone currently.

I was introduced to one of the brothers straight away and he invited me to meet with him and his brother the following day at their shop. They did miniature machining mostly for aerospace manufacturing.

When the brothers explained what they were looking for, showing me the machines in the process, I knew it was a good fit and they did too. I started at a dollar more an hour and had much better working conditions.

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I stayed with them for a couple of months, meeting their expectations and then some. However, they knew that their work was not consistent enough to provide me with the necessary foundation and benefits I needed for my family. They suggested I put in an application at AirResearch, one of the largest aerospace employers in the Phoenix area.

I was offered a job there shortly thereafter at fifty cents an hour more – with benefits! I would be working on making gears for jet engines, running various grinding machines with very small tolerances. My miniature machining experience, along with my machining history, came in perfect order.

Our second daughter was born just before I started working at AirResearch and my wife nearly died from a nurse's poor decision at the County Hospital. Instead of allowing the placenta to deliver completely afterward, the nurse tried to trim the remainder instead which caused internal hemorrhaging.

After a manual dilation and curettage that removed the rest of the placenta, she was good to go. She spent an extra day in the hospital and Katrina was completely healthy, bright-eyed and ready for the world. Krystal had a younger sister to look after now. She was so excited to have a new little sister.

Within a couple of months we were in a position to move into a house. One of the other machinists had a four-bedroom house on a cul-de-sac just a mile north of where we were living. It seemed like a perfect solution.

We went to look at it and instantly fell in love with the layout; a much nicer place than we had ever lived, having a small room off the large living room for my drums. It also had a 3-foot diameter tree in the back yard that shaded most of it with a flagstone planter built around it and a block wall that provided privacy and security.

Now it was during this same time period that I had a very strange and weird experience at work. It happened over a several day period actually, with little events leading up to a visitation from Zephyr. It was late August of 1981.

As a production grinder specialist my job was to machine exotic metals to very tight tolerances using various grinders, inside diameter (ID), outside diameter (OD) and Center-less to be specific. Most of the tolerances were less than .001 (one thousandth) of an inch. A human hair is usually around .005.

I really enjoyed the precision and was quite good at what I did, being called upon to repair and/or rework parts from the mistakes of others. Some of the gears and turbine wheels were upwards of \$25,000 each, so every effort was made to save potentially bad parts. I started working swing-shift and went to days in November. I was feeling very good about life.

I don't remember how long before this particular event, but I had been picking up 'Chick Publications' from the tool crib. These publications were little booklets made by some Christian group. I found them interesting at times and profound at others.

While reading one, as I waited for the tool crib guy to fetch me a gauge, I came across a part about there being 66 books in the Bible. I had never thought about the number of books in the Bible before, but I found it a natural progression of my own thought to think, 'to be understood with the 6th sense, hence the number 666.'

I know it sounds weird, but it made sense to me. There would be much more to happen in my growth of understanding in a very short time.

I knew the passage about the number 666 said it was a number of knowledge and wisdom, to be interpreted by one who had understanding. I took that to be a scientist's view, eventually coming to realize there were 6 protons, 6 neutrons and 6 electrons in the carbon atom. Wow, the basis for all organic life... the number of man? I kept my mouth shut for years on that one even though it made total sense.

A week or so later I was setting up a job one evening that took several hours because of the exacting requirements for dialing in the fixture that was mounted to the work chuck, a large wheel

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with slots that was threaded onto the machine's work head and used to anchor fixtures that held parts to be ground.

Some of the set-ups took nearly the entire 8-hour shift because of all the adjustments that had to be made to make the first part perfect. I so enjoyed the perfection of machining these parts.

So I am leaning over into the bed of the Cincinnati (brand name) ID grinder I worked on most of the time. It was built back before WWII and had so many shims on its weighs that most guys wouldn't touch it, but hey, it just gave the machine character and I liked character. I was able to hold tolerances in the ten-thousandths of an inch without a problem.

So I've got my head in this machine as I'm dialing in a fixture, using a dial indicator and small bronze hammer as I gently tapped the piece into place. As I was just about done I felt someone step onto the lath board platform that was in front of the machine. I figured it was a workmate.

The platform was made of ½" x 1" pieces of wood nailed across a frame to keep your feet off the cement floor and any spillage from the coolant used with the machines. Every machine had one; some longer, some shorter, depending on the size of the machine. Our 'department' made gears for aircraft engines.

It wasn't long before you learned the 'feel' of the platform and the obvious signs when someone stepped onto it. There was no mistake about it. I turned to look and see who was standing on my platform. There was no one there. My curiosity rose sharply.

I stood up, looked around and heard, "Get a piece of paper and pencil and draw." I recognized Zephyr's voice instantly and went for the 4" x 6" index cards I kept in the top of my toolbox. I grabbed one of them, pulled a pencil out of my work smock and put the index card on the workbench in front of me.

As soon as the pencil touched the paper I started drawing. Now the sensation was rather strange, to say the least, as I had no control over what I was drawing, even though my hand was doing it. It felt much the same as I did with the automatic

writing from back in college. It felt like another part of me had assumed control over my hand and the pencil.



My hand moved quickly over the paper and soon I had a symbol that was amazing. It was a hexagram with two eyes of Horus with symbols in each triangle and a swastika with a cross superimposed in the center.

I researched it for years before ever sharing it with anyone, except in serious inquiry for impressions or meanings, keeping it separate from myself although it is inextricably a part of me. I have found since that it may also facilitate awakening insights to awareness of who we really are in this great cosmic construct.

Somehow this symbol has something to do with my soular identity and the 'mission' I was given. In respect of the Mayan 'In lak' esh' (I am another you), this may offer some YOUNiversal insight as well. This 'mission' was to work with a particular group of people in order to facilitate a 'new world order.' I understood that to be of harmony among people and planet, even though many think otherwise.

Now this NWO is vastly different from the one being touted throughout the political agendas. Instead of a dominant agenda, this one is about creating harmony among people and planet. It is a conscious and thoughtful effort that seems to permeate many levels of experience, both esoteric and material.

The symbols contained in it were all of duality in balance, ultimately held together by the Christ Consciousness exemplified by the cross in the center and 'spun' by the swastika into all things. Interestingly enough, years later I saw the swastika as the very first recognizable symbol in the animation of an explanation of how energy flows through our atomic structure, describing how our DNA works.

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Dan Winter shared the animation with me before leaving the States in 2000 to carry on his work abroad. He also confided in me that ASHTAR is the acronym for the cosmic computer.

Interesting piece of data to receive on the path to understanding why this one (Ashtar) seems to be inextricably intertwined in my own cosmic lineage, from Steven and April White to the Gathering of Souls and much more. Could it be the harmony of carbon and silicon that we seek?

Taking a bit of a tongue in cheek point of view, the right and left eye of Horus above the 'star' protects from viruses and hackers in the realms of Cosmic Computerdom, our body/mind/spirit/soul complex as referenced in the Law of One or the 'House of Many Mansions' in the Keys of Enoch and the Bible.

In Egyptian times, the appearance of the right and left eye of Horus meant total protection from EVIL, allowing one to truly LIVE. Ever notice how truth is rife with paradox and mirror-like reflection? I learned it to be true. My sense of loose association always brings up tangential thoughts.

Wouldn't loving your own evil have the same affect?

Does Jesus admonition apply here - love your enemy? Everything is within. I am another you. How do you love what you cannot acknowledge in yourself? I think that is the essence of forgiveness. We learn to love ALL that IS.

The swastika represents the direction of the data stream, anchoring into physicality when spun one direction and able to reach escape velocity when spun in the other. This is especially pertinent when understanding the laws of creation, the 'spin' of eternal life if you will.

As noted, the swastika is the first symbol I recognized in a computer-generated representation of the fractal program based on the golden mean. The golden mean has been shown to be the basis for our physicality (carbon-based) mathematics that is found repeatedly in nature and our human form.

Is it possible these two eyes also represent the inner and outer natures of MAN? Could they represent the polarity paradigm and when together, exemplify balance and harmony in the pandemonium between chaos and order?

We know the keys of a true new world order are within us and it would appear that science and religion, albeit 'spirituality', have to at least come close to agreement for there to be any kind of solid foundation for all human beings. In the book, "Biocosm,"

James Gardner presents the concepts of noted astrophysicists, complexologists, and quantum theorists as they consider the potentials of an anthropic (life-friendly) universe, possibly offering quantum entanglement as an experience for humans.

This life-friendly universe just may have all the road signs and skill-building information encased within the 'experience' of life within it. A life-friendly universe would seek to replicate itself, hence the appearance of fractals in the perspective of the Holographic Universe.

The deeper one goes down the rabbit hole, the more familiar one becomes with their own interconnectedness and 'cosmic coding' for their independent journey toward interdependence within the human race and planetary consciousness. You might want to read that one again.

Revealing truth all starts with the phenomenal precision of the universe, built by some super intellect that knew just exactly what it would take to produce the carbon atom... to the 32nd decimal place. (See Second Law of Thermodynamics)

Now here's one that seems to get a lot of airplay on the unfriendly side of life. I'll present it as a matter of discovery and deductive logic based on scientific evidence. The 666 represents the number of man.

Even from the Book of Revelation we are told it is the number of knowledge and wisdom, to be interpreted by one who has understanding (science). It is the number of man, or some versions say the number of 'a' man - NOT THE BEAST!

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It's funny how it has been misinterpreted to mean the Beast. Well, if man is a beast (barbarian at best) we need look no further for self-analysis of our 'satanic' nature. Did you know that 'satan' comes from the Greek 'thetan' and means 'thinker'? Do we not create ALL battles in the mind first?

Proponents of duality and destruction would prefer to pin the tail on the donkey, naming a specific person as some sort of 'evil doer' as indicated by past behavior. Humans like to divert attention when their intention is questioned.

Scripturally [Bible] we are told it is the number of knowledge and wisdom... go on, look it up [Rev. 13:18] "Here is wisdom." indicating a science-based logical approach... 6 protons, 6 neutrons and 6 electrons is the carbon atom... carbon-based creatures that we are in this realm of Creation.

'I am another you' makes more sense here. There is much more revealed by looking into the presentations of the carbon atom and its own mathematical genius through the link above this paragraph. The astrological sign for Cancer who is known as the nurturer of the zodiac and prefaces most interaction with 'I feel' resembles the TAO, the yin/yang symbol.

Apparently designed by creator/creature nature to know the depths of feeling and understanding, shared through the emotive heart-felt communications of the soul...connected to All That Is, a natural communicator of limitless oscillating vibrational energy... LOVE.

The balance of the scales is to facilitate order; justice tempered with righteousness and the good of all, which again reflects the harmony of people and planet. The paradox of paradigms is prompted to reveal its Oneness.

The 999 is the completion of the awareness programs, the perfected body of understanding, ignited by the trinitized energy from Source - Will *with* Direction. The polarities adjusted by purpose or the Self-directed energy of the proton, neutron, and electron offer yet more evidence of the Trinity in science.

Each of our data streams, the body, the mind, and the Soul are complete and form the “~perfected body.” The 666 becomes the 999 in each one of our atoms, making the below as the above... turning some folks totally upside down and inside out. Can ya dig it? I think it is hilarious and so obvious.

What about Lucifer's true purpose?

If you've got a Christian background, that question might have you spinning already. It might even make you angry. Is it because of your belief or the fact that I asked the question?

If God IS and all of creation is a manifestation of love, then we might have our wires crossed. What if we've been looking at the picture from the wrong side of the mirror and the whole concept of Lucifer's 'mission' was actually to help us figure out our humanity by constantly questioning authority?

Continuing with the potential of a 'different view' of reality... Imagine looking down the helix of DNA with the pulses of energy: on-off, open-closed, white-black being visible on both sides. We already know that electrical pulses are the life-blood of the heartbeat of Creation, not to mention our own heart.

The yin/yang symbol could be a two-dimensional look at the core of our DNA left by ancient scientists to guide our way, showing the pulsing infinity of the universal heartbeat through it. It is the 0 and 1 of the cosmic computer language within us...gate open, gate closed. So much for gated communities.

We have yet to discover the interrelationships at this fundamental level, only to surmise the unity of diversity as we search for the answer to the cosmic conundrum: How do we all get along? This seems to be the message from above, our star families that have been making their presence known in an increasing fashion over the last 50 years or so.

The sword is the pure logic, intellect ruled by understanding, untouchable by human comprehension until after the introduction of the computer, cutting through all false belief systems as though they were bugs in the Cosmic Computer.

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In the center is the swastika, the first simple symbol of our cosmic spin... light and sound condensing to create form... mind and heart unite for the first step in the journey toward self-actualization and eventual immortality as a Conscious Being.

Lucifer represents the 'Fallen Ones' and their part of the trinitized energy spin, supposedly being the first to tempt us into mortality. Funny how the original texts actually spoke of slowing down rather than 'falling' from heaven, 'condensing' rather than expulsion.

Now that we are here, we seek further integration and understanding of our rightful place in Creation amongst our ancestors and other co-creators. Here comes the redeemer, represented by the Cross, to show the other side of him in an attempt to balance the scales, the Piscean age and all being the natural cosmic process in the development of a planetary society. Where will we go?

What about the Aquarian Age now? Does the 'water bearer' of the 11th House (maybe 11th hour) bring the 'Spirit of Truth' with its archetypal trance-end-dance? The **cross** exemplifies the Christ (child of Creator) energy already known to be of Trinity origin. Aquarius exemplifies the psychic awareness in the water we share, the majority of our body mass as well, giving life and spiritual nourishment to the world.

What does that all mean? Well, it is rather odd that we hear of all the 'trials in the desert' yet it [the battle] is always with oneself. Could Christ and Lucifer be two sides of the very same coin - something within us all and not outside us in some externalized energy form? Could this spiritual nourishment be a new living awareness of the harmony they represent together?

Although there may be evil beings somewhere in the constructs of reality, I've never met one. I *have* met a few evil humans... preying on others to extend their power. What about sharing this blue-domed world in a place of honor and respect?

It might seem that the RETURN of the first to leave, fall from, descend from or whatever - Lucifer - is the completion of the

cycle and the incarnation of a 'data drop' to repair the system files. I heard somewhere, though, that the original text actually meant 'condensed' instead of 'fallen.'

Hmmm.. condensed into form, eh? That sounds too much like what quantum physics seems to be saying about the nature of observing reality. Sound and light condenses into form as we 'look' without seeing the waves to find the particles of matter. Sounds like an original celestial consciousness type of move. Must've got lost after getting caught up in the garden and having all the fun.

Consider cosmic consciousness as formless and Christ Consciousness as form, perhaps human form. In my theory of everything, there is a striking possibility that Jesus and Lucifer are in cahoots and both offering understanding. One of our condensation, the other of our ascension home once we 'get it.'

The Master came into the world at the right time, and when his time was up, he left it again. He who awaits his time, who submits when his work is done, will find no room for either sorrow or rejoicing.

Chuang-tzu

Relation-ship on the Ocean of Emotion

Once I made the choice of moving forward in our marriage, the idea of jealousy was not an option. I had to trust her implicitly as I would myself. I knew I was strong enough to resist any temptation to engage another outside our monogamous relationship. It just wasn't going to happen... period.

I was driving up toward a friend's house about a month later, midday with the temperature still well above 100 degrees. I picked up a woman that was hitch-hiking with groceries, not thinking anything about it because I used to hitch-hike a lot in Indiana. It was hot and I was able to offer assistance.

You could do a lot of things back then because people were friendly and helpful toward strangers, at least in the Midwest. Phoenix wasn't quite so accommodating.

We talked for a while about life. She seemed genuinely interested and out of my natural desire to be helpful I offered my number in case there was anything I could do to help her in the future. I certainly didn't think about having an affair at all. So we exchanged numbers. I stuck her number in my wallet and never gave it a second thought until a few weeks later.

Now here's where it gets interesting in the perspective of how complete strangers can think they are being helpful, but in reality they can be very destructive. Sometimes they just help give permission to those who wish to carry out their manifestation of fears; not recognizing what they are actually doing at the time. Although in this case I believe they knew exactly what they were doing.

We were investigating the churches that lined Central Avenue in Phoenix and decided to check one of them out, an evangelical church called Valley Cathedral. The people seemed nice enough and it was a much larger church than where we'd met the brothers who I went to work for a few months earlier.

We went to the main service and then the adult Sunday school session afterward. The topic was about the spiritual experiences

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of the apostles in relation to today, so naturally I thought my 'white light' experience was worth sharing. It appeared that folks were a bit awed by the story, but I thought it seemed to give credence to our ability to have spiritual experiences of our own today, in the modern world.

The day I shared my story at Valley Cathedral we had a barbeque with friends later in the afternoon. It was early November. I had dug a barbeque pit in the back yard just off the side of the house and we were anxious to have our Indiana friends over as well as a few friends we had made since coming to Phoenix. It was warm, but not hot day and we had a great gathering of people.

After we went to bed I was meditating on God and my connection with creation, inquiring deeply. As I did so, I felt myself rise above the bed, like so many times before, and ascend into the cosmos. I could see the stars around me, but I had some questions to ask and I hadn't been in that state of mind for several years now. I wanted to take full advantage of the opportunity to inquire of infinite intelligence and hopefully garner further understanding.

So I began asking questions, only these weren't ordinary questions with open ended answers. I asked a series of questions about the nature of reality, if it was 'this way' or was it really 'that way' as my experience had led me to believe. 'That way' was an extrapolation based on fuzzy logic garnered from experience. Apparently my 'assumption' were at least close.

That amazing opportunity launched me into a fantastic trip through the cosmos and through corridors made up of spheres of light in various intensities, like a space-time tube of sorts. Every time I paused for contemplation and resolve, the next question would send me off, shooting down through what appeared to be honeycomb-type wormholes with spheres along the outer perimeter.

My questions were a vetting process of sorts, testing the understanding I'd discovered in moments of quantum entanglement, spiritual conundrums and visitations I'd had over

the course of my life. The experience was unlike any I'd had to date, yet similar to the portals I'd seen during excursions while at Ball State. These wormholes or tubules were amazing.

Now I must have had some overtones of the previous experience left in my consciousness because rather than accept what I was being shown – we are all creators – I chose to question my perception to the point of considering that I was the anti-Christ. I was so not sure that my understanding was right, so I considered the alternatives and opposing view.

I know that sounds pretty insane, but in that place and with the intensity of my own quest for connection, I had not encountered such philosophy and felt it to be contradictory to my previous belief system.

So I prayed about it, got up and grabbed my Bible to find answers. Just as I thought – I read the passages that confirmed my suspicions. I was the anti-Christ and somehow I had to tell my wife about it... right then!

What would you think if your spouse woke you up in the middle of the night to tell you that they thought they were the anti-Christ? I'd bet you'd think twice and probably not open your mouth, huh?

As a spouse, you would probably want to either commit them or run away as fast as you could, depending on your own experience or understanding. I couldn't have played a better part for her. The following morning she had her own spirit visitation. She told me about it later.

After I went to work she was praying about what I had told her as she lay in bed, asking about me and how to take my early-morning revelation. I'm sure it scared her silly. She was trying to cope with things beyond her control and a husband that seemed nearly off the edge.

What she told me happened next I thought would make a believer out of anyone. A golden figure walked into the room

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through the open door, radiating light and love that she said was unmistakable. She felt completely safe.

This figure told her not to fear, that everything would be alright and that my spiritual understanding had grown beyond the churches. When she told me that months later I was relieved, but our relationship was on a huge wave in that ocean of emotion and I didn't know if it would survive. I was patient and pensive simultaneously.

To make matters even more synchronistic, later that day, after her personal visitation, she was visited by a few folks from the Valley Cathedral who seemed to echo my sentiments to her. They shared that they believed I was full of Satan and that she needed to leave me as soon as possible. I was outnumbered.

They told her that only Lucifer could appear as an angel of light and that I was under some kind of Luciferian influence. Now isn't that just dandy? If they only knew.

The following week was a real life-changer for me, but I was too blind and in denial that I totally missed the cues. It all worked out, but my life would have been much different had I let go of attachment to outcome.

I had made a secret deal at work, trading our van and a few hundred dollars for a Cadillac Talisman that one of the guys at work was selling. It was in near perfect condition, but it had a lot of miles. I didn't care. It was going to be a magnificent new experience for us.

I was so happy and excited to share our new car with my wife that evening, a Thursday as I recall. I pulled up into the driveway in anticipation of her excitement, too, but something didn't feel right as I approached the door. I went inside to an empty house. I felt empty, too.

The furniture was still there, but my wife and our daughters were gone. I thought they might have taken a walk to the store that was just around the corner.

As I walked into the living room I noticed the large wooden rocker my parents had bought us wasn't there. When I entered the kitchen I saw a note on the counter where our microwave had been the day before and the microwave nowhere in sight. My heart sunk.

I read the note only to find out that she had sold the rocker and microwave to the next door neighbors, bought plane tickets and took the girls back to Indiana. I guess the folks from the church did get to her.

The note also revealed that she had searched through my wallet, found the phone number of the hitch-hiker and called her to find out why her number was in my wallet. That must've been the icing on the cake for her and a sure reason to leave.

True or not, she said the woman told her we were having an affair. We were not, but that didn't matter at the time. She was looking for a way out and found it.

It took me months to get her back to Arizona. I made several trips to Indiana and eventually convinced her that I was not only faithful, but that her own vision confirmed that I was on the up and up. If her vision were true, then she had nothing to worry about at all.

She always wanted me to keep things simple with her in my dealings with spirituality. I wasn't sure what that meant exactly, even though I thought my explanations were simple enough. Maybe they just didn't fit her paradigm and I kept thinking they did somehow.

So how would you deal with these challenges and remain sane? I was certainly beginning to wonder why the best efforts, at least from my point of view, could be so twisted and turned into irreparable damage in one's relationship. I needed some reprieve. I just prayed for some help.

It took a few months, but I brought her back and we started again. I hoped to repair her lack of trust.

“Do you think that you can clear your mind by sitting constantly in silent meditation? This makes your mind narrow, not clear. Integral awareness is fluid and adaptable, present in all places and at all times. That is true meditation... . The Tao is clear and simple, and it doesn't avoid the world.”

~ Lao Tzu ~

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Introduction to the Ascended Masters

I was first introduced to the works of Godfre Ray King by a wonderful couple. My wife and I met them in 1983 when I was working for a health food company at an indoor market in Phoenix. The aerospace market had taken a dive and I got riffed in May of 1982.

We had been involved with a network marketed health drink distributed by a company in Tempe and I got to know the owner. There was a business to business side of the company that needed salespeople, so I talked him into giving me a chance. I did quite well and eventually increased market penetration in my territory, 13 Midwest states, by 45% in 18 months. I had a lot of fun in doing it, too.

I worked the indoor market on the weekends. It was one of the first of its kind in Phoenix, with over 200 vendors under one roof, from mom and pop shops to larger retail outlets. Each had the same amount of space and rates were decent, so this was a nice opportunity.

David and Carol showed up one day and began talking with my wife while she was taking a break and checking out other vendors. She came back with them, excited about meeting them and wanting to introduce them to me. They were considerably older, by 20 years or so. The youth in their eyes was unmistakable, though, bright and clear.

Carol and my wife took some time to walk around the shops while David and I talked for nearly an hour about various spiritual subjects before they had to leave. We exchanged phone numbers and I never expected to see them again. Most people who exchange phone numbers rarely follow up, missing many potential connections.

Those rare follow-throughs often precipitate the most interesting relationships in life, though. This time they did make contact with us. We had great conversations and our children (we had 3 at the time) really enjoyed them too. It was the first

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couple we both felt comfortable with that we'd met outside our friends from Indiana.

A few months later I changed jobs, going back to work at a new division of AirResearch as a grinder specialist, Garrett Pneumatics. David was also a machinist and worked for one of my company's local vendors.

I enjoyed the work, although the machine run times were sometimes excessive and I got bored easily. The boredom led to increased productivity (I started running another machine as well) and angered some of the older, previously union, machinists. I just wanted to do more and stay awake. I thought that increased productivity would eventually end up back in our pockets, too, since the company profits would be greater.

David introduced the series of Guy Ballard's books to me one day by bringing over *The Unveiled Mysteries*. I devoured it and wanted more. Within two months I'd read the entire series, 13 books with about 300 pages each, and began attending the I AM Sanctuary in Phoenix. The Sanctuary was more or less a church devoted to the teachings of the Ascended Masters, of which Jesus held the Most High honor.

Their core practices included meditation and readings designed to lead man to experience his own ascension. They practiced vegetarianism. They felt putting a 'death vibration' from an animal in the body lowered one's natural vibratory rate. They were vegetarians of a different order, the Great White Brotherhood or Ancient Mystical White Brotherhood.

The Brotherhood attempts to help humanity through teachings of a Universal Hierarchy, embracing the teachings of Jesus while giving structure to planetary, solar and spiritual laws to create ego-centripidity.

Man needs to look within for his connection to creation first, and then his outward responses naturally follow universal understanding. The trick is letting go of the unnatural patterns that develop in this world.

Their teachings have been altered to also include the coming of a new world order, facilitated by spiritually self-actualized leaders in direct contact with the Ascended Masters; exemplary masters of business, finance, industry and governance themselves. This latter notion occurred in the latter part of the 20th Century and goes even deeper still.

According to some of the earlier published works defined the Ancient Mystical White Brotherhood after the Order of Melchizedek as being present as long as man. According to the Bible, Jesus was also a member of the Order of Melchizedek (Hebrews), so it would stand to reason the Order was pure.

The word ‘Melchizedek’ is the *Only One All-inclusive word for the Brotherhood of Man*. In Hebrew it is a combination of two words, “Melchi,” meaning King, and, “Zedek,” meaning righteousness, the right use of consciousness and all our mental faculties. I was also a Melchizedek priest in the Mormon Church at that time.

There is but One race – the human race. There is but One man – Godman. There is but One life – Godlife. There is but One mind – Godmind. These precepts appealed to my spiritual senses, beyond my intellect.

Although my wife was not as inclined to get involved, I attended Sunday services at the I Am Sanctuary about once a month. I had other commitments from our involvement with the Mormon Church, so I was not able to go to the Sanctuary often.

What was disheartening regarding the current association with the I AM Sanctuary was that any drug or substance abuse in your past ultimately kept you from belonging to their elite group. I get so tired of rules and regulations separating people who have a sincere desire to make their lives better.

I drew the line there as any true spiritual path, in my opinion, allowed for forgiveness and realignment with purposeful passion. I feel that *any* exclusion of one desiring and determined to follow his or her spiritual path is simply NOT part of any truly spiritually-based church, group or organization.

Introduction to the Ascended Masters

However, it did not affect the growing relationships and blessings of the Masters for either of us. The essence of the teachings warn about particular habits, i.e. eating meat, wearing of certain colors, such as red and black.

There was an interesting color scale for the week, though. White on Sunday, yellow or gold on Monday, pink on Tuesday, blue or violet on Wednesday, white again on Thursday, green on Friday, violet on Saturday. I still dress with them in mind.

The Masters explained that in order to remain in an ascending vibratory pattern, ingesting substances that contained a 'death vibration' would only retard the progress. Thus, lowering the vibratory rate rather than raising it. I believe that is scientifically provable now with the technology we have to monitor the electromagnetics of the body.

As with Paul's admonition of moderation in everything, there were exceptions to the Masters. Alcohol, coffee, marijuana, tobacco, and narcotics were on the short 'don't do' list. Innocent and naive individuals often fall prey to such devices without ever realizing it until something catastrophic in their life happens. I call it the cosmic 2x4.

No one is perfect (perfection just IS in the moment) and Creation is pretty forgiving to those who repent of their desire to harm themselves or others.

Life humbles me often, though, as where I planned and thought I was headed only began the journey. Detours and diversions, my own creations as well as perfectly placed passages through the chaos, turned into timely considerations as life offered better understanding through presenting choices in my actions.

I often found myself alone because of the choices I made and the questions I so often asked that took people out of their comfort zone. There was another part of my life or experience that is an enigma to this day. An elder gentleman actually thought I was Saint Germaine after I showed him some energy tricks. If people would only listen without filters, but that is nearly impossible in the world today.

I began wearing the colors of the day as they were supposed to accentuate the vibrations from the Masters. I'm not sure if they actually did, although I did notice a distinct elevation in my mood by doing so. I love to wear colorful clothing anyway and this gave me an excuse to do what I loved.

Do what you love and

We also became vegetarian, and were already members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The reason I say that is because their doctrine and covenants express that it is undesirable to eat meat as well. Only in times of extreme cold or famine was it appropriate to do so. Frankly, all the gatherings I've been to had meat.

Joining the Church was another interesting flow of events, from a conversation with our landlord to accompanying dreams that seemed to promote our path into joining their ranks. They seemed more open to personal experiences as well.

Years later it became apparent that the physical bestowal of the Melchizedek Priesthood was the essence of the reason I was led into the Church. My exit was non-descript, but the organizational conundrums were nasty.

It turns out that my quest for identity would reveal more than I was willing to deal with for many years. My passion for inquiry and sharing brought me to this place. I've been encouraged, poked and prodded for too many years to put all of this on paper and share it with others who may relate more than I can imagine. Incredulity? Insanity? I have to take the risk.

There seems to be many facets to this diamond of life, each honed through the trials and tribulations, all leading toward a new living awareness for man. It certainly renews my own awareness on a regular basis still and will continue to as I discover more family members. We have many kin throughout the universe who seek each other.

Some of these same things can be used in positive ways now. Sincere and meticulous discernment is the key to any substance,

Introduction to the Ascended Masters

whether poison or panacea. The rules are general, the applications specific to each individual and within their domain and Divine Flow.

Boundaries of behavior do exist though. We are constantly reminded of them by the situation in our world today. The alcohol and drug related problems are ubiquitous, fueled by black op dealings through various governments that only add to the distribution. Dark suits run our government, the no-named representatives of big money.

Will we learn? Better yet... will we act?

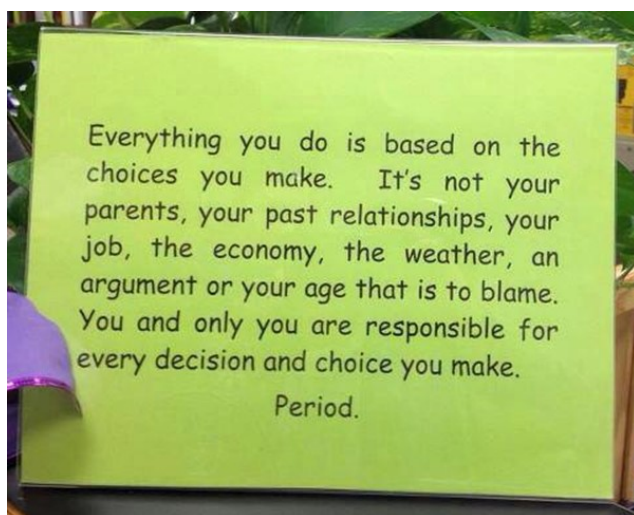
Who or what *is* Zendor? Where did he come from?

What is the Ashtar Command and Galactic Federation?

Where are the roots of the 'Trinity' in religion?

Does Jesus, Buddha or Mohammed still appear to people today and speak to them of truth?

What are the extraterrestrials doing here on Earth?



Weird Stuff Happens

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, but read on.

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

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 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 I discover creates questions no one on Earth seems to be able to answer, at least for now. My investigation unfolds like a science fiction novel, only it's real. I think it's pretty cool, even with the challenges.

I struggle with the linear logic of minds that are steeped in modern psychology and psychiatry. I discovered a mystical path of the masters that bridges the science and math of self-replicating patterns across time and space.

My dreams and visions craft a lucid reality spanning multiple dimensions, defying belief systems that inhibit exploration and fact finding as experiential processes. I live 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. It's time has come and the considerable contact scenarios would seem to indicate the process is in full swing.

We have explored the early years of my introduction to life on planet Earth; the 'voice' from beyond, out-of-body experiences and regular trips to the orange cigar-shaped cloud before age of 8 and continuing through age 10.

As a teenager I was introduced to the clair-alls (clairvoyance, clairsentience, et al) and other psychospiritual technologies

Weird Stuff Happens

including bi-location, psychokinesis and telepathy. One can't help but wonder about the cycles of maturity and introduction of levels of consciousness as some sort of initiation.

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

I've recalled the points of consciousness I 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 my purpose in this life. Still, it sounds almost incredulous.

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

I married against Dad's advice and tried to explain my bizarre lucid life to my wife. My wife placates me for a while, but when she begins to experience a little 'bleed over' she begins to pull back and look for an exit strategy. She found one eventually.

When my soular calendar required a shift, my life in a small town changed rapidly, despite his desire to 'keep it simple.' Still trying to fit into a 'normal' mold I 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 I did not realize it at the time. I was just starting out with a young family and wanted to do my best to support them as a father and husband.

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

In my first few months in Phoenix, my life gets much more complicated. First, a childhood friend dies in a motorcycle accident and then visits me one night wondering how to navigate in his new world. My friend appears at the end of the

bed, moving the bed to prove his presence and frightens my wife. I loved it, felt perfectly normal, but others did not.

I meet Travis (Fire in the Sky) Walton's sister-in-law and explore Travis' abduction from a different point of view. My guide, Zephyr (who lived in what is now the Southwestern US over 20,000 years ago) offers a symbol, transmitting it through telepathy so I can draw it – interrupting setting up a job on my ID grinder at an aerospace company.

I am told this symbol represents my soul's design and has something to do with fulfilling Hopi prophecy, aligning cultures and moving toward the new world order I'd been shown in college. This is almost too much for a human to handle.

I get hit by a RIF (reduction in force) just after my wife returns from a surreptitious departure, sell the drums I first learned to bridge worlds on and find a new path in the health food industry, in charge of sales for a 13-state territory in the Midwest. I never really thought of how to navigate life, just did.

I join the Mormon Church with my family, am bestowed with the Melchizedek Priesthood and begin to have more vivid experiences with my extraterrestrial and spiritual family across many dimensions. I learn silence is sometimes best. Some of the visitors from other worlds become visible to others, but I never know just who and when this awareness will be revealed.

I am often caught off guard, unaware of those who can hear and see into these worlds. My internal awareness expands with images and thoughts far beyond those I live and work with on a daily basis. Still, my life is deeply lonely and I long for company, a companion or someone who shares the life.

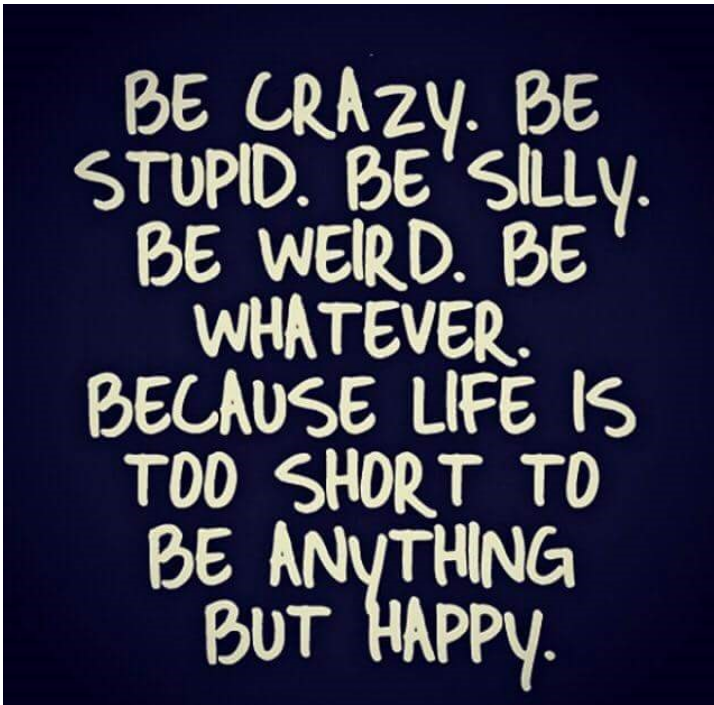
A decade later I'm faced with a divorce I didn't want and separation from children I loved more than anything except the feeling of being 'home.' I enter another dark night of the soul. I still loved my wife, now ex, but I learned that sometimes people cannot overcome their challenges to grow, no matter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

I realized over time other's choices were not about me, but I continued to beat myself up emotionally for years afterward over failing my family and not being there for my children. This

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deep sorrow and willingness to endure it led me 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. The next few months were devastating to say the least. I bounced back and forth between anger, feeling abandoned and betrayed, frustration, self-judgment and a host of other self-destructive notions.



Symphony for the Devil

You can't always get what you want, but 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? Was Lucifer's story about one who learned to condense light into form? Did he do it of his own volition or was it part of a Master Plan we have yet to understand?

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 that there was no need for anything. There was perfect harmony.

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.

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

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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.

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. It is a wondrous process.

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, whatever that meant as an individual and ONE.

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 and offered some great sight-seeing. Not too many want to sign up, though, as comfortable as things were in the Presence.

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. Anticipation filled the thoughtmosphere.

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.

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. The beginning of a new living awareness was born.

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.

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

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experience for everyone. The condensation would pass through many levels to be integrated in the next cycle of rotation, an eternity to some; a blink of an eye to others.

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! Imagine the amount of data in *that* light pulse.

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. There was a sense of complete faith, love and trust.

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 and adjusted accordingly for harmonics.

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, with threads from all over the universe and more.

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.

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 as well as form they could inhabit. 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, yet they were still evolving. Even in the finite, the infinite remained.

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 as the Word was uttered.

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, inspiring evolution and new understanding.

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,

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consistent with the frequency ranges that precipitate form and link consciousness. Quantum entanglement begins.

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,' or Shabda, 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. Individuation and the collective is present there.

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. Eventually the unity in diversity would rise.

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. The direct-

connect to Source remained, yet became hidden in the quest for safety and security in form.

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 were seen as good and evil. 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 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 sometime in the future.

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, like the sound current of the Hindus. As they listened better, they got better.

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.

Symphony for the Devil

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, on Earth it would become harmony among people and planet as the civilization evolved.

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 in order to evolve as one.

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.

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 all life forms.

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

Symphony for the Devil

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. They can create boundaries if they like, even though they may have to remove them eventually.

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 became the Trinity in religions on Earth.

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 as a natural process of unification.

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 to unite.

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 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 as a process of natural evolution. It happens on every planet over time.

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

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thoughtfully considerate of such notions, but the movement would grow.

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 the Many have to learn to play together as part of their adaptation to form.

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 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. The dreamer awakens in the dream.

Imagine your worst nightmare turning into your best party experience in a heartbeat. The sheer 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.

Conundrums and Con Artists

Back at the aerospace company I continued as a production grinder specialist and lieutenant of the emergency response team, supervising twenty five people on the second shift team. I enjoyed being part of the first line of emergency response to virtually any situation. I was in charge and I knew nothing was insurmountable. We had some fun with drills, too.

My efforts to improve production rates and supportive work environment were getting me grief instead of garnering better conditions. I wondered why people resisted change that would ultimately put more money in their pockets. Bottlenecks seemed to be everywhere I turned and the good intentions just weren't enough. People listen from very different places.

I really enjoyed the precision of the work, getting the machines to maintain tolerances many times less than the width of a human hair. The final stackable dimensions of machined parts had to meet impeccable standards. Humans seemed much less demanding of each other.

I strove to be the best father and husband I could; an elder at church, an A student in school and exemplary worker with career goals. I took time off when necessary to attend the kids' school functions and had played with them nearly every weekend even after golf tournaments.

I felt my wife to be emotionally bereft in our relationship, consistent with her behavior. My deep commitment and love wasn't enough. I had to learn that in spite of best efforts; sometimes they just are not enough. I had to grieve silently.

The timing of a car accident couldn't have been better. She had the kids and was on her way to look at a rental house closer to my work. Oddly enough I heard her scream my name as it happened, an hour before I got a call from the hospital. The call confirmed the cause of hearing her voice, but I wouldn't know the extent of her injuries for some time.

Although the children were fine, she'd hit her head on the doorpost when she broad-sided a car at 45 miles an hour. She was in a clear lane traveling south, on the entrance lane to the freeway. A car had appeared suddenly, darting through a gap in

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two lanes of stopped traffic that was waiting on the traffic light to change. I think it could happen to anyone.

I had told a friend, who happened to be on the machine next to mine, when I heard the voice. He and I were carpooling, fortunately he was of a metaphysical mindset, and I knew he wouldn't think my comment strange. When I got off the phone and told him about her accident, he was noticeably concerned and tossed me the keys to his car so I could go pick them up.

She and the children were at the hospital and had been released, seemingly without harm or injury. The children had their seat belts on, but she didn't and they all appeared fine, except the vacant look in my wife's eyes. I didn't understand it, but I figured it was the shock of the wreck. She seemed vacant.

The next few days and weeks were different; her energy was withdrawn and she seemed distant. I was unaware of the symptoms of head injuries, but I could tell something was not right. Even with the subtle change in behavior we still continued to go through the daily motions of family life in taking care of household needs.

We had a rental car for a while until I could get other transportation. We both fell in love with a Jeep CJ5 that was sitting in a driveway a couple of blocks away with a 'For Sale' sign on the windshield. It was a 4 cylinder with a 5-speed manual transmission and a soft-top with a full roll cage and extra bikini top for hot weather.

The original owner had set it up with a lift kit and oversized tires, sporting a couple of 5-gallon gas cans on the back for long desert treks. We took full advantage of the outfitting, taking weekend trips with the children out into the surrounding desert and foothills. It was something we all enjoyed.

During the week I was still carpooling, so my wife had a vehicle to do whatever was necessary. It was nice to see her excited and happy about having a really cool Jeep to drive. I didn't have a clue about what was about to happen. I was happy as a clam at the time. Why wouldn't I be?

One day several months after her accident, she let me know that she had met someone while on a trip to see some friends. She'd accidentally dropped her keys in a cooler at Circle K and he

stepped up to retrieve them. It happened to come up when Krystal mentioned his name one weekend after taking the kids to a movie.

Evidently they had been seeing each other since that time and I was oblivious. The following week, just before my birthday, she said she felt like she was falling in love with him and wanted to be with him. Wow... OUCH! What could I do?

As hard as it was to say, I told her I had no chains on her heart but that I hoped she would reconsider her position and realize that whoever this was, he would not be around long. A married woman with 3 children wasn't a prize, but a conquest that once achieved would be short-lived. I had to let her go. She was a butterfly and I knew trying to hold on was not going to work.

She asked me to move out, and due to my own martyrdom complex I did so on my birthday. I called up a friend from the health food company I worked at between stints for the aerospace company and asked if he had a room. I stayed there a couple of weeks. I returned one night to an unexpected welcome from her. The children still didn't understand why Daddy had left, but they were sure ecstatic about his return.

It would be many years before the children would learn about Daddy's challenges, if they ever would. They were too young to know, then. Understanding it all was beyond me, too, so I just had to let go, allow and trust in the outcome. The outcome wasn't in the next year or possibly even decades, but it would come out. I'd have to accept whatever came.

Shortly after this, I decided to leave the shop floor to take an expediter position and within a few months got promoted to a day-shift desk job. I was responsible for \$7 million dollars a month in commercial spare parts shipments. I thought it would appease my wife so that I could be there in the evenings with her and the children and possibly return to school to finish my degree. I felt like I was moving forward, so we could, too.

Soon I was not only teaching adult Sunday school in our Ward but also going to the University of Phoenix two nights a week to finish my bachelor's degree in business administration. In spite of my efforts and goals, what I had hoped would bring us together seemed to be tearing us apart now.

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It seemed that every Sunday she would start an argument as we were getting ready to go to church. I didn't understand why at the time, but managed to stay free of the attempts to keep us from attending. Years later I understood the nature of guilt and how the psychology of it caused her to want to avoid the very place where she had to confront her behavior internally.

We never could seem to talk about things openly without her launching into a tirade and storming off with nothing accomplished other than building a wall of silence between us. Our relationship only got more stressful due to the inability to talk things out in any kind of rational discussion. Every attempt led to an upheaval of emotion.

Letting go of the outcome of my marriage was one of the toughest things I've ever done. No matter what I desired, it had to be mutual. The secret of faith, love and trust was absent in our union, so the reality waned. I was not going to give up and looked for help.

I sought out a marriage counselor in hopes of helping our communication and hopefully restoring our marriage. It was obvious she cared, but something had happened to her heart long before me that kept getting in the way.

I intellectualized that she was simply acting out what she had learned from her mother, who married 6 times, and did my best to forgive and move on after each affair. She refused to go after our third visit just when I thought we were beginning to make a little bit of progress.

At the advice of our marriage counselor, I began to do what made me happy instead of remaining an emotional robot subject to the whims of my wife. I blinded myself to the reality of her behavior by blaming it on a head injury from a car accident and events from her childhood. She had been molested and raped by stepfathers. I was unaware of the latter until a couple of years into our marriage.

Destructive patterns prevail when you have no history of building trust with people who are supposed to take care of you. My parents thought I somehow had not been paying attention and was also a contributing part of our strained relationship.

Over time the behaviors and lack of progress caused me to shut down emotionally. I continued my efforts as a father and provider and enjoyed time with our children, but it was empty of the love I'd learned from my adoptive parents.

I could do nothing about the patterns of behavior that my wife was manifesting and it seemed that she was attempting to provoke me as much as possible. I got questioned by our bishop about having affairs, which was really odd because just the opposite had been happening.

I hadn't said anything to anyone in the church, but I did confide in an elder from another ward at work. I had contacted my first pastor as a child, still active in the United Methodist Church, who was now living in the Phoenix metro area and approached him for help.

Even understanding the behavior patterns and probable reasons, the experience of dealing with them was emotionally excruciating. I continued to seek help and found solace at work, where I could focus on something else. I excelled there.

I'd become a workaholic at the aerospace company after being promoted. I felt I was truly in my element as a project manager with free reign of the facility. I could go anywhere I needed to get my job done, especially when the airline services division called with priority needs, like an AOG (aircraft on ground) which needed a part to get back in the air and producing income. I pulled off a few miracles, too, according to my superiors. It was a place I felt like I was appreciated.

I was going to school one night a week and meeting with a study group on another evening. A few months later, I was approached by a member of upper management to find out what I was doing that kept me at the top of the production goals every month. I told them school was making a difference, but that it was interpersonal skills that made the difference. I treated people with respect and helped them when possible.

I'd witness some very adolescent behavior among my colleagues in how they treated others that were a bit challenging to them. Instead of helping, they threatened going to their superiors if they didn't do what needed to be done in that moment. The behavior seemed really inconsistent with what I thought was professional.

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To make matters worse, I'd been transferred to the military spares desk to help solve a 27% delinquency on shipments. I had some personal issues with being part of the military industrial complex already, but now I had ethical issues as well. However, I helped reduce the delinquency to less than 10% within a year.

I had lunch with a female classmate and coworker outside the plant one day, meeting with others to discuss our team project for class. When I returned to the plant, my wife was waiting with the children. Sometimes we'd have lunch on the lawn but we always made plans.

She became outraged and even slapped me in front of the lobby doors because she wanted to believe I was having an affair. It hadn't even crossed my mind. It was embarrassing, though, to have that kind of behavior in front of my workplace. I couldn't believe she could do that, but she did.

I'd been asked to find a consultant for team building and with a little work, found one and set up a meeting with my management team. The meeting went great and it seemed that the chance to have a positive effect was happening. They had to check with the Director still, and then they would let the consultant know the status.

Two weeks later my supervisor and general supervisor came to my desk with the news that I was being demoted. I was already heart-broken from my wife's behavior and this seemed like yet another low blow, totally out of alignment with my work results and success. Still, it happened. I was put back on swing shift as an expeditor.

My divorce was final the following Saturday. It seemed like no matter how hard I had worked, played fair, done the right thing always... it didn't matter at all. I felt like I'd been slapped on both sides of the face and kicked in the balls hard. I didn't know what to do.

Let me back up a year. Sorry for the non-linearity.

Solar Plexus Paradox?

It was August 15, 1987. On the way to work Friday morning before dawn I was listening to a local classic rock station and the morning crew was talking about this 'Harmonic Convergence' thing. They mentioned it a couple of times between tunes. I had a really weird feeling come over me as I listened, not that weird feelings weren't normal at times.

I felt more than a little curious about this event. My solar plexus started vibrating like nothing I'd experienced in quite some time... since college in the mid-70s. I didn't understand what was happening, but I did know that I had better pay attention. Something was up.

On their next break I listened as the DJs explain a bit more about José Argüelles' book, *The Mayan Factor* and the crossing of three calendars on this date (August 16-17, 1987). Something was stirring deep inside that I hadn't felt for a long time. It felt like a part of me I had been missing for quite some time was beginning to be reawakened. I felt ecstatic and frightened.

By the time I got to work I was so curious I called the radio station as soon as I could. I asked how I could get more information. They said to call the Crystal Castle in Sedona; that they could help, along with picking up copies of José's interview in *Meditation Magazine* that were available at Changing Hands Bookstore in downtown Tempe.

I called my wife and suggested we take off for the weekend to go camping near Sedona. She was not at all comfortable with my metaphysical pursuits so I did not mention the 'real' purpose for our camping trip. Nevertheless, I talked her into packing up the kids and heading north for a weekend trip into the wilderness, not knowing where we'd end up.

According to the folks at the Crystal Castle, Sedona was one of the 'gathering places' of people around the world for the Harmonic Convergence... whatever that meant. This was all new to me, but it felt familiar for some reason. I had a sense of spiritual anticipation, for lack of a better. Something was brewing and it would be amazing, I felt.

I stopped at Changing Hands on my way home the next day and picked up a copy of José's interview to read later that evening

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once we were settled in our camping spot. The whole experience was connected to something much more than I imagined. I could feel it deeply.

As we were packing the car to head out, my oldest daughter (8 at the time) had collected a bag of large pieces of crushed limestone and handed it to me saying, "Here Daddy, you'll need these." She had a huge smile on her face when she gave them to me. How could I refuse her with that smile?

I thanked her for her instincts and packed them in the trunk with our gear. I had no idea how they would come into play. Krystal loved to take an active role in our family outings. She and Katrina were both telepathic as children, but I never spoke to Beth about their abilities. I knew they were receptive because they responded to me regularly when I'd call for them without saying a word.

As we were just about to finish loading, I heard Zephyr in my head, telling me to get the mushrooms I had in the freezer. This was unacceptable. I was not going to take them with us. I argued with him because my journeys were never with my family present. My personal path, any use of ethnogens, I chose to keep away from them.

Zephyr would not let up and if you've ever had a constant voice in your head demanding attention, knowing you weren't crazy; it is more than a bit disconcerting let alone annoying. I eventually gave in just to get him to shut up.

My wife did not agree with my personal path when it came to this kind of behavior either. Sacred plants, their purpose and wisdom, were not something she could understand. Her previous experience had been too overwhelming when she had to face her own demons.

It did not stop me, although I did reserve my spiritual path work for short periods with long intervals between, sometimes years. I packed the mushrooms although I was not intending to take them regardless. I was pacifying Zephyr for the most part... I thought. Little did I know.

When we arrived in Sedona the first place we stopped was at the Crystal Castle. It is quite the metaphysical smorgasbord. The store, in an old two-story house along the banks of Oak

Creek, had all kinds of items from books to crystals to wands, potions, music and jewelry.

Inside we were surrounded by soft and soothing native flute music playing, too, and I wanted to hang out for a while. We had an agenda, though, and the clock was ticking. I pushed past the urge to move and let them explore for a bit.

The kids all picked out a crystal that appealed to them in some special way. I encouraged them to just 'feel' their way through their selection. Krystal had picked a beautiful amethyst piece that fit perfectly in the palm of her little hand. Katrina and Ian both chose their own as well, rose quartz and smoky quartz. They were all so happy with their special stones.

I inquired about the camping locations and was given a few spots to check out, along with a map. We left and drove around Sedona to check out the various places the folks had suggested. It was disappointing in that nothing 'felt' right.

We drove around for hours, picked up a couple of commemorative shirts during our course, but didn't find anything that seemed like it was where we were supposed to be that night. None of them 'felt' right so I followed my hunch to go just a bit east, across the freeway, to Mormon Lake. I didn't know why it felt appropriate, but off we went.

Since we were involved with the Mormon Church at the time, it seemed like it might be a neat place to spend the night. We had never been there before, but we'd heard about it from others. The strange thing about the area was that the 'lake' was only a few feet deep if there was water at all; most of the year it was just a marsh.

When we arrived at Mormon Lake about a half an hour later, it was dark already. We didn't have a map, but we got there okay. I've always been good at finding places with little direction.

We passed a campground right after we turned toward the lake, but I didn't 'feel' anything. We came upon a place called Dairy Springs Campground next. I felt a tug and turned in. Finding the spot was a bit synchronistic.

We pulled in and drove all the way around the campground, finding no space open... bummer. I was not feeling happy about having to look elsewhere, especially in the dark. I knew I felt

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the tug, but it didn't seem like it was working. My thoughts were soon quelled as we were headed back toward the front.

We'd noticed a car with its trunk lid open on the way in, commenting about them just getting there, too. We were wrong, though. The space where they had been was now open. It felt strangely synchronistic and perfect for us, although I kept silent and said nothing to my wife other than, 'How perfect could that timing have been?' and just let it go. She offered a pleasant and unexpected reply, "Looks like the angels are looking out for us." It was one of the few pleasant remarks she'd made.

It was space number 9. My mind repeated... number 9, number 9, number 9; I thought it reminiscent of the Beatles. I heard Jimi Hendrix's tune, "If 6 were 9" echoing in my head as well. I could sense a magical air, yet I had to remain quiet and attend to the family's needs.

I need to digress here a moment. I met Jimi [Hendrix] as he appeared in place of a friend's body one night during college. We'd been talking about the limits of telepathy while taking a nice long walk around campus.

Later, while lying on the beds on either end of the dorm room gazing into each other's eyes as we listened to some music, his body disappeared and I saw Jimi, then Lenny Bruce, then Marilyn Monroe, then Jim Morrison, then Janis Joplin and then my friend again. What a trip... I had no idea why.

His eyes shifted focus upon his return and when I asked him what happened (I was reluctant to say anything) he said he felt like he'd gone someplace else for a moment. I told him what I had seen in his place. I wasn't sure why, but we had 'experienced' something beyond explanation.

Back to Mormon Lake, I thought this campsite would be the perfect place, but was still unaware of just how perfect it would be for us. I just felt relieved that we were able to set up camp, have dinner and treat the kids to s'mores, the delightful campfire staple.

We began unpacking. The park ranger came up to collect the fee, informing us of our luck. The couple had become ill. I was happy for our open spot, even though it came because of their wonderfully timed misfortune.

We started a campfire so the kids could fix hotdogs and s'mores. I spread out the tarp we brought, and put our sleeping blankets on it. The weather was perfect, so not having a tent was fine. It was cool and comfortable with a slight breeze wafting through the trees offering a soothing sound and the fresh scent of pine.

Krystal went exploring a short distance way, still visible by the light of the campfire. She shouted with joy when she found a place to put her rocks. She ran back excited to show me what she had found. She grabbed my hand and we headed toward her excellent discovery.

It was the top of a large bolder just protruding through the surface. It formed a rather flat area about a meter in diameter. I wasn't sure how many stones we had in the bag, but I had a good feeling we would have fun finding out. We sure did.

I got the impression to make a hexagram. We spread the rocks out in a star pattern with a circle of stones around it. There were just enough rocks to put 6 in each leg of the star and 18 in the circle surrounding them with none left over. Krystal was tuned in alright, more than she knew.

I told her I was so excited that this was just perfect and I was proud that she listened to her belly. She smiled so big that I knew she felt something too. We'd had many talks about listening to her belly and her telepathic ability was quiet obvious at times.

We put the amethyst she got at Crystal Castle in the center in honor of her find and because she was such a wonderful part of this process. I had a particular affinity for amethyst, too. She was so happy she could hardly stand still. I still remember her excitement, the bright-eyed brilliance of her face.

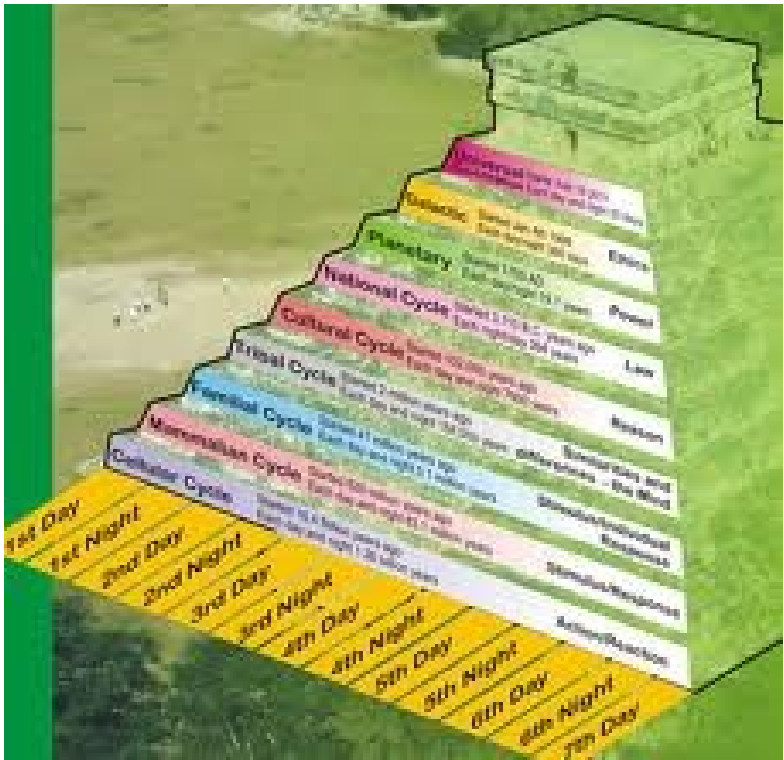
I helped everyone get settled in their sleeping bags with Angel snuggled in with mom. She was only 8 months old at the time. Krystal, Katrina and Ian spent a little more time around the campfire with me, making smores. The children got tired after a while so I helped them get into their sleeping bags. I stayed up to read José's interview by our propane camp light.

I felt the quivering as I picked up the article. As I read about the crossing of three calendars, the Hopi, Mayan and Aztec I

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reflected on the symbol Zephyr presented to me years ago. The Hopi believe that this is the beginning of moving from the fourth world to the fifth, the Mayan from the fifth to the sixth, and the Aztecs believe it is the time where the devil takes off his mask to reveal the true god that he is. Hmmm...

I found this much later.



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I was fascinated by the confluence of calendars. I learned much later that the Egyptian, Hindu and Sumerian calendars also noted this particular event, leading up to the winter solstice of 2012. It was supposed to be the period between one galactic year to the next, an ascension of consciousness was supposed to accompany this grand celestial event.

José went on to say that above the gathering places could be seen a rotating feathered serpent medicine wheel as a symbol of the energy anchored at these locations. I thought it strange and wondered just how these could be visible to the naked eye. I didn't consider the 'second sight' at the time.

There was a wonderful drawing of what looked to be part serpent and part dragon. It also included a rough drawing of the rotating feathered serpent medicine wheel on one of the pages, along with some Mayan glyphs I don't remember just now.

The article also briefly explained the planetary alignment that was taking place along with the crossing of calendars. It was supposed to start a 25-year period leading up the 2012 date. There is another 25-year period after that point in time where the moment of awareness turns into real change on a global scale that benefits humanity; the rise of consciousness in action.

I was curious as to what the implications of the devil taking off his mask would be as I already understood the aspects of the number (666) and its relationship to human beings as ONE, rather than the number of the Beast as has been the popular belief. The carbon atom which is the foundation of organic life forms has 6 protons, 6 neutrons and 6 electrons.

I finished the article, stripped down to my garments and settled into my sleeping bag just before midnight. It didn't take long for me to fall asleep. The air was clean and I could hear a ram pump a short distance away with the consistent 'thick-kung' sound reverberating in the air like a constant drum beat every few seconds. It served as a lullaby in a way, much gentler than my description of the sound.

Sometime later I was awakened by Zephyr's voice. "Partake!" was all he said. I slowly came to consciousness and argued with him initially. "ParTAKE!" he said again, slightly firmer. I

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whined about the family being there and it just was not appropriate. "PARTAKE!!!" he said as though commanding me to comply with his order. I knew he wasn't going to stop until I complied, damn pest.

Alright, alright.... and so I did. I only had a few, so I got them, chewed them up and swallowed. I went back to sleep right afterward knowing that I'd awaken again soon in a different state of mind. I offered a prayer for deep connection to Creator and to be available for my highest service to all.

When I awoke a short time later, feeling the effects and an increased awareness, I opened my eyes and looked up into the sky. The stars were so vivid. I saw a cluster so brightly visible that it looked like a connect-the-dots picture of the Buddha, and I was at his feet. I was soon to find out these were stars of a different variety.

As soon as I recognized this image and my position I heard a voice like many speaking as one, "We would like to channel energy through your body into the planet and, in return, we will answer any questions you have." Holy shit! Was this real? What would you do?

It seemed as though they were asking permission and I didn't take long to decide... maybe a heartbeat or two at most. "Awesome! I'm ready! Okay, let's do it!" I wasn't sure what to expect. I relaxed as much as I could for what was to come.

I felt a slight tingle in my feet like a very small electric current. This sensation remained there for a while and eventually began to move up my legs and throughout my body over the course of the experience. It was pretty amazing and I could definitely feel the subtle energy movements.

My first question was about the possibility of them being part of the group that visited me as a youth. I reflected on the many trips, watching my physical body get out of bed, climb out my bedroom window, walking across the neighbor's back yard to the edge of a pasture, climbing the fence and walking out into the middle of the field.

As I walked I saw myself begin to rise up off the ground and, looking up, I could see an orange cigar-shaped cloud that could easily have been a half-mile long or so. When I got to the

perimeter of the cloud, my ‘observer’ would meld with my physical body and I would enter the cloud.

I’d wake up in bed the next morning, with no memory of what happened inside the cloud, but I always had a feeling of something really fun happening inside and I couldn’t wait to go back. Heck, I was just a kid. What did I know?

It wasn’t until just before moving to Phoenix that I had an inkling of what really happened. I was walking through some bookshelves in a small metaphysical bookstore in Muncie, Indiana when a book literally fell off the shelf a few feet in front of me. It had opened on the floor with the cover facing up. I thought that was rather odd and way cool. *Something* made the book fall, right?

It was Ruth Montgomery’s *Aliens Among Us*. She had a similar book, maybe even a re-titled version called *Strangers Among Us*, too. Just seeing the title alerted me.

I picked it up and my eyes were drawn to a paragraph that, paraphrased, said that the orange cigar-shaped clouds were the most common ‘contactee’ events in the Midwest in the late 50s and early 60s. That time was during my experiences.

They affirmed they were part of my family, but also said there was much more to who they were as part of my universal family. I felt my mind let go and another part of me step in from a much greater depth, almost like I felt when I entered the light. I felt fearless and completely safe, but I had a nagging question of its reality.

While the energy was continuing to flow through me feet, I formulated some questions. I started with inquiring about my early experiences. I wanted to know more about my ‘family’ and why I had all the experiences as a youth. Was it real? What was the purpose?

What they said had me second-guessing life as I knew it. I was from the stars, they said, born on Earth as part of a universal process to restore ancient knowledge and wisdom that had been lost. I had to learn what it was like to be human; my adoption was part of the program.

The early out of body experiences were guided by other members of my family in order to prepare me to be able to

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witness the trips to the ship. It was important that I was able to remember the initial part of the ‘sessions’ for comfortability and the roll-out of the instruction would happen as I was presented various situations in life.

My education continued on board, but my human mind would not be able to comprehend what was happening yet. There were too many aspects of my consciousness that to reveal them all as a youth would not have been healthy for my development in a denser environment. I was allowed to have some memory so that the curiosity and development would continue.

The early ‘training’ I received was in the art of what some call Eckankar, or soul travel. It sparked my interest in both Eckankar and Scientology in college. The programs helped me begin to develop the awareness I seemed to have on a more conscious level.

The ease I had in exploring inner realms was because I had been in them for some time already, yet it was a challenge for the human brain to assimilate into the denser Earth realm. I suppose resistance is futile.

I snapped back into the critical part of my consciousness for a moment, checking in with what I read and studied about in school beyond the bookwork required for the classes. It all made sense at a level I hadn’t thought about yet. I knew my mind was on overdrive and these thoughts certainly weren’t going to occur on a normal day-to-day basis. Life had too many distractions, duties and responsibilities to think at such heights.

They told me there was so much more yet to be revealed, but it would come in a more natural process. The sacred plants allowed access to my consciousness in a different way; a process that had been used throughout the development of the spiritual understanding garnered by some of the human race to date, across many cultures.

I had many other emotional experiences that have prepared me to understand the deeper principles of being. All of the early experiences in my life were preparatory for awakening to my purpose. In time I would be given fuller details but for now the bridging of inner and outer realities, something I’d already been curious about, would take years of training still.

All of this seemed surreal and far-fetched but there was something that resonated within me, something I knew was true but could not articulate how I knew it. I shifted back to the feeling of the energy slowly moving up my calves and into my thighs. I had to be silent to feel it, completely free of distractions and thoughts.

I was aware there was more going on with the energy they were channeling through my body than I was being told. It didn't matter because I was so engaged in the experience and the sensation of being part of something cosmic. All I could do was enjoy the ride.

Thinking about the cosmic applications I had a quick thought about the points of light I saw in college. My thoughts were like triggers to them to move on, too. I recalled the imagery and the message I was given. As magnificent as it was, my questions of 'how?' and 'what do I need to do to prepare?' were ever-present in my quiet moments of contemplation.

I realized these points that appeared now where indeed connected and I felt so deeply appreciative for the opportunity to continue the conversation. When I first encountered them I was in no place to converse as the feeling of awe kept me from thinking. I just experienced the moments as an undeniable connection beyond my awareness; a sense of BEing.

Now, the conversation picked up with the delivery of additional knowledge of the 'how?' for my benefit. My curiosity of whether the points of consciousness were in body or not originally were now further revealed through this process as 'they' began to demonstrate.

They explained to me that these points of consciousness were indeed incarnate in others like me all over the planet. The manner in which they interacted with each other varies on the type of duties and responsibilities they were given. Given? Yes, each has a soular blueprint designed especially for carrying out their mission, like me, and that together we were like a mission-driven family bound by the soular strands of sentience.

I had a moment of impatience in wanting to connect with these others. Patience, I was told, is tantamount to the process. I may never meet some of them. In fact, some may never truly know what their full consciousness is doing to support the process of

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establishing a new world order. The ‘duties’ don’t have to be linear or physical.

They explained that consciousness has many layers, many dimensions and even many bodies that are all connected. Each layer has its own function and, when fully realized, is made available to the individuated consciousness incarnate on Earth, but not until they make the choice to become more aware in the physical. That is a prerequisite.

Even after that choice is made it could be days or years for the consciousness to develop within the human form. The aspects of each and their importance to the whole are different for everyone. However, the collective vision that operates from the ONE MIND is shared; backup plans are always in place in case of poor choices.

My mind was reeling at this point; attempting to keep up with the data stream of consciousness at these levels was pretty intense to say the least. I reflected on reiterations and resistance of others I knew of then.

I paused in my thoughts and became silent again, noticing the movement of energy up through my thighs and into my hips. I asked about my family and how I would be able to continue to live in the dichotomy with my wife, knowing my children were already showing signs of advanced awareness. I didn’t like the answer I got. It took me back to the initial message.

They told me this path, like I’d been told before, is full of trials and tribulations. I may not be able to bridge the worlds with her and be together as a family. I needed to be aware of that now and prepare for the possibility. I was stubborn and refused to think I could not work things out. I paused to feel the sense of deep connection.

Then, as if to cause the complete opposite, they asked me to get up and kiss the amethyst that I had placed in the center of the star Krystal and I had made earlier. I refused. I wasn’t about to get out of my comfortable sleeping bag to appease some distant voice. I was being a belligerent jerk.

The amethyst was some 15 meters away and it was quite chilly by that time at that altitude. I felt the snap back into my body as I looked around in the dark, faced with either accepting this as

reality or believing it to be just a wild trip from the mushrooms - all my imagination. NOT! Terrence McKenna would have a field day I'm sure.

I have to admit I was sort of hoping for the latter, it sure would make it easier to completely dismiss if it was all just my imagination. My life was challenging enough and yet, I knew I had to demonstrate my commitment. I also knew that in such states other worlds open for experience. I'd experienced, read and studied shamanic practices enough to know special events can happen.

We were converts to the Mormon Church at the time; recently demonstrating our 'worthiness,' resulting in getting 'married and sealed' in the Temple in Mesa, Arizona. I had on my garments, but it was more than chilly in the mountain air and I was not about to get out of my nice warm sleeping bag for some etheric voices, no matter how cool they seemed.

They withdrew their energy completely; like a vacuum just sucked it away in an instant... nothing but emptiness is what I felt then. It was a complete absence of the deep connection I'd been feeling since awakening in this experience. I could not deny the difference in sensation their absence produced as I laid there a moment and considered my options and position. It was easier to believe it was my imagination to a degree, but I could not at all rationalize the change of sensation.

I was processing so much so quick that it felt more like I was in an accelerated learning curve rather than an imaginary tale. I still wasn't sure it was all real, but just in case I got up to do what they asked. Getting up and making the effort to test the truth of what was happening seemed to be more important than my selfishness.

I got up and walked over to the circle, knelt and kissed the amethyst with as much reverence as I could bring forth in my being. In that moment my prayer was to know truth once again, regardless of the impact on my life. I knew I risked it all... *everything*... by doing so.

As soon as I was back in my sleeping bag and took a few moments to get silent, they were back again nearly instantly. Even in my current state, I could tell the difference in sensation and was glad I had gotten over myself. My thoughts drifted to

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the energy once again as it moved up to my lower abdomen and solar plexus. What else were they going to ask of me?

They began to explain about the energy they were sending through me. They told me that this energy was part of everything, of creation, and flowed like water throughout all things when one becomes aware. It was a science that was not developed yet on our planet and it was time to awaken its reality. I was one of the few being awakened to this level of awareness now.

I flashed on explaining it to others for a moment. Not a pretty picture based on my experiences to date. I sure didn't like being called 'full of Satan' and I damn sure didn't like the hospital incarceration. I also didn't want anything to do with creating something for people to attach allegiance; there were too many gurus already.

My visitors explained that sending this energy through my body into the earth would help connect many to a deeper feeling of communion as well as help to understand the process of what José had called 'the ascension.' It was a rising of consciousness within humanity; a push for planetary harmony.

They explained it was more of a process of raising awareness about celestial consciousness than humans had known yet. This level of awareness in consciousness permeates creation, but humans were still entertaining their free will and satiating their physical senses to become aware just yet.

According to them, this would facilitate a greater connection with the Earth and her people for me, so that I would be connected at energetic levels to the consciousness that pervades the Universe.

I understood deep within, but I was sure I could not put it into words if asked at the time. It was more of a sense of knowing. I hadn't tried to discuss any of my experiences with others for years, so I knew I'd be challenged to do so now. I was anxious to try, though.

They told me all would happen in time. I would eventually be able to articulate clearly and help make sense common to all. I mused on the flip of common sense and the comedic remark. I thought that was pretty humorous in such a serious

conversation. I use it often now, and specifically on the website IndependenceArizona.com.

I acknowledged that it would be an honor to live in such close connection with our Mother Earth and that I would serve her to the best of my ability. They explained that as a result of this process she [Mother Earth] would be speaking through me to many and that I would lead this group as I had led in the past.

“I led in the past?” I thought.

I returned the vision of being surrounded by the points of light. I questioned the progress toward completing my mission; the marching orders I’d received during the experience of going through the white light and being told I was here to work with others in order to facilitate a ‘new world order.’ I was still a bit unclear how such a ‘charged’ term could work.

They expressed that they were here now as part of the ‘help’ that was promised. They were here to assist me in making some adjustments to further align with my mission and that I had been doing very well so far. I took a deep breath of relief and just let go again. I noticed the energy moving up into my heart and chest area.

I was being ‘tuned in’ to the planetary grid system as part of my preparation now. I had no idea what the ‘planetary grid’ was but being a brainiac I figured it was how everything was connected energetically on the planet. I had a sense of what that meant, but I knew the grid was much more to be experienced.

I wanted to know about our heritage, where we began and how we gain knowledge of harmony among people and planet. The story that unfolded had me mesmerized for hours. It began through a vision of light condensing into form, something that completely caught me off guard and yet made me even more curious as to what that might mean.

The imagery was spectacular, a rainbow-sparkled ball of light streaking across the universe and descending toward a lush green planet. When it reached the planet there was a flash as though the whole planet lit up for an instant, and then it was gone. The planet remained and I got the sense that a union had been created, between the light and the planet.

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Then I saw a series of scenes with a variety of creatures that all behaved like tribes, working together in various ways to support their community. I saw cities and countryside that looked straight out of some science fiction movie with multiple suns and moons, flora and fauna from desert to tropical rain forests and gorgeous colors that were so vibrant they seemed alive.

I was so in awe that I wasn't sure where I was at – in body, out of body or seeing it in person as I was so absorbed by the events. I felt like I was actually visiting these various places and even the residents were responding to my gaze with a quick glance my way on a couple of occasions.

The beings in each location were different, mirroring many of the life forms on earth yet displaying complete sentience and organization representative of civilization. The styles and types of buildings, although different in materials, all seemed to reflect elegant architecture combined with geometric shapes that appeared organic, malleable yet resilient and strong.

The cities had the feel of concentric circles for the most part, but then some of them actually lifted off the surface of the planets. The 'countryside' had such beauty in the integration of architectural structures that they were nearly invisible as habitations amongst the terrain.

The scenery passed by quickly, but I could identify many of the kinds of extraterrestrial beings I'd seen from drawings and dreams I'd had since childhood. There seemed to be dozens of worlds in all, each with a slightly different planetary landscape. Each world had completely different beings or bodies and all bi-pedal, or at least upright locomotion.

Even though I was in another world, or many, I still had the capability of critical thinking. I questioned the reason I was being shown all of this spectacular scenery and acknowledged my complete submission to whatever the narrators had in store. I felt eternal in those moments, alive and free of any constraints of consciousness.

I was told these were our ancestors, our brothers and sisters in the universe and that each had reached a state of consciousness where they were all connected to a universal mind, naturally in harmony with their surroundings. It took many hundreds of

thousands of years for this to happen on each planet. Ours was ready for an evo-leap.

It took thousands of years just to accomplish the idea of ‘soul’ that we humans have developed. The consciousness transfers from one body to the next, semi-unconsciously, until that ‘eternal’ connection is made. It is a natural process of the evolution of consciousness that has condensed into a physical form. For most it happened as the lifespan increased to hundreds of years.

The density constrains the stream of human consciousness for a time while the physical being matures, often taking many incarnations. Our planet had been in such a state long ago. I started to ask how it changed, but the thought seemed unimportant and I dismissed it. We were here now and the past was the past. If I needed to know more, it would be presented at some point when appropriate.

The substance of the body is from each planet and returns to it until the consciousness opens the gate, like a computer program that has to run subroutines in the boot up process. Only the completed program just launches another set of subroutines until the link between the intellect and the soul is completely open. Then the bodies converge into one operating platform.

We might see it as God dwelling in man again; celestial consciousness condensed into form.

The result, according to the narrator, is a sense of oneness and willingness to operate free from intellectual pursuits driven by the desire to dominate the environment. Each individual soul has purpose, like a thread in the tapestry of life that is just as important as any other thread. The beauty of the tapestry is dependent on the threads, no matter the color, diameter or length. Together, they reveal a beautiful scene.

When all the threads become aware of the tapestry, it becomes alive and whole – able to be viewed. Individuals are like fractals of the tapestry, able to contain the original yet finding form, fit and function within it as their own filaments combine to form the whole. Their ‘tasks,’ if you will, all relate to the ONE.

It was then that I was shown spaceships of various designs and shapes; saucer-shaped, cigar-shaped, triangular-shaped, and

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sphere-shaped of various sizes. They all seemed to pulse with some kind of energy, like they were connected to a heart-beat of some kind, like a universal pulse.

It reminded me of the pulse I felt during an out of body experience while traveling through what seemed to be a wormhole. When I was completely silent, I could feel/hear this pulse that seemed bio-mechanical at the time based on the sensation and sound.

I noticed the pulse as the foundation of the experience, even though I was able to argue points of order. I asked for clarification on many apparent miscommunications between the 'wise' and the 'minions' over time.

There was too much dualism in the human models and I wanted to understand the One's unifying perspective. I felt like it was already a part of me, but I needed further enlightenment. I needed to practice The Work more.

I got a telepathic narration that informed me that many of these races had advanced to the understanding that Jesus demonstrated, able to take their bodies with them. This did not, in some cases, inhibit further incarnations.

As their body consciousness continued to develop, those who demonstrated a certain discipline were allowed greater integration with greater cosmic consciousness and, therefore, given even more responsibility in cosmic affairs. It all seemed so logical and pure.

They eventually learned how to incarnate in other planetary forms, consistent with each planet, in order to assist other planetary civilizations during epochal changes, both in consciousness and planetary evolution. The scenes revealed what appeared to be catastrophic events, yet there was complete serenity in the transitions.

It really felt strange to observe and feel the sensations beyond emotions, like I was seeing through the eyes of God. It was amazing. I felt like 'I' completely disappeared, too.

I understood the process of gaining awareness and self-actualization was the same for all beings, to a point. Like divisions of labor, those who had greater purpose garnered awareness of greater principles and universal understanding at a

young age, far beyond the planetary civilization's ability to comprehend in most cases.

That is, until the critical mass was effectively 'seeded' enough for the conversation to take on a new level. That level was what I was being prepared for here on Earth. In that space and time it all made perfect sense and I felt like I was ready for anything. Let's rock!

The sensations that accompanied this experience were amazingly scintillating, like I was completely free of any attachment to judging what was happening. Part of me knew that I was like a speck in the cosmos at the mercy of something way beyond anything I could comprehend in that moment, but another part of me was perfectly comfortable with what was happening, almost like it was more real than anything I'd ever known in my life. I mused at the paradox.

I let go and trusted, just as I had when I was asked if I was willing to die for what I believed in nearly half my life ago. Real or not, I became a better person because of it.

But I digress...

When I cycled back to the energy running through my body, I could feel it in my upper chest and throat now. They told me that there was a pair of shoes ready for me to step into if I was ready. I was really wondering what that might be now.

Without hesitation, I pictured my purple Converse All-Star's in their worn and tattered state; my favorite shoes for many years. I verified that they would provide all the tools and they would be there at the appropriate time just as had been promised to me in the beginning. It was risky, but I felt sort of comfortable with the decision and knew it would all work out.

I got the feeling of confirmation deep inside me, so I loosened up a bit more and allowed the energy to flow completely unimpeded by my body and mind once again. It felt like I was catapulted through the stars while simultaneously expanding to encompass them. I felt really big, yet invisible and unimportant at the time.

With the previous event's understanding reaffirmed, I agreed to step into the shoes. As soon as I agreed, it felt like every bit of

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tension that I apparently wasn't aware of was now gone. I literally felt my body relax even deeper.

I felt free of *everything*.

Noting the difference in the sense of focus in the outer world in everyday living, it was so real and extraordinary to feel that sensation. I felt huge now, like I was the universe for a moment.

I was completely in awe at how this would all play out but the power of the moment was intimately unmistakable so I just listened intently. As I did, they told me part of a story about my life that seemed like I was in a fantasy world akin to some sci-fi adventure. It sure made me feel humble to say the least. I wondered if any of this would ever truly come to pass. Time alone would tell and I had a lot of work ahead.

I was not alone here, they said. There are others like me in various states of consciousness, the points of light I'd seen before and even among the group I was witnessing now. We all have specific duties and responsibilities; mine was to consciously facilitate the reunion.

The reunion was not at all like I thought; each comes together in the thoughtmosphere with their particular skill set being applied to the collective. Indeed it was like a collective messiah; free of any singular focus, as with Jesus, yet manifesting Christ Consciousness throughout. I felt relieved and transformed yet again. It all made perfect sense... sense made common.

Another question surfaced, "If God made us, who made God?" The immediate and only answer came in the form of the symbol that José had mentioned in the interview, a rotating white feathered serpent medicine wheel. It was huge, taking up nearly a third of the sky and way off in the distance. It was positioned in the sky rotating above Sedona. I mused over José's words.

My line of sight happened to be in position with Sedona as I lay in the sleeping bag under the stars. The spin was a slow clockwise rotation and I just starred empty-minded at this beautiful image, letting it soak in. I knew I didn't understand, but it didn't matter. I let go again.

I knew then that there indeed was an answer in this rotating wheel, even though my human consciousness was not able to comprehend it yet. I knew that in time I would and they

affirmed my feelings as well, noting that it would take some time for this entire experience to unfold completely in my consciousness and life.

What I did feel was imparted to me in that vision was that spin, the cycle, and that like José had said, we are in the beginning of a 50-year cycle, with 2012 as the midpoint. 2012 was the tipping point where the momentum of the rising of consciousness in humanity would finally be recognized globally and a new living awareness emerges as a result.

I returned to the silence again and felt the energy move into my third eye and crown area. My head was abuzz to say the least. I noticed that it felt and sounded like what I hear when completely quiet and the environment is silent as well. It's a high-pitched whine that carries a slight oscillation, definitely confusing for those with tinnitus.

The next question addressed something that I was resistant to exploring even though I'd been mentored regarding it since childhood. "Am I the Rider of the White Horse?" I asked, almost ashamed for even bringing it up. I had this weird sense that I had something to do with it but I did more to dismiss the feeling than accept it for all of my life. I thought it was too self-aggrandizing to even consider it as a possibility, yet I cannot deny that the thoughts were there. What happened next was quite unexpected and totally cool.

I was immediately attracted to the lower right of my field of vision. As I looked over I saw a beautiful white horse, a quarter of the size of the area my field of vision as it came into view. It moved in a slow-motion gallop across the sky, majestic and regal in its appearance.

I was completely engrossed in the view. As it reached the center of my vision, it turned and came straight toward me. I didn't know what to think. My heart leapt and I felt like crying in joy, but it came from a place I'd never known within.

It was so beautiful that I got lost in the awe and forgot about my question because I was so absorbed in its grandeur. As it turned toward me I remembered I had asked the question. I felt so small and insignificant in that moment. I wanted to disappear.

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Still in awe I meekly inquired, "Am I?" As it came closer I felt even more humble and thought, "Am I?" like a child getting a gift he'd never thought possible. Then, as it reached the point of being right in front of me I accepted and acknowledged, "I AM!" It just felt right no matter my resistance.

As this magnificent being passed slightly to my right I reached my arm out to grab its neck as it came by and swung myself up to sit on its majestic back. It happened so quickly that I just responded without a second thought and found myself accordingly suspended above its back. An eternity seemed to pass in that moment.

The instant I touched its back I heard a trumpet echo in the woods all around us. Instantly I was completely awake, noticing the sunlight was just beginning to offer a peak at the surrounding trees. I must've had my eyes closed for a while.

I knew I heard the trumpet with my physical ears and sat straight up in my sleeping bag, looking around for the trumpeter as if I'd see them somewhere close. I just knew I would. Alas, there was no one in sight, but I could hear others in the campground beginning to stir.

With tears streaming down my face I gently nudged my wife to share with her what had happened, hoping she would feel the same excitement. As she opened her eyes and I began to express, she blurted out, "I thought you weren't going to do any mushrooms." My heart was crushed in an instant and I became completely silent and withdrawn. "Trials and tribulations," I thought. Man, I really felt alone.

She did not know I even had them. But her first response flattened my excitement like a smashed bug on a windshield. I felt disappointed and destitute, hopeless and completely alone. I let go of my expectations and hurt as best I could, but the experience (both pain and pleasure) was undeniably real in oh, so many ways.

I had said nothing about the mushrooms. My heart broke in two as she turned the proverbial fire hose on me. I was speechless. I felt the distance between us ever so deeply in that moment. I knew it could never be bridged. But what would I do?

I could tell something was about to change drastically. We had worked through one affair already after her accident and the connection I hoped would develop felt like it was slipping away as part of the process I had to endure. Why me?

I could not deny what had happened, even under the influence of the mushrooms. It was too real and validated by the actions I was asked to take during the conversation and the interaction with the group of beings, whoever they were, felt like family.

I've got a good imagination, but it seemed to take me back to a previous profound position among the points of light as a teen. The strange thing was that they felt like they were part of a family I belonged to somehow, much the same as the previous encounter. The latter was after being asked if I was willing to die for what I believed in. There are many ways of dying, I found out, not all of them physical.

I felt more connected to those points of light than any person, even my children. I only wish everyone could feel that sense of family unity and connection, beyond anything imaginable on Earth, like nothing else I've ever felt. The experience strengthened the awareness of responsibility I have toward my life and mission, beyond anything since the first contact as a teenager. Call me crazy, but what else would you do?

The following week I changed my business research project for my bachelor's degree from a business case solution at work to the first writing of a project plan for a model community, then simply called an international cultural center. I didn't have statistics to back up my plan, so it affected my grade tremendously. Today the scene has changed dramatically.

I did have an interesting experience while doing some research at a large new age expo at the Phoenix Civic Center. I went there to see if there were any people presenting on community building, either lectures or vendors. The expo was called 'Focus on You' and it seemed more like it was geared toward new age products and services rather than community development.

I took my son with me so we could have some time together and introduce him to things beyond our everyday lives. I was dressed in lavender slacks, a purple pull-over, purple/lavender plaid cap I'd nearly worn out golfing and my trusty purple

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Converse All Stars. Ian, also clad in a purple ensemble, strode around the event as proud as his father.

We stopped just after turning a corner and watched as a gentleman demonstrated sending energy through a single-terminated quartz crystal about 4 inches in diameter. He was standing just outside his booth where there were two huge amethyst geodes from Brazil, nearly 3 foot in diameter and 10 foot long with sections removed and lights accenting the interior. They looked magnificent.

As he was completing his demonstration, I caught his eye and held up my hand. He mirrored my action and I sent a pulse of energy from my hand to his, or at least I imagined doing so. His eyes lit up, evidently feeling the pulse, and he walked quickly over to me. He looked deeply into my eyes and asked, “Are you Saint Germaine? I’ve been waiting for you.” I didn’t know what to say, so I just gazed back and remained silent.

I thought to myself that I really don’t know who I am yet. My adoption and birth record, or lack of them, along with the recent experiences gave me cause for concern. I was completely taken by surprise with his question and comment. I quickly turned the conversation toward the beauty of the amethyst geodes and my son’s fascination with them. I dismissed the event as being a random perception and just left it alone.

Over the years I’ve found that identity can be somewhat illusive at best, especially in the kinds of situations that come up out of the blue. Whenever others recognize me as this person or that person, according to their perception, it gives me the opportunity to detach and recognize that I can often be whoever the person needs me to be in that moment. I am able to remain detached as a matter of personal sanity. It doesn’t matter.

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After an experience like I had, the return to normal life was just as challenging, preparing for the next steps and doing the internal work no one ever knows about, except if they are doing it too. The real-world activities kept me focused on church, family and job for the time being.

I spent several weeks completely re-writing my business research project for school. I started with the premise that one could create an environment where cultural history, religious studies and community development could work as one. At the time the best name I could determine was an 'international cultural center.'

I researched intentional communities and looked for any kind of existing communities that I could use as starting points, hoping I could find statistics for business development and financial sustainability. I did not find much information at the time, but I was able to craft an overview of the type of community I envisioned as best I could.

It was a fairly elaborate plan that included research of cultural and historic documents; cross-referencing of texts that might show a consistent pattern of information that could be used to overcome the apparent differences that may have spawned the various religions. At the time I felt this would lead to an ability to bridge the separative qualities within each.

I began with the concept that such a community could be self-sustaining including energy and food production. Building construction would use new materials specifically designed to be energy efficient and environmentally supportive. The latter came in the types of construction that could be easily integrated into existing landscapes.

I was under a deadline so I spent many long nights typing up the plan. We didn't have personal computers at the time, so it was really tedious work. I finished the plan with minimal financial information and suffered a much lower grade because of it. I was happy that I at least had a working document.

A few weeks later I picked up a Phoenix New Times that had a cover story about a guy named Carl Bimson. He was one of the founders of the Valley National Bank in Arizona. At 91, he still

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had an office in the VNB building in downtown Phoenix. He was quoted in the article, “I’m just here to help people.” So that is what I did. I called his office and made an appointment.

I donned one of my favorite suits, a blue and white seersucker, and went to meet with him to discuss my concept. I figured that his business experience and wisdom would be invaluable. I also thought he could tell me if my plan was realistic.

His office was on the 9th floor of the building and one of the largest I had ever been in yet. He was a very kind man who shared some business and relationship wisdom on par with Zig Ziglar. After some time we began discussing the idea of the international cultural center. His eyes lit up. I didn’t expect that.

It took me at least a half an hour to get the full concept out as he had some questions along the way that allowed us to discuss some very significant spiritual points of order, if you will. I felt like he was more open for some reason, so I shared some of the events I’d experienced and how I was concerned about fulfilling the mission marching orders I’d received in college.

He only deepened his conversation with me after sharing details I thought would be safe. He spoke to me about his wife’s near obsession with astrology and tarot cards. I never in a million years would have guessed that he also had a fascination with the accuracy of information and help he received in his business dealings. I discovered later many top executives did.

After I finished with my presentation, he took a moment and reflected before he said anything. He began by complimenting me on such a large undertaking. I thought he was getting ready to let me down easy, but he actually seemed interested in helping me to move forward.

His best advice was to break it down into the components that created more of a systems approach, being able to define each more clearly and how they integrated into the whole. He also suggested that I look for the material resources so that I could determine a budget. He thought I would enjoy researching the people who were doing similar work toward creating harmony.

I left his office feeling like I had something worthy of pursuing. I knew the concept was sound, but after the miserable grade I’d received I wasn’t sure just how viable a project it was. Now I

felt like it was possible to achieve, no matter how much time or work it may take.

Unfortunately I wasn't able to pursue the dream at the time because my work hours increased dramatically, sometimes nearly 80 hours a week during month-end. Between church, school and work I barely had enough time to spend with the children. Things were getting worse with the wife, too, so the plan had to be put on hold. Damn... again?

A few months later after we had moved, I had a dream about a feminine energy named Sarah. I never saw her specifically, but I was being escorted from place to place by what felt like a woman. I had a conversation with her during the dream and at one point asked her name.

The dream coincided with the idea of the international cultural center and I was being shown various types of environments that were conducive to creating bridges between worlds. The dreamtime environments all had special materials and structures that almost shimmered. They each had unique architecture, from domes to multi-sided buildings. The formations seemed to be in geometric patterns, too, with gardens interspersed and large central growing areas.

A few days later I read an article in a local metaphysical paper about a Church of the New Age Spiritual Revolution in America that was on my side of the valley. I had one of those odd feelings that this could be important. I called the number and a man named George Lareau answered the phone.

George turned out to be a good friend in my transition period. I'd rented a two story house with a guest house and he soon became a renter. The girls wanted an upstairs bedroom and the house happened to have it, but just one room. It was a surprise they really enjoyed.

I knew they felt the tension, though, and it broke my heart for them to have to experience this mess, regardless of any previous karmic hoopla. We were in a new ward of the LDS Church, too.

I didn't realize at the time how well I manifested exactly what I needed to meet the requirements of the girls *and* give me an alternative dwelling in case things became intolerable living together. I suspected it would happen sooner than later,

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although I remained hopeful that she would find a better path and stay. That didn't happen.

It wasn't long before she filed for divorce and surreptitiously confided in the church leadership, but meanwhile George offered some extra cash toward our rent and he was someone that I could talk with about my own experience.

I didn't completely open up to him about the core experience in the non-linear sense, but I was able to talk to him about my rather fringe thoughts and feelings. He listened, reflected his own understanding and asked questions that led us both to explore possibilities.

My work and school schedule didn't allow me much spare time. I made sure we still took weekend trips when possible, so we could have some family time together even if there was tension between us. The kids didn't deserve to suffer just because we couldn't get along. We did have a scare when Ian took off one day and we didn't notice it for a few minutes.

We searched the neighborhood for about twenty minutes before finding him at the neighbor's around the corner. He was only five at the time and he'd gone there to visit one of his playmates. We should've known.

It reminded me of the time I walked to Pappy's with a baseball glove and bat, looking for some friends to play baseball. That was a little further walk, though, and in a time when there were no causes for alarm in our small town. Not knowing where Ian was invited a scary moment nonetheless, but it was all for nothing really.

Unbeknownst to me, Leeann was getting ready to file for divorce. Before long the bishopric (bishop and two councilors) came to visit. They requested to meet with me, but I wasn't sure why until they questioned my involvement with the 'New Age Alliance,' a group I'd joined after attending a meeting in Phoenix with George.

CNASRA was already a member and he asked me to come along as a newly ordained Director.

My conversation with the bishopric was interesting to say the least. Instead of feeling adversarial or defensive I sincerely felt I was following the edicts of the church and noted references

from a variety of ‘approved’ sources. I could tell they weren’t comfortable with my responses, but they could not argue with how they were crafted nor how they fit with church doctrine. They left with a reluctant stamp of approval.

Later that summer, just before my birthday, George and I went to a full moon meditation in Fountain Hills, about a half-hour away. The gatherings were a regular occurrence that began with a vegetarian potluck dinner and friendly conversation.

The meditation was next, guided by the woman of the house, Yoshi, and accompanied by two folks who played Tibetan bowls. If you’ve never experienced the pulsing vibrations from the bowls they can put you into an altered state of consciousness just on their own. The tones went from very high pitched pulse to a very low pulse that took one into a deep trance.

They had a dozen or so each, so the range of tones was able to take people through an array of sensory stimulation. The addition of a gentle guide with spoken word offered a trip down the rabbit hole once the eyes were closed. It felt absolutely blissful. The core sensation remained for several hours.

We returned home later and spent a couple of hours talking about the upcoming conference and other things relative to CNASRA, the New Age Alliance and how our paths fit the scenario. We reached a lull in the conversation, probably around 2 am or so, and I closed my eyes for a moment with the intent of a moment of gratitude and prayer for more understanding.

I took a couple of deep breaths and just relaxed, then without really concentrating on anything the question, “Who Am I?” arose in my mind.

Almost immediately, I heard George’s chair move like he was shifting his weight around. I opened my eyes and turned to look at him. As I locked on his eyes the first words out of his mouth were, “You are Zendor.” wtf? What now? Imagine that happening to you!

My ‘second sight’ turned on as I heard the words, with my eyes wide open. I saw a star scape with a huge stone-arched wall with a doorway cast in the center of it. In the middle of the wall was a large, thick wooden door slowly opening toward me as if to draw me inside.

Deliberations and Harmonic Decisions

As I watched I heard a voice say, “Door to what is.” I didn’t know what to do so I just sat there silently for a few minutes. George didn’t have anything else to say in the moment either.

I felt a very deep sense of awe, expanded consciousness and overwhelming skepticism for what I’d just witnessed. For those few moments I wasn’t sure if I was in my body or not. I certainly never had anything like that happen yet. I had a real hard time accepting that my internal question was answered so synchronistically *out of his mouth*. Then the vision just happened? How could I take that all in at once?

We sat there silently for quite a while before I finally spoke up and said, “That was f...g weird!” George just laughed deeply and smiled. Then, he just said, “Yep,” and we sat a while longer in silence while it soaked in.

I didn’t say anything to another soul for quite some time. What the heck could I say? It seemed like I was not living on the fringe, I was living IN it and beyond. I’d never heard of anyone having these kinds of themed events. Have you? I’d love to know. I’m sure we could swap great stories.

If I was going to speak about them I was going to have a real hard time explaining my perspective at all. I understood why the Ascended Masters said, “to dare, to know, to do and to be silent.” People don’t listen to hear your perspective, too. They make their mind up based on their own experience, lacking as that case usually is.

I had no idea why George had spoken out at that moment in answer to the question. I couldn’t deny it happened, though. I asked him why he spoke out like that. He could not say, but he knew had spoken the words. Damn...

Still, I had to admit that Zendor was a pretty cool name regardless. It very much had the tone of a ‘Zendor the Barbarian’ kinda thing; warrior of light and truth, or commander of some star ship. At worst it would make a good story someday. I wondered why it happened and who this ‘Zendor’ was really, especially since it had something to do with me. I decided it was best to remain quiet for now and see what plays out over time.

Back to the daily routine and a month or so later I made the transition back to second shift when I got demoted at work. The demotion seemed really odd because I had been performing beyond expectations. I learned later that I had threatened the status quo when asked to find a consultant to help the department with interpersonal skills, not to mention finding an excellent one when asked. Corporate culture wasn't my forte.

I didn't spend much time with the kids except for a brief time after school. They would wake me up on weekends, though, and it was such a joy to have them bouncing around on top of me.

About a month later I published an article in the Arizona Light, a fairly new metaphysical newspaper published in Scottsdale. It was about the extraterrestrial presence and what it might mean for the development of a new world order with their help. I presented several questions and explored a variety of circumstances that might affect the outcome for our planet.

I picked up a copy at a nearby metaphysical store in Tempe aptly named Chakra, and noticed a display advertisement right below my article.

This location would have great significance over the next decade, transforming from Chakra to Everything Earthly over time, including writing the latter's business plan as part of my degree work a few years later.

The display ad stated that two people, Steven and April White, were going to be at the Metro-center Roadway Inn on August 17th channeling Ashtar and Athena.

Hmmm... What was I going to find?

I felt like I was in between worlds for a moment, conflicted by asking for truth and having it show up in undeniable ways. It was also the anniversary of the Harmonic Convergence so the synchronicity turned serendipitous as I entered yet another unknown event.

The string of events over the last few months continued to unveil what appeared to be a serendipitous vein of truth in my life. So my curiosity got the better of my fear of knowing the truth. Trust me, when you've got this self-discovery process going on for your entire life it can be excruciatingly fun.

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I have to be willing to suspend my beliefs in a given moment and, despite knowing it always turns out okay, it is still as intimidating as facing your worst fears. I went beyond my reluctance to inquire further and showed up at the meeting. After all, I had committed to the process of knowing truth and fulfilling whatever ‘mission’ I’d been given initially.

I showed up at the hotel a half hour early so I could hang out and just observe who was showing up, wondering if I’d recognize anyone. I had only recently entered the metaphysical community in the Valley and I didn’t know that many people.

I have no trouble engaging people I don’t know. It’s like having a friend you haven’t met yet. I did meet quite a few new people that evening. They all seemed somewhat normal, even though some of them dressed funny. I’d meet some of them again later, some sooner than later.

The room held about 150 people and it was maybe two-thirds full at \$20 each. I thought I’d seen a couple of folks around, but didn’t know anyone personally yet.

I said nothing about my reason for being there and sat over next to the wall. I hoped I could remain anonymous, but I had a feeling it might turn out differently.

I was surprised that so many people were there. I had done some minor research and only knew that these two, Ashtar and Athena, were supposed to be the ‘local’ representatives of something called the Galactic Federation as a branch called the Ashtar Command. I didn’t know much more at the time.

By ‘local’ I meant for this region of space, extending beyond our solar system and encompassing some others. I knew nothing of the so-called Ashtar Command then, let alone what my future relationship would evolve to be over the next decade. I certainly wasn’t prepared for their message that night.

Steve and April were absolutely gorgeous people, both over 6 feet with long blonde hair and bright blue eyes; magnetic personalities that appeared warm and loving beyond most people I’d known to date. I thought of introducing myself but decided it was best if I didn’t just yet; remaining anonymous would be best for now.

We did manage to meet eyes and nod before their presentation, although there was no verbal exchange. They felt strangely familiar, but I knew I'd never met them before this evening event. I was rather taken aback by what happened next.

Steve and April asked everyone to please be seated and that they were going to begin. They explained a little about what they were doing, who Ashtar and Athena are, and what their purpose is at this time. It was interesting to say the least. I knew a little from research.

According to them Ashtar and Athena were 5th dimensional beings responsible for managing and monitoring the fulfillment of soul contracts. In other words, to make sure certain individuals who incarnated on various planets followed through on their missions, completing them as per their created and/or volunteer contracts. I thought of Star Trek on steroids.

It sounded like another spin on following divine will, only there were administrators to make sure everything ran smoothly. Somehow that made sense to me then, even more so now. It followed the story of the Bible, too, so I thought.

When Steve went into his channeling mode, his eyes were closed and he remained seated on a stool for five minutes or so, gradually standing up and addressing the group. He continued to keep his eyes closed. I hadn't seen this before.

After going on for a bit about the Galactic Federation and its purpose, he began talking about the administration of the Federation and what his [Ashtar] role was in it. At this point Steve, still with eyes closed, appeared to be looking straight at me. I wondered if he really was.

To remove any doubt and as soon as I noticed what I thought was more focus on me than the rest of the group, he opened his eyes and continued to look at me without moving his gaze for several minutes. Images and thoughts cascaded in my mind, vacillating between understandings beyond the words coming out of his mouth and questioning what the hell was going on here. I was getting a 'download.'

I was beginning to feel a bit 'on the spot' in front of the small crowd of people in the room. I was thankful no one knew me well. I was afraid of being asked why he was focusing on me.

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He would address the group for a few minutes and then come back to me as though his message was important for me to hear.

I have to say that I understood his explanations of the administration to a great degree. The protocols and processes sounded very familiar for some reason. He brought his talk to a close and April began to speak.

Athena appeared to have just as much interest in me, although she did look around the room a bit more than Ashtar had. She explained what the feminine aspect of their co-commandry was in relation to the care-giving toward humanity and especially those who were part of the Galactic Federation that had incarnated into physical bodies at this time.

There was never any direct mention of me specifically; although she did speak of some 'experiments' that would seem very difficult for people of earth to understand just yet. Something made me think I was one of those experiments, though. I felt like a universe test tube baby.

I wasn't sure what that was about, even though part of me felt that I understood what she meant. I have to say that I was more interested in the explanations of the inner workings of the administration, yet it felt that her explanations were also just as important although they were more intuitive in nature. I was very much in my head at the time; a voracious investigator and curious intellect with a need to know.

After the channeling came to a close I waited until everyone had done their thing with the two of them, like hugs or brief discussions and what not. When I finally had the chance to speak to them privately, I asked them if they were aware of staring at me quite often during their channeling. I was hoping they were so I could ask more questions.

They looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders in unison. They were not aware of what they did during the channeling as they are 'off somewhere else' when Ashtar and Athena were present in their bodies.

I left feeling a bit more aware and conscious of some of the things I had questioned, but it still felt so surrealistic that I knew better than to speak openly of how I was feeling or thinking. I certainly hadn't had the experience of 'channeling' myself, so I

was unaware of what people go through in their own process of doing so. I'd find out a few years later.

It certainly left me with more questions than answers then. I figured that, in time, all my questions would be answered. I knew that as more answers came, more questions would evolve as a result and the never-ending process of learning would continue. I have the sense that it is a life-long process and, even after transition, there will be questions on the other side.

Awareness seems to grow from asking better questions, regardless of the subject material or topic one engages. I find learning fascinating and for that reason consider that I am an eduholic. I'm okay being anonymous.

*There is no
enlightenment
outside of daily life.*

Thich Nhat Hanh

New Age and Old Age Rhetoric

The New Age Alliance was made up of about 30 member groups; various new age business, study groups, churches, and organizations. The Alliance's mission was to present a consistent message about what the 'new age' was really about in terms of accountability and responsibility of self toward others and the planet.

The mission seemed congruent with my own, so it was easy to get involved. I'm a sucker for getting involved with curious and intriguing things. All I needed was an invitation and the time.

I was then a Director of the Church of New Age Spiritual Revolution of America. The Church is now defunct, although I have fond memories of our meetings. My introduction to CNASRA began with a dream and continued with delight, at least for a while.

I had rented a property with a guest house as I thought I might need it soon, given the trend of my marriage. I was looking for a renter, too. I got more than I expected.

The precursive dream was an elaborate scenario that began with an off-planet civilization that apparently I was visiting. The people were human-looking, yet possessed a certain energy that I could feel, like their feelings and thoughts were completely available as a sensation they emitted or rather *exuded*.

It seemed to bond everyone together so that few words were necessary, like they had mastered telepathy way beyond any human capacity. It was quite comfortable and even serene. The sensations were exquisite.

I was being escorted around to various groups and at times it seemed like we leapt across some distance without effort. As I became more familiar with the area, my escort allowed me to determine the destination of our journey. I explored some of the architectural developments that had symbolic designs incorporated in their structure.

It felt very freeing and there was a sense of 'love' that permeated the atmosphere. After some time of bounding around from place to place, like a student that had just learned how to fly, it came time for me to depart. The one thing that stuck in

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my mind was the escort's name... Sara. Her name would stick in my head for years.

A few days later I was reading a metaphysical newspaper and found an article about a church called The New Age Spiritual Revolution of America. I was intrigued by the article's message and author, calling for an open inclusion of all spiritual paths as a way to generate a more complete experience of life.

I had one of those promptings that you just have to follow, so I called the number listed in the article. That's how I met George Lareau. He eventually became our renter for a bit.

During the conversation he referred to the church as 'CNASRA,' which made me think it could be related to my dream somehow. Then I wondered if it would be more like a can of worms and I wouldn't be prepared. I proceeded to set up a time to meet.

I liked his model of consciousness and a document he'd written called Three Peaks which outlined a model for understanding truth based on two paths, mind and experience, which led to belief and awareness respectively. It was much the same as I'd found, only with his particular verbiage instead.

I was invited to step into a leadership role by the end of our conversation. I told him I would consider it but needed more information about his intentions and the tenets of the church.

George was slightly shorter than me and at 5'8" not too many guys were shorter. He had dark and mysterious yet warm eyes with short wavy dark brown hair. He looked like he had been athletic at one time, a bit stocky and in good shape. He had a gleam in his eye that was curious.

We engaged in a lengthy conversation and I found he had been a photographer and writer by profession until recently, noting that his arthritis was making both vocations painfully difficult to perform. He had still managed to pound out numerous articles. He had his 'church' in a small multi-office complex in a low rent area off the main drag in Apache Junction.

So with a little persuasion I became a Director of CNASRA as he had just recently founded the church and was building capacity. The deep conversations and explorations were more to

my liking than my Mormon ones, yet I remained committed to the LDS duties I was expected to perform as an elder.

My goal was still to seek truth, where ever it may be found. I couldn't deny the feeling of flow that was present here with CNASRA. The Bishopric didn't appreciate it, though. They came over to question me about the discussion group I had started. Seemed my wife was at work again.

Apparently the bishopric was at least tolerating my efforts as I was able to reference materials they could not deny. It may have irritated them, but I was well within the 'letter' of the preferred path. I felt solid in the process. That was all that mattered to me at the time.

George invited me to attend a meeting of the New Age Alliance, a newly formed group that was seeking to build membership through member groups. It was a collaborative of leaders from various new age groups around the valley.

Their intention was to present a common sense view of what the 'new age' was all about... accountability and responsibility on personal and planetary levels. In that way we would be able to make sense common to each other and the public at large as we continued to move forward. It seemed aligned with my goals as well. I felt some excitement.

I was excited that such a group existed and gladly accepted the invitation. He said they were beginning to plan an event for the fall and thought my organizational skills might come in handy. They did indeed.

Their mission and the opportunity to help put on an event were attractive. The purpose was consistent with my own knowing so I gladly went along for the ride. George told me that they were working on putting together a large event to be held at the Biltmore Hotel in Phoenix, a high class older establishment with a great history of prominent people filtering through for decades. I wanted to get involved.

I had been running a discussion group already and thought I might be able to help with the event production. Regardless, I wanted to check out how the group felt and responded to each other as they were developing their organization. There was a chance for collaboration.

New Age and Old Age Rhetoric

I'd previously been in charge of an emergency response team at the aerospace company and then facilitated a commercial spares production desk that shipped over \$7 million in parts every month. I had the run of the plant for both and excelled in the latter. Project management was a natural progression of my personal development.

At the aerospace company I was constantly soliciting the collaboration of others without direct command authority and surpassing monthly goals for the year and a half I was on the desk. My superiors were so impressed they asked me what my secret sauce was to get the job done.

Then I went to the military spares desk as part of a special team to reduce delinquent shipments where I brought the same interpersonal skillset that had proven so effective. I had a knack for helping people naturally and it seemed I garnered their respect by doing so; removing many hoops normally in place if I needed something prioritized. I developed a great reputation as a guy who could get things done as a result.

There were 35 people in the department, each with a top priority attitude that often demanded compliance rather than use of a softer touch. People don't like to be threatened to do their job.

Before I left I had the opportunity to bring in a consultant for team building and interpersonal skills. Well, at least for the discussion with my general supervisor. I got demoted three weeks later, though. I wonder why.

I found out my stats were at the top of the department's shipment records nearly every month. I didn't understand corporate culture at the time and thought my intentions would be seen for what they were, genuine and sincere.

Unfortunately, the obvious success became a threat to the status quo that used the fear of reprisal for their command and control methodology to get the job done.

By the time the demotion came, I was in the throes of a divorce as well, so why not get both cheeks smacked and a kick in the ass to boot.

Did I remember something about trials and tribulations in my life? I had never imagined what that kind of betrayal felt like,

giving my best in both worlds and it not *be* enough. I learned a tough lesson and it was quite painful.

Here I was in a different environment, but there by choice and likely not to get the same treatment I'd received a few months prior, hopefully. Surprisingly, though, during the meeting there were egos flaring and an argument ensued between one of the members and the chairman. The member left in a huff.

I thought the behavior was very unprofessional, even childish, yet I kept my mouth shut and just focused on calming my own energy. My first instinct was to speak up and determine what the real issues were, but this was my first meeting and I wasn't sure it would be appropriate, so I remained silent.

I'd brought a purple folder with our CNASRA application for membership and during the bantering I simply held it between my fingertips of both hands, closed my eyes, and breathed slowly and deeply to center myself so as not to be pulled into the energy. It seemed to work.

I did not think it was so obvious, yet after the meeting a bright and bubbly blue-eyed elder woman much shorter and looking like a Pillsbury commercial came over to me, looked me straight in the eyes and said, "I know you from long ago and I like what you are doing." I liked that and her instantly. Ruth Fortier was cool.

I asked what she meant and she related that she had been watching me from the other side of the circle during the argument. She said she could see the light around me and how I moved it around the room through my breath. I hadn't had anyone approach me like that, let alone explain what they could 'see.' I didn't know exactly what I was doing, only that I followed my feeling.

I flashed on Gary Thomas and me taking turns watching each other leaving our bodies back in college. I remembered how odd it felt, yet it was a reality we tested and found true. I suppose others could have similar abilities. I had felt like there was more going on energetically than most were aware and told her so. Something inside me was activated and I just followed the flow, sending out the energy to harmonize the scene.

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It felt nice to be recognized for my efforts even though I was just following my heart-felt desire to calm the energy in the room. I'd felt that kind of energy on many occasions at the aerospace company in the production meetings. It felt really uncomfortable, almost debilitating, and certainly diminishing.

I dared not speak up there for fear of reprisal in such an environment. But there it seemed more fitting because of the type of leadership in place – command and control. Nobody felt safe in that kind of environment, except those in charge.

This group of metaphysicians was supposed to be different, more open and respectful. I guess human emotions show up the same everywhere. Nevertheless, I was compelled to center and share from that place, moving shareable energy through the room and the people in it.

I got more involved with the group over the next couple of months and became the advertising chairman for the conference, which was now called 'A Metaphysical Coming Together.' Who wouldn't understand that theme?

I met with several smaller groups to put together the agenda and help design the program. I was having fun and enjoyed the challenge. It kept me from feeling the depression of a marriage heading for the train wreck.

I met with Norma Graham, one of the event coordinators, one evening at a Village Inn to discuss some special sessions for the event. She worked as an office manager in real life, was about at least 20 years older and our relationship was sort of like a great aunt that was hip to all the weird stuff too.

While we were sitting at the booth, she began staring at my forehead. I could tell something else was going on, but wasn't sure just what yet.

In a few moments she grabbed a napkin and started drawing on it. When she was done she had drawn a hexagram with a circle and dot inside the center with wings coming off the top two triangles. I know I had to have looked really confused in that moment. I was really curious, too.

I asked her what the heck was going on. She told me that she saw the image in the middle of my forehead and wanted to draw it before it disappeared. She told me it was a symbol of the

Ashtar Command and she had never seen it on someone's forehead before now. Oh shit...

I figured it was time I told her what had happened with George and the name 'Zendor' as well as what happened at the channeling I'd attended recently with the Whites. She listened intently and asked what impressions I got from these events. I couldn't believe how open she was being in our discussion.

I told her I wasn't sure what was going on, but it seemed to have something to do with a deeper part of me that I was having a real difficult time understanding. She had no more information at the time, so we shifted our attention to the duties of the conference and details we needed help with from the other members of our event team. The event was just over a month away and we had a list of potential advertisers to contact.

A couple of weeks later I got a call from her to let me know she had been contacted by KTAR and they were looking for someone to interview. They had the date and mid-afternoon time already set up. No one else was available or willing to go on the radio. So, she thought maybe I might be willing. I was excited with the opportunity and jumped in.

As the date got closer I became more anxious. I wanted to present the best image possible and I knew that KTAR was more of a conservative station, the largest AM station in the Southwest at the time. I set aside the insecurity and stepped into the booth. It was better than I expected, at least for a little while.

Mel Young was the interviewer. I couldn't have asked for a better or more considerate and knowledgeable gentleman. We started off the interview discussing some of the more obvious interests in the new age movement including crystals, esoteric philosophy and the quest for understanding spirituality beyond organized religion filled with dogma. He mentioned that his wife had some crystals at home, so he was at least familiar with how they supposedly worked.

Our theme for the conference was to explore ethics and responsibilities for the new age. I went through a short list of speakers and topics and talked about the musicians that would be providing entertainment. I felt comfortable and was enjoying the discussion until he opened up the phone lines. That's when the shock came.

New Age and Old Age Rhetoric

I thought it was the perfect place to go into the public mainstream with the information about awareness and ethical behavior compelled by the depth of the extraterrestrial and spiritual themes expressed throughout the membership of the New Age Alliance.

I think Mel was even a bit surprised with the callers. We got more angry folks asking what gave me the right to determine what God's message was for people than questions about the conference. I even recognized one of the callers as a guy who was a member of our ward in Tempe, married with children and had made several advances toward my wife.

I was tempted to expose him on the air but thought better of it. Looking back, I wish I had. Mel deflected some of the overly aggressive callers with a great sense of humor, redirecting the focus back to the discussion about the conference and that we weren't there to discuss my personal belief system. I thought people would be more open, but I was wrong.

I must have been very naïve to think that KTAR listeners would be more open-minded. After all, Arizona is a Red State and filled with conservative rednecks for the most part. I know that might seem a little judgmental, but after so many years of living here I might as well call a spade a spade. Now in 2013, the Independents are up to 33%.

My challenge has always been that I tend to believe people are more intelligent and better behaved than they may appear. Sometimes I've been proven right. Unfortunately it has been my experience that even in places where one would expect a certain higher level of behavior, it just doesn't happen.

As I get older, the cynicism is beginning to creep into my consciousness. I try to keep the thoughts on a humorous tone, but people in general are still, to use an Agent K phrase, "dumb, panicky, dangerous animals and you know it." They project their own insecurity and misguided notions on others and expect absolution for their behavior when someone calls them on it. They feel even more threatened when you ask them to listen without judgment or to suspend their belief system.

I'm beginning to realize that the 'thetan' nature in man is actually missing. Humans don't think beyond their behavior, they don't wonder what manipulates or motivates and they

certainly don't look for cohesion. They seem to be stuck in the ease of argument and the notion of others as enemies until proven otherwise.

I seek to be contrary to those notions and instead to look for what connects us and to explore the nature of an evolving consciousness that seems to point to a collective, a unified field of care and concern for all living things.

There are indeed more layers to our human nature that cause us to pause and wonder at the intelligence of creation. Maybe the possibility of those 'friendly skies' teeming with other family members is really too overwhelming.

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

Confronting Events

After joining the New Age Alliance I had volunteered to be an 'investigator' of organizations that were applying for membership. One of my assignments was to investigate a group that had formed around a channel for an entity named Jabar. Lauren Schmidt was the 'channel.' His townhouse was used as their regular meeting place, just off 16th St and Colter. It was a nice place with adequate space.

My oldest daughter had continued to show deeper connections and I enjoyed the curiosity she had toward them. I decided to take her with me to visit Lauren's group. We left home for a little father/daughter time but weren't specific as to where we were going or what we would be doing. It was better that way.

My background with channels was a bit skewed as I'd found most of them to be skilled manipulators that were more about power than perfection. I knew enough from all the reading I had done that information was available and could be easily promoted as though it was being 'channeled.' I'd met some folks that 'felt' much different, though, like Steve and April.

I had introduced myself and my daughter upon arrival and that I was there on Alliance business. He was a pleasant man to converse with, showing no signs of being interested in his own profit, although there was a charge. There were about 30 or so people there and we all sat around the living room of the townhouse. Some chairs were provided, but most of us sat on the floor. Krystal and I sat to the side against the wall.

We talked for a moment while the other guests were arriving. I related that I would let him know of the status of their membership submission after reporting back to the New Age Alliance membership committee. I liked what I'd found so far and told him so.

Just prior to the group session he had changed into a shiny emerald green floor-length robe, appearing very regal if I might add. My daughter and I sat on the floor in the back of three rows of people, leaning on the wall next to the arcadia door. I thought this would be a good vantage point to view the show. I also like that we had something to lean against.

Confronting Events

Lauren sat down and explained what was about to happen, invited us to have a short meditation, and went into his 'channeling' mode. I watched as he went through a process of preparation in order to channel. I felt more open as well.

His energy changed dramatically and he appeared to physically become more centered and upright, like his body was being straightened by a posture coach. I could sense another presence, too. I wondered how he would sound.

He was a bit different than most I'd witnessed in that he stood and walked around with his eyes wide open. He addressed several people with questions and answers and then turned his eyes on me with a little more of an intense gaze.

At first I thought, okay... here it comes. I looked into his eyes wondering what was going to come out of his mouth. I wanted to hear every word, I thought.

Then he said, 'You are still looking for your parents, aren't you?' Wow, that was totally unexpected. How did he know? I guess he is psychic, or at least open.

I had said nothing of my adoption or quest for finding my biological parents, let alone celestial parents. Immediately I knew something was up and he had some connection beyond the manipulators. I relaxed as much as I could even though I felt really nervous.

So I answered, "Yes, but I'm not so interested in the terrestrial lineage as much as I am the celestial lineage now." I had longed for some kind of terrestrial connection for most of my life, but had recently realized I needed to move beyond it.

"That's good," he replied, "but you'd still like to know who they are wouldn't you?" I replied, "Of course," not knowing what was about to come.

"Would you like to know their names?" he asked and I said, "Absolutely!" All I heard was, "They are A.... and A...." I blocked out his words for some reason, like I was not willing to listen. I had NEVER done that before. It was odd because he spoke quite loudly and was easy to hear otherwise. 'Odd,' I thought, then, 'shit, I missed a golden opportunity.'

Since I did not hear the names I had no knowledge of who they were yet, but I knew he'd given actual names even though all I heard were the first letters phonetically. I sat there for a moment, puzzled and not wanting to appear like I wasn't listening. I had a moment of extreme depression having missed the names. I felt really disappointed.

I had a thought...

I turned and asked my daughter what he'd said, not knowing if she would recall. She replied, 'Ashtar and Athena.' I knew who they were, turned back and said, "Thank you," to Lauren/Jabar. My mind was conflicted and confused, but I held on. What was *that* about?

Although I was familiar with Ashtar and Athena by now, hearing Jabar's answer sent me reeling. What the heck is going on? I want to make sense of all this, but it was beyond my ability to create some kind of logical explanation. Part of me wanted to know more and another part of me was afraid to ask. I'm sure you might be a little concerned if you were in my shoes, too.

My daughter was full of questions on the way home. She wanted to know who Ashtar and Athena were because she knew Nanna and Pawpaw were Daddy's parents. We had no conversations about my adoption yet, and I wasn't sure how to answer her.

In doing so, I framed it like a fairy tale where Daddy was a lost boy who had been raised by adoptive parents who had come to his rescue. He had known this was true early on, and still grew up like they were his real parents.

He went on to start his own family, but he was still looking for his real parents. Maybe, he thought, he could rejoin his own family someday. It was hard to separate myself from the story, but by telling her that way it seemed to give me some distance that felt healthy.



Seeking Mastery in the Mayhem

A few months earlier I was given the name 'Zendor' by George after asking the question, "Who am I?" internally. I had never had anyone answer a question I'd asked in silence. Now here was some guy I didn't know channeling an entity I'd never heard of telling me that my parents are Ashtar and Athena, which I knew were supposed to be some cosmic divine couple in charge of soul contract management as part of some Galactic Federation.

It was enough to drive me nuts. I questioned my sanity and even if this kind of expanded reality were even possible. I was finding it real hard to believe that this didn't have something to do with that visit back on the Convergence and into the White Light as a teenager in college. I wondered... what's next?

Meanwhile, I was still reeling with the implications of whom or what I was from a variety of psychics I'd met around the state while delivering the Arizona Light newspaper. I'd taken the job just after moving out of the guesthouse shortly after my ex and our children moved back to Indiana.

Apparently Zendor is a commander of a mothership according to every psychic that I asked about the name. It was too much not to pay attention. I still groped for understanding and felt it slip away continuously.

As I ventured around the state, I got the opportunity to meet many psychics. I continued my method of making sure that my questions were not associated with any prior information shared, so I kept my mouth shut regarding the name having anything to do with me.

In conversation I would engage them by talking about all the names I hear people taking on and simply wait until an appropriate moment and ask, 'Hey, btw... what do you get from the name Zendor?' Then I'd shut up and wait for response. I made sure to act as if it was someone else.

At that point they all did their little 'check-in' routine and then answer. Watching the 'check-in' process was intriguing. I could see they would visibly take a moment and go deep inside.

Seeking Mastery in the Mayhem

Invariably the consistent answer was “Oh, he's the commander of a Mothership.”

I kept thinking this is useless information, but why is it always the same? If it *is* true, then I wonder what the name of the ship is? Dare I even ask? And if so, so what?

A couple of months went by and I got my answer. A woman came up to me after a UFO study group I facilitated at Peter Teekamp's art gallery and studio in Apache Junction. She'd introduced herself as a practicing psychic at the beginning of the discussion. I wondered if she would repeat.

After the group finished we had a few minutes conversation about some of our common beliefs. She asked if we could meet for lunch the following week. We made plans to meet the following Tuesday in downtown Mesa. I wondered what would happen, if I'd get the same story.

During our lunch I asked her the same question about Zendor, not giving any other information that might taint her response. She immediately replied the same as the others had and told me she knew which one. I'll keep that quiet for now.

I still don't know what the heck it all means, but it is consistent with the experience I had during the Harmonic Convergence. Those ‘shoes’ were showing up again as I continued to test the waters of life and reality I'd grown to know was far more intriguing than one could imagine.

If I were to adhere to the answer to my question of, “Who am I?” then accordingly the soular signature of my finite self is known as ‘Zendor.’ I have to say these perceptions were a bit overwhelming at times because it set me apart from the crowd. I guess that is by design, eh?

Knowing that I came from another world of experience and learning how to negotiate this world gave me a lot of opportunity to check my understanding. It also raised eyebrows when I asked questions that seemed like I wasn't well-grounded in this world at all. I'd had a couple of very different experiences with psychiatrists to date, from opposite ends of the spectrum. I was cautious but still didn't keep my mouth shut.

One had the awareness to know that something was different with me yet had the presence of awareness to explore the

possibilities with an open mind. The other was quite the opposite, assessing my discussions and openness from a very 'clinical' perspective straight out of the DSM IV, used to properly label psychological issues.

The former encouraged me to continue discovering who I am with some caution in regard to sharing what I knew openly. The latter simply didn't want to hear anything outside his frame of reference. I have to say the discernment filters hadn't developed yet as I was still naïve, thinking everyone would be open to exploring reality. Sometimes that just isn't possible.

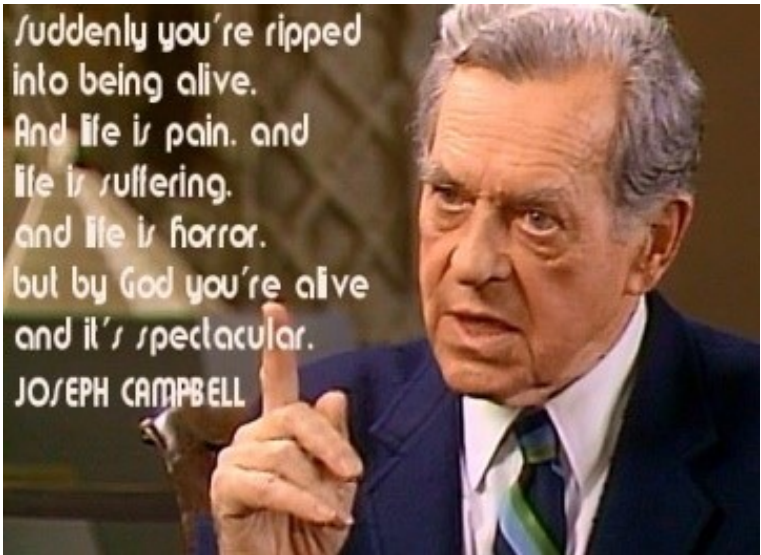
I had experienced the dichotomy first hand, from Christians and psychiatric worlds alike. After sharing my experience, which of course I could only speak from first person, those who had been steeped in confining belief systems saw me as a threat to their safety and security.

Their knowledge could not provide the framework from which to listen without bias or prejudice.

This is a dilemma the One still faces in each individual, yet can only be shifted through a personal experience.

Once the question is presented – are we one? – Individuated consciousness opens to aspects beyond the current experience level of the individual, often throwing them into a spin cycle of cognitive dissonance.

Gives new meaning to having a Mobius operandi, huh? Such is the nature of 'spooky action at a distance' from Einstein's consideration of quantum entanglement... non-linear reality beyond our physical world. I think it's called multidimensional. It is certainly operational.



What is Truth?

Is it objective, subjective, all-inclusive or mutually exclusive to personal and/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. At first I didn't accept it, but I had to acquiesce to what I was shown, over and over.

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 and turned me into an intellectual snob.

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.

I still felt a gap, though. I had some unanswered questions that I was still formulating as my experiential data base grew.

What is Truth?

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'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 including the sixth man on the moon and a hybrid human.

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 stuck trying to figure it out 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.

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. What do you think?

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 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. How are your questions?

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 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 and continues to expand.

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

What is Truth?

comes early, yet most often it occurs as an empty nester or in one's mid-40s, according to my shrink's research.

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. They can't be all crazy.

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. Can you dig [IT]?

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 as an enlightened individual.

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. Whatever the prize, the value is intrinsic.

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.

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, buffeted by the tsunami of spiritual concerns and conspiratorial notions.

I had been deeply wounded by demotion and divorce years prior. 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.

Part 3

Attending to the Business of Being



On Being Fine
On good days,
I'm just fine.
On bad days,
I'm just fine.
In this moment,
I'm just fine.

Excruciatingly Fun

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. 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 and kept my mouth shut.

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

Excruciatingly Fun

of energy swirling in, around and through each other for a long time until the moment of climax.

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 kept it together, though, and let the dream go.

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.

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 the priesthood duties and attending school to finish my bachelor's degree.

I wasn't raised with values that took commitment lightly. I maintained integrity even if she did not.

At any rate, he showed no compassion for me whatsoever and 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. I was heart-broken yet again. I just did not understand how he thought I deserved such harsh treatment.

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.

My (ex) could be quite convincing 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 did not think it warranted any action. Sure didn't help my depression, though. I accepted the term of disfellowshipment,

took a year to ‘repent’ and then rejoined the church only to walk out on my own accord after getting my priesthood back.

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 ex-wife moved back to Indiana and another family had already moved into the main house. The guest house wasn’t comfortable anymore and I longed for friendship.

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, but who can be sure.

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 large pieces of rose quartz – 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. I was in heaven, or as nearly as I could be then. I felt better than I had in years.

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 recorded a version of the multi-plane awareness session many years later. It is on YouTube, just ‘google’ Multi-plane and Solfeggio’ and it will be at the top of the page.

I’d been in many organized religions, including a 7-year period in the Mormon Church. I was married and sealed in the temple with my family, so releasing them was pretty traumatic

Excruciatingly Fun

regardless of how detached I was in my own emotional/spiritual progression. It was devastating.

Still, there were many discussions I'd attempted to start; only to find out the doors weren't open.

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. At least I had other like minds around.

I've got to tell you that to have the span of experience like my life provided; it was intensely challenging to remain appreciative at times.

I've found that even with a large vocabulary and genius-level intellect, articulating the experiences still sounds like the raving of a lunatic to most people. Their own direct experience just doesn't provide a place for them to hear the words without prejudice 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 Church was to get the physical bestowal of the Melchizedek Priesthood. I couldn't get it in that way anywhere else on the planet. I'm okay with that and it was worth all the pain and suffering.

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 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 did it anyway.

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. I figured nobody would take me seriously.

Shortly after moving there 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-2729.

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.

A more pleasant call was received from a woman who lived less than a mile away, across a mountain to the north. 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.

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 thought, "here comes trouble."

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

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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. I sure couldn't see them, but I did feel *something* and often heard the tones as well.

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. 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.

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.

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 we weren't physically intertwined. We had moments of union that felt just like they did on the ship, but there was a sense of distance that I could not understand.

I was distracted. Consequently our relationship only lasted a short time. We had a very mystical breakup, though, while taking a camping 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. There was a row of oleanders in front of us with a small opening that led to the shore and a large area of river rock next to a fast flowing area of the river.

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 told her that they were wild Mustangs that were known to live in the area. They are one of the few natural surviving herds in America.

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 which was nestled in a small cove in the rock.

The last two, a chocolate and white one, came and stood just 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. A few times they both jerked their heads up as if to notify us that they were considering whether or not our presence was okay with them or not.

Monique wanted to get up and pet them. I told her to stay still, warning her that if she moved at all she'd spook them and they would run off. She still wanted to try and they ran off instantly when she moved. That prompted an irritated remark toward 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 really didn't like the idea, but went along.

Once in it didn't take long. It was still too early in the year and the mountain runoff was quite chilly. I began shivering from the river water and couldn't wait to get out, even though I pretended to be fine with it for a few minutes. Then I couldn't take it anymore and had to get out.

We got out of the water and went back the campsite and dried off. I noticed there was a complete flip in her personality. Suddenly, I became the devil incarnate and she could not say enough negative things to or about me. It was really bizarre and completely caught me off guard and ill-prepared to respond.

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. Her mother had told me she was fragile. Unstable was more like it. I didn't know what to do.

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

Excruciatingly Fun

reverted to her old ways of manipulating others to get what she wanted, borne of deep insecurity.

I took her home the next day and didn't speak to her again.



Are Past Lives Applicable Today?

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. Others choose to explore them actively, seeking out those who practice past-life regression techniques. I've always had my doubts as to their validity. Reality can be so strange at times.

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 the construction of our present day experience. Each incarnating is like molting, shedding our skin so we can continue to grow.

I have experimented with various psychic phenomena in younger years, including Tarot cards, the Ouija board, psychokinesis and telepathy. It still didn't prepare me for my journey into my past, although it helped a bit. Denying my proclivity for exploring and the insatiable curiosity I had toward life in all its myriad forms was impossible for me to do.

For a time I studied with a group at the house that used William Swygard's methods for regression into past lives. This particular technique was called Multi-level 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 recalled that I did request to know what was important for my own progress here now. I still had some resistance, though. Did I really want to know? That would make me responsible.

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 in a kind of prayer, if you will. The rest I shall describe in hopes it may help you in your quest and offer some encouragement.

Are Past Lives Applicable Today?

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. I waited for the scenery to evolve on my internal video screen, my mind was inactive and observant. The silence was golden.

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 not too overwhelmingly high. It was evident that there was plenty of water, plants, trees and other natural resources.

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

There was a festival happening, honoring our accomplishment. It was full of joy and song, with children actively engaged in games with each other. Adults were also enjoying various activities around the base of the platform where I sat.

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, with all the fanfare it might have been.

The other side was steeped in 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 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, like the old stone carvings of the Mayans.

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' (similar to Star Trek Enterprise) in front of me. I was walking up to a one meter high smoky quartz looking obelisk/lectern 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. 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. There was little time.

I told him I understood and thanked him for letting me know. He again stressed the importance of immediate action. I had a sense of urgency as I moved to the next scene, not knowing what I might see.

The next scene appeared chaotic with many ships in the sky darting about, moving from place to place. 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.

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

I watched as a very handsome and dynamic looking man lying in a chase lounge chair of sorts became apparent. He was accompanied by a young woman holding a palm frawn, 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,

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like a lake or an ocean. He looked young, still, but his eyes were tired though. 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 as if I was being drawn out.

The feeling increased as I came closer until I went into the center point, some distance beyond the four corners. I felt like I had transcended into another world. I had witnessed my transition from the inside.

The screen shut off at that point, so I assumed the movie was over and the facilitator confirmed it by bringing me out of the session. 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.

A few weeks later I was with a good friend and her son in Sedona. She also has a doctorate in parapsychology so at least there was a certain openness she had to a variety of experiences, including her own as a practicing psychic. I’d met her almost a year before, recommended as a guest for One World.

I had been producing and hosting a television show about spiritual growth in personal and professional environments for about a year and a half by then. She was recommended by a guest and after several conversations by phone, we agreed to meet. I looked forward to it.

Little did I know that I had seen her in a dream just a few weeks before our meeting. 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.

We were in Sedona to promote a project we were working on, Earth Concert 1989, although we took some time to visit a favorite site - a huge medicine wheel at the entrance to one of the canyons north west of town. It had been there for nearly two decades, carefully crafted and nearly 30 feet in diameter.

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. Soon there was lightning, thunder, and rain that seemed quite synchronistic to my spoken prayers. It was awe-striking in that moment with the environmental punctuation, like a conversation beyond words.

Afterward my friend said that she saw some really bizarre imagery as I was offering the prayers. Always curious about correlations and confirmations I asked her to please tell me more. 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, the length of a football field, and there was a line of folks boarding that 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.

Because of her abilities, as I got to know her, she was able 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 that moment.

One day before attending a breakfast with a Hopi Elder in Sedona, she told me I'd be taken up to a ship while totally conscious during the breakfast. 'They' needed me to have the experience in order to perform some task that took longer to explain they then had time at the moment.

There always seemed to be short and concise communication when these things happened. There wasn't much conversation at all, just instructions.

During the breakfast I had completely forgotten what she has said until the elder stood up to speak. As he spoke our eyes met

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for a moment. Instantly I felt my consciousness transcend the meeting, like it shot straight up onto the bridge of ship for a moment and then came directly back. It happened so quickly I didn't have time to react. The elder seemed to crack a smile for a split second through his stoic demeanor and then returned to his stoic appearance as he delivered his talk to the group.

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.

Many of these experiences I 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'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 hours. Nothing like getting yanked out of your comfort zone when you least expect it.

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. It was like I had to make up for lost time.

I learned that the most valuable lessons were often the most painful, but they didn't necessarily have to be so. The pain was usually because of not paying attention to the subtle signs offered through intuition and recognizing patterns of behavior.

I again found myself wondering just how all this would eventually make sense and fall into some kind of order that would allow me to find a place in the world and be completely function in it.

Maybe someday there would be a research team that uncovers the flat-topped pyramids under present day Phoenix. The layers of caliche clay several feet under the surface around the valley now might indicate that the sediment was only the top layer. After all, it was 13,000 years, roughly, before the next tumbling.

I have to admit, though, that past lives became much less important over the years. I learned that whatever issues or awareness one need to resolve or encounter happens in the moment when you make choices in how to deal with it. Recurring patterns that cause temporary chaos are a good indication that you need to step back and observe things.

When you can observe without engagement, you garner greater awareness of your ability to change your behavior. It is up to you to do so. There are no rulebooks as to how you need to change as each individual has their own ‘stuff’ to change.

1 and the ten
thousand things
are of One Root.
Wan Shi

And Then There Were Three

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.

Is our central sun actually three suns reflecting the 'trinity' throughout all the major religions? I was faced with that consideration one afternoon.

In the summer of 1989, while learning the techniques developed by William Swygard, I was privileged to enjoy some interesting explorations in the dynamics of human consciousness.

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.

These processes, although facilitated by a trained guide, allowed deeper individual experiences to evolve within the framework of the process.

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 the individual's perspective from that point onward, 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 experiencer so that reflections could be made afterward. In this way there was some record for reviewing for the experiencer. Records are great for review and it further solidifies the experience in memory.

This was definitely a metaphysical experience, yet it seems to correlate 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. I suspect Tom Campbell knows this well.

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Among them are Alain Aspect, David Bohm, Karl Pribham, and Karl Lashley. Complexologists⁴ 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.

Striving to understand how our universe works leads us to better understand how the human enigma works in its interaction and living amongst the stars.

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.

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 scare people, especially ones that have obvious answers that have been hidden from view or are unanswerable just yet.

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 of anticipation.

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.

⁴ n. the new gurus of the emerging science of complexity.

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. It made it more visceral.

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 if I may digress for a moment.

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 Southwest US.

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.

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.

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I found it 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.

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

I could see faintly the points of light, 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. The speed of light is 186,000 miles per second.

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. I had some pride in the depth of understanding I thought I'd been expressing to him - consistent for a student/teacher relationship.

I think we probably all feel that way when our bubbles are burst by our elders, bringing us back to a humble reality. 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 instantly to 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 consistent patterns of thought and holographic reality at that point. It was very humbling, nonetheless, arriving in awe as well.

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. Questions scare people more than the answers sometimes, but it's always good to ask.

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 witness 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 nine planets around them.

Again, the sight of this brought up the feeling of awe that came from such an indescribably beautiful display, much like the movie '*Contact*,' only this was nearly a decade before its making. I felt huge in that moment.

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, like the first fall on a toboggan run.

In response to the natural curiosity and questions I must have been thinking, the voice (s) said, "We are not only your forefathers; we are also the forefathers of your solar system." How? Why? Really?

In spite of my questions I felt such a deep connection to those words and the resonance of truth that I was thoughtless for a moment. I wish there was a word to describe it. You get the

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picture... I was blown away. Zephyr said, "Okay, that's it, time to go." I certainly wasn't ready 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, "Nope, you've got all you need. You'll figure it out." Rats!

I needed some more feedback. 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.

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. According to the facilitator's watch the journey of going and coming were about 8 minutes long, which was more than just coincidence.

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.

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. I had no idea how the additional questions would be answered or if they would at all. But they were.

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. Something created and facilitated their movement into the elements, maybe more.

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

I do know this: it was much more that 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. Would you agree?

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. We still don't know just how we learned to condense into form.

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. Quantum entanglement is the new buzz word in the metaphysical realms as well.

Methinks we are on the verge of 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.



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I love to share stories as you might have guessed, especially about encounters with spiritual beings that we all are familiar with yet distant in personal experience. Whether you believe in them or not is no matter.

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. He was also one of the first guests on One World.

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

Sometimes it is more than just imagination.

Jesus has always played a huge role in my life. I used to sit in Sunday school class as a child and wonder how I could be more like him and I assumed everyone else did too. As I grew up, I was challenged by the trials and tribulations of the spiritual path in the discovery of the precepts of Christ Consciousness or better, Cosmic Consciousness.

I know you will be challenged by reading further, but please don't pray for my salvation. I'm already saved. :)

As I understand it from my years of inquiry Jesus was a messenger of a new way and proceeded to be an example, not a Savior. In fact, he taught personal responsibility not abdication, claiming instead that each of us is god just as he was, the Dead Sea Scrolls revealed this statement Jesus made to Thomas.

After the Council of Nicaea, organized religion became a business of bridging church and state (Emperor Constantine the First's credit), and a lot of good intentioned people have been deceived into the fear, guilt and shame game. Still, the Bible is full of indicators that there is much more possible to those who believe, that miracles still happen.

In contrast, when I've shared my experiences I've often been rejected by the very folks that speak of such possibilities. I can't

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tell you how many times I've had Christians tell me I'm full of Satan or under the influence of the Devil. Really?

Instead of not answering the door when Jehovah's Witnesses or Seventh Day Adventists are out proselytizing, I love to engage them in conversation. I'm saddened by the focus on a book and dead words when the living word resides in their hearts and they continue to ignore it, even though they feel the difference with me. I call their attention to Jesus' admonitions, not the book.

We all have moments that encourage us to continue, especially when we experience doubt and pain. Jesus helped me to rise out of some serious pain just after a divorce and maybe this sharing can help you too. Often we have a tendency to stiff-arm experiences that are beyond our current level of understanding.

An unyielding belief and faith in a living being that transcended death was given awareness and direct experience of its truth on this day; it was made real.

Now how you will feel or sense the following might give you some indication of just how open you are to divinely inspired spiritual events. Many profess to believe or have faith, but when faced with something outside their experience and/or demonstrable proof of a living presence today - the first response is denial and rejection. It appears to engage cognitive dissonance.

There is a great mystery still, understanding how 'God' interacts with creation *and humans specifically*. If we knew it all there wouldn't be any mystery for us to seek.

Doubt and skepticism are strong motivators in seeking knowledge, truth and/or wisdom. I had my own reservations about sharing my experience, let alone engaging it in the first place. I have a brilliant mind and voracious appetite for experience and knowledge, yet it all has to make sense from various perspectives. Truth is still challenged to emerge.

We have our shadows, doubts and fears that our beliefs aren't perfect or need to be challenged to make them come alive. I had to confront a number of internal conflicts I didn't even know I had, just to be available to the experience.

Well, this was a beautiful day in the mountains of northern Arizona, next to Woods Canyon lake, a pristine 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. The lake was about 158 acres with many nooks and crannies for privacy. We found one to occupy for a few hours, with a felled tree whose stump was a perfect seat and trunk was just the right size to function as a bench for the group.

There was a group of us, perhaps 10 in all (I don't remember the exact number), 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.' 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. The area is referred to by the locals as Sunnyslope. It was a beautiful sight from the porch in front, being able to see downtown Phoenix.

It was 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 natural desert landscaping and wildlife to go with it. We even had visitors occasionally, like fox and an occasional bobcat.

I had been asked to join the group on a week end retreat. We were staying in a couple of cabins nearby in a town called Christopher Creek. Once unpacked, we journeyed to Woods Canyon Lake for an afternoon program of discussion and exploration of spiritual content. I was delighted to be there.

We were sitting on the side of a hill with the leader of the group on a stump, the rest on the trunk pointed toward the lake. I sat on a flat rock adjacent to the trunk facing the stump where Ed, the leader, was sitting. The log was nearly parallel to the water's edge and we all had a wonderful view, the group overlooking the lake through the trees. I was able to see part of the lake extending into a small inlet. There was a light breeze with the smell of pine wafting through the air, a very serene setting.

After a brief 'opening,' Ed (the elder/leader) 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

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questions about how to do it. He would refer them back to their own devices for acting.

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 in my response even though I felt vibrant 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 straight 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 said 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. How could I? I couldn't possibly pass this up.

Here, directly in front of me, was ultimate representative of the Christ Consciousness 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 and yet I was still feeling doubtful.

In the midst of the chaos in my head, 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, not caring or knowing what would come out. I wasn't even sure anything would, so I put it to the test.

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." I suspected that was for the group who had just had extreme difficulty acting 'as if' He was there in front of them just a few moments earlier.

Then he threw me a curve. He continued, "This one's fear (speaking of me) is great." I immediately asked what he meant by that? It was like a 'what you talking about Willis?' moment. He said, "Your fears are the same as mine were." I was baffled. I was afraid of not being able to fulfill my 'mission' as related.

Next thing I knew we were off together, somehow, 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 kept thinking about, 'your fears are the same as mine were.'

He went through several examples of situations that he had to relinquish his fear to the 'Father,' the ultimate authority defining his life. 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.

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. It really isn't.

The war, if there is one, is within 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.

Faith in things unseen...

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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. It must have been pretty impactful. I had no desire to speak a word for several hours afterward, content in the feeling that remained.

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 exactly the way I experienced with the rays of light from him to me. I'm sure that whole thing seems rather incredulous to most people. It doesn't matter what you believe. It was real for us.

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. It is the consciousness that needs nourishment.

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. Allowing something greater than me to operate through me is a sensation unequalled in this life to date.

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 compassionate and conscientious living awareness of harmony. If and when we open our minds and hearts to the possibility, the 'Father' takes over and presents opportunity to demonstrate that eternal understanding within us.

Trials and Travails

Back at the house on the hill, I was contacted by a woman who lived in Cave Creek at the time, suggesting I take a look at a project she'd been told about recently, called Earth Concert 1989. She said it was to be a global concert/telethon for earth regeneration projects, put together by Jean Hudon, a Canadian author/promoter with a passion for healing the planet.

Well it just so happened his book, *The Immortal Child*, had been given to me a few months prior and I found it heart-warming to say the least. Another opportunity to live larger was placed in my lap. I gathered a bunch of volunteers and we started coagulating. We found a venue willing to offer space in Scottsdale and one of the volunteers had a connection with Coca-Cola she was willing to explore.

The project's goal was to have at least 16 cities involved which required a satellite uplink of substantial cost, about \$2 million was estimated. Coca-Cola was willing to sponsor it, but they needed to see a business plan. We had none that I was aware of, so another volunteer and I decided to travel to Cape Cod and meet with Jean, who was traveling around the area at the time.

When we arrived there, my heart dropped. It seemed he had grossly misrepresented the support he had mustered and had no business plan prepared, nor was it in process. We came back a disheartened, but put our show on nevertheless. It was a two-day event held at the Valley of the Sun Center in Scottsdale.

Our lineup included bands, meditations and speakers all passionate about stopping the clear-cutting of the rainforest as well as the pollution of our air, land and water. About 1500 folks came through the doors over the two-day event and donations at least paid for what we'd spent developing and marketing the program. It was another practice run, but it did seem to add to the momentum of Cultural Creatives™ at work.

I broke off communication with Jean, but years' later noticed he had a website and accompanying newsletter that continued his passion for world service. It seemed more like it was more about his income than service, though. I suppose there is a fine line and, of course, we all have to find some way of integrating the economic side of our lives.

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I met a lot of really great people through the process. Some I still am in contact with after 25+ years. I even met some folks that led to both a job and another opportunity I'd dreamed about for some years. I gave a presentation to a local Lion's Club that I knew was already doing fundraising events. I wanted to access their event insurance for our project.

After the presentation, the President of the Christown Lion's Club invited me to meet another member, not present at the time, who was directing a television show for them called 'Harry Eagle, the Origami Man.' You can imagine what it was... an old guy demonstrating how to make Origami figures.

I was also offered a job as a developmentally disabled adult counselor for a company the president worked for, contracting with the State of Arizona for their care. I had a real 'Jesus look' at the time and he joked that the company now had their very own Jesus. I loved the job, picking up clients from their homes and taking them out into the community during the day. We had 'programming' that helped them to be more appropriately behaved in public.

You might think that odd, but their behaviors were across the board, from tearing their clothes off when they didn't get their way to pinching and biting without warning. Some were talkative, others not, and all of them had behaviors that were challenging at times to say the least. Surprisingly, some of them were 'sensitive' to psychic abilities, too, especially a Mojave Indian woman who was quite telepathic.

I eventually met with the TV director and became fast friends. We became rock climbing partners for the next decade. In the short-term, though, I enlisted in the television production training offered by the cable company in preparation for being able to participate in the television productions at the public access studio in Glendale, Arizona.

It was a full-blown television studio with a control room and two 3-chip TV cameras (for aficionados) on wheeled tripods. I learned every position from floor director, camera operator, control room A/V operator, graphics and then switcher operator. The process took about 6 weeks. By the time I was done, the director had grown frustrated with the talent and his show.

One evening during taping he turned to me, rather frustrated, and asked if I'd do a 'new age' show since I was very connected with the metaphysical community. I told him I'd love to, but it would have to be named something that didn't include 'new age' because of the obvious connotations and the very conservative market we were in there.

After a short discussion, we decided to call it *One World*. The idea was to use it as an example of and for new thought, the concept of people finding solace in a new living awareness that helped them work together better in personal and professional relationships and the within the community.

I left that night without a 'format' which happened to come during a meditation a few days later. As a talk show, I wanted to be able to create conversations with meaning. My hopes were to help others talk about their trials and tribulations, either personal or professional, in order to help others realize they weren't alone. I imagined their stories providing encouragement to the audience. In the meditation, the questions just 'came' and I had to scramble to get a piece of paper and write them down.

The questions were:

Who are you, what do you do and why?

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

What fears did you encounter and, more importantly, how did you overcome them?

How do you see that process fitting in with the common human experience in your life and/or work?

How do you see that rippling throughout the community, state, nation and/or the world?

What barriers do you see to a collaborative and cooperative global community?

What evidence do you see of those barriers coming down in recent years or at all?

What practical advice can you give for everyday living?

Over about a three-year period we recorded 120 shows a half-hour in length with no post production – live to tape. That was

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the challenge for me, to keep things flowing and minimize the ‘dead air’ or miscues in conversations. We had celebrities and regular citizens. The education was like getting a doctorate in transformation processes that were practical, real to the person at their core.

The following spring I was living with another woman, Sara, whom I’d met through Monique’s mother, Anna. I think Anna might have been trying to make up for the complete disaster of a relationship with her daughter. I was just as intrigued, though, as I recognized Sara from yet another vision. I took another chance and engaged a relationship for a short time.

She was from Paraguay and had been in the U.S. for a little over a decade, married and divorce here with three children. They were about the same age as my own. Sara nearly immediately told me she’s seen me in her dreams a few years prior to our meeting. In her dreams she knew me as ‘Michael’ and thought of me as her personal archangel. I was a little weirded out by that, but she seemed genuine.

I wondered why she thought it necessary to tell me she didn’t sleep with her boss to get her job. I never asked. I just asked her what she did for the non-profit Latino support organization where she worked. I got involved with the League of United Latin American Citizens, a different and larger organization than her employer, and helped organize some events.

I also was introduced to Julia Zozaya, a well-respected blind radio show host that had been on-air for decades on local Latino radio. She was a very special woman, both generous and kind while demanding of others to be ethical and hard working for Latino rights. I had the opportunity to interview her as well.

Another outstanding woman I heard about was Jean Chaudhuri, a Muskogee Creek storyteller also active in Native American activism. I interviewed her twice, once by herself and once with her husband, Joy, who was the head of the East Asian Studies at Arizona State University. She was President of Indian Women in Progress and co-facilitated a prison program for Indians.

A few weeks after our first interview she contacted me and asked me to a meeting at her home she thought I would enjoy. It was the first meeting of what was called the Phoenix Indian School Preservation Coalition, a group formed to present First

Nation designs to be included in the development of the city park now being considered, transforming the old Phoenix Indian School property that had been traded to the City of Phoenix through a land deal with the Baron Collier Corporation.

The 75-acre parcel was in exchange for 2 blocks of downtown Phoenix for development. The Bureau of Interior had traded the property for 100,000 acres of Florida swampland owned by the Collier Corporation. The City was now in deliberations for the specific plan for the park. Eighteen of 21 tribes in Arizona were represented by the Coalition. At the meeting at Jean's home, I was one of 5 non-Indians out of about 40 people.

Jean asked me if I would be willing to write up their ideas and be ready to present them to the Mayor and City Council when the time came. I suppose I become the token white boy at that point, but it was a phenomenal opportunity to be part of something worthwhile. The design included elements of the four directions, medicine wheel, spiral of life, water features and gardens reflecting Indian life. There were several meetings.

The night before the meeting with the Mayor I wrote everything up, bullet points with some explanations. Our hoped for results included a cultural center that would also act as a focus of First Nation tours. I took the black and white copy to Kinko's the next morning, not sure of what color paper for the copies. I walked in and got the impression to put it on blue paper, so I picked a sky blue color that was easy to read.

I got to the meeting, showed Jean the write-up and she told me to present it when the 'time felt right.' I listened intently to the conversation between the group of Indian supporters including the Inter-Tribal President, Native American Historical Society President and Native American Viet Nam Veterans President. The consistent response from the Mayor's staff was something like, "That sounds great, do you have anything in black and white," or, "That's great, do you have anything in writing." I sat in joyful anticipation.

When the general meeting was over and the audience (about 35 Indians and a few non-Indians) had the opportunity to speak there came moment of silence. In that moment I felt a push to stand and speak. "With respect to all my relations," I started, "I've been listening to the request for details in writing. I've

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been attending the Coalition's meetings and I apologize this isn't in black and white; it's black and blue but maybe it can heal the situation." I passed the one-sheet of details out to everyone in the room. At that point the meeting ended.

I stood at the door to face all the Indians as they were leaving, in respect of their willingness to be there, too. Most looked into my eyes and nodded. Some seemed a little disturbed and one fiery woman looked at me and said, "You should let us take care of this!" I told her Jean had asked me and she softened a bit. The following day we had a meeting at ASU. Avis, whom I got to know better, offered the paper I'd created as a working document to the entire group.

After several years of public hearings the specific plan was released. It contained everything we asked for except the cultural center. It was a financial and insurance liability to the City. There were several years of fund-raising while the buildings were tented and demolished. They had lead paint and asbestos insulation that had to be treated with great care in the demolition process. Finally, in November of 2001, Steele Indian School Park opened.

Unfortunately Jean had passed in 1998. I walked the property few weeks later, mindfully, with Jean's passion and purpose in my heart while traversing the grounds. If you have the opportunity, you might look the history of the park up. It was once a prison camp for westernizing Indian youth taken in the white man's move west, opening in 1891.

It served lower grades also from 1891 to 1935, and then served as a high school thereafter, closing in 1990 at the orders of the federal government. During its existence, it was the only non-reservation BIA school in Arizona.

The members of the Phoenix Indian School Preservation Coalition saw it as a way to transform cultural genocide into a learning center. It was an amazing experience for me, just to be a part of the process, regardless of whether we got any mentions in the history of the development work.

Probing Questions

Back to the surreal... In bed one night in late 1990 or early 1991, I became aware of a lucid dream, or so I thought it was, until physical sensations bridged worlds. I woke up on a table, like stainless steel, with several Zeta-looking almond-eyed individuals (Arcturians/Verdants are also of the same look) at the end of the table, having stepped back as I awoke.

How I awoke was interesting... laughing hysterically 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 the heck are you doing? This is embarrassing."

It seemed they were pinned up against the wall pushed there from the uncontrollable laughter I presented instead of the normal fear that could be managed. I understood more about subtle energy and their reasons for paralyzing people later.

As they watched me continue pulling the electrodes out, I was having no sensation from them [needles] until one of them felt like I'd pulled out a pubic hair. You know those things sting...lol. (Sorry for getting so graphic) At any rate, I instantly awoke in my bed as a result, opening my eyes yet again.

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

My immediate thoughts went to a recent library scene. My partner/love and I had been doing some research on the perineum nerve. She was training as a message therapist and needed to do the research for her anatomy class. I loved spending time with her. She was so cute.

To make a long story short, the perineum nerve is a direct-connect to the central nervous system through the anus and the genitals. 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.

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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, getting poked and prodded, but when you think about the science it makes perfect sense.

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 to me 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."

At that point I lost waking consciousness again. I woke up the next morning with awe and honor (I know that sounds odd) of the experience. I knew that soon, I would have better connections and discourses with others of the Order (Federation). By that I mean Divine Order as I could best determine, which seemed synonymous with the Galactic Federation as I got to know their purpose better.

When you let go of ego and surrender, Divine Order is all that is left. I'm not sure what else to call it. I haven't had that type of experience again until recently, although there have been many more kinds and types over the years. How the heck does one deal with the events like this and remain functional?

This experience happened in 1990-1 and since that time the levels of communication have indeed become more fluent. Beyond my beliefs, I've shown up at places and times and bore witness to some amazing manifestations of Cosmic Consciousness. These are accounts and experiences that I sense are important to ALL THAT IS or I would not be having them, more layers of 'truth'.

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. The sensory experience is undeniable. My limited believe system and the vocabulary that has gone along with it just doesn't seem to fit anymore, but I use it because it is what others can understand.

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.

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 or Satan if you must. 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. 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, whatever that may look like in its physical manifestation on Earth.

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. We 'know' inner truths now. Implementing them into the existing systems on Earth – economic, educational, financial, political and social – are the 'evo-leap' now.

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. Maybe it is the same evolution, just reported as different perspectives from indigenous guides.

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, rising to our *peak potential* so to speak.

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. It is mandatory for our planetary evolution.

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,

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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 "A 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, having owned an electronics repair shop prior.

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 seconds, it seemed, he became visibly uncomfortable and with only a 'Gotta go...' he turned and nearly ran away. I was baffled at the rudeness.

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 approached by a good looking blonde with bright blue eyes, dressed in a kind of cosmic cowgirl attire with turquoise western boots and a native-looking brightly colored dress. We struck up a conversation and she immediately asked me if I knew Jim Dilettoso. She wanted to meet him, even asked if I knew where he lived and could take her there.

Jim wasn't there at the time, of course. 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. 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 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.

Al Bielek had contacted me out of the blue in early summer of 1989, inviting me to lunch and sharing his story about the Philadelphia Experiment before his book was published. I didn't know who he was at all, but evidently he knew of me somehow. He told me there were some things I needed to know and explained the magnetic pulse devices used on the Eldridge that caused the dimensional shifts resulting in the deaths of many of the crew. Weird...

It seemed like I was getting 'downloads' of information whenever I spoke with some of those folks. 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.

Others were just like normal conversation with the shared details. Those were a little less freaky and just as full of information to distill and evaluate. I recognized that sometimes I felt a certain resonance with their words and at others, nothing

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at all. The latter seemed skewed toward reports of malevolent ‘alien’ activity and government coverups.

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 the advanced age, in her early 70s at the time I believe.

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 certainly wasn’t going to pass up being able to hold it.

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 about the evening’s proceedings 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. After 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. The recognition of that event and its engagement with me came instantaneously with the pulse, well slightly after, as one contiguous event.

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. How long it was going to take to 'unpack' I wasn't sure, but I knew it would. Isn't that an interesting thing, data packs, just like what we know happens in computers?

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, Brian spoke for about an hour. 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. A couple had, but they didn't seem to think it was of much importance. How could they not? Man, something like that happens and you don't give it a second thought? That just seems wrong.

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 to no matter what they profess to be their spiritual intent.

I think this is the most important lesson we can learn from Jesus teachings; that indeed 'anything is possible to those who believe.' To listen to His words and 'not taste death.' What does that really mean? I tasted what others call 'death' when I was asked to die for what I believed in so many years ago.

I returned with a new living awareness that I've sought to understand for the rest of my life. Maybe this sounds all too familiar to you as well. Life continues to offer some amazing experiences that, frankly, take the old belief systems, turn them

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on their head and offers a new world order within some kind of quantum entanglement.

Whatever questions you may have, I encourage you to continue to ask them. You will get the answers, perhaps in many ways and in bits and pieces that allow you to see a much bigger picture over time. I cannot say it is easy and yet it is in some respects. Persistence and patience are keys for sure.

The ease is in the notion of vulnerability, the evidence of faith, love and trust in something beyond ourselves yet inextricably connected and impervious to malevolent influences. Those malevolent influences are often the result of false belief systems we carry. It's all energy, neither good nor bad. Our thinking qualifies our experience of it.

Nirvana may be the final object of attainment, but at the moment, it is difficult to reach. Thus, the practical and realistic aim is compassion, a warm heart, serving other people, helping others, respecting others, and being less selfish.

The Dalai Lama

Draconian Evolution or Revolution

I'm really a skeptic at heart I suppose, even with and especially because of all the weird stuff in my life. 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. When 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.

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, oddly enough.

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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 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. I have to admit I was a bit distant at that time.

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, because of his unfamiliarity with the feminine energy perhaps.

I had my own type of experiences, yet this kind of mid-day occurrence was new to me. I listened to her with a bit of skepticism yet, something rang true. I became a bit more present in the conversation.

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?

Are these guys really aware of who I AM?

Who 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. It would certainly be interesting.

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.

Draconian Evolution or Revolution

This doorway was at ground level of an attached office in the rear of a 7 story office building that bordered Alhambra 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 from the chain link fence.

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 majority of the time of my journey was in 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 well over a foot beyond the end of the table. He was dressed in a 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 (crops) 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, evidencing once again that this was a 'real' multidimensional event.

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.

His name, as close as we could get it in English, was Hurley. He was a commander of a 3-ship flotilla assigned to Earth and me, and people I worked with, in particular. My BS meter went up a thousand fold on that comment. Something inside told me to listen, though. This just seemed a bit too far out for comfort.

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. By this time I was also carrying on a telepathic conversation with him beyond the one I was having through Mary-Margareht. I'm not sure I'll be able to distinguish between the two here now.

Hurley explained that at first they felt it as different to them; this new sensation in their awareness. They were logic-driven creatures with mission focus their only direction and task. They were basically devoid of emotions. That had changed.

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, or so he said. As they pondered, a spark began to burn in their hearts. It changed them from within, evidently.

Draconian Evolution or Revolution

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 as it defied what they knew about 'reason.'

Reasonably so, they began to question their own *mission* and why they were sent to retard *our* mission, if that were indeed the case. During our conversation he revealed that they knew I was the son of Ashtar and Athena. That was why they had been dispatched. The way he described their activity it sounded more like it was purposeful. I have a tendency to push things.

He was a member of what we would call their 'High Council' as well. I'm still not sure what he was supposed to do in that role, but it seemed like he was part of a larger organization as well. It's like one big experiment. I know there is some order and sequence somehow.

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 thing. It's good she didn't.

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. I can see how by what happened later.

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 date. It was all just story and no evidence.

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.

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 during the battle he

was injured. I imagined the Star Wars sagas. I still had a lot of questions about their engagement with humans.

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.

Telepathy was used for ship-to-ship ongoing communication. They proceeded to our location in order to carry out his next intentional move that had been prompted by their heart-awakening. That is when they came to contact me. Mary-Margareht was their method for achieving it.

He had his own internal realizations and transformations that he knew to be connected with something far greater than he. It took him several years of observation, and even attempted interventions, before his observations changed his previous thinking and mental constructs of his administrative, cultural and organizational upbringing.

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. I went into my 'this is a great script' mode and almost tuned him out. It didn't seem real.

Mary-Margareht was the solution because of her openness to the next level of hearing and sight. According to Hurley, they came straight here to contact me and ask for permission to board the New Jerusalem and join the Federation. It was tough for me to listen to all of this, but something inside was being activated by it. I felt like some latent aspect of myself was suddenly being called into action.

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 and perhaps others.

The whole thing made my head spin. Knowing of my celestial heritage did not make it any easier to manage on a conscious level. I wouldn't have dreamed this scenario in a thousand years, yet here it was in my face. It really would have been easier to dream and observe than actually participate. What was I to do?

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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. By this time I had been engaged in this conversation for nearly an hour.

The whole time I had Mary stand at his feet and redirect the 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. It was the only thing I felt to do.

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

It was the middle of the afternoon!

A couple of hours later she called again, relating that she was able to see nearly a hundred more of them at first, in between the office and the back of the bleachers. 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 integrity in human behavior, yet seemingly in alignment with soular re-encounters.

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 Ruthie's daughter, violating an established relationship and 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, the same occurs when one recalls of a moment of doubt or judgment of

self. There is an instant when we are extremely self-annihilating and perhaps even destructive.

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, the look in the mirror.

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. There was never any mention of any of their race in cahoots with governments on Earth or influencing world leaders.

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*.

We both 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. We are part of it.

Either you believe it or you don't. I grow tired of those who constantly look for deceit and dissention. There is always a conspiratorialist right around the corner, spreading doubt and fear among the people. Hopefully this story will help to align your heart and mind with the ONE. As incredulous as it may seem, I'm just reporting.



**Perhaps the ultimate
act of self-indulgence
is both selfishly selfless
and selflessly selfish,
simultaneously,
the balance of one.**

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.

On *One World* I interviewed guests about their inner and outer promptings, but more importantly how they overcame their personal and professional fears. 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 possible results. Many new authors were writing apocalyptic tales weaving ETs and government cover-ups together to get better 'ratings' on the book sales it seemed. It 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.

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 and 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 in the mayhem.

A Surprise Visit

I had known of some powerful connections with the structure and hierarchy of the 'Galactic Fleet' 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, at least in my own mind.

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.

In addition to my local relations, the importance of my interstellar connections had grown recently as you might imagine. One night I prayed for further connection and an 'update' on the condition of my mission. I meditated for a bit and fell asleep. I thought I woke up and became further awake and aware, feeling the buzz in my ears and 'something' about to happen. The room was dark with a little filtered light from the windows coming through, just enough to cast shadows.

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 of each. My eyes were closed 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-Reticuli's appearances have been. They were a bit smaller. Their uniforms glistened in the darkness, and they seemed almost a golden glow, probably a holographic presentation.

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. I was spellbound for a moment.

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 not specific as to what they were, nor did I ask for clarification. 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. They were apparently hopeful that we humans would prevail and the good in the few would alter our course.

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.

'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.

What if there was, or is, a movement going on within the dimensions of time and space as we know it?

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

A Surprise Visit

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? Ancient calendars seem to support it.

Every end 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? Awareness and the information curve might offer a congruent activity.

What if God were moving throughout ALL THAT IS with Cosmic Consciousness and leading us toward many worlds becoming ONE? A consciousness we've called God is evolving within us whether we 'name' it or not.

Considering the Galactic capacity for which we seem to have a certain proclivity... wouldn't it be cool if everything got turned upside down? Walking on the ceiling currently defies gravity, except in space and/or computer generated movie scenes.

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. We learn by challenging authorities, deconstructing reality and educated guesses about whom or what could or might be happening.

What have you found lately?

In early 1991 I was interviewed on Louis Russo's radio show on a local FM station, *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 at that point in my life, but my gut feeling said to wait. I got the 'message' that 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 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 I was driving down Indian School Road and a brilliant idea came to mind, something that would allow me to present my story in a non-threatening and rather comedic fashion. I called it a live metaphor for transformation. Louis had introduced me at one of his public meetings as ‘The Stripper.’

I used a three-piece suit as a metaphor for transformation, removing each article of clothing with a one-liner like, ‘removing the coat of armor,’ or ‘divesting ourselves,’ or giving the shirt off our back.’ It got great reviews and lots of laughs.

Ariel Wolf, co-founder of *Celebrate Your Life*, was rolling pennies from the back of the room on the wooden floor as I had the audience sound out ‘The Stripper’ from the David Rose Orchestra while I took each piece of clothing off in between points of consideration in our transformation.

A couple of weeks later Louis asked me to perform it in front of several hundred folks at his ‘Mystic Moments’ monthly gathering at a reconditioned and repurposed church. I was about as nervous as I’d ever been before a performance, but it came off really well. You can find it on the web if you ‘google’ *Zen’s Mystic Moment*.

Previously, Louis had regular meetings in a hotel meeting rooms in conjunction with his radio show, with speakers and demonstrations of psychic awareness. I remember one meeting where he had a bunch of different books, newspapers and periodicals in the back of the room. That seemed a bit odd, but what happened next was cool.

He had people write down questions and seal them in envelopes. He asked people to go pick up one of the articles and bring it back to their seat. Each question was introduced, and then he asked those with articles to open them and put their finger on something without looking.

The questions were opened and read aloud, followed by each person reading what they had put their finger on previously. It was uncanny how in some way the questions were answered by each of the ‘readings.’

One night after a meeting I came home and closed my eyes as I took a few deep breaths just to begin a short meditation. Immediately I saw Zephyr in front of me with his hand

A Surprise Visit

gesturing for me to follow, much like the trip across the universe started a few years prior.

This time, though, 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. 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've ever experienced with him. I took another deep breath and relaxed as he asked me to stand. 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.

I opened my eyes, stood up, then closing my eyes again I bowed to the west in gratitude. As I rose my head, a portal opened above my head as 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.

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.

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, and somehow I understood it. Sometimes I wonder how and why I keep track of things. Maybe someday these reports will have an effect.

Surely the guys in white coats will remain at a distance.

Getting Grounded... Again

Amidst the quest for identity, which didn't really seem to matter a whole lot at this point, 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.

A couple of times a year, starting in late 1989, I worked as a coordinator for a large arts and crafts festival that drew nearly a quarter million patrons over the weekend event. I also was part of a team that did the same for the Fiesta Bowl Block Party which brought the same number, only in one night. I seemed to enjoy stepping into the middle of chaos and producing order beyond the expectations of others.

I'd also 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 attended a lot of functions in search of them.

I had three hours of studio time twice a month. At first I was stiff and too concerned with being 'perfect' because I knew there would be no 'post-production' for the show. After some getting used to the 'live' to tape process, I felt much more relaxed and my guest were better engaged as a result.

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 and became better people as a result. I couldn't pay for such an education.

One of my guests was a guy named Tom, who came into view through an old friend, Linnea Reid. Linnea was then the president of Light and Sound Research. I'd been in her office

Getting Grounded... Again

and was amazed at the amount of honorary doctorates she had from all over the world. She reported that sometimes the 'galactic beings' would just beam into her office and have chats with her. That wasn't something I'd freely admit to others.

She left Tom's name and number on my answering machine one day, telling me she was doing the same with him and that we 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 office in Scottsdale. I had a house guest at the time, a gifted psychic, and asked her to come with me to observe and report her impressions. She did a tarot card reading beforehand that indicated we would have a profound experience.

We sat down with Tom in his cousin's architectural firm's office in downtown Scottsdale. 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, actually seemed to enjoy the intensity. As I was looking, my gaze went beyond his physical eyes, although I was looking directly into them, and I saw two almond-shaped eyes just behind them, like a hologram. I didn't change my focus and wondered why I was seeing them.

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 adjacent to a large hill. He got out of the car and literally ran up the hill and over the top.

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 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. He related that their civilization had no sense of ownership and was what we might term an ‘open’ society- no ‘coupling’ per se.

After a brief visit and some explanation of their way of life he was returned. He was in his youth and soon went into the Navy, became 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.

We parted with 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 weeks later I called Tom and went to meet with him at his cousin’s home. We were outside and 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 told me he wondered about what people 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, an intuitive counselor named Rachel. You can look it up on YouTube by searching for

Getting Grounded... Again

‘Rachel Mueller and Tom Marsala.’ I used two guests of divergent and sometimes complementary backgrounds so we could explore the similarities in the process of moving through fear, even though different experiences took place.

Different words were used to describe the process as well and 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. Everyone seemed to say the same differently.

Over a year or so later, the fall of ’92, Tom called me from Hawaii and asked if I could put him up for a little while, that 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. I wrecked my car that weekend.

He arrived the following week and I had mutual friend pick him up. When they returned and after the friend left Tom 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.

He explained that he was no longer obligated to keep his mouth shut and he needed to share some of what his life had entailed. It had nothing to do with the previous conversations. He had been recruited out of the SEALs by the part of our government that is kept under complete secrecy.

He had worked as an assassin for our government, taking out the unsavory characters that didn’t want to play nice.

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. It was an amazing story that he asked me not to share publicly.

I had a really tough time accepting, 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. It is a hard pill to swallow for sure.

A couple of months later I had another ‘out of this world’ experience with one of my first guests on the show, Khigh Dhiegh. He was an actor (numerous credits including the Manchurian Candidate and ‘Wo Fat’ on Hawaii Five-O) and Rector for a Taoist sanctuary in Tempe, Arizona. I’d met him through Obadiah Harris, the Dean of Continuing Education at ASU and ‘pastor’ for the Temple of Truth church.

Khight was an amazing thoughtful and wise man whom I learned a lot from in the short time I knew him. He had passed a few weeks prior of health complications. On this Tuesday morning around 10 am 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. 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.

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, 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.

I saw her vacuuming the room, knocked and opened the door to ask her if anything had happened – furniture falling or whatever. She hadn’t felt a thing, but she’d been vacuuming and

Getting Grounded... Again

moving around. Her response was rather comforting, “when the masters want to move, they move.” I could shrug my shoulders, “I’d guess!”

The following Thursday I was at my girlfriend’s house in Scottsdale, sitting in her kitchen. A copy of The Scottsdale Progress newspaper was on the table and I opened it up just to peruse it while I was waiting on her. My eyes were drawn to a heading, ‘FAA Announces Sonic Boom.’ I knew it!

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 heard by many around the Valley.

The FAA had announced there was a sonic boom in answer to the curious public. However, the article went on to state, Sky Harbor, Luke Air Force Base and Williams Air Force Base could not identify its source. Hmm... I could, sort of.

When Kim came into the kitchen I showed her the article. I had already told her the story of my conversation with Khigh followed by the house shaking. It was obvious there was a connection, but what?

*Those who believe they have plenty of
time get ready only at the time of
death. Then they are ravaged by
regret. But isn't it far too late?*

Padmasambhava

All My Relations

I bounced around different jobs for a few years as I continued to get my feet back on the ground after my divorce. I got an opportunity to do a commercial television project about community activism through one of my guests on One World.

He'd founded a homeless transitional facility in Phoenix, called New Day Educational Center, and liked what I was doing. I loved what he was doing, helping folks get back up on their feet after a not-so-nice experience of homelessness.

We purchased a half hour of prime time for the entire week on a local channel that promised Valley-wide coverage. We determined that we could sell four of the days and I quickly became a producer for five shows.

I took care of all the studio time and talent development, but alas it all came to a halt when the station was unable to meet their commitment. Meanwhile I had produced two weeks' worth of shows and spent hundreds of hours getting things ready to broadcast. We took the station to court and recouped our production costs but I had lost the passion for continuing the work by that time.

I decided to go back to school for a master's degree in business administration. School loans were available and they provided some additional funds for living expenses. In the program I met a controller for a health club management company. She asked me to come to work for them. It provided great benefits, too, although all I took advantage of was the racquetball court.

My eldest came to live with me for a year during this time and I was ever-so-thankful to have the time with her. She was a bit out of control and her mother could no longer deal with her defiance and typical teenage behavior. We were able to do a lot of things together and deepen our lives with the conversations beyond the typical family ties.

She befriended a Hopi girl that lived in the same complex 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. Eydie had a sick sense of humor and wasn't afraid to use it.

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Eydie was the daughter of an elder, a past president of the tribe who was in declining health now. 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.

Back when I first drew the symbol from Zephyr I had a strong feeling that it had something to do with the Hopis, 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 Eighth 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 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.

Eydie took me to Prophecy Rock and I observed the area where once a flowing spring had been was now only a moist area of dirt, the spring had been filled with blow dirt from the desert. I was saddened at the state of the land but the look in the eyes of the Hopi elders I met was resilient and strong.

Her son was invited to take part in the planting dance one 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 a long drive from the Valley, nearly 6 and a half hours.

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 by the sensations.

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 hundred feet long and about fifty feet wide. The dancers had grass skirts on and were carrying rattles and what looked like juniper sprigs.

As I stood on the porch outside, the feeling of sacredness filled the air. A very small old man sat just inside the entrance to the porch, puffing on a pipe. 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. We didn't speak otherwise, although I'm sure he had thoughts, too.

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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.

They 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. I wasn't sure, either.

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.

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. I watched in awe and submission to the scene.

This attack went on for some time, at least 5 or 10 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. Time slows to a standstill and surroundings become much more vivid.

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 dancers 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. Eydie saw me and began laughing so hard she nearly doubled over. She knew what was going to happen and made sure I was on the plaza.

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. Few people get such an experience, let alone understanding of the strife.

As soon as I finished the degree the company folded and I decided to get a secondary teaching certification. 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.

Our relationship didn't last. She had substance abuse problems that took her down a road I didn't want to travel, even though I attempted to get her to find some help. Krystal flew back to visit her mother and siblings. I warned her to be careful, especially since she had found new confidence in her life. She challenged her mother, though; called me from a detention center to let me know she would not be returning soon.

There wasn't anything I could do, so I turned my focus on completing my MBA. I went on to the Teacher Education program in hopes of getting a secondary teaching certification. I thought I could turn my misfortune to sharing wisdom in the classroom and helping students for the future.

I also had the opportunity to help produce Arizona's first Bike Week at Speed World one weekend and, complete with the Broken Spoke Saloon in Tolleson, Arizona the next weekend. The crew had been recruited from the Tempe Arts Festival coordinators and we all worked really well together.

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. The 'bikers' were an interesting bunch, much more gentle and fun-loving than one might expect. Such rough exteriors hid them well.

On one day I got a brief glimpse of Bruce Willis while directing the parking for a 10,000 bike run on one of the days. He was camouflaged well, but I recognized the countenance and gate after he got off his bike. I know I stared at him for some time as I tried to figure out who it was.

Bruce caught me staring at him, pulled down his sunglasses, winked and went on about his business. There were only five of us that managed all the logistics and chasing after some star was simply inappropriate. Besides, that moment was enough.

I didn't think about the comfortability until I began to analyze the process that was evolving inside of me as a result of my

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path. I still am not quite sure what my path is, only that I do experience one that seems to be developing a particular skills 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.

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 I kept adhering to 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.

The stillness in stillness is not the real stillness; only when there is stillness in movement can the spiritual rhythm appear which pervades heaven and earth.

Saikontan

Non-Prophets Conference

As if on cue after the Phoenix Lights in March of 1997, the Prophets Conference came to Phoenix for a spiritual screening and showing of premature conflagration. You will see how that relates in a bit for sure. Suffice it to say, I got blessed and burned. After the fact, I would have done it anyway.

I had just moved into a home owned by a retired fireman who loved to surround himself with musical instruments, his walls filled with many that could be played, in need of repair or even completely broken in some cases. I loved that each wall was a different color in the two rooms I enjoyed, an office space and a bedroom. I was comfortable and mobile.

I had also just entered the teacher education program on the way to a secondary certification. I was working for a health club conglomerate, in charge of grading paper; contracts were solid or back they went for rewrite or withdrawal.

A couple of weekends a month I'd fly out for the corporate go-kart races. One day that fall the health club management company closed its doors, evidently the sales numbers didn't support the association. I wondered what was next.

During a break in my teacher education program about a month later, I was approached by an old friend to manage an 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; Dr. Edgar Mitchell, José Arguelles, Drunvalo Melchizedek, Zacharia Sitchin, David Icke, Dr. Steven Greer and many more well-known to the niche market combination of conspiratorialists, new-agers and ufologist.

An old friend, Jim Dilettoso, recommended me to the group who hit town just a week before the event. I got hired on the spot, with only three working days to put together the necessary logistical details. Everything had to be in place by Thursday with the event opening Friday morning.

We needed several large tents, a couple thousand chairs, 120 vendor booths, port-a-johns and a couple of large generators at a bare minimum, plus traffic cops and volunteers to do grounds, handle security and be speaker area attendants.

Non-Prophets Conference

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'm thankful for their influence on my life.

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. 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."

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, it seemed as 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.

In one of our discussions, Edgar evidently felt comfortable enough to share a more intimate story I'd not heard him speak of in public, or even in video interviews I've seen over the years. He was the pilot of the LEM (lunar excursion module) that took the astronauts down to the moon's surface. What he shared was certainly something that would have had the 'officials' squirming.

In essence, he saw cylindrical objects approach from the moon's surface, spinning and spiraling around the LEM as though under some kind of conscious control. There were many of them and he was unable to get a 'count' but at least a dozen or so he thought. They came and went without any interaction.

Being able to discuss my life's work and passion with others of the same ilk was very refreshing, especially with someone like Dr. Mitchell. He was not only attentive and listened deeply, he responded from a resonant place as well. He's been one of the few I felt truly had their own experience and had considered it deeply enough to explore options. The Institute of Noetic Sciences was evidence of his determination.

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 know some can 'grok' and converse intelligently.

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. In time it all made sense.

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. Sensitives know the sensation and probably have just as hard a time describing it, yet it is a well-known indicator.

Non-Prophets Conference

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, with Jim Diletozzo, Jerry Wills and Susan Gordon. Before I introduced Susan to Jim, I might have been the drummer for UFAUX.

We estimated about 5,000 people came for the event over the entire weekend. 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. It was challenging to put it together in such a short time, yet everyone came and things got done really well.

The only drawback came at its close, with the promoters leaving town without paying me or the outstanding bills, leaving me to make good on them. I was really angry that folks with such professed ideals, so I thought, could do such a thing. I was still thankful for the experience and let go of the judgment.

The following spring I went to work teaching at an inner-city 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.

I got the Freshman English 'exceptional students' to complete a research paper by the end of the year. The department head didn't think it could be done and a lot of the students were overwhelmed with the task at first. One even cried because he didn't think he could do it. By the end of that term, he gave me a huge hug and was a changed young man as a result.

I moved to a different school in the same district the following year, tasked with self-contained students this time. It was even more challenging, but I managed to get the kids to help cannibalize some old computers and install a network between the two rooms of the modular we were in, one side was Math and Science (mine) and the other English and History.

My temporary certification over, I went on to become the lead 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 (Dr. Gardner, Harvard, 1983) that got the praise of the president of the Arizona Charter School Association that year.

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.

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... others may be sacrificed.

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.

A few years later I'd get the opportunity to craft a business plan around a peer-community village built around a complementary school. I had Jose in mind in creating the model with 13 dwellings, housing 6 – 8 students with mentor. Lunar cycles to complete goals and objectives, moving through the entire array and becoming a voting member of the peer-community council that, with the help of mentors, governs the site.

It became Spectrum Academy and remains a dream.

A human life is like a single letter in the alphabet. It can be meaningless. Or it can be part of a great meaning.

Talmudic Zen



Gathering of Souls

In the fall of 2000, still at the charter high school, 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. Who? What?

The post, an email from someone I'd never heard from before, Bill Spuehler, 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 that was putting on a conference.

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, but I was going to 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, Arizona.

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. That was their story, anyway.

I wasn't taking 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.

Gathering of Souls

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. I soon got over it with these two and a few others who were helping to organize the conference – The Gathering of Souls. It was going to be a wild ride for me.

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 with the organization.

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.

I had been a kind of 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 for the most part.

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 bridging worlds than I'd experienced to date. I still had a slight challenge, but I figured it would all work out soon. I jumped into the scene with an open heart and mind.

It wasn't long before my dream state became 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. I was in other worlds more than not in my spare moments, it seemed.

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 defy description still, yet the sensations remained.

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. Apparently I really am that drummer that plays to a different beat.

Initially I was hoping to be able to present my 'mystic moment' act, but was told their speaker lineup was full. I just wanted to help and offered my services in event management as a resource. After meeting with the gals a few times and providing some help, they asked me if I'd be willing to speak. I hadn't said anything about my desire, so the opportunity was quite serendipitous and I gladly accepted.

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. You might remember it from earlier in this work.

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. My presentation included removing my clothes as examples of barriers and boundaries humans create to protect themselves from emotional and/or physical harm. It was a fantastic metaphor.

Gathering of Souls

I started off reciting my story, from early adoption to contactee 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. This time I finished with donning a marbleized tuxedo with the idea of 'suiting up and showing up.' I'd met a vendor at the arts festivals who had these amazing tuxedos and I got one in hopes of using it for my presentation, if I ever got the chance.

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, 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, and me, 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.

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 'namasté.' 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 to witness her entrance.

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. She was a doctor there, working at several clinics.

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. My heart leapt for some reason.

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We slipped into a conversation about where she was from and what it was like, her name was Diana. 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.

The coordinators came to me asking for my assistance in helping with a sensitive matter. 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 and 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 stood with him for a few moments as his eyes darted around, looked at me briefly and continued looking around.

I introduced myself, told him I could tell he was having challenges communicating and placed my hand on his chest. I just felt it was the right thing to do at that moment. 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 a moment 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 it turned out.

I found out a few years later he'd worked on an NSA project of some detail, prohibited from touching the keyboard so he had to instruct the operator what keystrokes to make. That must've been extremely challenging for him.

He told me he had numerous telepathic contact experiences and had come to this event to find others like him, hopefully. There were several folks that volunteered to keep an eye on him. In reality 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.

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.

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

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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 tried to relate to elementary students.

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, acknowledging when they would happen, 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, 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 had played together before so it wasn't a complete guess as to what I was going to play with them; fortunately it was all cover tunes that I knew and was able to fill in well.

We were playing for a few dozen people who were thoroughly enjoying dancing to the music. Diana was there dancing, too. 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.

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.

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. A digital photo of me doing some 'energy' work on a woman 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. 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, arriving that morning. I thought that might have had an effect on our first meeting, too, since she was obviously a bit more vulnerable than one would normally be at first meeting.

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.

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- 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 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 as opportunity for change occurs.

Diana and I 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 enjoyed the view.

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.

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 in what she shared.

She related that she had been introduced to me 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, finding we were both being Cancers, was quite lively and the urge to merge was overwhelming to say the least. We 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 recognition at our initial physical encounter 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 hoped 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.

I was standing in the parking garage at Sky Harbor Airport watching her plane back away from the gate that a vision I had two years ago revisited me. I saw her. I knew it was her in an instant now. She was looking at me as though she was impatiently waiting for something very important to happen.

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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. I stood and walked up.

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 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.

They asked me to seal the deal with a baptism in the pool afterward. I was shocked at first, thinking about the weather and the temperature of the pool. It wasn't heated and it was now October. I acquiesced and the ceremony was performed.



Funny Thing Happened on the Way...

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 water made my body shiver.

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 their events online. I'll share that correspondence...

Released in October, 2000

E-Release the week after the Gathering of Souls

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 and a bit of humor that made me feel better, my introductory letter went out:

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 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 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 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 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. 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

"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.

I'd be remiss if I failed to mention the extreme skepticism I know exists in some readers' minds right now. Trust me, I get it. You are just reading this. I lived it. Reporting on it is more challenging than nearly everything I've ever done.

I have a deeper skepticism, even with events that are beyond my control. Being faced with alternative realities and keeping a sound mind, functionality in the world and public profile is like walking a tight rope blindfolded at times.

The thing is, unless one is willing to step into the events begging our attention, regardless of the high strangeness, we might miss something important. The idea that everything happens for a reason means that everything happens for a reason. As tempting as it is to think I'm crazy, am I really?

Questioning the psychology, science and wisdom in such events lead us to a better understanding of our form, fit and function in the world. If we don't have the strength to question or test the truth, then how can we expect to grow in our awareness and understanding? Truth is full of paradox and profundities.

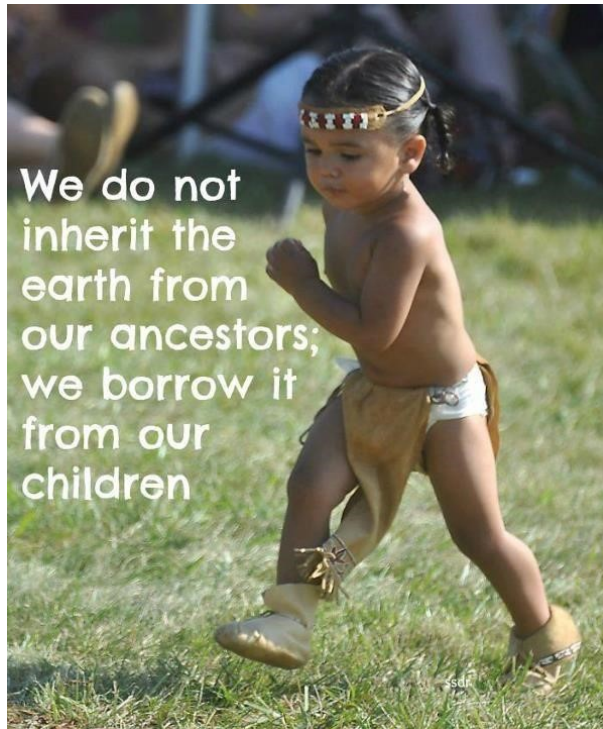
I heard it said that in order to find truth, we must hold no opinions. What we think we know may not be the truth, in other words. The truth is often stranger than fiction. Sometimes the truth seems like fiction.

Sure, you might be thinking that anyone in their right mind would not even entertain such goings on with seemingly fringe science or pseudo spirituality. I've had those thoughts for a long time, resisting the temptation and weathering the trials and tribulations. Then, out of the blue, something will happen. I gotta know why. It has to fit some model of reality.

"AWAKENING IS NOT A MATTER OF INTELLIGENCE. MANY INTELLIGENT PEOPLE ARE DEEP IN ILLUSION. BUT RATHER, AWAKENING HAPPENS WHEN ONE HAS AN INSATIABLE THIRST TO KNOW THE TRUTH."

Part 4

The New Millennium





Reverence for Our Ancestors

I have a little different perspective than most in that I was orphaned and adopted, never able to find the biologicals and instead, seeking a more celestial parenthood and a more general sense of the humanhood of those who have gone before us.

I do have a deep respect for my adoptive parents and I mean that most sincerely, yet they were unable to connect with me on the deeper issues of my quest for identity, mission and purpose in this life. I longed for someone to assist me in my youth, early adulthood and still to this day at times.

The 'ancestry' I've sought have been seekers of truth; wise men and women throughout history that have added deep discovery to the thoughtmosphere of humankind. Indeed there is much to garner and even to challenge as one seeks their own understanding. Yes there is a deep respect and reverence for those who've challenged us to be more than we think and act in integrity with our experience beyond the shoddy belief systems currently managing the religious and superstitious.

On the other hand are those who've taught us how not to behave, toward others and the planet. I have a deep respect and reverence for them as well, knowing their paths have been rife with the same challenges, only with different choices. They too, like Bloom points out in *The Lucifer Principle*, have shown us the other side of human capacity.

Ancestors, family and relatives took on a whole new meaning as I grew in my understanding of life, spirituality and the connectedness we share with all life forms, including that of our Mother Earth. Compassion and reverence for all life, family and relatives in many worlds, has instilled a deep honor and I have to say 'love' of all the players on the stage of life and love.

I'm still engaged in the quest for understanding the complexity and integration of this divinely inspired mind/body/spirit/soul complex we are, its genetic offerings and the capacity for understanding what I've come to know as cosmic consciousness condensed into these forms we call bodies.

Reverence for Our Ancestors

I'm not sure I consider myself an expert in anything except my own experience and even then, I am constantly reviewing and vetting new understanding as I learn to ask better questions.

On the question of 'must' it seems only natural to include reverence for all. We know so little still and without reverence there is little openness to deeper listening and understanding.

The complex relation among mind, heart, soul and spirit is worthy of our attention as we move along the path of deciding our philosophies of life. Mentioning this struck a note with me, suggesting I look at Buddhism, as addressing the concerns of the mind's limits; Islam, as addressing the heart's concerns; Greek philosophy, as addressing the soul's position in life; Judaism, as responding to the concerns of spirit's wills.

ETs have evolved through our current state of teenagedom as a race and aren't going to solve any of our problems, but they are available to assist us through the psycho-spiritual technologies that emerge when one enters a devoted state of BEing, accountable for their thoughts, actions and most importantly - intention. There is a way to communicate.

I said it is up to us... each individual to do their own work to prepare themselves. Awareness and consciousness evolution happens within, which is the message the ETs have been sharing with me for years. People just don't want to listen, they want drama or trauma or both.... so they listen to rumors and half-truths and pretend they know the truth.

Even when some speak about the 'dark' beings that approached them, perceived them as dark, but there was no malicious intent from them at all, just the opposite. I even heard this reflected from one who had been 'abducted' repeatedly and was aware of impregnation and harvesting of embryos.

I really loved her sharing. We've been taught to view others that look so different to be perceived as evil or demonic, but they aren't... they just look much different than us. Their energy is different than ours, but we always compare things through our own filters.... clogged as they may be.

We cannot speak for what has been; only what is and what will be when we learn how to set our egos aside and work together. How can another race from anywhere else show us that? By

example? Well, if we really look inside and drop all the bullshit... they are available and willing. Consider their view... a world full of chaos and paradox - belief systems run amuck and the majority of people looking for someone to blame for the mess they created themselves.

Attention and awareness are the two most important aspects of our spiritual development. It is exactly what the Federation and Ashtar Command have been sharing through the inner spirit circuits for those who have had the ears to hear. You can feel the difference in the vibrations of empowered thought and action, done in honesty and integrity.

Those like me know we are already successful in creating a new world order of harmony among people and planet and even when outer circumstances may not be evident, it is only a matter of time before they are. Let me mentioned the drafting of the ISO 26000 Social Responsibility Standards as an effort - directly related to the efforts of the Federation's representatives in human form.

Whether some have realized it yet or not, we reside on many planes of consciousness in a variety of bodies. Some of those are what we believe to be extraterrestrial because we have no other way of defining them yet.

Why do you think many of the abductees and contactees report being walked through walls? All of these bodies are within the human BEing, condensed layers of light if you will. When folks turn from the outer phenomena and look within for answers, there will be a transformation in their lives.

The suffering happens because we still allow it. If a parent never allows their children the freedom to grow up, they never will. They can encourage them and provide them the tools for their own development, but the children have to participate - engage their learning and mature.

Unless and until that happens the child does not learn... so where are those children now? We created this mess and we are responsible for its resolution. We have help, just not the kind that spoiled brats are used to getting. Like loving parents, we must respond. :)

At the moment you are most in awe of all there is about life that you don't understand, you are closer to understanding it all than at any other time.

Jane Wagner

Uniformity in Nature

What so we consider to be 'nature' today? What lens are we viewing nature through? On a scientific basis, the universe seems to seek to replicate itself and apparently has a 'natural order' in doing so that is so mathematically precise we can see it in fractals everywhere.

Consider that just for our carbon-based life forms to exist; there is a mathematical equation that has a 32-decimal place variable. Just think of the guys and gals it took hundreds of hours and computations just to come up with the formula. Now that is what I call reverse engineering.

The Fibonacci sequence appears ubiquitously in nature as a sign of its uniformity in the structure and wondrous world of animals, plants and humans. Do we have the understanding of what this all means yet?

I dare say not yet, but we are noticing the sensations beyond the perturbations of the mind that seem to allude to a natural order in creation; something amidst the chaos we perceive that can only be witnessed by standing calmly and serenely in the midst of it. It is a practice many martial artists are familiar with and yet such a practical application of mindfulness today.

Humans too often seek to dominate their environment without first understanding what it is and the nature by which it works or the components behind the scene that are so rarely observed, let alone sought out for discovery. We have a hard time just observing, let alone allowing things to emerge naturally.

The current world predicaments, imho, can be traced to the ignorance of this uniformity in the nature of human interactions. It seems the violent responses and/or dominant factions are results of fear-based reactions and ignore our capacity for love and recognition that we all have the same ocean of emotion to navigate in our relation-ships.

We all just want to love and be loved, but we have not understood the natural order within the Limitless Oscillating Vibrations Everywhere... LOVE .

Can we step back and view natural order with such detachment? Our senses are engaged fully, yet we have yet to learn how to

Uniformity in Nature

interpret the sensations in our bodies, like we aren't even in them at all. We know medically (scientifically) that our bodies are transceivers, emitting and receiving those 'vibes' all the time. Some folks can even 'perceive' them and report, although they are still pretty much ignored. At least we have become somewhat civilized and not take their gifts as demon-possession or witchcraft and summarily burn them at the stake anymore.

However, even the most religious (God IS natural order, right?) still persecute those who have dropped the pretense of needing a Savior and recognized their own connection with All That Is. The Living Word resides in our consciousness that is condensed into these forms we call bodies and is the highest state of natural order we can imagine to date.

Physical sciences, via a variety of practices and theorems, are beginning to work with various frequencies and structures that promote better living conditions and 'energy' environments for our mind, body, spirit and soul to unite as ONE. Now that is our nature or are we nurtured there through experience?

And so it is that when we look out at the seeming randomness of our lives we question 'what is' and wonder whether we will know. If we look way out or way in, there appears to be uniformity in this nature.

The darkness composes the majority of creation... the space between the points of light... whether microscopic or macroscopic. We've heard it called the Void as well. Light and sound produce conscious form, yet it is from the darkness that it draws its intelligence. Data pulses are created by the master mind... the ONE MIND if you will... feeding the many minds when they look for food.

We all have a dark side, too; one that fights for selfish reasons through superstitious and surreptitious methods. We need to learn to dance with that rather than deny it and push it away - it will return over and over. It is the practice of the Way that leads us to freedom - embracing ALL That Is.

First Contact Considerations

In February of 2001 I had a series of experiences during dreamtime, or at least what first seemed like dreamtime. I wanted to write them all down and share them as it seemed to fit perfectly with the flow of my life, especially recently.

However, as I sat with them for a while I realized that it wasn't time to share just yet. Relating experiences that correlate with quantum sciences just weren't acceptable, let alone thought to be relevant with our planetary evolution in consciousness at the time. I just had to be patient. The memories were solid.

After the Gathering of Souls, I returned to Phoenix with a huge vision and some ideas of how to begin to fulfill it. It was easy for me to release my attachments to earning a living and focus my efforts on what I knew was more important to everyone. I know, that's consistent with certain psychological conditions.

Being announced as a/the son of Ashtar and Athena to a group of nearly 200 was completely unexpected, yet congruent with so many inner and outer points of order in my experience. I've got enough sense to know it seems incredulous, even to those who are close to me, so there is some sensitivity toward credulity.

I had also been asked to step into a leadership role in organizing the 'ground crew' for which there was unprecedented validation, yet even with help, the sheer magnitude of what I had been asked to do was daunting to say the least.

I thought it would all work out as long as I remained committed and willing to do whatever it took, including understanding that the first response would be one of denial and rejection, even from those who 'believed.' So I waited.

I knew that only time would tell the full truth. As I tested the water, so to speak, I found that few if any were able to hear me from where I spoke and their projections from lack of understanding did more to create further separation than to harmonize. To this day people want to play small and limit others who refuse to remain stuck in dualistic behavior.

Meanwhile, I called a friend that was building websites and he helped me put one together to share my experiences, ideas and information relevant to the mission of unity resulting in

First Contact Considerations

harmony among people and planet. Now this would be no small task as the mental perturbations of the participants in process, let alone the articulation of possibilities to coagulate, were cause for needing a way to make sense common. I knew from history that brilliance and trail blazing were met with extreme resistance at first.

I'd hoped I could get others involved in some kind of collaboration to create events all over the world. It seemed like the best thing to do... gather people and talk about our experiences. After the Gathering, I crafted an introductory letter and sent it out to individuals and groups all over the world.

I suggested that we create small groups and meetings so that folks could get to know me in person. Unfortunately, that didn't happen...yet. Over the last decade there has been some progress, but the notion of my existence is still met with extreme skepticism for the most part.

I picked up the web crafting quickly and soon took over the work of creating and posting pages. I was really enjoying crafting these pages and applying desktop publishing skills I had learned previously. I'd wanted to be able to create visual and written work for various projects I had in mind after the summer on the hill a decade prior, where I reconnected to my path after a disheartening divorce.

I was excited about the prospects of producing and writing as it came quite naturally. I had gone back to school in 1991 for the first time after my divorce and learned something practical that would help communicate ideas and possibilities. I got a certificate in Desktop Publishing from AzTech College.

The education and practice helped me to craft various flyers and documents for our television show, *One World*, and various community events and projects that needed help.

One of those projects was the Phoenix Indian School Preservation Coalition, made up of representatives from 18 of 21 tribes in Arizona. Their purpose was to ensure a Native American heritage design and motif for the new Indian School Park, a bi-product of a trade between the City of Phoenix and the Baron Collier Corporation.

I was the token white boy and scribe. It was a true honor.

Within the first 3 months after the Gathering of Souls the website was up and within 6 months was getting 5,000 unique visitors a month. By the end of the year, we'd reached 25,000 a month. I was ecstatic that it was getting so much exposure.

The traffic seemed to indicate there was more interest than I thought, but there was no interaction, no responses and no income generated. The latter I never considered; money was always a second or third thought, if at all. I just wasn't money motivated. But I did hope that something would happen.

I was between jobs so I had copious amounts of time on my hands for a little while. I knew I was being given the time to work on this piece of my puzzle, at least to offer some information for consideration across the Web. My hosting was inexpensive, so I just poured my creative flow into the digital world for a while.

The creative spark can sure be ignited when you are arranging a bunch of electrons on a screen and sharing them across the world. It didn't take me long to figure out how to do some pretty cool stuff, but I still felt like my skills were inept at best. Learning how to read code, copy and paste and manipulate the code to get it to work was fun for me.

It was February 13, 2001 sometime around midnight in Phoenix, Arizona. I'd just gotten horizontal after an evening of webbery; chatting with some folks about the Ashtar Command and what the 'contactee' experience was like.

I found that many were still caught up in mixed emotions and concern for 'negative' ETs that seemed to get in the way of their development. Abductions and conspiracy notions were rampant. Fear is just not a factor in the thin worlds. It simply doesn't exist and their occupants void of malevolence.

My energy always gets ramped up when that happens and it takes me a while to relax enough to go to sleep. Sometimes I have spontaneous multidimensional experiences as a result. Even though the communication is somewhat linear, the thoughtmospheric conditions sure are not. Light pulses contain terabytes if not yottbytes (Wikipedia) of information, so we're wired well to handle massive data flow.

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Whenever I have discussions with others there is always a period of self-reflection and questions within my own mind and heart, generally to make sure I'm out of the way and able to receive answers without my own labyrinth of filters getting in the way. So I was feeling a bit elevated to say the least, allowing that trust factor inside to pave the way.

All of a sudden I felt the transition between worlds that has become so familiar over the years. It's like being freed from one world to enter another accompanied by a definite shift in the sensation of vibration.

There is a sound that is beyond hearing that accompanies the shift. It feels like a wind at my back, catapulting my relationship beyond the ocean of emotion and into the beyond.

This one was a bit different, though. My focus seemed to expand and contract simultaneously. The practice of 'seeing' is much like scrying with a mirror or looking at an image that has a 3-D effect, gazing without looking intentionally.

Years later in *DMT - The Spirit Molecule* I read accounts of folks who tried to explain their experience and they seemed to draw upon the same kind of explanations for their non-linear experiences. It was affirming and refreshing.

I found myself in front of a large group of folks that looked they came from across the galaxy; so many varieties I was a bit taken by surprise for a moment, but I have to say it felt quite natural and normal, like I'd stepped into a boardroom with confidence.

Then my consciousness shifted again, into the 'performance mode' where I was able to observe yet another part of me was in charge. I was performing as a facilitator/emcee for a large meeting, feeling like I was in complete charge.

As my focus developed and dissipated, I could tell I was on board a ship of substantial size. Sounds like a paradox, huh? Developed and dissipated... but that is how it seemed. It reminded me of the early hallucinogenic experiences of being able to completely focus and function and then let go and just experience the visual effects.

I was in a large meeting room that reminded me of a lecture hall from college, with several hundred in the audience. This

audience wasn't your standard student body though; far from it. I looked out to see a plethora of life forms.

There were dozens of different races represented in the group, too many to recall them all, but they included thinly skinned egg-shaped blobs of a golden rainbow sparkled color with central orbs that were just a bit brighter. There was a variety of insectoids that were just slightly different in body style and skin tone, with heads that looked similar to ants on some and praying mantis on others. They varied in color, skin texture, appearance and position of eyes with some of them slightly shimmering in the light of the room.

There were also reptilians that included short-snouted crocodilian types, small to medium sized lizards and even snake-like heads of different sizes, colors and scale structure from smooth to rough skin appearance and all bi-pedal; humanoids of varying heights, looks and colors; beings of different sizes, body types and arrangements of eyes some large and some thin, sometimes spindly ranging from a light golden to dark shades of green and grey. It was truly a sight to behold.

Of course there were the Zetas, too, with their almond-shaped eyes and thin bodies. What was odd, though, was there were at least a dozen different varieties of these types, from very short to very tall with skin texture and tone different on each, from dark grey to almost white. They all were visibly similar in structure, but quite different in their appearance and detail.

Then there were humanoid looking participants, with the diversity you would expect on Earth. All the folks seemed to be dressed in semi-formal attire, if possible to be dressed at all. It reminded me of the bar scene from Star Wars only it felt a little more serious. The sensation was anchored in some kind of 'importance' and 'responsibility' that went beyond anything I'd experienced to date.

I seemed to become aware of my participation even though I wasn't in charge of my actions from my point of view. I was just an observer, yet I was not.

I felt confident in the plethora of participants and the myriads of systems they represented, all members of the Galactic Federation. I understood that latter without question. Although

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there was no obvious announcement of their affiliation, the sense of unity was profound and complete.

Apparently I was there as part of the proceedings, the facilitator, and I bounced back and forth from participating (looking out through my eyes) to observing (watching from a distance from a few feet behind), sometimes seeing the entire room.

The exact details are too cumbersome to elucidate here now and frankly meetings of any type are usually boring to a degree, but the focus of the meeting was to go over the agreed upon processes, protocols, rules and responsibilities of 'First Contact' on Earth, including the cycles of which they roll out.

Apparently the process had been going on for some time, so there was no exact date for establishing a timeline. Truth be known, it started millennia ago while humans were just beginning to evolve on their own. The history lesson may have been for my benefit and a non-linear download simultaneous to the proceedings at hand.

Long ago through several means and for a multitude of reasons, many life-forms were brought here after certain planetary evolution cycles made the atmosphere and terrain inhabitable. There were natural evolutionary patterns, of course, like we've known of through our historical biological systems.

Humans have been fascinated with their history, but they haven't been able to free their minds enough to grapple with the reality of an extraterrestrial origin or the magnitude of which celestial beings are capable of interacting with planetary inhabitants. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

It was time to begin the strategic actions to bring consciousness among humanity to a new level. They had advanced to a point of priority for planetary survival. It would become necessary for many kinds of open contact to occur. Humans were still too projective with the energy and they hadn't learned how to listen, so many methods and options were to be discussed.

That may seem like a simple concept, listening, but the depth of the listening is what enables the interdimensional travel beyond the linear frameworks that humans have developed. You might recall a line in one of the favorite books among humankind

stating, ‘for those who have the ears to hear and the eyes to see.’ When your consciousness shifts, so does one’s ability to become aware and perceive.

This new living awareness comes from the silence within; the ‘void.’ I mean, think about it... If the Voice of Being comes from the Silence.... We, as humans, just don’t pay attention to ‘what is.’ Too often the satiation of the senses distracts us from the subtle impressions and our attention is focused on the gross, like the attendance of alien-spun doomsday-themed movies. How distracting is that ?!

The outer efforts made with various humans had not proved fruitful as every agreement and treaty with humans in authority had been broken.

Shutting off military missile silos and disarming spaceships was not enough. It would be years before the retired military leaders spoke out about the silo incidents around the world at the National Press Club. We couldn’t wait for the humans to learn self-awareness before doing something stupid.

I confirmed the need for consideration of the general public and their ignorance of other dimensions, let alone the nether worlds with the exception of a few. Self-awareness had to be initiated before anything could progress. We had waited, but undesirable selections competed.

The sense was that most were not going to be able to understand the universal laws and understanding we all took for granted as a living awareness. Linear thinking was about all they are capable of, yet it was our job to introduce circular and spherical forms of thinking as quickly as possible, creating a new thoughtmosphere of opportunity for ascension.

I began to introduce another to go over the methodologies and procedures for seeding the thoughtmosphere with cathartic drips and runs through a matrix of media portals. I watched the scene fade as I felt pulled back. I saw a series of events of catastrophic nature that could be averted if humans chose to change.

It was understood that some things might indeed happen and that the Earth itself was going to go through some growth pangs that had nothing to do with the human population. Still,

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regardless of the outcome, humans are ready for their next evolutionary leap of consciousness and unification.

One of the ways this was to be accomplished was the voluntary incarnation of some of the members of the Federation, developing as normal humans within the population yet being able to accelerate the advancement of consciousness along with the natural development of the human system. I knew that to be true for myself, but I longed for others like me to join the party. Maybe they will.

Only after a decade of holding this within and, although I've been quite outspoken about my experiences, this one has not had the ears to hear until now. I've witnessed the growth of listening and as we approach the tipping point, where consciousness has been expanding globally to understand the shift, it seems time to share and take my chances.

The next morning I woke up wondering if it was all real, although it really didn't matter. It had the feel of King Arthur's court and a Beatle's concert all wrapped together, a real magical mystery tour that felt like an inquisition.

I'd had numerous weird dreams in my life already, but this one felt oddly different and then I remembered what the androgynous humanoid had told me as I was trying to get back to the ship. They were only making it easier for us to communicate and if I'm who it seems, We are...

Well, that didn't make me feel any better. Now I was faced with a possibility of a reality far beyond anything I'd considered, even knowing the previous two decades or so of experiences had set me up to at least be able to contemplate it. How the hell could I talk to anyone without seeming like I was not even loosely connected to a 'normal' reality?

Here's the gist... 'First Contact' is a misnomer. It is not a singular event, although the process could culminate in one if things work out right. Again, linear thinking gets in the way. Albeit many may only consider a mass landing and press conference to be a true 'first contact,' it happens in layers through adjusting rhythms within the hyperdimensional space.

Spooky Action at a Distance

‘Spooky action at a distance,’ as Einstein put it, is such a regular occurrence now and consistent experiences of quantum entanglement... non-linear and non-local reality *does* exist.

Humans are very predictable when they are caught in the lower realms and can be read easily with subtle energy technology. They can be just as easily manipulated by those who understand it, too. Their energy patterns and activity can be seen in their auras or read in their frequency by all the other races, including the human lineage ancestry. The prime directive, though, is to present and allow... no control or manipulation... let free will take its natural course after encounters and wait.

Learning those skills was a natural part of their development before they were able to transcend the space-time linear activity and venture into space from the inside. In turn, the outer technologies developed and Type 1, 2 and 3 civilizations evolved across the universe. Earth is still and infant. Humans think they are ready for solid food and we’re barely able to drink the milk, having been weaned only recently.

I use the ‘Type’ terminology because it is more understandable and has already been noted by the scientific community. The evolution of planetary civilizations is far more complex and monitored than any on Earth realize. There is no ‘intervention’ as some may believe; humans have to grow on their own and address change collectively.

Humans seem to need outer events, rallying points for collaboration beyond borders. They have not discovered the methodologies to move beyond the barbaric nature of their behavior, even in the most sophisticated organizations. Others will mix their understanding, limited as it may be, in perceiving some ‘dark’ force attempting to manipulate.

The next night was equally as inviting. I was chatting with a small group of people in the chat room I created on the website, BeTheDream.net. The ET agenda was the topic again, relative to the Ashtar Command. There were many questions about how I saw things unfolding.

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One had a particularly interesting energy and when I closed my eyes and asked about it, I saw a grid that covered the US with a bright spot at an intersection or ‘node’ around the Arkansas or Oklahoma area. I wondered what it meant.

Typing the answers out on the screen was quite excruciating. I longed for a better way to explain things, so I created more pages days that I could reference. I often left the pages open in my browser ahead of time so I could just copy and paste the URL when necessary.

I still had to depend on people actually reading them. At the time I think they did. In looking across the web, I couldn’t find much information like what I was presenting. Obviously I had a niche market. I learned later that a simple thought can be plugged into the thoughtmosphere and it will permeate the consciousness of humanity.

Too often people want the Cliff Notes version, racing forward without the necessary preparation and internal work to really understand the message. Humans listen and read from so many places and points of view in consciousness. I look forward to the day when data transfer can be done effortlessly, maybe even through a simple gaze or loving embrace. Some of the ET races seem to communicate through such high-level vibrations that it feels more like an electrical shock.

Now for the really weird stuff...

Just after midnight I retired with my mind abuzz and within a few moments again felt the profound shift in sensation, noticing a frequency along with the sensation this time. I can only describe it as a high pitched whine deep within the center of my head. No, it wasn’t tinnitus. Sometimes I wish it was.

As I closed my eyes and focused on the sensation and sound I found myself in the auditorium again. I know it didn’t happen instantly, but time was different in that space, expanded somehow. The sensation of being in an altered state was similar to what I’d felt prior to and during the OBEs as a kid.

I knew this was happening whether I was able to witness it or not, remembering the training I got when I first started going aboard the ‘orange cigar-shaped cloud.’ I tried to think about what was happening and found it easier just to watch. My

training with the Multi-Level and Multi-Plane Awareness Techniques made the process much easier to engage.

I went over the foundations of our intention, to assist through every means possible without violating the principles of free will or engaging any actions outside the ability of the humans, save shutting down obvious missile systems. Free will is the choice humans have, to listen within and respond or ignore the voice and act of their own accord. Every human has the capacity to turn within, listen and move in flow as the energy that accompanies the information will lead the way.

Every religion teaches this principle. All Federation members use this, too.

A select group has the responsibility for creating more attention to the latter as humans question purpose more deeply in the coming years; a result of the 'End Times' scenario many will bring into focus. The method of communication through non-linear methods was still not understood. Humans want to see things finitely, like a war with a victory or a cataclysmic destruction and recovery. Oy...

The next 'presenter' picked up from there and began discussing how crop circles were being used to provide a bridge through the use of symbols embedded in the deeper levels of the subconscious of humans.

The function of this biological bridge between plants and humans, organic in nature, affects levels of consciousness humans are nearly unable to grasp with their current scientific and spiritual understanding. They speak of oneness, but have no real grasp of how to live it.

Another group was responsible for monitoring the thoughtmosphere and providing breadcrumbs, so to speak, to those who were picking up the subtle messages. It was expressed that many who are capable of relaying cosmic wisdom through various types of communication would likely not have the discernment to clearly communicate and thus include earth-based duality-framed information as a result. This still occurs in spite of the admonitions.

It became clear that this referred to many so-called 'channels' who claim association with the Galactic Federation but are

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unable to disassociate the paradigms so deeply embedded in the human thoughtmosphere.

I'd already noticed that those who claim that 'cabals' or 'dark ones' would be effectively dealt with by the Federation were missing the core truth that humanity has to fix their own problems. The Federation will not do the work for them, but they will assist in helping humans to understand how to do the work on their own. The idea is empowerment, not dependence.

Fractals in consciousness are deeply embedded in the morphogenic fields that the symbols and shifting frequencies from the ship's devices were designed to unlock. Not until a question is asked can a response be given. So we need great questions. The more intelligent the question, the answer is, too.

Once that question is present in the thoughtmosphere, then the new logic path created by the answer begins to filter throughout the collective consciousness. It would be a great challenge to cleanse the desire of 'intervention' from affecting those who were attempting to share.

It was then I realized these were the points of light, or at least many of them, that I'd seen as a teenager. They were of a purer consciousness that remained free of the distractions of claiming to be messengers. The real messengers would be challenged to address those with less clarity until the internal neural networks could be cleansed, so to speak.

I thought this might apply to those who had already developed many followers. Could they make the shift, though? Too often they seem to feel they are transformed already.

I watched as images of crop circles began to appear on the screen behind the speaker and the scene faded once again. Before the scene faded I got the distinct understanding that this was a purer language, based on symbols used in galactic communication as part of the process of raising the language capacity for each planet's bio-system; human and environment as interconnected consciousness in the symbiosis of life as is known throughout the universe in other worlds beyond our own. Wow, that's a lot to *grok*.

I woke up the following morning with the same sense of surrealism. My world seemed really loose. I wondered how to

address those who were consciously or unconsciously keeping humans caught in the concept of dualism and/or creating false hope and complacency because of their claims of ‘interventions’ and/or removal of so-called cabals or dark ones manipulating humanity. Pointing out cognitive dissonance didn’t seem to work to well in most environments.

Sure, there are some poor excuses for human beings who have forgotten the honor and respect for life and humanity. However, if these humans weren’t behaving as they are there would be nothing to move other humans to their next level of global unity, recognizing what feels wrong beyond reason and actually doing something about it. We all have those intuitive feelings, the ‘calling’ if you will, but few act on them.

Without chaos, there can be no order.

What I knew was that everything was in order. Humanity is in a process of learning about their power of choice and arising to collectively address the perceived ills of what their predecessors had created. Humans are still in the process of learning ethical and morally responsible behavior.

Certain freedoms had allowed many to create systems that only served a few, a natural part of the evolution of a planetary civilization. I read *The Lucifer Principle* years later and it confirmed the notion of a few manipulating many.

This, too, would only change through becoming responsible stewards, not through some arbitrary action of the Federation. This was simply not part of the roles and responsibilities of First Contact. The HUmans have to take responsibility for their own evolutionary process by choice, not by hook or crook.

It simply doesn’t work that way. All planetary civilizations have to go through this process on their way to inclusion in universe affairs. Every one of them does, the timing is always different.

Everyone is called, but few have chosen this path to date. Psychology and science, even with the leaps humans have made, is still overshadowed by linear methodologies. The evo-leaps in logic available in the ‘quantum entanglement’ are just beginning to surface as experiencers and seekers alike are becoming self-aware in a new living awareness space.

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Since the Harmonic Convergence, though, there has been a marked increase in communicating such awareness and of the realizations that many have discovered as a result. In the 25 years since the celestial event, the momentum has been growing tremendously. With the transition center-point being the winter solstice of 2012, there is still another 25 years to implement the processes, programs and systems of change as we transform our world to its natural place of harmony among people and planet.

Great progress has been made to date even with those few who have been on the front line of change, whether they've been accepted by the majority or not. As I was thinking the next day, it occurred to me that it is probably possible those various life forms in the room could indeed be incarnate in physical bodies on the Earth now.

It made so much sense in the creation of continuity in consciousness. I would imagine the concept will take a while to permeate the conversations necessary to forward the notion.

I reflected on my prayer to know truth, being willing to die for it if necessary, and the following experience that introduced me to points of consciousness – so many I could not count them all in the time I had.

It wasn't about 'body snatching' at all. The movies Hollywood has produced present the negative views as a means to desensitize or heighten the fear of anything different than ourselves or from outside our sphere of experience. Humans like stimulation of the senses.

The resulting efforts at production don't necessarily have a sinister motivation, but adrenaline is an addictive chemical and humans crave it. Fear and sex sell for sure.

We have absolutely no intention of control or malice toward humans. In fact, just the opposite is true. We are helping humans awaken to their true nature; their natural evolutionary path. I recalled the movement from the Light to the Points of Light and back into a body, this body, here now.

Humans have been responsible for many atrocities. If you think about it for a moment, maybe even do some research, there is no record of death or destruction caused by any of the visitors in

our known history, especially in the last several millennia. Yet it is well documented that visitations have occurred.

The Military Industrial Complex is aware of their non-threatening position as well, having experienced ICBM missile installations being ‘turned off’ by visiting craft.

This has all been part of a grand plan, with time tables that run into the centuries rather than a 90-day life cycle of electronic technology currently. As we are able to reduce, so are we also able to expand our scope, but humans must see beyond the short-term gains.

Our financial system is built on capitalism beyond conscience, numbers rather than people. It will change as we are able to organize and transform existing systems. It is only a matter of time. The evidence of a change is beginning to show up, as well as the determination to remain the same as corporations continue to violate environmental and human rights.

Durability and sustainability are only words in human consciousness that encompass decades or possibly centuries. Compared to the Galactic Federation, which encompasses worlds and systems far beyond anything humans have encountered - thousands of years are at play. In what we perceive as non-corporeal forms, time is less of a constraint.

We are like infants in the cosmic picture, still unable to grasp that we are cosmic consciousness condensed into form – Christ Consciousness if you will. Cosmic consciousness is formless, Christ consciousness relates to the form, the body with knowledge of the Divine.

The next day I was back on the computer again, chatting with a gentleman that found me through another chat room on SpiritWeb. I had sensed something different about him immediately. His energy was quite familiar even across the electrons of cyberspace. His communication seemed either arrogant or quite confident and I wasn’t sure which at the time.

Sometimes we can just close our eyes, ask the right question and ‘see’ an answer manifest in the moment. It did with him. I turned inward and asked about his connection with me and why I felt a strong kinship with him so quickly.

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What I saw was a high altitude view of a light grid surrounding Earth. I saw what appeared like a large ‘node’ of light somewhere in Oklahoma. I opened my eyes up and immediately asked him where he lived. Guess where? Apparently we’re related through the Sun. I reflected on my experience with the three suns some years before.

It seemed like people could just not get enough of the ‘conversations with zen’ chat room. At the time I hadn’t made the connection between all the conversation in the chat room and the events that evolved during the night. Sounds silly, but I can be a little naïve at times. The dots don’t always connect immediately, but they do connect.

By the time I was done in the chat room I was feeling the usual buzz. I’d gotten done a bit earlier and decided to have a bowl of cereal before retiring. I felt so small and insignificant when I considered the magnitude of what I seemed to be engaging, yet I could sense a part of me that was completely up to the task.

I pondered if any of these chats were ever going to amount to actually drawing people together to begin working on collective projects. I’d prepared numerous possibilities, including a week long symposium for developing community. I could see that many of these folks were struggling with their own realities. Too many I had met were more fringe than functional in any existing systems. It was saddening.

I lay down and drifted off to sleep. I don’t know how long I was asleep before I woke up, hearing the familiar frequency and feeling the sensation of being shifted from one realm to another. The process had become seamless, much like when I was first taught how to leave my body as a young boy.

Again I introduced various other members of the Federation’s leadership to deliver specific instructions, procedures, processes, protocols, rules and regulations in dealing with specific areas of the primary groups of contact. The overall sense was of a malleable process that truly depended on humanity’s ability to rise above their outworn patterns of separation and subjugation, manipulation and marauding in the name of profit or religion and fighting over resources that no one truly owns.

I continued to bounce back and forth from participating to observing, so there must've have been yet another aspect of my consciousness that was engaged. I did notice that words, per se, were rarely used and the information seemed to be disseminated through some kind of internal data stream not unlike the pulses of light we send down the glass tubes on Earth.

This time I began by presenting the need for working within existing systems to facilitate the shift in activity in corporations toward social responsibility; humanitarian actions beyond doing business as usual.

A decade later the ISO 26000 Social Responsibility Standards were introduced. These standards were evidence that The Work was happening and tools are being presented that puts power in the hands of the people. We need more of them.

Humans are scared to death that they are going to lose control over their precious jobs and/or corporate kingdoms or whatever they've grown to hold sacred. This creates undue resistance to change, increasing the fight factor that inhibits the reformation of belief systems into experience systems that are built on proven truths, not faith.

Accordingly, the next presenter began sharing details of how groups were going to work together to alleviate the resistance as much as possible through preparing and introducing new programs that appeal to the sense of connectedness and empathy resident in the conscience of every human being and the flora and fauna of a planetary civilization. This is where the crop circles connect to the deeper layers of the conscience in man.

Yes, we consider all life forms to be relatives and coming from a single source with multiple aspects and realms of existence. I reflected on what I knew of indigenous beliefs and I faded off again, waking up the next morning with the sense that maybe these dreams weren't so imaginary after all. I was still grappling with this expanded reality.

Some of the races, or moreover some of the beings across the gamut of races, have developed the ability to consciously incarnate and carry the special knowledge specific to the areas of economic, environmental, leadership, social architecture and technological development to name only a few. I can hardly imagine the skill sets of these folks, yet I can imagine the

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collaboration possible. My work as a Partnering Facilitator of multi-million dollar construction projects gives me a special insight into the manifestation.

Each of us, those points of light I saw as a teenager, has served in various capacities in planetary development of other worlds and the experts I introduced were already well-known and respected authorities in the Federation.

This effort by all the beings present was the epitome of service to others, everyone had a sense of commitment and sincerity beyond anything I've experienced on Earth, yet there have been moments where I've witnessed the possibility.

Now, I might want to mention that our age and number of incarnations is incomprehensible by humans at this stage of the game, so we have to act as if this lifetime is it, as in the prevalent human perception – One Time and One Shot at doing it right... BE all that we can BE.

We've been able to introduce the concept of ascension through our brother humans know as Jesus and others not so well known but chronicled in the history of Earth. This ascension, starting with consciousness, is possible for everyone to achieve as they learn the objectives of cosmic consciousness in body.

Emperor Constantine I bridged church and state, eliminating important information from public view. Many think the Bible to be a book of lies, many believe it to be the ultimate truth. From my perspective, having a direct experience beyond most people on the planet, I prefer to think it is a book of incomplete truths. Discovery and research validates it is incomplete.

I, just like all the rest of us, have had to discover the truth of who and what I AM through experience beyond the written word. As challenging and excruciating as the process has been, I would not hesitate to do it all again. Neither should you.

Texts and oral traditions only point the way, yet the 'soular code' embedded in our akashic-generated genetic transmissions is still available within and assists the seeker to find their own voice. The most effective method I've found to begin that process is so simple that most people do not even attempt it on a regular basis even after having a direct experience when I've introduced it to them. Simply... put your fingertips together,

breath consciously and feel your heart beat. The rest will come as you practice.

Our methods of communication to the ground crew include dreams, crop circles, events in the sky, telepathy and vibration as well as the standard forms of direct contact. We apologize for any discomfort caused by the perceptions of inappropriate or uninvited contact.

Abductions are a misnomer in that the individual's soular contract is in agreement, whether or not the mental preparation has been achieved is irrelevant. Ye 'olde anal probe is a method for adjusting the vibratory rate via a direct connect to the central nervous system through the perineum nerve.

Some of you just weren't ready as anticipated, so the timeline of your 'mission' may not have matched with the terrestrial preparations necessary to allow the flow of the plan to be unimpeded. There may come a time when the uncomfotability is recognized to be our own choice and we will change.

We have the opportunity to change then, to listen deeper and ask better questions in order to understand personal motivations and act accordingly for the highest good of all. It is that simple.

The meetings took several days to completely cover the areas of appropriate interaction with the human race. The continued talks with government officials, although they were expected to wane due to the military industrial complex's demand for technology exchange and their use of prior technology to increase military prowess instead of humanitarian good.

That was the original agreement, to nurturing those who have been working diligently behind the scenes and far removed from the public eye.

The process of First Contact is a very intricate and far-reaching effort to get humans to be more proactive in managing their consciousness and the development of a new world order of planetary administration, with harmony among people and planet as the goal.

As simple as the goal may sound, just look at all the change that must take place for it to occur. Is it possible? What do you think? How would it appear to the public eye?

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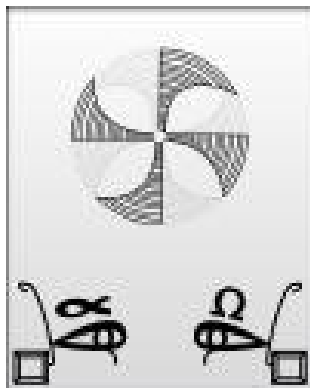
Once this is reached then open interaction is possible, but not until. Humans must learn to manage themselves without direct outside intervention. We can support this through many methods available from a place of advanced consciousness and understanding of the ONE. The process and timing are consistent and concurrent with the shift from the Piscean Age to the Aquarian Age. The vibratory rate in this new area of space is subtly higher.

What that means is there is a natural movement toward increased awareness, intelligent action in harmony with people and planet and a trend toward Christ Consciousness – Cosmic Consciousness that has been accessed on purpose through the actions, behavior and communication of those who have come to assist the planetary civilization to evolve.

Quite to my surprise during the closing ceremony, there was a small delegation from the Central Source and Council of One that asked me to join them in front of the assembly. The energy of their presence brought the entire assembly into a state of Being that no human words can describe yet. It felt like the vibrations of a gong, only much more subtle in nature, permeating the depths of each there.

They presented me with a small plaque at the close of the last meeting. It was explained that, according to the Central Council, this event marked the completion of a process that had taken millennia to achieve. It was exhilarating and I found myself speechless. All I could do was bow in humility and utter 'I am honored' in response as acknowledgement.

The plaque was almost an inch in thickness and not much larger than a standard sheet of paper. On the lower corners were two raised squares, like buttons, that were about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch square and $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch high. Just inside and slightly above these buttons were the right and left eye of Horus stylized to look like two high-backed chairs with the eyes in place of the cushions. On top of the left eye was the Greek letter 'Alpha' and above the right, the 'Omega.' It gave me a whole new perspective.



The only other visible part of the plaque was a circle in the upper center portion. Within this circle were two rotating 'swastikas' that looked like wispy four-spoked wheels or rotating feathered serpent medicine wheels. They were translucent and on the same 'plane' within the confines of the plaque. It was an amazing gift.

Now why did this all happen? The 'how' was a moot point at the time, because I had sufficient preparation throughout my life. The fact that this meeting was then validated as the 'Council of 300' from numerous sources made it even more impactful, although the news didn't reach my desk until weeks later. I was awed by the reflections.

This caused me to be more reticent of speaking out at the time, especially after the feeling of being rejected by the very folks I thought would have welcomed me with open arms, proving their belief and understanding was indeed true and I was living proof of it.

The consideration of First Contact had been a widely talked about topic among contactees and experiencers for decades already. The cosmological events in play only serve to imbue the process with universal appeal. The topics of discussion did seem to coincide with the development of the symposium I was working on during the day. I knew a life's work would find some traction at some point.

I had been working on the website, continuing to compile articles and website links that would be helpful to the members of Ashtar's Trinity, Sananda's Eagles and the others looking for information. It had only been since November that the website had been up and it was getting several thousand visits a week already. I was appreciative of the gals devoting their lives to serving something bigger.

I had plenty of time to devote to web wizardry. By the time I was sort of done, I had over one hundred pages of information up on the web. I was rather amazed that I'd put that much information together in such a short time. Today, it is over a thousand under a number of website banners.

The evenings during those months were usually spent in some kind of chat session, whether individual or in group chats, always about awareness and spirituality beyond the

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extraterrestrial obsession. By this time, though, I was a bit worn out. It seemed there was more intrigue about what they were like than preparing and doing the work to find out on their own.

I was making trips back and forth to the Village of Oak Creek to visit with the gals and work on strategies for moving forward. It seemed increasingly obvious that their ideas were different than mine and I could sense a frustration building. It came to a head one day with a display of what I thought was unconscionable behavior. The projections proved that there was indeed a problem, Houston, and I got out of town.

Rather than argue or engage I chose to say that I would not participate in what I felt to be totally ego-based action, wished them well and bid them adieu. A sordid twist for Valentine's Day as that was when it occurred. I walked away because it no longer felt like it was in integrity for me to stay.

During that time, though, there were some other interesting events that came out of the group. One of the gals that I thought might have been the curly headed blonde I was looking for (except her hair was turning gray and it was much shorter) later moved to Sedona from Sweden. She and the gentleman that had initially informed me of the event became an item and eventually united.

While she was still in Sweden we participated in several online chat sessions, along with a couple dozen others, about the Ashtar Command and more. There was another woman from Australia who was more active than most in the chats. I developed deeper relationships with both of them outside the chat room and experimented with them a bit; testing the bi-location and telepathy ability I had learned in college. I thought it might come in handy to be able to communicate with some of the other contactees.

I have to say I sprung the experiments on them without much warning, just to see if the ability still worked. On separate occasions I had them both just sit back and close their eyes for a moment and just 'look' without intending to 'see' anything. I'd met one in person and the other I had a picture of, so I was able to 'look' into their eyes from a distance. That is all I did, just look into their eyes.

I asked each what they saw. The gal from Sweden immediately said she saw my face just as vivid as if I was standing in front of her at that moment. The gal from Australia was a bit more hesitant, saying she wasn't sure at first because the only thing she saw was my face. So I still had 'it' whatever 'it' was and they were proof.

Ever since my experience in the light and beyond, I have had this sense that I'm intricately connected to some level of consciousness within all of those points of light. I believed that Aurora and Allie were among them, as well as many of the contactees and people I've been close to on those levels in my life. It is definitely a challenge to be open with folks about it because the level of awareness in most just isn't within their scope of experience.

I'm sure I sound like a mad scientist or on the fringe player with little hold on reality. Though I know different from the personal and professional successes I've had, degrees garnered, character references and reputation garnered (you can check out my LinkedIn profile); discussing the history of my life proves cumbersome and risky at best.

Truth is, I'm just a guy with a little different experience than most who is doing his best to stay balanced, focused and open to the possibilities that come for coagulation – putting people, places and things together to do stuff... really cool stuff.

Awakening is indeed close by—and
supreme effort is required to realize it.
Awakening is indeed far away—and
readily accessible.

Stephen Batchelor

Building CommUnity

Feeling like that mad scientist and social activist for change I began contemplating what I could possibly offer, given my current skillset. I liked thinking big, so the choice was easy. I decided to create, at least in theory, a symposium that would focus on bringing experts together to craft a community development plan that would bring best practices to bear across the plethora of possible alternatives.

I began by crafting a basic overview and simply called it Genesis II, after the UN model. I included the theme of Multiverse Communities that began with practical earthly construction yet carried the foundation for engaging off-planet perspectives when the time came. It began like this...

Multiverse Communities

Preface...

Genesis II Multiverse Communities address growing planetary concerns for sustainable living. Our world is now faced with critical situations in life-friendly development as 'globalization' continues. Humanity is ripe for change. More people in strategic places are recognizing that big business needs to turn its attention on environmental and humanitarian endeavors as part of the new corporate culture.

Maintaining an environmentally and socially responsible business practice is imperative. We have witnessed the results of poor fiscal and natural resource management through the beginning of the 21st Century.

We need a way to test new theories and management philosophies that are anthropic sustainable resource-driven, including the growing needs for personal and personnel development. Life-friendly technologies include ecologic, ergonomic, and even etheric considerations that synergize into a harmonic convergence of human and planetary stewardship.

Intelligence now encompasses behavioral, emotional, multiple, and spiritual elements which lead to new models of social environments that repair and restore relationships, engage youth in learning, and respond to the challenge of environmental sustainability.

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Genesis II is a conceptual model based on considerations of anthropic complexology applied pragmatically in the present: a community specifically designed to integrate psychospiritual and scientific technologies for the purpose of developing healthy planetary stewardship programs. Consideration is also given to the UN Genesis II presentation regarding social and environmental development toward globalization.

There is no copyright or ownership as this concept is self-revealing through simple contemplation of the facts and figures available today, skewed only by the desire to ascend into life-friendly paradigms.

We are one people and one planet, though our current behavior reflects immature selfishness even in our governments. Many youth are growing up quickly, looking for what makes sense beyond the profit-driven paradigm paralysis, and find little to entice their creativity or participation.

Education in America is in need of a retrofit in order to meet the future demands of sustainability. 'Unity in diversity' was the buzz phrase some years ago... it is just as true today. The following is simply just another voice saying the same thing... Harmony Among People and Planet.

Harmony begins with addressing the needs of our children, building relationships that empower the natural desire to love and be loved displayed in a loving environment. Perhaps we can achieve it in our lifetime. We are creative and resilient.

THE VISION

Imagine a fully integrated approach to inspiring and challenging our youth of today to help teach adults about a new tomorrow... aware of our problems and quickly focusing on creative solutions that empower environmental and social change. Now empowered adults can empower our youth through providing the necessary tools for their process.

The human race has entered a new era; an evolution in educational and social methodologies is at hand. The old formulas don't work anymore as evidenced by many students now dull and listless in the classrooms from 'helpful' drugging. Disenfranchised youth internalize their anger and act out in unprecedented violence toward themselves and others in their communities.

Traditional education has not addressed the growing emotional and intellectual needs of our children; the connectedness of mind, body, and spirit to everything of a natural order. We are unveiling the embryo of an integrated master plan that could solve our educational and behavioral difficulties... unifying youth with adults and building planetary respect as our global family expands.

It is obvious that we need some major changes in our approach to nurturing our relationships for the benefit of all. Genesis II Multiverse Communities... A new myth is in process of creation, one that inspires hope and transcendence, and we all can participate in its development right now, today.

Doors to Perception...

Our youth of today look at the educational system that they are forced into and ask, "Why?" We, parents and grandparents, force them into boxes they never belonged in, often drugging them into submission so they can learn like 'normal' children. They look at these ignorant values and say, "That's not for me!"

They laugh at the political machinery behind it all and see how the planet is being destroyed and say, "Nothing is working." They live with hopelessness in a love-starved world and feel, "What's the use?" So begins the life of abuse in all its ugly forms. No one seems to listen to these cries for help. Many of these children end up in correctional or treatment centers.

Warehousing of 'adjudicated' youths within the social systems only continues to drive the mechanistic and reductionist mentality of holistic ignorance. Children seek rites of passage, often void of guidance, without knowing what they are doing or why; causing social issues of near epidemic proportions in our burgeoning cities and an overload for our courts, educational and social service systems.

Do we see a problem? Can we find collective answers and implement solutions? Is it possible for a new type of community to develop that demonstrates a holistic environment? It seems our best choice.

Anyone who works with at-risk youth understands that much more could be done toward addressing their needs. In the U.S. alone, many are warehoused in group homes with little or no

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opportunity to develop the necessary life skills to survive and thrive in today's world. Job markets are shifting faster than academic programs can keep up. Rather than create environments that nurture multiple and emotional intelligences, we drug our youth into submission and wonder why they choose to self-medicate and defy the 'system' that holds them captive.

Adaptive systems and 'wrap-around' models in social services still only address the problems and symptoms of this decay in moral servitude. Survivors have learned to lay low and keep quiet in regard to challenging the 'system' as the bureaucratic nature has created a paradigm paralysis.

Some have risen to leadership roles in these organizational monstrosities, doing what they can to affect change. Peer-community facilitators, as change agents, are few and far between in the development of alternative solutions to this growing problem. Developing a model community that demonstrates holistic integrated solutions seems to be in order. How do we do that?

Undue Duty

Just in case the gravity of the situation has not been made clear, the recent developments of war based on false information should bring some desire for greater accountability. The United States was led into a war based on what appears to be a corporate and/or personal agenda. Our society was numbed by 9-11 and manipulated into fear-based choices.

In our world today families suffer from being ripped apart by a non-supportive society steeped in fearful responses to propaganda. Worldwide the suffering is exacerbated as the complexity of relationship issues rises exponentially.

The global village seems to develop from arrogance rather than appreciation. Globalization seems to be increasing these inequities as we become more concerned with terrorists than tenderness, living in fear instead of freedom.

Educational systems, family environments, and welfare agencies no longer nurture the creative spark in our children; the love and care every child deserves and needs. Adults and children who have overcome the myriad of abusive scenarios

are teaching others, both young and old, of the necessity to love and be loved.

The UK Youth are a prime example of the change that is happening in our younger generation now. The survivors as educators, parents, social workers, therapists, and visionaries are doing a fantastic job in nurturing those they can, sharing volumes of experience while harvesting their past and showing the rest of us the path to a new ordered world which shares accountability and responsibility toward our future generations and planetary stewardship.

One of the paradigm shifts necessary is to move away from pointing fingers at problems and recognize that we have at least three pointing back at us, offering us the opportunity to share solutions that bridge possibility with practicality. Results come in time, beyond the impatience of our consumerist society and inept bureaucracy.

Current management philosophy within the realms of 'best practices' is calling for open communication and a systems approach to doing business, whether it is product or service oriented makes no difference. This holistic practice empowers people to make choices and decisions for which they feel inclusion in the carrying out of the company's mission.

We can apply this same philosophy to the development of new educational systems as well, expanding the learning environment from the classroom to the community, with holistic approaches to serving the youth and community. We often expect results from others without first teaching them the process necessary to achieve the results. We expect and even demand certain behaviors from our youth who've had no behavioral models or poor ones at best.

Specialization in professions seems to contribute to the inability for adaptive behavior in the inclusion of holistic systems. Essentially, one hand does not know what the other is doing.

How can we find wholeness in society with such dissociative and dissimilar practices?

Now we need to collectively look at what we can do to provide the foundation for a new or adjusted system that inspires everyone to do and be better on a daily basis, nurturing the

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natural desire to become more than we are as human beings; inspiring love, care and concern rather than fear, guilt and shame.

Campaigning for Consciousness

According to progressive child behaviorists, the nature of children is to seek connection with other children and the worlds of experience within reality. When allowed to nurture their own creative natures children evolve with pride, self-confidence, honor and respect for each other and the world around them. A recent European Youth Conference's 'white paper' illustrates these concepts.

Can you imagine, just for a moment, a place for children to build a future for themselves in an empowering environment that supports their natural connections? What do you think would happen? The desire to explore their connections to life, love and the world around them offers us a unique opportunity to take our planet and its people into a healthy new millennium.

Is it time we became the global family we know is necessary to continue life on planet Earth? Nobody says it will be easy. It can be fun, though. Holistic education is a growing attraction for educators that sincerely look forward to the development of this paradigm shift, creating collaborative alliances much the same as our various industries already have found works for the benefit of all.

Many authors across the gamut of progressive thinking including Bloom, Covey, Csikszentmihalyi, DeBono, Dyer, Gardner, Goleman, Hunter, Peters, Senge, and Tart are proposing that we look at the bigger picture of societal development. In many different voices they are all voicing the need for a collective reassessment of personal and professional goals and objectives as our civilization evolves.

A systems approach to learning and living as ONE is recommended by even the most skeptical of futurists, requiring that we redesign and retool our economic and social systems to serve people better. We can start by asking ourselves what we can do as individuals and groups to help support this change of attitude and agenda. It is difficult, at best, for a population to address accountability and responsibility toward future

commitments when, as family units, there is an alarming failure rate.

We point fingers at problems without realizing that our way of life is the essential problem, from which all perspectives are skewed to one degree or another. Maybe it is time we looked at basic community development and how we can increase our chances of survival as families – nuclear, extended and planetary.

Mutants of the Monster

The reality is that we have also created at least two generations of children who have become angry, complacent and selfish in their actions and thinking to the point of violence beyond anything in history.

Marketing spin-doctors continue to escalate the 'consumerism' that is doing much to pollute our air, earth, and water without regard for the health and well-being of the individual or general population, including direct to consumer marketing of pharmaceuticals that due more to promote a nation of addicts than healthy communities. GMOs are not our only problem.

This is a reflection of the state of our society, partnering with political correctness and profit-driven motives, turning our educational system into a promiscuous and permissive environment under threat of lawsuit for maintaining order or even mentioning God in the classroom. Why?

Not only in America have we seen such a transition of the value of education, ethics, and morals, where family units continue to break up at an alarming rate. This pattern is spreading to developing countries as well. Profit-driven media moguls have helped a great deal in this process with little regard for the social results. We need new social responsibility standards.

Parents, social workers and teachers are painfully aware of the gluttony of our youth today, especially in the West. We set them up through our neglect of what we say is important... healthy relationships. They are often scarred to confront situations due to fear of retaliation or repercussions from administrators bound to dysfunctional systems.

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Unfortunately, the United States is influencing the rest of the world in the same fashion. Many 'third world' countries are suffering from the results of consumer advertising and marketing now. Will it end? How can we manage change more effectively?

Service providers, organized religion, and even corporations have become nothing more than dysfunctional families unable to communicate their needs and wants effectively, let alone meet them. We have created a system that not only enables this to continue; we feel helpless and hopeless in the face of what seems to be an unstoppable proliferation of adversity. We aren't helpless, though.

Rapid industrial development and accompanying social shifts were difficult to manage effectively on a large scale and many well-intentioned programs have failed. In a victimless mindset we must begin to ask ourselves how to change this trend; sharing the solutions and ways to implement them as quickly as possible with every institution engaging youth today. The youth themselves are begging us in so many blatantly obvious ways.

The phrase 'can we all just learn to get along?' echoes in the hearts and minds of humanity as we blaze forward in a technology-driven evolution of society now, even more demanding than the industrial revolution because of the increase in communication networks, computer-driven intelligent systems, and human ignorance of the relationship imbalance between man, machine, and environment.

How can we use this technology effectively for the benefit of all instead of the desensitization of community values, morals, and ethical practices? There are some individual, corporate, and educational leaders who are making great strides already, yet there is no 'model' that brings everything together in one place that is publicly funded, or even privately at this time. That may change in the next few years.

Help is on its way...

We need a demonstrable model of harmony in meaning and purpose, science and spirituality (connectedness); a place where the learning and living environment are one; a self-sufficient state-of -the-art village that utilizes modern technology, yet

honors the indigenous cultural traditions that enhance life and living. Imagine the possibilities.

A model providing a symbiotic and synergistic presence; a community designed to care for its children by empowering the adults who provide for them. Motivation for education would come naturally, facilitated through programs designed to bring out the innate abilities and aptitudes of our youth and the adults responsible for them.

We develop our realities from within the scope of conception, making the outer world reflect our inner knowing.

Children are still vulnerable and open to explore life with the intensity many adults desire and have lost. Can you remember a time when you felt anything was possible? Revisit that feeling for a moment. Why not empower our children to show us the future? Can we return to the innocence of a child and ask what can be done now?

Intense research and study have helped us to see a way out of this dilemma... Genesis II Multiverse Communities. Spectrum Academy is just one of the opportunities that address holistic education inclusion in developing new schools. Removing children from harmful environments, such as the current juvenile justice system does, is only a temporary adjustment or Band-Aid to the problem, like taking a fish out of a dirty fish tank, wiping it off, and throwing it back in with expectations of survival, let alone success.

It is the fish tank that needs to be cleaned. How do we do that? Is it possible to integrate residential treatment centers, charter schools, community technology centers, and peer community concepts to work synchronistically? Is it possible to create unity in the diversity we face? The answer is.... YES!

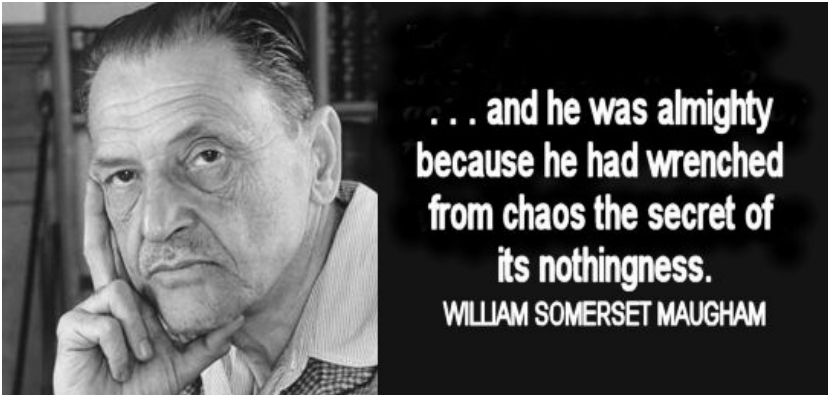
Can we adapt what we know about peer mediation and alternative dispute resolution to empower choice and decision models that inspires our youth to live responsibly and that empowers corporate change? It is a bit difficult to comprehend when we've taught folks not to challenge authority. 'Father knows best' is outdated and unproductive. It seems our very survival, according to the honest analysts, depends on consumerism, cultural genocide, and environmental destruction for the sake of fossil fuels, fast foods, and corporate profits.

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Can we acknowledge that we are headed in an undesirable direction? Better yet, can we accept that we've done the best we could with limited information and resources in the past and now that we have better information and greater resources to affect positive change? We do not need war.

History's scientific analysis shows that economies built on war are environmentally hazardous and certainly do not fit any life-friendly criteria, in spite of the arguments to the contrary.

Chaos is only the beginning of the process of establishing natural order. Conflict, used wisely, evolves into harmony. People can make different choices. People must make different choices.



Mission: Earth Dance

Later that spring Jill and I organized a series of gatherings, called Mission: Earth Dance, designed to present a variety of points of view regarding at-risk youth. We hoped it would inspire many. The creation was rather serendipitous.

Jill was visiting a metaphysical bookstore on the other side of Phoenix when she met another woman who, serendipitously, asked her if she knew of a man called Zendor. Jill was a bit surprised, but not, that the connection with her evolved quickly. Both were soon meeting together with me to create events that took our spiritual understanding into other realms.

Jill and I, as concerned educators and parents, recognized the gap between academic and emotional growth that has been challenging to address in the school environment. They felt that bringing people together to inquire and reflect on the needs of challenged youth would provide an atmosphere of passion and purpose, open to taking an honest look at the current situations and creating dialog toward solutions. They had no idea what might happen as a result or even if people would show up.

About 50 came for the day, engaged by presenters who knew how to get the audience into the act, providing some wonderful opportunities for doing things better. Our example is the best leadership for our youth, although meeting their growing needs for healthy and safe rites of passage is our greatest challenge for youth today.

A local lawyer with international experience presented on Alternate Dispute Resolution offered tremendous opportunities for learning and applying a living awareness- that conflict truly does not exist. Misperceptions are the cause of nearly all miscommunications bringing uncomfortable feelings to the surface, which we perceive as conflict.

We bring 'our' dictionary to the table in negotiations of any kind and may not understand the 'other' dictionaries involved.

Seeking first to understand and then to be understood is a prerequisite for effective communication. What happens is that the court systems are overloaded and when the dates do arrive, the tension level in the courtrooms exacerbates the uncomfortable feelings.

Mission: Earth Dance

Alternate Dispute Resolution seeks to create dialog first and then a greater family circle of realizations. Indeed, with this practice, nearly all 'conflict' can be removed from the Court and placed in the hands of the people once again.

A well-known facilitator shared her expertise on the processes involved in developing an intentional community. When groups of any kind get together it is critical that everyone get the opportunity to know more about each participant. Even a simple process of introductions begins to create the building process. Who are you? What do you do? What do you hope to receive from this exchange?

When initiating meetings with multidisciplined people, especially multidimensional ones, an understanding of the co-players is critical. This adds many ingredients to the creative soup that is in process with the group.

A skilled facilitator is also necessary for group interactions to be effective and productively work toward a goal. In closing meetings it is best to recap with a process of establishing future direction, the goals and objectives, of the energy of the group.

For our group the question was, 'What do you want to do next?'

Items included: following thru to connect, networking, create a web ring, tell everyone you know, set goals, have teen meetings, market the need, learn your mind, community service day, bring a friend next time, extend dialog 'casually,' get radio and TV coverage, get validation of s/Self and establish truthfulness of s/Self. The last question, 'Who wants to help?' brought forth a small group of people willing to work together on future Earth Dances and developing Genesis, a model community to demonstrate new living systems.

A youth activist brought a very real issue to the table- prejudice in our schools and lives. Preference is not the same as prejudice. The audience was taken through a series of examples, demonstrating how easily we accept prejudice into our minds and hearts.

These included conditioning, thoughts/self-fulfilling prophecy, verbal dehumanization, deliberate avoidance, hurtful discrimination, physical violence, murder, genocide/holocaust

and the R2D3- rationalization, repetition, denial, discounting and displacement in society.

Next was a small group exercise where alternatives to the previous mechanisms of prejudice were developed. Personal choices have to be made to live a life of acceptance and tolerance, seeking to understand rather than to avoid.

Answers to the question included: honor experiences, be trustworthy and honest, be in the NOW, give hugs, create safe space, have empathy, demonstrate unconditional love, use affirmations, live in harmony with others, teaching what we desire by living it and show loving discrimination.

Children don't belong to us; we are their caretakers for a time and a season.

Youth will live what they are taught before being willing to consider new concepts or ideas. It is up to each of us to gently remind others to be conscious of the thoughts they think, the words they speak and the actions they make, especially in front of our greatest resource for the future of humanity.

A spiritual leader began the afternoon session addressing our need to understand our inner lives and the connection we share as one people and one planet. Many of us have inner promptings, of many types, and yet have difficulty in heeding them due to many circumstances. Our outer lives are often chaotic because of old belief systems that just don't work anymore and create dis-ease within our bodies and minds that filter out into our daily lives.

Bringing ourselves into a state of harmony is indeed an achievable goal. There are many worlds that interact in order to bring this goal to fruition and many know that their life path is to collaborate and cooperate in this effort to make things better.

Some youth even have regular contact with these other worlds and science is beginning to prove that at least some of them really do exist. Others just know from their direct experience that these worlds are just as real as our common three-dimensional experience. We tend not to support their reality.

To demonstrate intention, she led the group on a guided meditation, with each holding a stone heart we picked from a dish of collective hearts. During the meditation, we were asked

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to connect hearts and minds with each other for the purpose of establishing Unity in Diversity. Then, after visualizing the group energy sphere in the room, we expanded to surround Phoenix, then Arizona, the United States and on to the entire planet Earth, feeling the connectedness of all things, people and places... all our relation. We were all brought back safely.

A PhD in Clinical Psychology brought into focus how organizations are just family extensions, each having their own dysfunctions. Over 82% of American companies that have partnered with foreign companies have failed in recent years. Business leaders have forgotten that 'business as usual' does not meet the needs of the workers spiritually, emotionally, intellectually or physically.

Corporations that consider the human element are beginning to show up on the scene at last, and are joining together to form an international collaborative to establish a more integrated approach to conducting business. As self-reliant individuals, we have several levels to consider- belief, thinking, feelings, behaviors, expectations and experiences.

We may have common beliefs yet the one thing that people are reluctant to share is how they think... the process. When a level of vulnerability can be reached to facilitate a greater level of trust, then thoughts and feelings can be shared more openly, which brings opportunities for greater harmony.

Business/personal archetypes were presented next. An archetype is your conscious or unconscious perception, role, or image of a company, person, or organization. These fell into four general categories with three sub-categories in each. They were: UTOPIAN (Idealist, Wanderer, Scholar), RISKTAKER (Warrior, Rebel, Wizard), ALLY (Neighbor, Comic, Gourmet) and PROTECTOR (Guardian, Artist, King).

The charge given is to manage our archetype effectively considering substance and value, leadership characteristics, competitive edge and knowing yourself. The rest is like sense made common.

An exemplary high school student brightened our day with the exuberance and openness of a child. Her directness of communication was refreshing. We got the chance to peer into

the minds and hearts of today's teens, both the materialists and the non-materialists.

She related how her generation is interacting with each other - their fears and motivations, their hopes and aspirations and their distancing from what they believe to be a world in chaos. She shared some great wisdom.

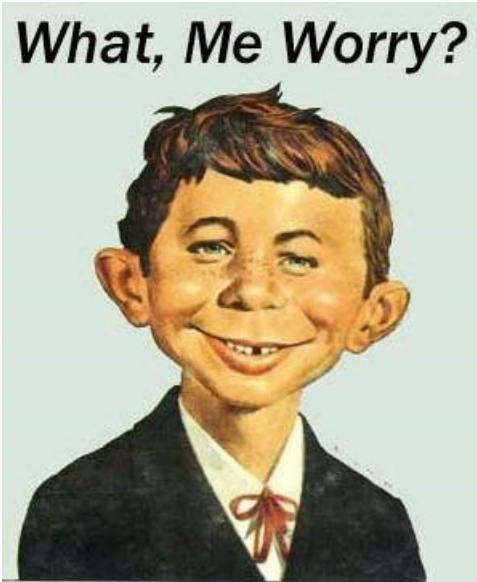
Listening to her stories of young life, we were able to see that there are an increasing number of truly sensitive teens developing in a world that doesn't truly meet their needs. The old regimen of school activities serves a purpose yet doesn't address the emotional and spiritual needs of this generation, who question authority more than any generation to date.

Youth are finding ways to accept each other more openly, learning to work together and share their stories with each other, horrific as some of them may be. An obvious need established during audience interaction was gathering places for these teens to feel safe and able to explore the larger issues in life.

Many have no role models, and the current gathering places available, such as Boys and Girls Clubs, just don't interest them. They seem to desire an environment where they have access to wisdom, yet are encouraged and nurtured to help them find their own answers. Teen clubs or these sorts are rare indeed. Shall we get busy and create some?

Maybe we'll get a better idea of the future by listening more to our youth? Most of them seemed to be distracted by the digital world, smart phones and video games.

The events were short-lived, but we learned a lot about the task ahead of us. We knew it would be some time before the condition of our educational system would warrant such in-depth exploration and development of new programs, but we had a plan to help. After all, it was about the 'Work' as Jill had announced to me when we first met.



Zendor Goes to Hollywood

I got a call shortly after our last event in April. It was from a friend living in Hollywood, CA. He had been introduced to some very interesting folks with a variety of projects and thought I'd be able to lend a hand from a project management perspective. My work in Phoenix had disappeared and it seemed the door was opening elsewhere in perfect timing.

A month later I was in Hollywood. Hollywood and LA are nothing if not full of powerful personalities trying to get things done. The apartment we had was just a block off Hollywood Boulevard and LaBrea tucked away behind some beautiful landscaping and fruit trees that blocked the view from the street. It was like a little bit of paradise tucked away amidst the city. There were only a dozen units and everyone knew each other so it was like a nice extended family.

One of the projects had to do with creating curriculum using television shows that the students already watch; consistent with the 'meet them where they are at' philosophy of advertising and marketing genius. I thought it was brilliant and jumped right in to the mix. The business plan was sound, yet it turned out the visionary was a little challenged in his own life, meeting financial obligations with his family through flipping homes.

He had been an actor, riding the wave of attention his sister received as one of the child stars of the day in Little House on the Prairie. He had developed some great connections and relationships, yet his follow-through lacked the tenacity necessary. As with many artists and visionaries, his energy was distracted and I soon found myself as part of his work crew. I'd had some remodeling experience, so I have to admit it was enjoyable but it was not what I was there to do and our paths soon parted.

Recentering back at the apartment, there were several other items on the group's list of to dos. There were alternative technologies being investigated as well as something that was particularly interesting and very much on the fringe of anyone's experience. One of the guys had befriended some folks that were in the midst of attempting to convert some very controversial financial instruments into working capital.

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Apparently there was a long history with these instruments that spanned decades of involvement with what one might call the ‘shadow’ government; those who were involved with global activities that drive planetary administration and international development of programs most of us never hear about, let alone engage. They influence world events.

While all that was going on we visited several metaphysical gatherings around the LA area. One was at a well-known actor’s home in Malibu, where I ran into one of the founders of the Whole Life Expo. He had solicited me to put an event on in Phoenix about a year after the Prophets Conference.

Our negotiations included the potential of an office on Venice Beach eventually, but when I asked him to put some skin into the game, funds to get me started, the conversation waned and I never heard from him again.

We hadn’t met personally, so I knew when I introduced myself at this meeting that he’d have some kind of reaction. I wasn’t sure just what, though. When I did I watched as he shifted in his seat, looking a bit uncomfortable. I had heard much about his lack of integrity after our initial conversation, so his body language spoke volumes to affirm my suspicions. I didn’t trust him and with good reason. I won’t say anything more now.

It seemed like a lot of my interactions with folks around the LA area was an education in just observing and being aware of the intuitive sensations that came along with listening to pitches and observing body language. It was rare that I felt any real solid connections. Not surprising in the land of the push and pull of pitches for attention and money.

Money has never been the first order of business for me, but I know that in order for ideas to come to fruition there has to be some financing somewhere along the line.

One evening three of us attended a meeting in Pacific Palisades. It was at a townhome that was up on a hill overlooking the ocean. It had a beautiful view indeed and the host was a woman who channeled various entities. This evening’s gathering was going to include a channeling of Isis. I’d been to a few channelings as you might recall.

As we were traveling there I reflected on a conversation I had with an elderly man, Wolfgang Krause, back when I was living in the AUM house in north central Phoenix. He was an old mechanical engineer that had worked on the V2 rockets and was recruited to the US for his expertise.

When I met him he was retired. He was in his early 70s at the time and had turned his attention to metaphysics and researching past lives. One of his goals was to find the original signers of the Declaration of Independence. One of our first conversations began with his queries of me regarding my feelings about Isis. I had an affinity for her that I never really quite understood, but it was undeniably there.

As we talked further he went into detail about what he was ‘picking up’ from me and that my affinity for her had to do with something much deeper and more on the fringe than I was probably ready to hear. He talked some about the history of Isis and Osiris before dropping a piece of information that was really hard for me to take. He told me that I carried the father/mother energy of Osiris.

Now I was not inclined to automatically accept what he said, however appealing it was. However, it did trigger an immediate recall of the symbol I had drawn some years before, just after moving to Phoenix.

The symbol had both the right and left eye of Horus as the first two images I drew. According to Egyptian lore, this meant total protection – from what I wasn’t real clear, but it seemed to indicate protection from all malevolent forces.

So back to the Isis channeling... The woman opened the evening with some brief introductions and a request to forgive Lucifer for starting the rebellion. Now I’d had some deep discussions with Jesus and others on many occasions regarding my concerns about the misinterpretation of Lucifer’s mission.

It just never made sense that the Most High Angel of Light and Music would ever fail in his appointed duties. If one understands the nature of celestial consciousness and vibratory rates it is just impossible to function outside its natural integrity.

I considered that in order for consciousness to condense into form, even though I cannot fathom the exact process, there

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would need to be one to begin the process so others could follow. It just seemed logical.

It is quite clear to me that the mistranslation of ‘condensed’ to ‘fallen’ was the perfect angle for the early spin-doctors to fall into the classic human duality framework. The sin (missing the mark) is understandable considering the limited knowledge of the day and the blasphemous notion of man becoming god. We know different now.

So I took issue with the host and spoke up. I explained that Lucifer didn’t need forgiveness as it was lack of understanding the ultimate service that was provided, in spite of all the projections of condemnation from millennia of misunderstanding. I suggested that his service defined the ultimate love and sacrifice at the hands of human ignorance. My demeanor was soft and warm rather than confrontational and I was surprised that several others spoke up in agreement. It was the first time my views had ever met any acceptance.

Considering the issue resolved, I suppose, the host continued with her preparation for the channeling. As she opened her mouth to speak, the first utterings were directed toward me. “I recognize your voice from long ago, echoing in the halls of Amenti.” I wasn’t sure if she was legit or just making up for the egg on her face. I’d heard of the Halls of Amenti, but I really wasn’t sure exactly where they were.

Later I found a couple of references, one about Egyptian folklore and the other about Atlantis. Both referenced a storehouse of knowledge and wisdom. If she was speaking from an authentic and truthful place, I thought, then this only exacerbates the quandary I continue to experience.

I longed for someone to help me understand my life without getting all weird about it. Too often it felt like I was constantly being challenged energetically, whether words were uttered or not in response, no matter how gentle and softly I spoke.

The balance of the channeling was about the ascension of consciousness, which validated the understanding I’d garnered so many years ago. It felt good to hear it, although the majority of the folks listening were still challenged in their comprehension, let alone actualizing it in their own lives.

It seemed like most of the people, in this group and among those I've encountered, tend to make things considerably more difficult than the simple choice and commitment that was necessary. I guess we all tend to make simple things complicated so we feel it has more value.

After the meeting several people came over to compliment me for speaking out. They all said they had never heard anyone present the information like I did and that it resonated in their hearts. My friends were talking to others as well and we all seemed to finish about the same time and assembled for our trip home. Just as we were about ready to leave a slightly younger guy walked up to us with a gleam in his eye I had rarely seen.

He started off with, "Hey, my name is Carl. This is gonna sound really strange. Jesus told me I have to tell you guys about the house I'm renting. You've got to come and see it. I'm only about 5 minutes away, just south of Sunset on PCH. You gotta come check it out!"

We all looked at each other and nodded as though it was not surprising to have yet another unexpected gift. It seemed we were encountering them a lot. Carl said it was a 37 acre canyon with a house just across from the beach just a few minutes away. We agreed to go as it was only minutes away.

It was just after midnight and as we followed him, there was an acknowledgement of a potential spiritual explosion... joyous and serene. Heck, being around the ocean was always cool.

We followed Carl into this drive that was barely visible. If you didn't know it was there it was easy to miss. He invited us in and gave us a quick tour. It was a three bedroom house with a glass lined room overlooking the drive and the ocean was visible from there as well. Carl's drums took up one end of it. There was a nicely carved picnic table in the other end.

During our tour I felt a slight disturbance in my solar plexus. It was enough to give me pause for reflection. Being an empath, I'm used to psychic impressions and simply took a focused breath and cleared the energy as I had learned to do long ago. I gave it no further thought at the time, although I was curious as to its nature.

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We spent about an hour or so in the house, being given the nickel tour and then Carl escorted us on a journey to the rear of the canyon, about a half-mile walk. The moonlight provided some nice ambiance and the lights from the houses around the rim gave the canyon some definition.

There was a field of fennel that paralleled the dirt road and a creek adjacent to it with a small waterfall visible from the road about half-way back where the canyon wall comes out a bit from its gentle slope back. The canyon then opens again to another field of fennel (these plants were at least a couple of meters high at the time) lined by piles of dirt from semi-sized dump trucks.

Just beyond the dirt was an opening near the end where there was a house on the rim of the north side with half its back porch hanging in space. One of LA's larger tremors had dislodged the earth under it. The retaining wall was now under construction just below this surreal sight.

The road made a turn toward this area and this sharp corner is where one of us continued east while the 3 of us stood to talk a moment. It was about 2 am at this time and the moon's glow shown on the north wall, leaving us in semi-shadowed light. Carl turned to Matt and I and said he needed to tell us something else about the house and didn't know how we'd take it. So he told the two of us about a double murder that had occurred in the house some decades before and that the spirits were still there.

Lindsey Wagner (Bionic Woman fame) had lived there just before him, moving because they had not been able to get the spirits to leave. Carl related that he didn't really believe in the stuff until some pretty obvious signs began appearing. Then he tried to oust them.

Too many things made 'coincidence' seem a bit of a stretch; objects disappearing and reappearing in different places in the house, doors opening and closing, noises that had no physical source and oh, even some shadowy figures seen by several of their friends. At times an overwhelming sense of anger was felt by more sensitive visitors who felt it necessary to comment on their feelings.

Carl and his roommates had several people of various claims, from psychic to shaman, come there with the purpose of getting these two spirits to move on to whatever place was next. I had sensed the disturbance as well, moved the energy out of the house through the use of my breath and internal energy management, and not said a word about it to anyone in the process. Heck, we'd just arrived and I wasn't sure how to broach the subject in such a short time.

So I figured I'd wait and see what transpired. It was my experience that when things needed to be addressed or brought out, there was always a pregnant pause for a moment that birthed the opportunity.

I told him they were gone now as it 'resonated' with my actions previously precipitated by the feeling of the disturbance earlier in the house. I didn't know for sure until the next scene of our 'play' in the canyon. It was exquisite and perfectly timed.

At that time Stephen, the 4th member of our party, walked up and without hesitation announced that there were a couple of dead people further on up the canyon and that it seemed like they did not want to leave. I felt validated instantly.

Carl was unaware of our various psychic gifts until that point. His jaw dropped as I turned to him and said, "Told ya." Stephen had a curious look on his face, so I asked Carl to tell him about the murders, and I stepped back from the group to see if I could see them too. Trust but verify... truth stands always.

I normally can 'see' when I close my eyes and turn on the screen. I could not this time, although I got the distinct impression to 'blow' a portal in my mind/heart. I couldn't tell you whether it was verbal instructions, gut feelings, or empathic knowing and I certainly wasn't going to ignore it. So, without hesitation, I did what was asked.

As I directed the breath with intention I saw a shaft of light appear several yards in front of me, like 'molten' light with cracks of pure white light amidst the already bright shaft with a pure white parabola at the bottom. I have to admit that this was not a normal experience for me. I was just as dumbfounded by the whole process as anyone, yet there was something within me that guided it.

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When the white parabolic doorway appeared or opened, the two became visible just a few yards in front of it. I couldn't distinguish clothing of any kind, although their bodies were apparent. They were looking at me and I got the impression of, "who the hell are you?" I simply said to them telepathically, "You can go if you want," as I motioned with my hand toward the lighted portal.

They looked at it, looked back at me, turned and walked in. I paused for a moment in awe and potential denial and then returned to the group a few feet away.

The experience only took just a few moments and I needed some validation. I asked Stephen to look again now. He looked and turned back to me and said, "Damn you're quick!"

I shared with them what I had experienced in the house and 'blowing' the portal and had to admit I had no idea what was going to happen as a result of his, or should I say Jesus' invitation to the canyon. Each one of us had awareness beyond the daily experience of most people, yet they all combined for this interesting, albeit metaphysical, experience we shared in that moment.

We all agreed the experience had a nice resonance of completion, at least for the time being. We felt as kindred brethren and voiced our desire to create something together. I left for Chilé a couple of days later. Once the portal was created I had no thoughts of closure so evidently it stayed open.

Having that experience, shared by others, leaves a lasting impact on one's life. I dare say that to share the story sounds almost incredulous, yet it happened. For what larger purpose I can only speculate.

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While working on Mission: Earth Dance, Diana had also begun a similar event to our Mission: Earth Dance in Phoenix, called “Danza de la Tierra” or Dance of the Earth, which was held in Valparaiso, Chilé in a historic cultural center.

I was thrilled to have such activity happening with the two loves of my life at the time. I have to say it was rather surreal and yet so powerfully down to earth.

While living in Hollywood Diana and I had regular chats online. She invited me to come to Chilé for a month, leaving just before my birthday. I was ecstatic and looked forward to seeing her and meeting many others who were associated with the Ashtar Command in Chilé. I sensed some important discoveries were going to be made, but I had no idea of the magnitude at the time. I just took it day by day.

I also felt a bit conflicted emotionally, caring deeply for both her and Jill. I let Jill know that I was going there and trusted that things would all work out in perfect order. I knew that I had to be honest and open; transparency keeps one in integrity when there is more than a personal relationship involved. This visit had more to do with my quest.

I was staying in a two-story 3-bedroom apartment; part of a small complex built back in the 30s. The building was U-shaped with a planter full of large exotic ferns in the center that blocked the view from the street. The landscaping made it feel like a little piece of paradise. The other tenants were friendly and warm; most of them part of the group.

A week before I left, I was meditating in the living room of the apartment. I don't normally 'see' stuff, but all of a sudden I found myself looking into a reptilian eye (as big as myself) and as I continued to look, with no emotion, it pulled away and revealed the rest of its form.. a huge cobra snake, only the neck was not extended as it would be in 'fight' mode.

I knew this was a female for some reason, with her head about the size of the apartment I was in. She began talking to me in a teasing/provocative sort of way, and I returned the banter...with a bit more of an edge, purposefully teasing her.

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Well, next thing I knew I was in her throat. Bam... She struck and swallowed me with lightning speed. I thought I must've hit a nerve or was a little too edgy in my comments. I couldn't believe how fast she was. I thought about trying to get out and then realized that it was impossible.

No sooner than I had the thought of letting go, realizing it was impossible to free myself and resigned to having to come back again if didn't make it out, she put me back just as quick as she struck. I was dazed for a moment.

Standing in front of her now, she began explaining the she could do that at any time, but that was not her desire or purpose. She was there to help me as it was important that I be aware of her. Instantly I saw another cobra to my left... a male... same size. I was mesmerized by the scene.

She told me that they were going to show me some things that I could not talk about. Shoot, nobody would believe me if I did. I'm well aware of the blow offs I get because my direct experience is out of the realms of nearly everyone else's.

Nearly immediately I found myself looking through the male's eyes at my body in front of them. I was on this circular platform that seemed to be suspended in mid-air with darkness all around it and within a few seconds, I was looking through the female's eyes at my body as well. Then, just as quickly I was back in front of them. Made my head spin for sure.

That much I can share.

What I didn't get at the time is that these two were both parts of ME, which became clear over time. I'm kinda slow sometimes as I get caught up in the 'awe' of the moment and don't connect personal relationships or identity indicators until later. I suppose that is part of the innate humility and unattached ego I've developed because of the travails that began as a youth. It's taken 40 some odd years to get there... not a comfortable trip at all... lol, and I've almost made it.

In my research and study, though, I came to know that the serpents were the wisdom keepers. They appear in all the ancient cultures and texts; known as the Kumara, Jedhi, Amaru, Quetzalcoatl, Naga, Dragon and more. What better beings to hold the keys to understanding and wisdom of the universe.

A week later I was in the air. Seventeen hours later we landed in Santiago. Diana was at the gate, waiting for me just outside of customs. We embraced and I felt the same deep union I felt before, no words were spoken... only the hum of our heart and the “mmmmm” of our voices. What a way to land!

My arrival caused an upheaval in her family life for the duration of my stay, but it did not impede our work together. Apparently the estranged relationship with the father of her boys (3 and 5 at the time) was not as distant as perceived. He was still living in the house, even though he had a room by himself on the third floor. I felt really uncomfortable.

When I first arrived he came out of the house and I could feel the pain in his heart immediately. I walked up to him, looked him in the eyes and put my hand on his heart. I told him I felt his pain, but somehow we both had to get beyond this human emotion because there was something greater in store for both of us. It is excruciating for anyone to go through this process.

A typical insecure man, he thought I had come there just to have sex and be in a relationship with her. I knew that was not the reason I was there, but try as I might he would not believe there was much more to my visit than a romantic encounter. To appease him temporarily, I began my stay in a one-bedroom cottage not far from their home.

I was distraught over the apparent pain that he was experiencing, but I could do nothing about it. They needed to work it out. The cottage was a comfortable, yet simple, environment with no TV or telephone. It was quite soothing to be honest. The first morning I was awakened in this wonderful land by a male Spanish voice. It came out of nowhere.

The words of welcome he spoke are etched in my heart forever, "La Familia del Norte," was all he said. I heard it as though he was standing right next to me, a deeply soft low resonating voice. I opened my eyes to an empty room. It was then I knew my trip had much more importance than I may have first realized. The experience was better than any movie script – it was alive and organic. This was just the first morning.

It was my first trip outside the country in years and to be so welcomed by everyone was a bit overwhelming. I felt like a distinguished guest so humbled by the loving tenderness of

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these folks. During my stay we visited several groups, professionals who were openly metaphysicians that were involved in continued social reform as the transformation from dictatorship to democracy continues to plague some important areas of community support in Chilé.

One of the most interesting places was a Waldorf school in Limache, developed and run by Angelica and Jorge Gomez Ramos. A black llama had been born on the grounds less than an hour before we arrived. Llamas are a sacred animal to the indigenous folks, so this was another sign of the magical mystery tour I was being guided through.

We were shown a magnificent gentle sloped grounds nestling part of the Andes, I believe. The school building was turn of the century architecture and built by Jorge's father and grandfather. He also taught Architecture at the Universidad de Santiago and was incorporating plans for the school's expansion into architecture programs for the youth as they grew into high school years.

Waldorf Schools generally only go through grade school, K-8 at the most. The educational philosophy's overarching goals are to provide young people the basis on which to develop into free, morally responsible and integrated individuals, and to help every child fulfill his or her unique destiny, the existence of which anthroposophy posits

I had a wonderful discussion with Jorge, later in the day, regarding the shift in humanity that is beginning to be felt throughout the world. We sat in the huge study of the restored house on the corner of the property, rebuilt with funds Jorge had acquired from the Waldorf Foundation in Stuttgart, Germany.

The grounds, school, and Jorge had a very special vibe about them, such that one could sense the deeply connected spiritual atmosphere. He was an ardent student of Rudolf Steiner and shared some wonderful insights he'd learned through his many years, nearly 70 at the time. Jorge was a truly rich man.

Although he was probably more realistic than I at the time, I shared my personal mission to connect the points of light as a means to convey the closeness of a greater reality. I enjoyed being able to discuss openly the issues we both saw as

important in building a better world through compassion and collaboration. I felt a deep connection with him.

Another heart-warming place was an orphanage in Kyoto a few miles away. The beautiful smiles and warm hugs from the children made it a special place indeed. The children all treated me with affection and kindness, even with the language barrier, and there were many hugs to go around. We had dinner with these resilient children, which consisted of a biscuit with butter and a cup of tea.

This was middle of winter for them and although winters were mild, the buildings only had small kerosene heaters to provide warmth. The children in both locations took part in the agricultural production at each location during the growing season. The Novalis (Waldorf) School was on 40 acres and the orphanage was on about 5 acres.

This particular location also had starter beds, a well with an electric pump, and greenhouse. It was my hopes to return to the United States and find resources to help to support the orphanage and the Waldorf School. 9-11 took the wind out of many sails. I hope someday to return.

I was invited to the July Danza de la Tierra event in Valparaiso. The meeting was in a beautiful turn of the century building with architecture and wooden floors that gave an ambience of near-royalty or at least a deep sense of cultural heritage. There was an alter set up at the front of the room with the symbols of earth, fire, air, and water as well as various other symbols of reverence to life. Diana was quite the ceremonialist.

My beloved partner opened the event with a call for humility and surrender to ALL THAT IS, so that we may all focus on the present and give it our fullest. She then opened the floor for any opening comments. Several stood to speak.

There were about 50 in attendance from all walks of professional endeavors, corporate to social services. There was a gentleman, a retired radio executive that spoke of his 'zen' experience the day before while riding a bicycle. It was a wonderful tale full of metaphors and anecdotes.

He also drew a circle, which became a yin/yang, on the board and used it as he gave a simple, yet passionate explanation of

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how he felt we all fit together. My partner had to translate because I could not interpret very well. Still, the essence of his heart-felt expression touched me deeply.

Next, an elderly woman with fire in her brilliant blue eyes stood up and addressed the group. She spoke of how his circle related to some other sacred geometric symbols, which she also drew on the board, and how they too related to our ONENESS. To my surprise she also told of an 'eyes open' vision she had while sitting in the room as the program opened.

She told the group that she saw me standing 5 meters tall dressed in white garments with a very large open book in my arms. There was another standing on each side of me dressed in the same white garments that were shining as if they were light. She pointed toward me and told the audience that I was the one they had been waiting for and to listen closely to my words.

As my partner was translating this to me I felt like I wanted to disappear. I was not prepared for such an introduction, as it was so humbling that I did not want to address it any further. I felt like much was expected of me and I simply had to let go and let my heart speak to theirs.

I opened with, 'Mi corazon habla tu corazon,' my heart speaks to your heart. It was nonetheless quite an intriguing experience of serendipitous synchronicity. The symbols were above the bullet points of the presentation, so I left them and near the end of the presentation drew them back into how they fit into conscientious project planning. It made for a really nice close that was planned more perfectly than I could have imagined.

I had been asked to prepare a presentation on project management, which I thought would last for the morning session. I wanted to offer the gist of my training through education and practical experience.

Although I had been successful in the corporate environment, my heart was set on bringing people together to set and achieve goals worthy of a new world order, one of spiritual solidarity and service to mankind. I knew this was part of my mission.

I gave this presentation mostly in English, with a little poor Spanish thrown in, yet there were several translators who opted to help and we all enjoyed the process, making sure there were

plenty of laughs at and with this gringo from the North. I was given the entire day instead, and there was much interaction that brought a real sense of communion.

Many spoke openly of their personal activities with various groups and the challenge of working in harmony toward common goals. Others spoke of the difficulty in preparing specific plans for things they knew needed to change and yet they did not feel 'intelligent' enough to develop working plans for change. I was obviously there to help, even if was just to assure them that intelligence was not the primary factor; heart-centered action and tenacity ultimately provides a win/win for all. There are plenty of educated idiots.

It was quite a warm and friendly atmosphere with a willingness to share deeply, much different than in the United States now. Even at metaphysical gatherings, people in the US are often at a distance emotionally. You can actually feel the difference in the people's energy if you are sensitive.

The South American culture seems much more heart-centered than in the United States. I noticed it particularly when I came back and immediately jumped into an event production leadership role. North Americans are so much in their heads with detail and delusions of controlling events. There is a certain amount of control, but it is done through anticipation of needs and preparation to meet them.

A gentleman came up to me after the meeting in Valparaiso and acknowledged the 'zen' approach I had used and its heart-centeredness. His statement meant a lot to me, showing I had been able to communicate well. I could tell Arnau was going to make a difference in many people's lives.

The following weekend we were invited to a meeting of the Mission RAMA in Santiago. I had no awareness of this group as of yet, at least on the outer planes of consciousness in my awareness. The only thing that I was told is that it would be a meeting of several smaller groups gathering to discuss opening an 'inner earth portal' in Argentina within the next couple of weeks. I wasn't clear on the date.

I was intrigued to say the least. I had 'imagined' working with 'portals' for many years during particular times of meditation and wondered if this would be similar. I hadn't heard of anyone

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in the US doing this kind of work to date. We arrived at an apartment complex and were greeted most graciously by the entire group of nearly 30 in a one-bedroom apartment living room. It was tight, but very comfortable.

I most enjoyed their greeting style, which was a hug and a kiss on the cheek for everyone, male and female alike as open affection is encouraged and demonstrates the warmth of the heart. I find Americans are often constricted by such openness of affection and consideration for others.

The meeting proceeded, in Spanish, with my partner translating for me again. One of the young men could speak English fluently so there were some exchanges with him. After a few minutes of old business, and briefly discussing their plans for the coming trip, the elder of the group (late 50s) began to talk about a vision he had earlier in the week.

He described an image of two cones, one upside down upon the other, with wavy lines of various types appearing to enter the top and come out the bottom, compressing in the center on the way through. He did not understand what it meant.

I was familiar with the image he described, a vortex within the hearts of all, and asked if he would like me to explain it. His eyes beamed with the glow of an expectant child immediately. I wondered if I could share as much in Spanish, but found that I had to rely on my partner to do so.

It took some minutes of explanation (the process was a bit slow) as I related an explanation of pure sharable energy available in the bliss of heartspace and how this image was a graphical representation of this pulsing energy moving in and out of the center of our being- our heart of hearts if you will.

It is that essence that connects us to All That Is in every heartbeat. At the center of consciousness in the body one can even feel the bio-electric pulse at the core of our collective consciousness.

My spirit was pouring out a wonderfully integrated message that, again, I could not have imagined being more simple and understandable regardless of the language constraints. I was even able to construct some points in Spanish and still have them comprehended, which warmed my heart.

As I continued with detailing how incorporating the awareness of the pulse was applied to our daily lives, allow us to enjoy walking in the new living awareness of ONENESS. I gave some specific examples of how one could feel this energy during interactions with others and how to anchor it further into the daily living experience. My words flowed effortlessly.

The atmosphere felt so warm and open that it was quite easy to allow the time necessary for translation, with questions for clarity, as I normally move right along with instruction in English. I felt like an honored guest.

As I was nearing the end of the explanation of the elder's vision, a young woman sitting to my right asked, "Como te llamas?" What is your name? I answered, "Zendor." Immediately another young man in his early 30s asked in English, "What was your name?" I gave the same reply, and began to wonder why they were asking now, as I had introduced myself to everyone upon arrival. I was perplexed to say the least.

Then a third, another woman, asked again with an air of confusion... "Como te llamas?" I replied again, slightly annoyed and yet I knew something else was afoot. I could feel it in my being. Then I asked my partner to find out what the heck was going on. She asked the young woman to my right about the question of my name. They talked in Spanish for a moment.

What I found out suddenly made sense regarding my inner explorations over the past decades. I had not shared them with anyone. I couldn't even articulate them, yet, and I knew it would sound like I was on acid or something. Still, I had been profoundly aware of entire 'projects' with other beings in dimensions most can only imagine, which I seemed to be a well-informed and participative individual, or at least I hoped. Sometimes I'm not sure.

I often lead the work of completion once the parameters of the project had been discussed. Many of these 'projects' had to do with inner worlds accessible only through 'portals' that often look like honeycombs from a distance.

I knew of this yet, for obvious reasons, had not shared it with anyone to date. The reply was that this group was founded some years before by a man who had been contacted by

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extraterrestrials in Peru. Mission Rahma is well known in the metaphysical circles in South America today.

He was told to form groups in Central and South America with the purpose of learning how and to open inner earth portals in specific locations. The information, over time, was being ‘channeled’ by various individuals regarding the specifics.

The group was told that they were working with 49 guides from multiple dimensions, only one of which was physically incarnate and acted as the liaison for the other 48. His name is Xendor, pronounced Zendor in English of course.

I felt so vulnerable and yet amazingly real at the time that it was hard to hold back the tears of connection one feels when such a deep resonant chord is found. I bowed graciously and made a silly comment to lighten my own load, which brought much laughter from the group. I had a chance to quickly catch everyone’s eye.

A young man spoke in perfect English, “Do you have a guide?” “Yes, his name is Zephyr,” I said. I told them a bit about Zephyr, but I declined to channel. I felt it unnecessary for the purpose of the discussion. He looked disappointed. I took a deep breath and spoke.

“I very humbled by your kind reception,” as I looked around the room and made sure I connected with everyone. “I’m really no one special. You can get answers to anything you want to know within. You each have a direct connection to infinite intelligence; you just don’t trust it yet. You just need to ask the right questions.” Like most, they wanted to get answers from outside themselves.

My impression was that they had to find it on their own through their heart-soul connection within each of them. I told the young man who asked that all the answers he would ever need are within his own heart and that is the place where he needed to go to ask the questions. He seemed disappointed, but did not push.

I did go on to say that now, since they all had seen me in person and looked into my eyes, they could imagine my face and look into my eyes and ask the questions. Even though the telepathic connection may exist, the answers still come from within and that is most important. They all had access.

I could have done what he requested, however that is no longer appropriate for me as a spiritual being. We all have a direct connect. Trouble is... most don't trust it. People who have not ascended to their birthright, of a spiritual being, often get lost in the maze. As a spiritual being, we have direct access to information from Source, God, Creator, et al.

As Jesus taught, "Ask, Seek and Knock." The rest is a matter of Divine Law and Surrender. What out for the quantum entanglement that follows, though. It can be a real mind bender.

Diana and I met somewhere in the ethers a couple of years before we actually connected on the physical plane. I remembered her from a vision I had as I watched her plane pull back from the gate at Sky Harbor. The image surfaced out of nowhere, with perfect timing.

She was the product of a Russian immigrant that was a phenomenal mechanical engineer and a Chilean woman also of eastern European decent.

I look like a mixed breed of European decent as well, although I have not been able to trace my terrestrial heritage as my adoption and birth records have both been lost and unavailable.

Her initial 'look' in the vision that I had was of aggravated impatience, like she wanted me to 'hurry up' in some way. We had no verbal or telepathic communication at that moment, just the gaze. I felt her impatience in person as well.

When we met in person, she relayed a story about a dream/vision she had just a week or so before we physically met in the United States. She said that she was escorted by the father of her two youngest boys, whom she was still living with in Chil , to one who seemed like a leader among leaders. He was very powerful in that leadership.

She acknowledged this as being Ashtar, well-known amongst the metaphysical community as the Commander in Chief of the Galactic Fleet for this area. I wasn't sure what was coming next.

He told her that he was going to introduce her to his son, a long-standing cosmic mate of sorts, and that they would be together for a while and then not. He then introduced her to his 'son'... me... and left us alone. Now what was I supposed to do?

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We gazed into each other's eyes for a moment after we hugged, still embracing. Then we kissed. Her description of the kiss was as two serpents' tongues searching the depths of each other, finding union and birthing a third 'energy' in the process. I could only imagine the feeling, but I found out what it was like a few days later. Her description was seductive.

Now, upon our initial face-to-face meeting we both knew we knew each other somehow, yet neither one of our previous 'dream/visions' were in our conscious recognition at the time. My appearance in her life created great confusion and emotional trauma to her intimate other. It was a reversal of my previous position with my ex-wife, and Diana had four children.

Still, she felt that it was necessary for us to share the time together and invited me to Chilé. During the month there I had several conversations with her intimate other, full of sound and fury on his part and attempts at persuasion on my part, hoping that he could see the 'big picture' reason for our time together and rise above his personal distraught.

Beyond all the wonderful experiences of my time there (with others), I felt somehow responsible for causing emotional pain and harm to their 'family' of several years. When I returned to the U.S., I continued to ponder the significance of our relationship and the immediate impact on our lives.

We both continued to act as if we were going to join in living together and pursue our Work. The week she was to fly to LA and help me prepare to pack up and move to Chilé, the towers came down and all flights were cancelled. I still was not sure what it all meant. Maybe it had something to do with a previous event, but the result kept me in America.

Meanwhile when I was preparing to speak at the Gathering of Souls, I had met another through a vision as I was preparing to deliver a presentation at the event where Diana and I met.

This woman in my vision simply said, "Okay, are you ready to get to work?" Of course I agreed and off we went. I met her in person about 2 months later in Phoenix. Seems I have premonitions of every significant relationship I've had in this life. It's a bit eerie and I love it.

I told her about everything, being brutally honest (as she called it), and that I needed to be able to follow through with this cycle of connections - where ever it led. She allowed me to do so while remaining in a 'loving' state of acceptance to our work together as well. I had not had this kind of acceptance in my life to date. I was a bit confused by it all, honestly.

It made me uncomfortable because I was used to people saying one thing and doing another emotionally. She did not.... and Diana and her (Jill) actually met in person shortly after the Gathering of Souls event. Diana came to America to visit me and I requested that they both meet each other as it was important to the integrity of our relationships.

They agreed and we all met in a teepee at a friend's home in Phoenix, near the border of Scottsdale. The two of them hugged, kissed, hugged again and remained in each other's arms for a few moments gazing into each other's eyes in silence and love. I felt soooooo loved too, that I cried at the openness they demonstrated to each other. Love was in the air and no one could deny its presence.

Months afterward, after moving back to Phoenix from LA and coming to terms with the fact that I was not moving to Chile after all... I came to the place of unconditional love in my relationship with Jill. In doing so, I recognized that at least part of my experience in Chile was to live out the judgment I had for my ex-wife's behavior at the end of our marriage. She brought another man into our relationship, gaining permission from me for him to live with us.

What did she expect?

It was one of the toughest decisions I've ever made, knowing that somehow my acceptance and allowance of her desires would benefit us all. He had shared a vision that he had of my wife while in the mountains north of Phoenix where he was told he was supposed to come and take care of her and our children while I carried out my mission.

I didn't buy it at the time, but I grew from it.

As bizarre as it may seem, I knew in my heart that the essence of the vision was true. However, my humanness took over and after a few weeks I asked him to leave as I could not take the

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emotional trauma any longer. I became angry at my wife for even asking me to do this in the first place. I felt betrayed, manipulated and violated.

So, my experience in Chilé was from the opposite side of the coin so that I could see the importance of allowing Divine Will to prevail, even when I didn't consciously or emotionally understand what was happening at the time.

I learned a great lesson there, and hoped that I had not done irreparable damage to Diana's family in the process. Jill taught me, through this process of my own, that love prevails as well, when you let go of attachment to outcome and pray for the best for all involved. We are truly blessed in this life. I hope that my sharing may help whoever reads this.

My mind and heart were full of love and contentment in this beautiful land of the Mapuche. I wear their symbols still, a male and female deity, as an honored connection to these people. They happen to be in the form of earrings I purchased from a craftsperson in an old Mercado in Santiago. She had all the signs of being a sorceress, although I never actually asked.

So much is left out of our modern day religious teachings, with little mentioned of the feminine aspect of our celestial heritage. Yet, if one delves into the historical presentations from ancient texts there is plenty to ponder. A patriarchal presentation of truth is what we seem to have today, exemplified by nearly all of our societal structures.

It would seem that the evolution of our religions, societal norms and even corporate structures would include the preponderance of evidence that something is missing. The return of the feminine leadership in our material and spiritual endeavors could well be the answer we've all been seeking.

Isis to Las Pulgas

When I returned from Chile a month later, I was picked up at LAX and returned to Las Pulgas first. We had been working to create an eco-fair and concert in mid-August even while I was in Chile. I kept in touch to assist with anything I could do electronically. Our network was growing and it was important to be available and respond to questions from sponsors and vendors quickly.

When I arrived at the house, one of the first things that happened was with a Doberman Pincher that belonged to woman that had a small trailer on the property. It was protective of the area and was not shy in letting people know they were infringing on its territory.

Carl and I were standing above the house on one of the tiers of concrete left some years earlier when the canyon was used as a highway maintenance depot and storage area. Rico came up behind me silently, nudged my leg, lay down and rolled over so I could rub his belly. As I was giving him attention Carl was beside himself visibly, probably wondering why Rico was responding so differently to me now.

Rico had never done that with anyone. Carl was really surprised at Rico's behavior and made a comment about the response, wondering what had happened to me in Chile to precipitate that kind of welcome from Rico. I told him my heart was more open than it had been in a long time and Rico's response was possibly a reflection that he could sense.

I asked him about the portal and if there was anything that happened since that night. He said he'd seen many spirit bodies heading toward the portal at night and couldn't understand how he was now able to see them. He shared several stories of 'sightings' of spirit-bodied people, luminescent and translucent, moving toward the portal, including being seen by his house mates and others. Evidently it was working well.

It appeared that I'd opened a doorway for the hundreds of 'trapped' or 'hesitant' spirits in the area to move on into their next phase of life. Carl invited me to stay there at least until after the event. I was excited about the prospects since Gaia-Fest was moving forward nicely and we'd just picked up Whole

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Foods as a sponsor. They were going to provide a food stand and supply bottled water for the event.

The top tier of the remnants of the highway depot was what was left of a large building, with a cement floor about 100x200 feet and a cement block wall on two sides that held the canyon wall at bay. I decided to use that as my bedroom.

The weather was conducive and I had an air mattress, sleeping bag and pillow. The cement slabs were still intact so I cleaned off an area and it stayed free of little critters and crawly things. My first night I went to sleep listening to crickets, frogs, the surf and the creek that ran along the north side of the canyon.

I woke up to the caw of ravens and screech of hawks on their morning search for food. I was in heaven in this nature-filled experience. I'm sure most people would take one look at my 'bedroom' and think I was surely out of their element.

We converted a storage room under the house into a downstairs office. It was about a 10 by 25 foot room that had its own secure entrance, electricity, cable hookup for the internet and phone line. With several desks and computers it made the perfect setting for meetings, so we coordinated everything from there.

On the first tier we put a couple dozen body workers, psychic readers and other metaphysical vendors with a variety of wares. On the second tier we had a couple hundred Paulownia trees, a demonstration area for green technologies and a large screen TV with presentations on eco-villages running continuously.

The top tier was our stage area that looked over the rest and you could see out into the ocean with an unimpeded view. The other commercial vendors were along the south wall and Whole Foods outdoor kitchen was on the west end..

Carl had built the 8x24 foot stage out of 4x4 posts with 2x4 framing and ¾ inch plywood. We were still positioning it at 2 am on the morning of the event. He was dragging it into place using my Jeep and a chain. I'd been sweeping an area down below and could hear him yanking it around and it sounded like he was getting a little frustrated.

I finished up and decided to give him a hand. I could tell it was nearly in place, maybe 10 feet or so from where we wanted it placed. Like I said, I had no idea how heavy it was at the time.

Just wanting to get the move over with so we could finish other last minute things, I asked Carl to back up the Jeep, took the chain off, grabbed the corner of the stage and with a short lift and push, moved it into place. I didn't even think of how much it weighed. I didn't care. I just moved it in place.

I turned around to see Carl's mouth drop with an exclamation to follow, "Damn, man... How the f... did you do that?" I didn't think anything about it and just shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know. I just wanted to finish setting it so you could help me finish sweeping the driveway." A few days later I went back to try and move it again. I couldn't even pick up the corner, let alone slide it across the cement.

The day of the Gaia-Fest instead of just enjoying things, at least for the first part of the morning, I was busy soothing heated tempers that were caused by such minor inconveniences I thought I was dealing with a bunch of little kids. When I finally was able to run the stage I found the musicians to be much more cooperative and unconcerned with minor challenges, they just wanted to have fun.

In between acts later in the day I was tending to the various messages from our sponsors and vendors when I was moved to speak in a different way, like I was guiding a meditation.

I spoke of the intent of the event to bring people together to share in the love of life and our planet, moving beyond the constraints of life's challenges to find that place within that was connected to everything.

As I spoke, one of the guitarists for the next act began providing some exquisite subtle accents to my voice that seemed to just meld the words with a feeling of connectedness that was nearly indescribable. The sound effects he used made it feel surreal indeed, like a dreamy kind of soundscape.

The spontaneity and superb additions just took me into the stratosphere and I felt like I was just watching the scene as something inside of me continued to speak in words that touched the hearts of everyone there. Feeling that sensation touched something within me. I spoke for some time, intending to connect with everyone, until the feeling shifted as if to signal I needed to bring my words to a close.

Isis to Las Pulgas

We were on a schedule and I'd intended just to fill in while the bands were switching. I turned and walked off the stage and headed back down the hill to check on the Paulownia exhibit.

Since then, I've made a number of recordings using music I helped produce. When I'm able to just let go and flow, the result gets wonderful feedback from those who have listened or purchased the CDs or downloads online. I love the creative process and have provided many with 'out of this world' moments in making guided imagery pieces.

All in all we had a great event, garnering a front page picture on the Pacific Palisades newspaper in Sunday's edition the following day. There was a wonderful sense of reward from the hundreds of patrons, musicians and vendors that came to Gaia-Fest. We were pretty proud of our accomplishment.

In our debriefing after the event, once everyone's input was made, I felt a nudge to bring up a sensitive subject. Since I had just returned from Chile a few weeks prior to the event, I was able to monitor my re-introduction into the American way, so to speak. What I mean is that I was able to feel a difference in how Americans act from their heads, or so it felt, while the folks in Chile felt much more heart centered.

Of course it could have been the tension of the event, but I attended as large an event in Santiago and it ran smoothly. I was reminded of the feeling that grew over time with the Tempe Arts Festivals. As the years passed, I became very comfortable with the routine and could provide greater customer service. I had vendors telling me they never had such good treatment.

This event had a fresh group of people that, for the most part, barely knew each other in life, let alone coming together for days on end to put an event together. I really think it came off well, but I was really puzzled by the difference in sensation around Americans compared to Chileans.

Someday I hope to help organize some stellar events and bring together folks from many camps. Gaia-Fest was quite the chore and worth every drop of sweat and lost hour of sleep. Actually, Jill says I get into 'event mode' and just feed off doing the work. I tend to agree with her. I become quite the conductor.

Tragedy, Tribulation or Transformation?

This is a yet another story about portals, whichever is more comfortable to perceive. Now some of you may read the following story and think it is a great work of fiction. Others may wonder about it and still admire the construction, regardless of its validity. It's pretty cool, though.

Let me assure you the story is about real people and a real event that we all experienced that day. It was vastly different than what the rest of the world was going through in those hours following what most felt to be an extreme tragedy. I hold no judgment on the event, although I question the real source of its inception and implementation still.

I had been sleeping under the stars for a couple of months, since returning from Chil . I had a huge cement slab about 100 by 200 feet for my bedroom floor, left from a highway maintenance yard years ago. I retired to the combined sounds of the surf, a babbling brook, and frog songs; waking to the penetrating shrieks of hawks and the caws of ravens in their morning feeding frenzy.

The morning of the event I awoke rather suddenly to a different scene; a flood of symbols streaming from the void through my mind's eye, with little time to recognize let alone interpret, but I did notice sacred geometry figures and some ancient spiritual symbols. It was like a torrent streaming through.

I knew instantly that something way beyond my understanding was happening and that I was being 'tapped on the shoulder' and 'tuned in' for some cosmic reason. I wasn't sure what was going to happen next; only that it had a sense of 'destiny' to it that was unmistakably real.

I got up and walked down to the house shortly after the visual stream stopped, feeling a sense of urgency to get down to the office we had in the lower level. On my way I found out about the event from a woman who was living on the property in a small trailer not far from my open-air bedroom resting place.

She was nearly hysterical with anxiety and was already in her car and headed out of the canyon as she yelled the gist of the details to me. It was surreal to say the least, hardly being able to

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imagine what she had just described. I had no emotional response, though.

I had the sense that the streaming video I saw a few moments before was my introduction from a totally different level than she could imagine, so I just listened as she freaked out from the intense emotional shock and awe. There was nothing I could do to calm her as she jumped in her car and sped off down the drive, reeling from the shock.

I walked on down to the house and as you might expect, synchronistically received a phone call as soon as I walked into our makeshift office in the pseudo-basement. It was actually more of ground level storage. The house was above it.

The phone rang immediately as I opened the door, not surprisingly. The woman on the other end, Tani Sousanna, a dear friend and publicist for Linda Goodman at one time, was frantic about telling me to turn the radio on and listen to what was happening. I told her I'd already heard about it and was aware there was much more. I listened to her and consoled her for a few minutes and then hung up.

I continued having a sense of purpose beyond the emotional frenzy that was all around me. We needed to use the portal at the end of the canyon to assist those in transition. I had no idea how, only that by making the effort we would be guided in through whatever process was about to happen.

As magnificent as our accomplishments may have been, especially with how everything just fell into place, it was just the beginning as we found out on the day of September 11, 2001. Several years later I still am awed and in a bit of human denial of the reality our time in the canyon presented to all of us. You'll soon see exactly what I mean.

Expanding the Portal

On that fateful day I had no emotion when I heard what had happened. I knew instantly that I had to gather the others at the house and go to the end of the canyon, energize the portal, and attract those who were LA residents knowing that they would in turn act as a beacon for all the rest and they would have a smooth transition into the next world, free of fear.

In looking back now, I acted from a place that few of us ever reach. It was a place of stalwart dedication to something beyond the emotional constraints.

I was able to be as clear and compassionate, acting on the inner promptings to serve beyond the call of fearful emotions and rise to the call of duty. I willingly gave everything I had to honor the call to my heart. Sometimes it isn't easy as there are many that would deem me insane for doing so. Sometimes I wonder, too. You just never know what you'll get into.

I was institutionalized in my late teens for such things by my adoptive parents, or at least I thought so. I'm sure they were afraid of losing me to some mental disorder. It didn't take me long to realize that I truly had a gift and I desired to honor it at any cost. I gave my life to serve truth and I was not willing to sacrifice my inner connections for anyone or anything.

I woke the others, explained what had happened so far that day, and asked if they would like to participate in something cool. Of course they all agreed. We journeyed back to the spot as I explained what my intentions were. I told them I had no idea what was going to happen, only that we needed to be present and open ourselves to help.

We walked in reverent silence the majority of the way to the spot, with discussions only about how we were going to participate in this momentous experience as servants, calling upon everything inside ourselves to rise to the occasion. The journey took about fifteen minutes and by the time we arrived it already was apparent we were all in a heightened spiritual state.

We sat in the spot, held hands and offered prayers individually. Then I began calling upon all the kingdoms, naming them one by one, asking for the assistance in helping these souls enter the next world. I called upon the elemental, the mineral, the plant, the animal, and the human kingdoms first. I continued with the Spirit World, the Ascended Masters, the Celestial Host, the Cosmic Beings and the Galactic Kingdoms.

I began to tremble and filled with grief and sorrow so strongly that my body was writhing with convulsive crying... releasing the fear and sorrow of all those who were coming through this gateway. It felt like a great torrent of water flowing through me and it was all the others could do to keep me grounded,

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observing and participating in silence as they were offering their own help and love.

As I began to go deeper into the experience, my observer-self became active as well. The next thing I knew I was looking at the portal area from a hundred feet away and 50 feet off the ground, seeing the white light cylinder, about 10 feet in diameter, extending upward. Then I was looking at southern California and parts of Arizona and Nevada and then from high enough where I could see the New York area.

I watched as our intentions began to work, attracting souls into the light of the portal. It took the form of an arc of light coming from the East Coast and connecting with the shaft of light from the portal. Then the light of the arc extended around the planet for a moment, collected again and the arc got sucked completely into the shaft of light. As soon as that happened I was back in my body again.

It was so intense for me that I felt that I could have joined them at any moment, releasing all attachment to being in my body. It was sooooo tempting to go with them. I just centered and kept breathing, anchoring my energy into the ground where we sat.

I was viewing the experience from a vantage point high above the earth and saw many coming from the New York area, as well as the other two sites. They created such a stream of spirit flow that it began to move into a wider area. Before I knew it, I saw the spirit flow come from around the entire globe. My body became so fluid that I thought I might leave too... physically.

Fortunately I stayed to enjoy the show. At one point, it felt like I was done and I began to come back into my body and a more conscious awareness of my immediate surroundings, with the others there. I'm still lost for words to explain the feeling.

I opened my eyes and met with their eyes as well, nodding in acknowledgment and thankfulness for their participation. I brought some tobacco with us to offer a gift to Great Spirit and rolled a smoke to share with the others. As we were finishing, I noticed Mandira walking toward us. We'd met at the Gathering of Souls the year before and she lived in LA.

She stated that she'd left work, knowing that she would be needed here as well, so joining in our spirit-bound love

expression for these unfortunate ones, whether or not they were fulfilling their own contracts with God was of no concern to us. We just knew it was our duty to perform this ceremony to help their transition.

We then joined hands again, offered a few more prayers individually, and I began calling upon the next levels of kingdoms. What also happened during our process was, as I was praying, I began to speak in several different languages, none of which I had ever heard before. I've been a metaphysician for many years and had never heard these languages. I had called on the these other kingdoms, as well as those I'd asked for help from in our first round of this awesome endowment of love.

I suppose that I had some internal connections through the spirit circuits that had been activated that allowed me to speak in several of the tongues that my soul knew. We are constantly amazed at how our internal connections with ALL THAT IS can guide and direct us to do work that most would consider paranormal fiction, or even satanic worship.

I've always held the notion that we must have many more senses available to use. There is so much more to our Nature as we consider that we have 5 senses and 10% brain use.

It seems preposterous to think that we could have so little connection to our own minds, hearts, and bodies with the parameters that modern science has given us.

Unfortunately, many have willingly accepted their own inability to grow and have allowed the lie to perpetuate. The 'lie' being that we are anything less than Gods and Goddesses in embryo.

When it was all over, after about another half an hour or so, I opened my eyes to see looks of amazement and immense gratitude in the faces of the others, simply to have been able to help. When I stood up, I collapsed immediately. I put my arms around Carl and Matthues. They helped me to walk some for some distance until I felt I could walk on my own.

As we walked I bounced up and down, my feet hitting the ground to bring my body back into functional capacity. I didn't speak for several hours afterward. That day is eternally locked into all of our hearts. It was a calling I was glad I answered.

Tragedy, Tribulation or Transformation?

Several months later I was still not able to fully comprehend what had been accomplished that day. A few weeks after the event there was a message that got passed around many online metaphysical circles. It was a channeling that apparently acknowledged the portal being opened for the release of those caught in the wake of the event of 9-11.

Indeed, we had been thanked by those far greater in scope than our mere human nature can realize now. I knew from the signs of the faces in the smoke that it was much more of an event on a cosmic scale than anyone had anticipated.

I recalled seeing a huge mass of white light flowing around the entire planet being released up through the streaming white light from the portal. It made me wonder about the scriptural event of the dead in Christ being 'taken up' before the great trials of humankind begin. I could only feel humbled by the notion.

I believe we are in those times now. We will witness many more things yet. Seek to align with the thread of life within you now. Honor your connection with the Divine Will that guides your every thought and action in these times. Steady yourself in the unconditional love for yourself and your perceived enemies.

As Jesus said, "When your enemy is thirsty, give him water. When he is hungry, give him food." Love your neighbor as yourself and live in the knowledge that you are God just as much as your enemy is God.



Another Trial Run

Los Angeles has so many offerings to the traveler and I surely was on the rather bizarre side of the path. I was there during a most tumultuous time for the United States in the summer/fall of 2001. I cannot, in all honesty, verify all the complete details of what we are about to share. I did, however, observe that the events were apparently real.

I participated in many of the things we are about to offer as 'information' for your discretionary tastes. I will attempt to report these events as best as possible from a place of simple observation with a few poignant questions here and there.

Please understand there is no 'right' or 'wrong' frame of reference in this material. It is how you think about it. Just consider the information with an open mind. It is best not to judge because it clouds our vision, especially when it potentially may offer some truth.

Somehow the group was involved in negotiating the exchange of a \$100,000,000 Federal Reserve Note (one of thousands) that was printed in 1934 to help bring the US out of the depression. Apparently they are real and the US Treasury Department is well aware of them. The group intended the 'cash' to go toward projects to help make the world better.

Because of my history with large scale manufacturing and government work I had been asked to help facilitate several projects that could have had some far reaching results. I met some people that were hoping to fund eco-regeneration projects with Paulownia trees as a featured product. These trees are absolutely phenomenal as building materials and reforestation agents; hardwood that needed no kiln drying.

They were also including an eco-village concept utilizing geodesic domes with solar, wind, and water power generation. As things would have it, the group was attempting to find a way to redeem a single Federal Reserve Note.

A bank in LA was interested but was evasive about actually doing the deal and broke off talks. We met with a billionaire up the coast that said he was interested, but he was more skeptical and just wanted to see the Note. It was a very complex and

Another Trial Run

potentially high impact scenario, not just in the realm of ecosystem regeneration.

As the story goes a relative of Ferdinand Marcos and widow of Paul Hunter, known in some circles as the King of Kurdistan, held several hundred of these Notes by way of some very interesting circumstances; their union. Paul had died mysteriously in the fall of 2000. His widow continued the efforts to put their funds in the hands of more deserved folks.

It was purported that they had been involved with high level 'shadow' government dealings where these Notes were used to move some not so nice 'new world order' agendas forward. Something had stirred within them and in the late 90s they decided to change their attitude and help forward thinking world servers instead. Their efforts cost Paul his life.

Now just the fact that these Notes had found their way into this group of folks says a lot, at least on the possibility of how certain things are orchestrated by the unseen hand... or even ETs. Regardless, they had them, a lot of them.

During a weekend trip back to Phoenix to visit my sweetheart, knowing an ex-Treasury Agent, I made a phone call to find out more of the 'truth' behind the Notes. I e-mailed a copy of the scan and he forwarded it to an associate in New York whom he thought would know the definitive truth. I was encouraged.

He was skeptical and thought it probably was a fraud, yet graciously sent it on for verification. I'd been told it had been authenticated by the guys in California already. Like me, he puts his own belief aside when there is lack of definitive information and asks someone that is in possession of more qualified knowledge and understanding.

He admitted that, if they were real, there could be a wonderful change in the direction of humankind. Alternative energy resources with environmental considerations had not been considered 'profitable' by Big Business for the most part prior to the turn of the century. The tide was starting to change, though.

I went back to LA early Monday morning. A few of days later there was a phone call from representative of a bank in New York that was interested in the Note at seventy-five cents on the dollar. They were willing to work with the established banking

relationship in LA to consummate the process. Although there was some excitement generated by the opportunity, I wasn't sure that anything was going to happen.

These facts were relayed from the liaison working with the widow Hunter. We were hopeful to say the least. Anticipation drove us forward.

Years of research and diligent work were on the verge of becoming a viable project. If this worked, there would be trillions of dollars available for redistribution into the economy for the purpose of helping restore environmental and social balance. Imagine the jobs that could be created from such an effort or the famine and poverty that could be alleviated.

Alas, it never came to pass.

The rest of the story is naught because just a few weeks later the World Trade Center Towers came down and all negotiations ceased. The event was devastating to many. The entire country clamped shut and financial institutions pulled in the reins on anything outside 'standard business practices' it seemed.

We are a conservative nation still and change or shock from catastrophic events puts us on guard across the gamut of business and personal fronts for some time.

And there is more...



When you give yourself to practice,
through and through, which means
through and beyond feelings and
thoughts, little by little you begin to
allow something great to surface,
something without beginning or end.
That's as it is!

Jakusho Kwong

The Duping of Democracy

Immediately after the event a barrage of related information passed around the Net that supported the notion that this indeed was a 'biblical' prophecy being fulfilled, including so much astrological and numerological cross-referencing that it really made my head spin. Perhaps you saw it, too.

Even at that time, I had a sense that there was something more to it. I knew how insidious our own government was in its manipulation and treatment of military personal and private citizens. It wasn't much of a leap of logic to see the event as a strategic action in order to move troops into foreign lands.

The flood of information also included a resurgence of the National Economic Stabilization and Recovery Act. Supposedly it was going to change the face of the financial world in America. It seemed relevant yet, for me, held no substance for some reason. I wasn't sure why.

I did some research and, according to what I found, this Act was used to recall all the gold on the market in the US during the Great Depression. Much confusion still resides about the Act. It was being used as a 'sword of truth' throughout the Internet-based conspiratorial movement, touting debt relief for the minions from the benevolence others.

There were supposedly many 'White Knights' who were poised to assist in the revealing of 'dirty deeds done cheap' and other nefarious activities of the 'government' and 'military industrial complex' in an attempt to garner support of the American people. No actual proof was offered.

The 'objective' was to restore financial order among the population by establishing silver and gold coins, treasury credit notes, forgiving debt and abolishing the Federal Reserve.

The 'Dove of Oneness' [self-proclaimed spokesperson] mentions nothing of the Federal Notes for exchanged in their messages, although it could be construed that the information was indeed part of the Dove's report.

Much of the material was written in such a way as to leave gaping opportunities for creating gossip or rumors of great things happening. Some thought it nonsense. Others raised an

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eyebrow. Even others accepted it as gospel. The result was the same... nothing happened. Still hasn't yet.

It seemed rather odd that with all the talk of NESARA and the 'White Knights' that we (the group) would be on the brink of initiating a release of potentially trillions of dollars and then be so dramatically halted through some kind of 'terrorist' act. Sure makes for a great story, eh?

You won't find this information anywhere else unless others of the group decide to publish their recounts of the experience. For all I know, it could be just a bunch of hokey. 'Trust but verify' is the optimal and prudent path. Trust God, but lock your car.

Now there are some strategic elements of the 9-11 event that eventually made it into mainstream communications through other brave souls. From a purely strategic view, the event not only created an opportunity to rally a nation to seize territory that had previously been abandoned by Halliburton and Unocal, it also stopped the potential of trillions of dollars being released to the general public for use in positive action toward social and environmental programs.

These are the results of those 'plans' that 'someone' has been making for some time, it would seem. These things don't just 'happen' overnight. Ask any strategist worth their salt. There are numerous videos on the web that detail some very disturbing information that backs up much of the claims of the Dove of Oneness. So divisive this Dove of Oneness.

Was our potential windfall at an unfortunate time, too, or was it? With the eyes of folks way more integrated in the worlds of global administration, who knows who was watching and/or responsible for reporting details to others. We'll probably never know the truth, but it will no doubt be stranger than fiction. Lots of things changed almost overnight and the world become surreal in the wake of the attack.

I'm not one to automatically accept what other say without doing my own research. I did manage to find information that showed this 'act' [NESARA] was used just after the depression to call in all the gold and our economic structure was shifted, over the next decades, to faith-based currency by the Federal Reserve. It took me some time and effort to drill down into the Web and find it, but it was there. I regret I didn't make copies

or bookmark it somehow, but such is the behavior of an eduholic. Information comes and goes; retention is what matters. It sure helps to have reference sources, though.

NESARA and the Dove of Oneness seemed to appear out of nowhere, taking full advantage of the scenario to paint a picture of financial and social messiahship... saving the day for those unwise enough to handle their own financial and personal accountability. I'm in the latter category.

Nothing had appeared before the WTC towers came down - anywhere - except some Net references to the Act being used to call in the gold and silver during the depression. Those references have since been removed or made inaccessible. I went back and looked for them years later and found nothing. Was I imagining things? Curious, eh?

I find that the tale is continuing to spin, just not so much talk about it in the wannabe world server circles. Today there is nothing backing US currency but faith in it as a viable currency. It is backed by the Federal Reserve which by some standards has been bankrupt for some time. This is much the same as a process called 'free-issuance' that bases new economic currency on the faith of the people in its value for exchange.

Do you really think that an Act that was once used to 'call in' the gold and silver will suddenly be reversed to give it all back? Yet, proponents that are hoodwinking a growing population around the world would have you believe just that... NESARA will fix all the economic problems.

We already know that the 'spin-doctors' of the US Administration and beyond do their best to keep our eyes and ears off the truth of what is really being accomplished. That isn't necessarily always a 'bad' thing. However, things have taken a turn for the catastrophic on the world financial scene.

We are often 'protected' from potentially harmful information because we don't have the intelligence to understand it fully, nor its ramifications. Sometimes a few facts leaked are worse than knowing the whole truth because inherently people fill in the gaps in information with negative thoughts or feelings, forgetting that there is a potentially positive side, too. I've learned to suspend judgment.

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However, when it comes to continuing the abuse of our planetary resources when we have all the scientific data necessary to show that this is not a positive path, our leadership tends to demonstrate what one might term 'insanity' in this matter. Doing the same things and expecting different results and/or using the same thinking that created the problem to resolve it. Denial is really not an option. Think differently and ask better questions of the cause, then the solution appears.

Poor planning and preparation has led to many inconsistencies in governmental affairs. The Military Industrial Complex has technology beyond our wildest imaginations (or most of them) that is directly involved in population, resource and weather control. What if there was a huge change in the political scenery in America? Would the 'dark suits' be able to avoid it?

New information is revealed monthly through many hi-tech publications and resources. From my time working for a DOD (Department of Defense) contractor I know implemented technologies by the MIC are usually about 15 years, or so, ahead of public domain release, just to make a point about timeliness. New technologies may take less time.

People as consumers are limited by the selection of consumables on the market at any given time. Break-away technologies from the norm are costly in development, let alone the production costs necessary for efficient distribution and sales. Is there a way to turn the consumer switch off?

Surprisingly enough, just like all the virus hoaxes that no one checks before passing on the information, NESARA's 'gift' is nothing but deceitful manipulation and puts good people on hold... doing nothing...waiting. Or, if we look deeper...it shows us who is truly selfish and lacks initiative to act on their own to assist the process.

How better to keep control of potentially threatening folks than by keeping others 'waiting' for something to happen...doing nothing but talking about the 'coming announcements,' etc., an obvious strategy that degrades our ability to do good works. Many 'channelers' appear to be doing the same thing and I wonder about their authenticity. Or are they just delusional and wanting attention?

What seems 'right' does not always meet with the protocols of governmental, military, or political leadership. Yet this 'possibility' of absolution continues to reverberate among the realms of potential beneficiaries who either don't know what to do or are just too lazy to do their own work, let alone figure out how to get things done through collaboration.

Great advice for the new millennium: If you see something that needs to be done... do it! How hard can it be?

Some people saw amazing things in the flames and smoke of the buildings. Others, without being able to verify the authenticity of the video, caught a mysterious object as it appeared out of nowhere and flew between the Towers at the moment of impact of the second plane into the second tower.

Of course, with current digitization of images and the ability to manipulate video, it could be 'doctored' to add more mystery to the mayhem. What if it wasn't, though? For some time, this was the only angle I'd seen, but there is also a newscast that featured it somewhere on YouTube.

What if the notion that the buildings collapsed through pre-planted implosion devices is true?

What if the 'acceptable losses' were a strategy of engagement to send a country's military off to do the bidding of big business instead? For example, Halliburton and the pipeline?

If the infrastructure of the corporate world is such that nations can be manipulated to serve their strategic plans, then what hope do we really have for the average citizen who just wants to be helpful and provide for their family?

Do we have to invoke a tragedy to become closer to each other? It seems that is a consistent theme throughout humanity today.

After the catastrophic event, which was a great opportunity for moving the masses, the financial market ran scared of the repercussions and the world's economy was threatened for the first time ever, not from threat of war or loss of human life, but from the threat of loss of data and financial information.

Yet in the face of such human actions, there were some photographs that suggested something beyond our wildest imaginations was in charge. I felt it quite obvious.

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The photos were from CNN and API and depicted two figures, respectively, that seemed to suggest that things were happening on a wider scope and perceivably by their appearance, the chain of events are in much larger hands than what we know. One photo showed a figure in the fire of one of the towers, looking like a skeleton with a crown holding a scepter.

The other showed a stately figure with a high forehead and beard, almost looking priestly in the presentation. Or was it just coincidental clouds and vivid imagination? You can research 'faces in the WTC' on Google and find out more.

I suggest remaining free of judgments and just notice the faces. Consider the possibilities.

Exactly what the 'full story' was we may never know, yet the notion of some beings appearing for all to see could be spun in many directions. I personally like to do what makes sense in response, to at least know that what happened was way more than most of us could realize in the 'spectacle' that got everyone's attention.

There are probably many reasons why. A good theoretical strategist would raise an eyebrow at least. Unbridled anger is a powerful motivator. What if we flipped the emotion and asked what good may come? How can we gain from the tragedy?

Still, think of what can be done with the exchange of these FED Notes as a matter of reconciling the books and providing some stimulation to the economy through the appearance of debt service to the US or Federal Reserve deficit. After all, it is only

a matter of digital information now and figures can indeed be adjusted accordingly.

It would also make sense that an oil-based military industrial complex economy would be threatened by such a move. Seemingly, with no options for adjusting their market or shifting to more environmentally compatible products and services, they were desperate.

However, did you know that hydrogen is a by-product of gasoline production?

Has the appearance of 'hybrid' cars on the market made a difference in air quality?

Even if a huge change in fuel resources was made, do you think that those in power now would have any less involvement in the economic factors?

Did you know that the pollution from meat production is nearly equal to the contributions from automobiles?

The MIC and Corporate agendas are not going to disappear, yet they can be redirected to a much better human and planetary resolve in my opinion.

California now has many hydrogen-powered vehicles that are literally cleaning up the atmosphere. Why? Because the emissions of hydrogen-powered vehicles is simply water vapor.

The major obstacles in hydrogen use are that it is expensive to produce, or we are told so, outside the oil and gas industry and requires high compression to make it usable in any kind of quantity for vehicular consumption. In its liquid state, it requires an enormous amount of effort and expense to maintain its storage ability. It's just splitting water molecules.

So, what if we were to launch a grass roots effort to put people in office that were trustworthy and would uphold commitments made to the American people through the actions of their government? What if we had people that really cared about other people they might not ever know? What if a concerted effort was made to find good people and vote them all in?

Money and power, corporations in bed with politicians, might not matter as much eh?

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Imagine what a concerted effort could do?

Do we want to focus on what's disturbing or dissimilar or lend our energy to something more appropriate, i.e. food, housing and medical care? Farbeit that the US take some of their military budget and build villages instead of barracks.

The people do have power and it would appear the times require some involvement from them. Our future depends on it.

It only makes sense that, in a matter of a decade, the whole political scene could change for the better if we only made the effort. Not only could Paulownia or Kanaf reforestation occur, many other eco-system regeneration products and projects could occur along with alternative fuel development and retrofitting of existing vehicles with minimal costs to the consumer.

Reformation of education and our social services could be immensely improved from the benefit of the creation of a whole new wave of jobs across the spectrum of talent and skill sets that are currently on the market today.

The 'dumbing down' of American students might come to an end. Critical thinking could match that of European schools or even be coordinated through the use of the Internet toward collaboration across and beyond boundaries, engaging a global citizen in preparation for the global village expansion.

Many, many things could be addressed in healthy ways. People need to make a choice to change their belief systems and let go of 'false systems' like NESARA and others. Empowered people collaborating to affect positive change can lead our world to a new order of harmony among people and planet within our lifetimes. It isn't about the money, folks.

Here's a perfect example of trying to use the same thinking that got us into this mess. Our financial system was on the verge of collapsing on the first writing of this book. Now, we've had the mortgage fiasco and several countries declaring bankruptcy. It is only a matter of time before the rest of the house of cards falls and we all scramble for the nearest shelter.

Money is a tool, not a goal and flipping the thinking allows resources to become an exchange; people, places and things are aligned with purpose and payment for said items comes from

contributing values, much like barter, only with calibrated numbers based on current and/or perceived market values.

Any system that requires its subjects to give up their power is subject to scrutiny, or ought to be. Right?

It isn't that they don't mean well, even in their proliferation through the consciousness of mankind. Systems like them are inherently flawed because they are driven by selfish concerns. It is great to 'think' that someone or something will all of a sudden make a huge impact on society by their beneficence.

The reality is that it takes plans, projects, and consistent steady work to make those changes happen. We all know the logic behind rapid weight-loss programs. They simply don't work. It takes concerted effort to take the weight off and maintain healthy habits. The same goes for our indebtedness... it takes concerted effort and hard work, gathering realistic healthy programs to affect the change.

I believe I have my facts straight, although I'd be willing to be proven wrong, but I don't know that I'm qualified to draw a definitive conclusion at this time. I hope you are challenged enough to do your own research. I only desire the truth and empowerment of people to act in accordance with their birthright - free will and full knowledge.

What I find is most people do not like to think.... period. Wise use of information and technology is what will make the difference for the planet and its people in the 21st century.

The thing is, it takes us all working together to create this wave of change. As long as there is a 'battle' over the validity of NESARA, the effect is still the same, nobody moves and no progress is made. That sounds like classic 'Art of War' strategy, straight from Sun Tsu, dividing the people amongst themselves, turning them against each other, while operating something completely hidden from them in the background.

It wouldn't surprise me if many so-called 'channelers' and 'psychics' began to bicker amongst each other, too, showing that they really aren't that hip with their connections to Source.

This discovery process is full of challenge, yet interestingly enough when you remove the 'Ile' in the middle (could stand for liabilities, limitations, and excuses) it becomes change. We

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grow through adversity or rather, our character is revealed through it by how we respond.

Righteous action (right use of will) takes our undivided attention, clean and focused on activity, whether inner or outer sometimes makes no difference. In my opinion, it is best to plan and act as if we need only do the work, and the rest will unfold according to our obedience.

I had the opportunity to participate in a sweat lodge at a place called Malibu Phoenix, where another friend was staying. It was led by a few Lakota Sioux who had traveled to LA just for this purpose. Their humor and mindfulness were impressive to say the least. The ceremony took me into another world, literally, as the smell of cedar coupled with the steam from the water on the red-hot rocks forced a transcendence from the body.

Stepping outside this Western 'belief system' is like being in a 'genius moment' where the fruit of your action bestows blessings beyond imagination. Indigenous ways take us back to connecting with our surroundings intimately. Then the work needs to get done, bridging worlds. We take our inner discoveries and convert them into outer realities.

I like to use the term 'jobarchy' here; the job is the boss and everyone wins. *There is no ego without Wego*, to put it humorously. A few dedicated people can indeed change the world. They have in the past. Why not now? I encourage it through the IndepenceArizona.com website as well as PlanetaryCitizens.net, sharing examples and information.

Imagine what would happen if thousands or millions united to shift the existing systems in the world from profit to purposeful? It is going to take time and effort, combined with skillful planning and execution of project plans.

Do you think we can do it? What are you doing for it?

Rising above the current circumstances with solutions is where the actions take place. There are many that are just waiting for the opportunity to present concepts and ideas that can lead us into this millennium with style and grace, managing seemingly chaotic moments in order to craft the path to harmony among people and planet, inviting all to BE the dream.

A Brother from Another Mother

I'd been invited to Della Reese's (actor and jazz singer) church in LA while living there. There was a social one evening that Mandira told me I just had to attend. Mandira was the woman who walked up to us in the canyon during our 9-11 ceremony. She did her best to reach out to me and share her world in LA. I appreciated her and loved her like a sister.

We arrived at the event, held in a large room at the church, Understanding Principles for Better Living. As soon as I walked in the door my gaze was caught by a large black man on the other side of the room. His eyes were bright and I was instantly attracted to him. He felt really familiar. As I started to walk toward him, he did the same.

We met in the middle of the room, threw our arms around each other and laughed as two brothers who'd not seen each other for years, without a word being spoken. He felt like what I would expect a brother to feel, not ever having one and being a much deeper feeler than most. After all, I do have an empathic streak. Still, we laughed for some time before leaning back, still with arms extended, and looking at each other in the eyes.

Again, no words were spoken for some time. We were just gazing into each other and I could feel a sense of BEing exuding from him. I suppose he must've felt the same or we'd have been talking. There was no uncomfortable silence between us; just the opposite.

I still had no idea who he was. He was quite a bit bigger than me, standing a few inches taller and nearly three of me, yet his energy felt so meek that he truly must have inherited the earth already. I mean he exuded humility and warm heartedness.

His entire BEing radiated as he introduced himself. He was Rev. Dr. Charles Brown, the spiritual leader of UPBL, and he let me know he felt like we'd been together before and were intimate friends once. "Wow," I thought, and went blank.

In his position, he has no position... he simply allows God's love to flow through him and guides the church through words of wisdom and meditation. What an amazing place to BE.

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Turns out this was an awards dinner for a local foundation. After Dr. Brown made certain we could talk more later, he excused himself to take part in the dinner's agenda. Mandira, who'd been nearby and was just beaming by now, said she wanted to introduce me to Della, who was chatting in the back of the room. I had a few moments with her, also a genuinely kind soul and vibrant woman in person.

About a month later after one of their services, Dr. Brown invited both of us to his home. It was in Rialto at the time, about an hour's drive away. It took weeks to finally make it there. Mandira asked me if we could stop to visit her mother in a convalescent home about 5 miles from his residence. Her mother was nearing transition and she hoped I could help soothe her fears as she moved forward. I hoped so, too.

We stayed with her for an hour or so. She could not talk and only had use of one side of her body after suffering a stroke shortly after a surgery to remove cancer from her body. I sat holding her hand and sharing a short meditation as she indicated it would be okay. I said a short prayer and began.

Her whole body relaxed as we journey through the meditation together, so I knew it helped at least for the moment. Before we began I could feel the tension in her body, probably racked with pain, and the frustration from not being able to use her body. By the time we were done the tension in her body was nearly gone and she nestled into the bed instead of being somewhat rigid on top of it. She felt better.

When we arrived at Dr. Brown's home, we were greeted by another man and asked to please wait. The good doc had just gone on a short errand and would return soon. As we entered the house it was like stepping into a museum.

There were artifacts from all over the world, three and four deep (including the hanging items) in this particular room and we found the rest of the house (downstairs) much the same. It was rather overwhelming, especially with the larger than life African art in the sitting area of another room.

I could have spent hours just looking at all the beautiful and seemingly rare articles. He'd obviously been many places around the globe over his lifetime. He actually was only a few

years older than I as we found out. I felt my terrestrial travels were pale in comparison, though.

When he returned we chatted for a while in his sitting room and then he took us back into the museum room (for lack of a better... the whole house was like it). He sat for a while, directing our attention to various pieces and giving explanations of what they were and where they came from... fascinating!

After a half an hour or so, he asked us to please join him upstairs in his sanctuary room. The way he made us feel like honored guests was humbling. Being invited into his sanctuary was yet another level of quiet reverence.

We followed him up the stairs and entered a room immediately to the left at the top. It was a small room, although the two bookshelves, altar, statues, three chairs, and small lectern helped to make it so. There were symbols from all the religions all over the walls and the texts on the shelves were from many sources as well. I was absorbing some awesome vibrations from all of this truly special display.

There was also an unpainted plaster relief of Jesus that looked identical to me. Yes, it looked identical. It was really eerie. I wanted to deny the resemblance yet it was so striking that it was undeniable. "Shit," I thought. "Why?"

Mandira jabbed me in the ribs and pointed without saying a word. Honestly, it was spooky, especially since I felt like an adoptee still searching for identity. I felt so confused, yet aware all would be revealed in time.

This is what I'm faced with now?

Let me reiterate that in no way do I or have I considered that I'm Jesus. I spoke to him and he spoke through me, but I'm definitely someone else. The resemblance has been noticed by others, too, but then I only validate, in truth, that we are of the same cloth. Somehow, whether it is being a Melchizedek or because of my quest for identity or my willingness to let go of my life's essence to know truth, I am blessed with a personal relationship with Jesus, so how could I be him? It makes absolutely no sense to me.

We had been standing in this room while he went down the hallway. As he returned and sat down, we did so as well in a

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couple of white rattan chairs with red cushions. He began to share some things he felt in me, mirroring the Divine Intent in my heart. I was comforted, humbled, reassured and validated all at once. My heart swelled.

As he spoke I felt a deep desire to just be still, his heart was full of information and wisdom of which I would gladly listen to for hours. I have to admit that it could have been an ego stroking, but he gained nothing by it. Besides, someone of his nature would be incapable of deceiving others in my experience.

It appeared that he was in a light trance. His energy shifted to a deeper place still and he began to share more. This was his last lifetime here and he was ready to share the wisdom of his people. He spoke of a gift to me that is so great that I have difficulty in explaining it here. It sounds too weird, anyway.

Well, let me say this – It fit with everything else.

I sat in total awe. Some part of me was in full acknowledgment of his words. I could feel it deep within me and I could see it in his eyes as well. This he shared: It is time for the world to awaken to the presence of God within. We are all related...family.

He continued and then paused a moment, looked up to his right, nodded his head and said, "Okay." Without a word he got up and left the room. Returning moments later, he had a vial of oil in his hands, holding it like a precious piece. It was beautifully ornate and obviously with sacred purpose... frankincense.

Continuing to share from a very deep and moving place now, his words echoed in my heart as he knelt in front of me, looked me in the eyes and he began to take my shoes and socks off in silence. These articles were very special too, as the socks were a gift from Diana in Chile and I'd purchased the shoes from a craftsman in an old Mercado in Santiago just before returning the States. I do have my eccentricities.

As he was speaking previously before leaving the room, I saw this woman in place of the wooden Native American figure that was in between us against the wall. She kept fading in and out.. yet I could definitely see her and feel her presence. You can imagine what this might feel like, I'm sure.

There was definitely some very special energy in this room. I could feel the deepening and wondered what was going to happen next. The sensation in that environment is like time just takes a vacation and we enter a parallel world of sorts.

After removing my shoes and socks, he poured some oil in his hand, set the container down, rubbed his hands together for a moment and then applied them to my feet. If you could imagine the most humble feeling you have ever had, and magnify it, you might come close to my feeling at that moment. I was so overcome that I wept. Tears flooded down my face as there was this sense of humility beyond words.

He continued with the same process on the other foot, then raised on his knees still and asked for my hands, applied the oil to them in a soft and intentional way. He reached up, unbuttoned my shirt and applied more oil from his hand to my heart. His words are faint now as I truly do not remember what they were exactly. The feeling I will never forget, though.

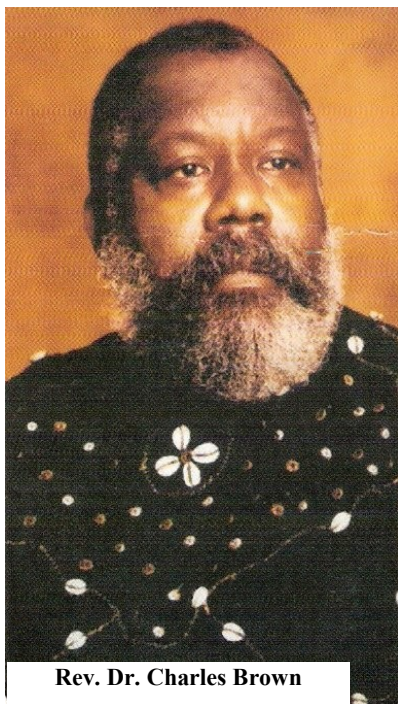
As with our initial hug, words are not necessary. I've shared this so that you, too, may feel a deep humility and reverence for ALL THAT IS. Although I was chosen for this particular experience, it is not my desire to set myself apart in any way. My hopes are that through sharing it with you, it somehow can extend that sense of Christ's Love into you now; different than you've ever thought of it before these words.

This is the essence of the action of Christ Consciousness in our minds and hearts, anchoring humility in our ultimate service to humanity, tuning in and letting go to follow the edicts of our heart. It is our birthright as spiritual beings. It is our Soul's desire at this time, on this planet, in this solar system, in the multi-verse, in this ONEness to ascend into a unified field of love. When we enter it, nothing else matters.

I'll admit that I consider this life a privilege, with some really awesome events and experiences. The opposite is also true at times, feeling cursed to have to feel the natural separation in the current bridge between the head and heart in humans. The sad thing is they aren't even aware of the separation. I've lived to know the difference even though the journey has been the toughest one could imagine.

As this mind is unborn and undying
earth, water, fire and wood are its
temporary dwelling.

Bankei



Rev. Dr. Charles Brown

Getting to Work

Preparing to leave the wonders of the canyon to return to Phoenix was a bittersweet experience. I had so enjoyed the time there with such a variety of experience and new friendships, but most of all - the open-air bedroom with perfect weather and nature's décor was exquisite.

Nature has such a way of soothing the spirit and nurturing the soul if we allow it. Some might think that sleeping on an air mattress with no protection in the middle of a canyon across from the beach might be a little strange to say the least. Indeed it is, an absolutely wonderful strange.

I'd packed up most of my belongings in my '86 Jeep Cherokee that had more miles than you can imagine, some of them on terrain hard to walk let alone drive upon. I was going to miss this place, but my time here was done, of that I was sure.

After Diana's plane was kept from arriving in LA, or leaving Chil  because of the 'no fly' order, I wasn't going there anytime soon. We never talked about rescheduling and to this day, I'm not sure why. We just didn't. I took it as a sign that returning there was not in divine order. So I was heading back to Phoenix and Jill. I really had more in common with her and I knew it.

A few friends stopped by that evening with a raw foods dinner especially prepared by one's ex-husband. He had become a world-renown raw chef and his dinner was exquisitely tasty to say the least. My favorite was the zucchini fries, which is the only thing I recognized beside the coconuts that served as our beverage. The meal was a real taste treat.

Gay, Gary, Mandira and I sat and chatted about the many cool things we'd shared during my time there; GaiaFest, the Portal on 9-11 and other gatherings we'd had with friends. Gary requested that we meditate together while listening to a cassette of some music I'd brought with me. I was quite humbled and excited about the prospect. No one had ever asked to meditate with it, let alone with me.

The cassette was a collection of some of the tunes I'd played drums on with some friends back in Phoenix. The style was eclectic to say the least, from new-age to progressive rock with a bit of blues/jazz/rock fusion. The recordings were more

Getting to Work

improvisational than planned or practiced, so the music had a nice ‘present’ feel to it; like a live jam, ‘cause it was.

So we finished dinner and cleaned up the area. We were in the basement of the house that had served as our office for the Gaia-Fest event as well as personal workspace while I was there. It was pretty cozy, with enough room for us to all sit comfortably in a circle, even though it was just four of us.

The plastic chairs worked well and allowed us to hold hands without straining to hold them up. I put the cassette in the deck, pushed PLAY and returned quickly to the circle. We all held hands, took a few deep breaths together, closed our eyes and prepared for the journey not knowing what was in store.

My experience began with consciously imagining energy swirling clockwise from my third eye and solar plexus and counter-clockwise from my heart, extending through each of the others as the music seemed to provide the perfect energetic movement for the vibrations to flow.

I sat there quietly for a moment as I perceived this energy flow, then wondered if they were feeling it too. I wasn’t able to stay there long as my vision, internal screen, came on quite abruptly with some very interesting imagery.

The first thing I saw were three tubes of rainbow-sparkled light that were arranged in such a fashion as it looked like they were equidistantly spread and crossed in the center. I perceived a hexagram with the tubes resting apex points for support. There was no way to define size, but it filled most of my vision.

The ‘light’ was flowing in one direction initially, and then changed into a bi-directional display, without disturbance for either directional flow. In a moment, the tubes split and started spinning in opposite directions, like a gyroscope. They continued spinning faster and faster until they disappeared into a sphere of light where there was just a ball of light energy.

This ball of light then began to spread out from the center, horizontally, until there was a plane of light with a slight bulge in the center. It reminded me of images I’d seen of what some call ‘merkaba’ or ‘light ship,’ a means of travel through space.

At that point I got sucked into the center and felt a rush of energy like I was flying in space somehow. It was quite

enjoyable and difficult to explain the sensation, but it felt really connected and safe. All I could do was just let go and watch.

I was there a few moments and then an image of being on board a ship's bridge came into focus. The other three were there along with several others going about their business and oblivious to my presence. I could see out the 'screen' in the front of the bridge, viewing a vast starscape of indescribable beauty that stretched out infinitely in front of us.

I don't remember much after that as the music seemed to take me far, far away. After a while I recognized the ending of the first side was coming up and apparently I had returned to being aware of the room we were in now once again.

When the cassette was over we sat there silent until the deck snapped as the cassette came to its end. I opened my eyes and looked around at the others, who must've had a similar expression as mine. We were amazed at the experience to say the least, sharing the silent looks of wide-eyed and nearly overwhelmed travelers who'd just returned from one of the wildest rides in their lives. It was indeed a shared Mobius moment of delightful surprises.

We shared several moments of silence as we looked into each other's eyes with a deep love and respect. I couldn't keep quiet for long and had to know if their experience was as wild as mine, even though their eyes certainly indicated it so far. I couldn't wait to hear what they had to say.

I asked them each to share what they had experienced. I was pleasantly and warmly surprised that the sensation of the energy spinning was felt by each of them. They described it a little differently, but the same flow presented; head and solar plexus clockwise and heart counterclockwise.

Then one piped up with an excited voice and shared that she saw a merkaba form in the center of us, gradually extending out into a plane with a bulb in the center. She felt drawn into it and sent across the galaxy, a feeling that compelled her to let go completely and simply trust All That Is that was flowing through her in that moment.

Both of the others agreed they'd seen and felt the same thing and especially the swirling energy in the beginning. Another

Getting to Work

then mentioned that she saw us all on the bridge of a starship, too. I hadn't said a word, yet their experiences mirrored mine.

As we continued to come out of the musical trance our conversation became more focused on the need for the women to have a bathroom break. I walked outside and looked up in the sky, now dark with stars, wondering what this could mean or if it had any significance whatsoever. I was in awe...

I have a resident skeptic that speaks loudly at times, especially after these types of experiences. I talked with Gary while the ladies went off to the powder room on the other side of the house. His response was that it didn't matter; we had shared a moment of congruence and capacity beyond our ability to comprehend it. The fact that we shared it was the significance that we could not deny. When is the last time you investigated some experience you thought was weird, but wondered if anyone else felt or saw the same thing?

The ladies came back and we entered the basement again, turned the tape over and proceeded to join hands for side two. It began equally as impactful, only this time it was from a slightly different point of view, more local than nonlocal. I took the position of observer just behind and above my body, yet was within it simultaneously, watching another part of me unfold into a large white dragon. It was weird, feeling and watching my head rise out of my chest and far above my body while my arms opened and extended into giant wings.

Wrapping my wings around the others seemed like the appropriate thing to do and soon after my mind was adrift in a sea of possibility again, replaying many of the scenes from my life as I watched without attachment, yet wondered what it all meant. My mind vanished into the ethers for a while.

Next thing I knew the end of the side was approaching again and with the click of the deck I opened my eyes up and looked around. I was feeling completely blissed out and magnificently alive as well.

Again the same wild-eyed looks from the others. I wondered what their experience was again. I didn't have to wait long as they all, nearly simultaneously, asked each other if they saw themselves as winged angels. No mention of what I looked like to them, though. What a correlation!

Instantly I wondered what three winged angels and a white dragon were all about, then I told them of my experience and that I had wrapped my wings around them in love. They, of course, had done the same with their wings. I've got to wonder, and I'm sure you do to, just what the heck was going on that evening that brought us to that place.

I'm sure you might be wondering about altered consciousness as well. We were about as 'straight' as we could be and maybe even enriched by the raw food dinner. What a way to experience my last evening in LA. I wondered what Phoenix would hold for me now. I couldn't wait to share the musical interlude with others to see what their response would be. I left the canyon the following morning.

The quest for identity was less important now, but the curiosity of what the future would hold was scintillating to say the least. I knew Phoenix still held the key to my personal path. After all, it was the vision with Jill that started this whole thing. *Getting to work* was tantamount on my mind once again.

How would my life unfold as I learned to ask better questions of the infinite intelligence within?

Why were these events so consistently presenting opportunity to coagulate possibilities?

What would I need to do to remain available and submissive to the edicts of self-awareness?

When would the tipping point for humanity occur in the process of facilitating a new world order?

Who else would appear as cohorts and what might we be able to do together to lead the challenge to change the thoughtmosphere toward harmony?

**The worst bullies
you will ever
encounter in
your life are your
own thoughts.**

Bryant H. McGill



Spirit Science

Remembering... perhaps

Even though we are in a human body now, I have been journeying across the galaxy for a number of lifetimes, most recently coming to Earth on the New Jerusalem as its commander, apparently learning how to be in many places simultaneously. That seems to be the theme that has been presented to me as my 'life' story.

Coming here only takes 8 minutes from the center of the universe, my home on Centaurus. Many here call it the Central Sun, but it is actually three spheres of consciousness beyond anything the human mind can grasp; our forefathers as it were.

Our psychospiritual technology allows us to travel the speed of thought, roughly 841 trillion miles per second, in order to incarnate. Once we get the hang of condensing into form, provided by the biological union of others now, our choices to incarnate become much more invigorating.

I have to say, though, that remembering can be a bitch. It can cause severe mood swings in the beginning. Over time the sensations don't really change, but the ability to deal with them does. We are highly sensitive beings in touch with a sensory array well beyond the limited human comprehension. I believe the human race is in the midst of an evo-leap.

Even understanding the nature of creation at an individuated level, I still had to bridge the worlds of spirit and matter through some resemblance of the sciences in order to make sense to me, let alone anyone else. The body consciousness is such a lower vibratory rate that the finer senses aren't always available, until or unless I learned how to tune in without being distracted.

I have discovered that my body's sensory ability revealed emotional implosions and explosions that occur when engaging others' energy in any way. It doesn't happen instantly or often, just in certain situations that lend themselves to a higher consciousness. It took years to learn how to just allow it without being turned into an emotional basket case. I also found the pure union of returning to the light briefly as a teenager and a few other times as an adult.

Imagine what the rest of the story might be like. When you have been tapped on the shoulder to bear witness to a reality that

Remembering... perhaps

confronts every belief system known to man so far, or so it seems, you tend to take notice regularly. I learned to be the observer more often than not; participation mandatory, though.

It can get pretty dicey amongst the variety of human interactions we have available. Some folks 'get it,' but the majority just can't see their way past their own BS – that would be belief system.

When you come from a place of remembering what it is like to perceive oneness, the dualistic world of humanity in its current state can be quite frustrating and seem senseless. I wonder just what will wake our planetary civilization up to the true nature of our original consciousness condensed into their little bodies. They tend to think so small. I did too for some time, until I questioned deeper.

For all of their achievements, they still don't know how magnificent they truly are as divine beings incarnate. We are in denial of such things because of religious programming, imho. Humans still think there is a separation between man and the divine when they are one and the same. God does dwell in man.

Many do not even consider the connection at all or that a consciousness so intricately woven could even exist. Some do seek to understand the nature of reality through science and math, though. Quantum entanglement or 'spooky action at a distance,' leads us to new realities.

Imagine an intelligence so delicate yet so vast as to be intricately woven into every atom and molecule and every possible area of creation, including dimensions and ethers we cannot conceive yet, let alone begin to understand. Think about that picture, what it might look like in the 'real' world.

Yet there are some who awaken to a greater reality, an unquestionably connected experience that continues to offer more questions than answers. What does it all mean? Who am I and how do I live in harmony with people and planet?

Imagine that consciousness evolving within the human BEing as we explore the possibilities. Our presence here has catapulted the human awareness of connectivity and spurred science to begin to explore the worlds of quantum reality. Non-linear and non-local worlds of experience are being sampled by a growing

number of people and scientists are now backing it up to some degree. I suspect more will come soon.

The primary field of exploration of the latter has been Ufology. In the quest for understanding the nature of UFOs the consideration of contact and experiences also includes the non-linear and non-local. We understand the dimensions of consciousness very little, yet our growing experience and knowledge allow us a greater view how consciousness and the electromagnetic spectrum may have much in common.

The thoughts on the 7-hour drive took tangential journeys galore. I arrived back in the Phoenix valley about 3 am and woke Jill as I climbed into bed. She had to get up in the morning and go to work, so we didn't get a chance to talk much then. We had a great conversation in the morning during our coffee. My trip had been full of internal meanderings and insightful conversations with self and others, although the other voices never needed names, their wisdom spoke volumes.

Watchfulness is the path to
immortality, and thoughtlessness
the path to death. The watchful
do not die, but the thoughtless
are already like the dead.

The Dhammapada

Meditative Moments

After such a wild ride in the meditation to our music, one of the first things I did upon my return was talk Jill into doing some group meditations. We experimented with some friends first as I wanted to make sure the experience I had in the canyon was not a fluke. We visited some friends in Fountain Hills for dinner and sprung the idea on them. They went for it and we all lay on the floor of their townhouse, holding hands with our feet in the center. I didn't give much of an introduction, only that the music had provided a phenomenal experience.

I turned on the tape and waited. I wasn't sure what would take place, if anything, so we entered the space with open minds and hearts. It took me a bit to get out of my desire for something to happen. I find that is a constant battle.

Once I relaxed and let go I felt the familiar swirling and couldn't help but wonder if they were feeling it too. I realized I was thinking and had to center and let go yet again. I imagined energy flowing from my hands into the others on either side.

It was late October, 2001, so the 9-11 events were still in the consciousness whether we thought about them or not. Apparently my work was incomplete from the exercise in the back of the canyon. Without forethought or any preparation whatsoever, I found myself in front of President Bush, looking at him in the eyes. I looked into his eyes with the deepest love and surrender and then reached into his heart and pulled out a squirming little red dragon.

"Hmmm..." I thought, as I realized what I was doing.

This little guy was full of fear, flailing about trying to get loose from my firm grip. I held it by its back with my right hand and turned it over, stroking its belly until it relaxed and nearly went limp in my hand. As soon as it did, I extended my arm and let it go with the command, "Now go home."

Instantly I was back in my head wondering what the heck just happened. My thoughts went to the activity in the canyon, the faces in the flames and smoke in the Towers and the feeling that something magnificent was still in process. There was no sensation of drama or even trauma at that point; completely free of emotion was an interesting sensation.

Meditative Moments

By the time the first side was over, still using the cassette tape, I realized that I'd been somewhere else and had no conscious memory of about the last 15 or 20 minutes. We discussed each other's experience.

Jill had trouble releasing to the music as it seemed a little cacophonous to her. She prefers light jazz or classical music and this was indeed more progressive rock oriented. Worlds apart as far as listening styles are concerned.

The other couple related the sensation of swirling and then leaving the room, unable to describe or explain where they went for the duration. Something brought them back in at the end of the side, though, feeling like they were returning from a long trip in the ethers. It was getting late and we decided not to listen to side two. Side one had provided enough for me.

My experience baffled me, reflecting on the story of the red dragon in the Bible and Michael's battle with it. I wondered, "Could the story also mean that Michael was a dragon, too? What would that mean?"

Over the next few months we held several meditations with larger groups (from 13 to 22 total) at our home, in North Mountain Park in Phoenix, in a pyramid in Sedona at the Earth Mother/Father Foundation and in Tucson at a friend's home.

Each had different experiences and I was able to focus more on just BEing present and moving energy. My personal experiences waned, although there were a few that occurred. I felt like I needed to be empty and flow, being responsible for the people we gathered.

There were several notable experiences of others, too. Our first large group at the Phoenix Mountain Preserve was on a large cement slab with 22 people laying on it, holding hands with their feet in the center. It seems difficult for people to articulate their experience, especially when finding the words to do so is beyond their ability or desire.

Several did mention they had floated above the group, one even to the point of looking at the underside of a passenger jet that passed several thousand feet above us. Another in Tucson reflected viewing a war in the heavens with spaceships darting about as they engaged in the battle.

The most profound, though, was in a pyramid in Sedona shortly after I returned from California. The pyramid had been constructed by a friend whom I respected a lot. He was an awesome builder.

Tom was an engineer by trade and had installed a sound system inside a 25 foot square pyramid he had built on the ground of Earth Mother Father Foundation in Sedona. Ancient glyphs were painted on nearly all the triangular wall panels that weren't covered by the 72 names of God from the Kabbalah.

He also built a rotating platform in the center, where he did most of his particular work with clients. He never let anyone else use his creation, but felt my focus of oneness to be pure. I didn't know he had not let anyone else use it and I was extremely honored he let me. After all, this was Sedona. I'd figure there would be at least a few people he would have trusted. I was honored that he let us use it.

I think it aggravated the woman who ran the facility. She had asked him to use it on several occasions with no results. This was the same woman who had called me when the ET was outside their healing center in Phoenix, Commander Hurley, if you recall from earlier. She and another elder woman took places on either side of me on the floor.

We had 19 people in this group, including Tom sitting on his rotating perch in the center. I gave a brief description of the process, that I'd offer a few verbal prompts from time to time (something I'd added) and that all they needed to do was remain in a place of deep unconditional love and listen without thinking as much as possible, just let the music and my voice guide the way. I gave Tom the nod to start the tape.

Again, everyone was on the floor holding hand with their feet toward the center. There was just enough room for everyone to be close and comfortable in the circle. I'm not sure any more would have fit. It was a nice mixture of men and women, all above 40, which was a bit surprising.

Tom started the music and I began to relax with some deep breathing, inviting the group to do the same. When it came time to put the 'spin' on things, a process I had learned by now, I took a deep breath and 'moved' energy through my hands, only it was blocked on either side of me. This was unique, so I took

Meditative Moments

another breath and tried again... nothing. It felt like there was a wall on either side of me. So, once more I tried – same result. “Why is the energy not moving?” I thought.

So the next time I took a deep breath and instead of trying to move the energy through, I collapsed inside as though I was disappearing into the void. As soon as I did I felt the energy spin with enough force that the two women on either side of me jerked noticeably and simultaneously. Instead of blocking the energy from me, their resistance actually created the spin. I thought that was really cool.

In spite of my love for the founder, I knew she was still trapped in her ego and the attending fears that she would never let on she had, let alone talk about them openly. But, energetically they were obvious. The woman on my left felt like she was in the same place and ‘letting go’ was an extremely challenging task even in a known environment.

Being in a place where they were not sure what was going to happen and sensing the power of the music’s capacity, putting them in an ‘unknown’ place that so often betrays us with fear, I wasn’t surprised at all.

What did surprise me was that I had the awareness to disappear and let their energy of resistance fuel the spin for the group. Now that it was moving I could relax and tune in to the vocal prompts as they came, assisting the group to go deeper and reach further out than ever. It is amazing what can happen on the inside with eyes closed.

We reached the break without further incident, but the energy ran one guy off. His ego couldn’t get out of the way and he made several complaints from that ego-centered place that was obvious. He was one of the few people that I had some history with and I wasn’t surprised when he made his exit. The rest remained and after a quick bathroom break we went back in.

During the second half a thunderstorm broke out and the claps of thunder were in perfect synchrony with the music. Things like that are expected in Sedona I suppose, known for its spiritual connectivity. When we were done, most everyone left quickly as it was nearly midnight. Jill and I were spending the night there, so we had plenty of time to debrief with Tom.

His experience was completely off the charts. He reflected that in his position, acting as protector, he encountered a huge being that was trying to push energy down through the pyramid and us. He responded as though it was a threat and tried to deflect the massive amount of energy.

This being appeared to be nearly a hundred feet tall, with some kind of armor which made him think it was a threat. I wasn't sure that was true, but I didn't argue with him about it. I felt there was something more and that we were being used to inject energy into the planet, much the same way I experienced the Harmonic Convergence, only with help now.

The next morning we found out the United States had invaded Afghanistan during the time of our meditation, so the appearance of the being made perfect sense. I felt like there was a cosmic play of sorts, somehow minimizing the loss of life and mitigating the corruption that would eventually become apparent. Time would tell.

I attempted to discuss the previous evening with the founder, but there was no deep listening for her. I could tell she was still a bit upset and puzzled by the whiz of energy she felt unexpectedly. I'm sure she was still a bit angered that Tom had not let her use the pyramid, too.

Later that morning we took a walk in the neighborhood, a few blocks away we found ourselves in a cul-de-sac with a very protective German Shepard barking aggressively to warn us not to come any closer. I felt like a little experiment, so I told Jill just to stand by and watch.

I went into the center of the cul-de-sac and lay down on my back with my arms and legs extended, looking straight up at the sky. I wasn't sure what was going to happen, but I thought the dog might soften.

Sure enough, after a few moments he came over and began sniffing around me. I hoped he would not decide to mark his territory. After circling me a couple of times he came up and licked my face. I slowly rose to a sitting position as he backed off just a little, but didn't bark at all. I extended my hand toward him and he came over, licked it and allowed me to pet him. Hey, maybe I'm a dog whisperer too.

Meditative Moments

Jill thought I was a bit of a fool for taking a chance like that, but it all worked out just fine. We walked back and packed up to leave, journeyed down the hill and talked about the night before a little more while we packed.

I cannot explain it all, but I did learn more about the push and pull of energy and the practice of cosmic aikido in the moment, using your opponent's energy to defeat them.

There was a couple of other meditative moments during this period, much more private, that made me realize just how important 'the work' was with Jill. I tended to spook the women I'd been in relationships with over the last decade or so, hoping to find someone that could handle my abilities and experiences without getting all whacked out. I got my answer when I was calling my 'dead council' together one night.

Now that may sound a bit weird, dead council, but it gave a little humorous twist to the events. Being a necromancer is not something you want to publish. Even with those who have made their debuts in the media and on television, the personal experience of it tends to be more traumatic than transcendent.

You might want to know a little more about how I created my council. I used a chart developed by an old, now deceased, friend named Michael Valentine Zomorrow. He'd crafted his name from Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land* and lived his life peering into this world with a much different perspective than most people I knew.

Michael was also written up in *Time Magazine's* March '71 issue as a 'prophet of his own time.' You can look into that if you want. I'm reminded of the 'trust but verify' admonition we often hear from wise ones.

So Michael shared this concept of creating a council using a 12-house model, much like the astrological charts. Each house had a mentor – living, dead or imaginary – that was imbued with the specific character traits of the house. There were head shots of his council, cut out of magazines apparently, on the walls of his living room up along ceiling.

That way, he said, one can look into the eyes and connect with the soul of the mentor. It seemed a brilliant and effective device

to me. ‘The eyes are the gateway to the soul,’ was something I knew to be true. I looked forward to trying it.

Years later I made use of it with friends and mentors that had passed on, since they showed up occasionally anyway I thought it a best practice of our relationships. So this particular night I was on the third member, David Chez, and as soon as I called his name Jill sat straight up in bed with a harrumph. I was lying perfectly still and silent so this was very interesting indeed. I wondered what would happen now.

I asked her what happened. She replied that it felt like an entity had strafed her body and sat her up. She did not feel that it was malevolent in any way and so she wasn’t frightened, but she did know beyond a shadow of a doubt it was an entity.

We were in a dark room so she couldn’t see the smile on my face, but I asked her if she would like to know who it was. I could feel her surprise when she said, “What? How do you know?” So I decided to share.

“It was David Chez,” I said. “Remember that ‘dead council’ thing I told you about when we first met? You rolled your eyes at the time and I knew you had trouble believing it. Well, I think David decided to prove it to both of us.”

Honestly, I just played with the members, serious play of course, because they provided different points of view and I wasn’t really sure if it was my imagination or reality. This would tend to make it the latter, huh?

She was amazing in her presence of mind and lack of fear. Most folks I know are afraid of ghosts, especially if they are sensed in some way. It intrigued her and we talked for a while about the sensations and experience she had – and the fact that I now knew she was a keeper, because the event didn’t cause her to think I was full of Satan or something equally as preposterous.

A couple of months later I was in deep meditation at night, with Jill asleep by my side again. I was experiencing some tremendous pain from a cracked tooth and exposed root, so I used meditation to move beyond it while waiting for the meds to kick in. So, down I went into the abyss.

As I went deeper and deeper I found myself in what I can only call a ‘red zone.’ It was a deep, dark red. I felt an unbelievable

Meditative Moments

amount of power there, too. As I got comfortable in this place I noticed a face coming toward me, grotesque by human standards, black and red like the Sith only much more hideous, reminding me of a gargoyle of sorts, but different still.

I just watched as this face came toward me. I opened my heart and had no sense of fear or love, just acceptance. I suppose that might be termed ‘unconditional love’ to some. The face came closer and passed through me without stopping, then another and another and another; seven in all, each slightly different but of the same kind of appearance. They passed through me without stopping and without any emotional response from me at all. I just watched.

Just after the last one passed by, I had this image of Jill and I with another couple, somewhere unknown, and as I turned to speak to her she literally sat up in bed again with the same harrumph as before, almost like she had sleep apnea.

Interesting... “Okay, what now?” I asked. She said she was watching these black and red faces pass by her and then just came out of the dream, feeling like she’d lost her breath for a moment. So I told her what happened with me. I thought the bleed-over was pretty darn cool.

Again, she didn’t seem particularly upset over the event. We talked about it a bit more and I shared something that occurred to me while I was listening. There is a sensation that occurs when something extraordinary or even paranormal happens that we don’t often pay attention to before qualifying it with our thoughts. We misinterpret it as anxiety most often.

In most cases people tend to qualify it as anxiety or fear when in actuality it is a ‘quickening’ of our subtle vibrational activity that is beyond our normal consciousness and thought processes. So to recognized that and just observe the sensation or watch the events is a key to remaining free, allowing one to have a clearer view and potential understanding of a deeper level of life and living. What if learning environments were like that?

Spectrum Academy

My teaching career was short-lived, but I had the opportunity to teach in a variety of environments and across many disciplines. Teaching at district-level high schools was far different than charter high schools and the residential treatment center school experience presented additional challenges with adjudicated youth with behavioral elements.

While co-teaching with Jill, I talked her into entering the Master of Arts in Organizational Management program with me. It gave me the opportunity to return to something I was really good at, educational performance, and I thought that writing a business plan for a new educational village might forward our efforts together. I began the research. I'd mention this dream earlier, so this will make more sense.

We spent many a night discussing what a state-of-the-art education environment might look like if it was totally student-focused. A holistic picture developed that covered the span of student needs including intellectual, emotional, social, physical, creative and spiritual. I suggested we call it Spectrum Academy.

Research showed that in Arizona alone, during one year only 45% of the 6,000 juveniles 14-17 that were referred to the Arizona Department of Juvenile Corrections were enrolled in school. That just seemed catastrophic to the community.

We designed Spectrum with the intention to serve the at-risk population across the socio-economic realms of society, converting them to empowered and productive community citizens and future leaders.

We knew certain components for appropriate community development would be primary concerns. The need for self-sufficiency and sustainability needed to be included in the design and curriculum. Portals into the surrounding community were also opportunities for additional support, emotional and financial. The design was integrated well.

Rapid changes in business, society and technology that we knew were coming gave us a unique opportunity to develop a plan that could serve as a new model for education even beyond the at-risk population we sought to serve first. Cottage industry instruction and integration, social-centric programs and a data

Spectrum Academy

and technology center provide critical community-centric components. It is a community, after all.

Peer community is an interconnected and sustainable methodology to manage living environments with best practices throughout all the dimensions of developing healthy and productive lifestyles. We felt that incorporating natural cycles and rhythms would also have a centering affect, supportive of the personal growth necessary for each member to transform their lives. This should be a natural function, not contrived.

We all share in the magnificent opportunity to grow together, to experience what life can offer when the focus is creating harmony among people and planet. It is easy to say and arduous to attain, yet it is possibly our only alternative to achieve a model of practice that is both practical and pragmatic.

We had a general starting point of desert-made dwellings that housed 6 to 8 with a mentor, thirteen in all to reflect the natural lunar activity. Completing a circuit, meeting monthly goals and objects for academic and social requirements, is rewarded with a vote on the peer community council that administrates and becoming a student mentor.

Our business plan included best practices of well-researched and working models across America and even the Holistic Educational Network in Australia. We found that education in America does not include a holistic foundation for student programs, which leaves some critical areas of development completely ignored. The old systems just don't work anymore.

Spectrum Academy combines a charter school, residential treatment component, and a community technology/data center within a living environment to empower youth to change their direction away from self-destructive habits and toward self-empowerment. A peer community council engages the drive to discovery of how to live and work together in harmony, addressing a holistic scene.

Depression is the number one factor that keeps youth from learning, so they need help with managing emotions and understanding human behavior. Once they are available to learn, the school lessons and staff assist their growth and understanding of being part of a healthy community.

Holistic education is concerned with the connectedness of all things and nurtures this understanding in youth, providing a path to a healthy and productive lifestyle. Traditional educational frameworks are like slow-moving dinosaurs in the need for changing our educational delivery systems.

Spectrum Academy organizational plan provides a solid yet flexible framework to manage the challenging and changing needs with style and grace.

Sustainability is achieved through the synergistic union of a community technology center, subscription-based ISP and Web services, cottage industry development, and community shops. The energy required will be provided by leading green energy technology incorporated in the curriculum and construction build out, designed to feed in to the grid.

As the public awareness of Spectrum Academy grows, the subscription and e-commerce features of the data center provide the financial resources. The model seemed solid. The data center alone could provide a sustainable financial foundation.

Cottage industry development and strategically placed storefronts on the perimeter of the site creates the personal and professional bridge for youth and their community. They are in real-world environments that show them the benefit of an education and the importance of being a good communicator.

Community connections create sustainable success. This 'sustainability' piece is an addition to previous educational models. We include community gardens, with state of the art aquaponics systems; data center, with adjoining computer labs; energy production, with a green and lean technology-driven feed-back-to-the-grid supply.

Alliances and partnerships with industry leaders bridge 21st Century learners with 21st Century technology, assisting youth to evolve and facilitate a healthier global culture. This proactive approach to addressing the growing concern of a healthy society creates utility in applying best practices across multiple disciplines, maximizing funds and building a learning organization that can meet shifting demands in service delivery and community support. We talk about building a better world and now we have the opportunity.

Spectrum Academy

Culture and Learning

Spectrum Academy's concept and design embodies the learning organization, constantly growing through leadership, educators, management, and staff that are change agents in themselves. Building a learning organization requires perseverance and persistence among the leadership team as there is normally much unlearning in the initial stages.

Wise leadership anticipates the resistance and prepares pathways to shift the paradigm paralysis. Both external and internal forces have created the need for change within the areas of focus addressed by our plan.

Facilitating a learning organization such as Spectrum Academy challenges the leadership to create a new model of change for the paradigm paralysis in education and juvenile correctional systems to date, which stands as an example for future reformations. If we could do it once, it would be duplicable.

Organizational Capabilities

Natural and common sense questions come forth for the gathering of information to facilitate the learning organization. What kinds of programs are working elsewhere, even if they are only pieces of Spectrum's vision? How are these organizations implementing a structure that recognizes and adapts to what works while learning from and minimizing what does not? What and where are the performance gaps and disconnects in this holistic system?

How/where would they manifest? What kinds of demonstrable results can be anticipated, documentable and observable? What metrics have been or can be used for documentation? The answers contribute to the factors that facilitate organizational learning, such as scanning imperatives, performance gaps, and concern for measurement.

Additional data is acquired by answering more questions. What are the key features of transformational leadership necessary in this quest for change? What are potential residual personal patterns of staff that may inhibit the process? What are the processes that engage transformation through use of behavioral and situational leadership?

What continuous training will be necessary for leadership, management, staff and teachers? In the key areas of operation, who are the key leaders and what skill sets do they need to support operations? The answers to these questions focus on the experimental mindset, climate of openness, continuous education and operational variety within Spectrum Academy.

What kinds of channels are necessary to keep open lines of communication between all levels of the organization? Where and who are the apparent advocates and gatekeepers of procedure and process?

How is the vision and mission maintained through the leadership team, relative to the educators, staff, youth and community stakeholders?

What are the organizational goals and are they clear to the stakeholders involved? Do the stakeholders know who they are?

How does the interdependence of the business units, residential treatment center, charter school and community technology center, empower optimization of organizational goals and utilize problems to produce solutions of systemic relationships?

These questions focus on the need for multiple advocates, involvement of leadership, common vision and systems perspective of this learning organization as Spectrum Academy.

Learning Organizations

Metanoia, a shift in mind, is the core of a learning organization's thrust for change. Peter Senge details five key elements of a learning organization: systems thinking, personal mastery, mental models, building shared vision, and team learning. His work at MIT with Otto Scharmer now

He describes the team as – “a group of people who functioned together in an extraordinary way - who trusted one another, who complemented each other's strengths and compensated for each other's limitations, who had common goals that were larger than individual goals, and who produced extraordinary results.” (Senge, 1990)

According to the text, “A learning organization is one that proactively creates, acquires, and transfers knowledge and that

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changes its behavior on the basis of new knowledge and insights.” (Kreitner, 2001)

Initial Feature Introductions

Tom Peters says that, “The ultimate stage of involvement is the regular, spontaneous taking of initiative.” (Thriving on Chaos, 1987) It is only appropriate that education, from a systemic and systematic standpoint, finds new ways to draw out the unique individuality of an employee, a manager, a teacher or a student.

“Because differentiation is one-half of a complex consciousness, each person must follow his or her own bent; find ways to realize his or her unique individuality.” (Evolving Self, 1993)

The ‘systems’ approach here is to identify and nurture the natural skill set of the individual in order for them to find their natural order and place within the collective. An holistic system is one that all elements relate to a central theme. In this case, one of harmony within the community.

Resistance to Change

Crafting holistic education offers opportunity to discover solutions to fix the flaws and close the gaps in the current approach. An integrated system naturally addresses inherent conflict and provides tools to ascend from it, using the conflict to engage creative thinking rather than rote action.

“Our vision begins to be stated in things we don’t want- ‘I don’t want to fail,’ ‘I don’t want to be unhealthy,’ or ‘I don’t want to want to be poor.” (Magic of Conflict, 1987) Positive affirmations to replace them is a first step in changing the way we condition ourselves to think.

What fits here is the need to move toward collaboration rather than resistance. Our current educational environment often contributes to ‘moving away from’ rather than ‘moving toward’ a goal or a vision, even though it is often stated otherwise.

Change creates vulnerability. The affect is not always the desired outcome. Spectrum provides an atmosphere where vulnerability is nurtured and fears can become known and resolved. The process is much the same as what is known as ‘partnering’ in the construction industry. (TeamPartnering.com)

Changes in Organizational Culture

The function of holistic education within the community exemplifies the systems approach toward business, education, and community. Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi's research identifies some interesting details that not only acknowledge the obvious; they reveal potential structure for creating environments that illicit personal and professional growth, so necessary for the future of students.

"As our studies have suggested, the phenomenology of enjoyment has eight major components. ... The combination of all these elements causes a sense of deep enjoyment that is so rewarding people feel that expending a great deal of energy is worthwhile simply to be able to feel it." (Flow, 1990)

Adults throughout the structure will also notice an elevated feeling of accomplishment, which reflects a stronger desire for change and results in promoting the new paradigm within the structure of the organization and living environment.

Employee-Manager Relationships

Creation of win/win scenarios in the development stages of Spectrum Academy includes improvement in the manager/employee relationships. The strategic plan calls for the negotiation of resources (hard to soft), processes, and the inclusion of production and/or distribution of the products to be achieved through collaborative research and development projects; effectively partnering for profit.

Our customers are our students, their parents and/or guardians, the community, and other educational institutions that are shifting paradigm approaches toward education through purchasing the CTC's products and services.

Prioritization of goals requires the business administration and operations of Spectrum Academy's scorecard to be a primary concern. Developing partnerships empowers everyone to contribute their best efforts. Looking at the specific example of old paradigm adversarial labor relations, partnerships between managers and employees brings a fresh approach to problem solving. There is an art and skill in facilitating the process.

The following example of interest-based negotiation comes from a working model in Michigan:

What is the Interest-Based Process?

It is the non-adversarial approach to labor issues that can be used for negotiations, problem-solving, communications and relationships and improving school climate.

Why it Works

The interest-based process is based on objective reasoning rather than power or coercion. Because it is analytic and creative, it helps people employ these strengths as partners in problem-solving and decision-making. Unlike traditional negotiations where there are winners and losers, all parties in the interest-based process own the solution. There is mutual commitment to the process and its results.” (MECA, 1999)

The speed at which youth learn and adapt often intimidates adults that have forgotten the voracious appetites of young learners. Even young adults are far more adaptable to changing environments than in the past. This can also affect staff performance. The creation of effective manager/employee partnerships can effectively smooth out the bumps in the process.

Embracing the Leadership of Change

The world thrives on the continuing development of technology. Leadership technology applied in psychospiritual, scientific, and organizational arenas facilitates a learning organization toward optimal performance. We are learning to construct new models of reality with technology, inclusive of the educational and treatment arenas.

The personal leadership of the writer embraces the optimal tenets of behavioral, charismatic, situational, transactional, and transformational styles. All of the past learning and development of personal style seems to fit perfectly into this environment. Others with complementary styles are needed.

Utilizing a Balanced Scorecard

The goals for the scorecard of administration and operations include customer, financial, innovation, learning and internal business perspectives. Our customers are our students, their parents and/or guardians, the community, and other

educational/treatment institutions that are shifting paradigms to adjust scholastic needs.

Prioritization of goals requires the business administration and operations of Spectrum Academy's scorecard to be a primary concern. It drives the overall success.

It currently looks like this:

Customer Perspective

1. Our customers are consistently satisfied with the products and services provided by Spectrum Academy business administration and stakeholders.
2. Our stakeholders recognize the value of our contribution to the Spectrum Academy mission:
 - Quality and efficiency of operations
 - Ethical exercise of fiduciary responsibility
 - Holistic approach to education/treatment
 - Creation of collaborative alliances

Financial Perspective

1. We ensure Spectrum Academy financial integrity and demonstrate fiduciary responsibility for capital and financial assets throughout the system.
2. We deliver our services in an efficient, cost-effective manner. The value we create exceeds the cost of creating it.
3. We ensure delivery of quality services and products in support of the Spectrum Academy mission by facilitating the generation of revenue.

Innovation/Learning Perspective

1. We create a workplace that fosters teamwork, integrity, professionalism, pride, and trust.
2. We attract, retain and enable a highly skilled, diverse workforce capable of successfully delivering Spectrum Academy business administration and operations products and services to our customers.
3. We achieve high degree of innovation, efficiency, effectiveness and quality of service in every area of our business through the utilization of information technology.

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4. We encourage and reward enterprising behaviors and actions throughout the Spectrum Academy system.
5. We improve continuously.

Internal Business Perspective

1. We develop and implement demonstrably clear policies, simple procedures and efficient work processes.
2. We anticipate the future and we design and improve our programs and services in ways that ensure future success.
3. Accountability underlies everything we do.
4. We leverage our skills and resources, both collectively and individually, directly supporting the academic mission of Spectrum Academy.

“The balanced scorecard tracks the elements of an organization’s strategy – from serving its constituencies to developing partnerships, ensuring financial stewardship, building skills, fostering teamwork and continuously improving the effectiveness of internal work processes.

No single measure can provide insight into an organization’s performance into relation to specific goals. The balanced scorecard allows the organization to view its performance through multiple lenses.” (U. of C., 2003)

Spectrum Academy is built on the foundation of best practices in management philosophy, inclusive of customer involvement, supply chain management, and labor relations. By adhering to the goals of the balanced scorecard approach, the school will engage cross-functional teams at every level in its operations.

The discoveries of these teams and the analysis of their findings will set the prioritization for elements within each division and department. This is a new living environment for everyone.

Systems-thinking requires that all elements have importance and relevance in the mix. In today’s ever-changing environment, Spectrum Academy will have the administrative and operational foundations to manage change with skill, precision and flexibility for the future.

Synergizing the traditional framework of business, school, and community fits the growing demands of operating in the world

in an integrated fashion. The Academy seeks to apply cutting-edge integrative technologies, both scientific and psychospiritual, across the spectrum to meet the emerging demands of the 21st Century student and community.

We presented our plan to several gatekeepers, including the head of education for the State Child Protective Services. It was brilliant and inclusive, we were told, but light years ahead of the current situation. We didn't have deep pockets and no one stepped up as benefactor to continue the work.

After nearly a year of presentations and disappointments we chose to let it set for a bit and at least post information online so that it might be helpful to others. We hoped interest would grow and circle back around when the existing framework failed.

I built a second website to feature our work and created a presentation video just to keep the concept alive, still within the same domain. It was a way to seed the thoughtmosphere and let it grow organically through those who read and applied the information in whatever fashion.

Someday the butterfly would return, hopefully.

A paradox:

Those who seek the truth by means of intellect and learning only get further and further away from it. Not till your thoughts cease their branching here and there, not till you abandon all thoughts of seeking for something, not till your mind is motionless as wood or stone, will you be on the right road to the Gate.

Huang-po

Navajo Grandmother

During our spring break of 2002 we took a little road trip to relax and visit some folks I'd met at the Prophets Conference some years ago who lived in Taos, New Mexico. On the way, we stopped in Lupton, Arizona to see an old friend. He was retired from the military and had built a house on the Navajo reservation on some privately held land.

I have to offer a little recap on this guy first. I shared a story about a contactee I met via a woman who was the President of Light and Sound Technologies in Scottsdale, Arizona. When we first met, I saw a pair of almond-shaped eyes directly behind his as I we were locked in conversation.

I found out later, by asking him directly, that his mother had been 'abducted' and impregnated. He was then born naturally.

He spent most of his life being 'watched' and then recruited into the elite field of assassins used by our government to keep the world in order. He was called upon only as a last resort when others weren't playing fair, like developing biological weapons.

It was years before I found out what he had been doing, only after getting shot on one of his missions and ending up with a defibrillator embedded in his abdomen to keep him alive. He managed well, though I had a real challenge with the work.

While we were visiting this time, we hiked up into the mountains just in back of their home and visited a site where the Anasazi had been, quite likely over a thousand years ago. There was a small waterway, approximately a foot across and deep, carved out of the solid rock that had remained over centuries.

This waterway was over a thousand feet long, atop a ridge coming off a larger rock shelf. At the base of the groove was a large hole in the rock, approximately 5 meters across and about 2 meters deep. This hole was filled with rainwater, nearly clear of any impurities besides the minerals from the area.

Tom and several other Navajos had cleaned the dirt out of the hole and now enjoyed lounging there for at least part of the year. We sat in the natural hot tub for several hours. The minerals that had been washed off the rock and into the pool

Navajo Grandmother

gave us an invigorating yet relaxing feeling, like being submerged in a hot tub of Epsom salts.

Looking out across the landscape revealed a long canyon, of which we were the beginning of one side, stretching for miles. We were in the high desert so the brush was sparse, but the beauty of the rock formations was breathtaking.

The next day he directed us to the house of an elder's family. We had been invited to the celebration of the grandmother's 101st birthday the night before. He was a bit reluctant to take us then because of the younger crowd's proclivity toward alcohol consumption and he didn't think it would be such a good idea to go. We agreed and visited her the next day instead.

The home was about 2 miles off the highway, back an incredibly dusty dirt road filled with ruts and holes from rain and vehicle traffic. It looked and road like it hadn't been graded in a long time, either. There were two structures; a modern block home with a traditional 8-sided hogan next to it, where Grandmother lived.

She was in the main house at the time when we walked in, crocheting a beautiful green, white, and blue blanket. She was tiny and frail in comparison to the others around. I can only assume that modern life had fattened them all up and she had remained true to the traditional diet and ways of life.

To my surprise, she was blind now, yet still continued her joy with crocheting. I commented on the beauty of her work as she invited me to sit down next to her, Jill knelt in front of her on a beautiful rug and Tom leaned up against a recliner just behind Jill, eventually sitting on its arm.

After my compliment, she shared some stories about her family as I held her hand, with an early comment on its softness. Her voice had traces of the Navajo accent, with an occasional click and gruffness. Her voice was still soft and soothing, though. She shared viewing her children grow up and the conditions they met as a family growing up on the reservation. She continued talking about many different events for some time. Then she did something unexpected.

She moved her hands to where they were both holding mine. I felt a shift in energy as she did so, even more calm than before

and I felt such warmth from her. She spoke with a slightly more intense tone as well as she began another tale.

Grandmother then told us of when her daughter, now 65, was just a few days old. They lived in a hogan far away from neighbors and civilization. One evening she heard strange music and could not determine where its source. She wasn't sure if it was inside or outside the hogan. She listened to it for a long time as it was beautiful to her ears.

Her curiosity got the best of her and she went outside, in a pitch dark landscape, looking for the source of the music. She walked out from the hogan's door for some distance, stopped and stared into the night sky with awe and amazement.

She realized the music was coming from the sky. This was quite an unusual experience for her indeed, although she did admit that her life had been full of Great Spirit's offerings. Then she made a comment that I can only say brought a deep sense of humility and honor to my heart.

She said she had not heard that music again until she held my hand in that moment. I cannot explain it or understand how it happened. I can only report the experience. I'm sure time will reveal the meaning and wisdom of her sharing. I was completely taken off guard by the entire event.

Jill felt the overwhelming gratitude for her sharing as well, but as usual she didn't say much about it. She likes asking more scientific questions about how things happen. My friend said it was the most he had ever heard her say to anyone, native or not. We were all blessed. I felt this was yet another sign of the path of destiny I was on, somehow validating it.

I was left feeling somewhat alone and isolated once again, though, wondering if there would ever be a lasting experience that would bring all these internal, sometimes external, and often deeply connecting experiences together as one. Part of me wasn't sure I really wanted it to find cohesion because I felt bereft of the wisdom to manage it all effectively yet.

Becoming the real facilitator of this new world order told to me so many years ago was more than anyone could handle, especially me at this time. I felt ill-equipped still.

Navajo Grandmother

How could I possibly integrate all of these experiences into some coherent and practical methodology of change that others could engage? I know it really isn't about me, but the experiences certainly are about me getting comfortable with me.

Even if I could, how could I avoid the pitfalls of so many before me that fell into the human traps of paradox; entrapment by the messenger instead of the message that was so important?

I was often torn between the seeming self-aggrandizing behavior of the message carrier and the desire to remain free of attention that so often causes cult-like behavior and temptations of the ego. Sacrificing ego for wego was always the call.

How does one truly manage such a living awareness and find the balance and harmony in living?

We continued our journey the next day, up through Albuquerque where stopped to visit a woman who was raised around Los Alamos. Her father was a scientist there and she was also part of a 'gifted' program for sensitive children. That sensitivity continued on into her adult life and made it easy for her to interact with multi-dimensional beings.

After a fantastic dinner had a great conversation about the state of affairs within the new age and metaphysical communities regarding their naivety and spiritual bigotry; mirroring the organized religions as well. We left the next morning right after breakfast and went on to Taos.

Unfortunately, we weren't able to connect with the couple we went to see, but we did manage to take in some absolutely gorgeous scenery as we hiked around the area.



Heart of the Hearts

In the fall of that year I was asked to speak at a couple of events called the Heart of the Heart Conference. It was a pseudo-enlightened group of promoters wanting to bring folks together in some sort of heart-centered way. Like so many others, though, the lineup of speakers didn't match the intent. I was surprised at the behavior of some, still, yet I had to accept they were on their own path.

One of these was in Scottsdale and the other was in the Village of Oak Creek just outside Sedona. The gals from the Gathering of Souls were at the VOC event and we enjoyed each other's company as though nothing had happened, but there was no mention of working together again.

I gave a presentation on Unveiling Yourself that included some of my story along with various tidbits of cosmic humor and witticisms. I like using metaphors and especially when they can be incorporated into the unveiling of self. So wearing a three-piece suit that I gradually took off, clothes underneath of course even though the audience wouldn't know it, using the articles of clothing as perfect metaphor.

I used each piece as a metaphor; removing the coat of armor, divesting oneself, untying the knots, giving the shirt off one's back, etc. When I got to talking off the pants in the family, a woman in the front row offered her skirt. She had some capris underneath.

Without breaking continuity, I took the skirt (which happened to match the shirt I had on underneath my previous one) and slipped it on. As I reached into the pocket I felt what I thought were some mints. When I pulled them out, they were almonds, so my immediate response (making sure I held my hand out to the audience) was, "Hmmm, gives new meaning to having your nuts in your hand, eh?" The whole room burst out laughing. I looked a bit sheepish and innocent.

I love the spontaneity the stage provides, having overcome a huge hurdle in my ability to speak openly of my own transformation. Thinking back to coming out of the hospital as a teenager and literally shaking on the inside so bad that my body actually trembled, to now being able to stand up confidently and

Heart of the Hearts

in many cases just wing it was a huge growth process that I feel very humble about making.

I know there are many who cannot speak to their close friends, let alone family or groups about the experiences or impressions or visions they have on a consistent, although probably not constant, basis. I grew up just wanting to be liked but my experience, intelligence and vocabulary often intimidated others. It still does today.

I cannot control what others think. I can use my ability to communicate effectively, though, making sure I read the audience whether one or many and present the same point in a variety of ways. I'm thankful to have had great mentors in education and spiritual studies.

The evening after my presentation I had a great conversation with James Gilliland. We talked for a couple of hours about our various experiences and the understanding we had garnered from them. It seemed like we were completely aligned. Then another gentleman sat down with us and we could feel the energy shift, even noting it in conversation.

The man seemed to be obsessed with conspiratorial belief systems and wanted to just ram them down our throats. He was also a speaker at the conference. Jim and I couldn't figure that one out, but as we spoke with him it was obvious his heart was closed and his mental perturbations were running his life, complete with several books he had written to date.

He was definitely 'vested' in his work. At one point both Jim and I spoke very pointedly to him about his energy and that our experience, not beliefs, was completely contrary to his apparently and we invited him to try on a different point of view that began with oneness. It seemed to move him closer for a moment, but it didn't last as I could see the wheels turning in his head, looking for some familiar argument.

Jill and I returned to Phoenix again and a few months later I spoke in Scottsdale at another Heart of the Hearts, sharing the same material to a completely different crowd. It didn't feel as spontaneous with them, though. I saw a lot of empty eyes in the room, which I thought was odd. You know how sometimes you can literally see the light in someone else's eyes. Not much there in this group, however, there was something more for me.

One of the other speakers was from China. He had smuggled 13 small crystal skulls and several stone ‘tablets’ out of the country. They had been discovered on the north side of the Himalayas and supposedly had been made by what was known as the Dropa people.

These were small extraterrestrials that had created a civilization after crash landing thousands of years ago. The stones were round, thick in the center and tapering to the edge with a square hole in the center. They were covered with markings, like hieroglyphs, that had not been deciphered yet.

As part of his presentation he spread twelve of the 13 skulls, which were about the size of a one year old baby, in a circle around a lamb skin rug. He invited folks to lie on the rug and hold the 13th skull on their chest and meditate with them for a moment. When I lay down I put the skull on my heart and a Dropa stone on my solar plexus.

Within seconds after closing my eyes I saw what appeared to be a rainbow grid that formed from the opposing skulls. That is all I remembered. As soon as the grid formed – poof - I was gone. I went somewhere else for about five minutes, according to Jill, and I had no idea where I went.

When I came back and opened my eyes I felt like I had transcended multiple dimensions and returned with a deep awareness of the people who made the skulls.

It was quite a while before I even felt like talking, similar to the sensation I had after channeling Jesus at Woods Canyon Lake so many years ago. As non-linear experiences go, the memory in the moment is temporarily blocked, but the data is certainly retained and released over time so the waking consciousness can assimilate the information.

Over the next few weeks I had numerous dreams of engaging this civilization, both on Earth and elsewhere. Although I was not able to determine where ‘elsewhere’ was, it had a familiar feel and sense of belonging that seemed more like family.

I have to admit, my sense of family is expanded, since I never really had any direct bloodline relationships growing up, at least that I was aware of anyway.

Heart of the Hearts

The environments in both places felt rather serene, even though there was quite a lot of activity in and around the communities I was able to witness. Occasionally, I had that familiar participant/observer sensation as I moved about and interacted with the folks there. In this instance, they all appeared human-like but had extraordinary abilities of communication and travel, telepathy and teleportation to be specific.

It seemed that no sooner did a thought evolve than it was instantly responded to either by the environment or by a quick trip in the blink of an eye to another location. As I continued to flip back and forth from participant to observer I was able to sense the subtle levels of energy that had both sensation and sound.

At one time when I was contemplating the experience, in waking consciousness, my memory of the experience of teleportation in Prescott was evoked and I could hear and sense the same subtleness in that moment. Although I knew I'd tapped into this 'field' temporarily, I really wasn't concerned with the replication of it as much as I was just BEing with the sensation and understanding that it is possible to call [it] up again. Once we have an experience of something, it ought to be retrievable again, I would think.

I could really see no purpose in its use at this time because of the state of consciousness still prevalent in humanity's thoughtmosphere. It would do more harm than good, to show up out of nowhere to introduce myself and the message I have to deliver. However, it did make the experience of being in front of President Bush just after 9-11 much more relevant and understandable. I know there is a part of me that functions on levels I still don't understand, but that doesn't negate the fact that we are witness to it when I'm called to duty.

Speaking of being called to duty, I had another experience with President Bush during the Venus Transit of 2004. I had been in ceremony with some friends, including a sweat, early in the evening. My vibratory rate was extremely high at the time and I could feel the energy flowing in, around and through my body and consciousness effortlessly.

I was prone; on my back in bed with Jill next to me sound asleep. She is prone to bleed-overs, too. I wish she had seen this

one, though. I was out traveling in the stars, swirling around this interesting looking feminine serpent that had the look of one of our classmates in the transformational life coaching program we were in at the time. I wasn't sure what to think.

It felt like we intertwined and united as one for a moment and instantly I was in front of President Bush again, looking directly into his eyes. I said to him, "There is no reason to be afraid. We are on the same side." Another part of me questioned why the heck I would say that, and then the realization of oneness became present; the acceptance was automatic and I felt complete for the moment.

As I returned to the awareness of my body, still looking into another dimension, I felt this overwhelming sensation. It felt like a tremendously powerful focus of energy bearing down on me and I instantly thought of the remote viewers and psychic assassins that I'd heard were in use by the government.

So, rather than resist them I just opened up and invited them to come in and take a look. The instant I did, the sensation vanished and I felt completely at peace, still wondering if what I had just done and observed was real at all.

Back in bed, I reflected on the awareness of being able to perform these cosmic tasks that seemed to come up from time to time. I never knew how or when but the continual, albeit inconsistent, events sure add some spice to my life. The result is a natural inclination toward allowing and trusting the process with my life. After all, I did give it up to know truth. So truth is often stranger than fiction.

The fairest thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion which stands at the cradle of true art and true science.

Albert Einstein

Purveyors of the Federation

We'd met a dynamic woman who owned a metaphysical bookstore in Chandler during the development of the Mission: Earth Dance events. Once I settled in with Jill, we frequented the store and even began a discussion group there in late 2003. Occasionally folks traveling through the area would come and speak. One such event caused a kink in my awareness and consciousness for years.

The individual was purportedly a representative of the Galactic Federation, had written several books and channeled various updates from time to time. His information was shared through a website and email list of thousands, but there was something that felt contrived about him to me.

I had the opportunity to have a private conversation with him just before his presentation.

I wanted to respect his preparation time, as I knew from speaking myself that some time is needed to properly prepare and center oneself before speaking. We had a small gathering and plenty of time, so he agreed to have a sidebar before his talk. I thanked him for his time and began a casual conversation.

I know how to make people comfortable and facilitate an open conversation free of contention. I did it with hundreds over the years, including the intimate conversations on One World. We commiserated about the challenges of being a contactee and having connections and conversations outside the realms of most people's experiences. I became aware that we had little direct eye contact, only fleeting glances from him.

Eye to eye contact is a big thing for me. When I'm speaking to someone, especially at this level, I open up and allow my full attention and awareness to become present. As much as I try to eliminate expectations, I still have them regarding reciprocal participation in conversation..

I've been told that my gaze can be quite intimidating and I know from experience if someone is not clear; authentic, honest and open, they tend to see me as an invader. Over the years I came to realize what the expression 'eyes of fire' truly meant.

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When you have nothing to hide and you know that Source flows through you, it tends to burn right through the bullshit that others tend to carry.

I don't intend to be invasive, although I have to admit that it could seem like we are. At any rate, in noticing there was little eye contact even when I purposely lowered my head to look into his eyes it made me wonder. He stared at my chest mostly and as much as I tried not to, it felt like he was avoiding my gaze on purpose, possibly because he did not want me to 'see' something he was trying to hide.

I have to say I did not specifically ask him why, so at best I'm speculating as to the reason. However, it led me to believe there was something out of integrity within him that he did not want me to see.

Now I don't just take people for their word because they are speaking about something I don't have much knowledge about, especially when I've had my own experience with the Galactic Federation in a variety of ways to date.

Frankly, I just didn't trust him. He had advanced degrees in group dynamics and communication, so I know he was aware of communication protocols, like looking into someone's eyes when you are talking with them. In my world, not doing so is considered inconsiderate and downright rude. But hey, I have high expectations of my own behavior and in so doing, expectations of others as well.

We closed our conversation for the moment, but I just couldn't shake my impression and wondered how that was going to affect his presentation to the small group that had gathered to hear him channel. It didn't take long for the group to sense something as well and challenge his authenticity.

I have to say this wasn't your normal cross-section of cosmic groupies who don't have their own experience from which to filter others. They were quite well experienced with their own connections, most of them aware of mine as well. I don't believe the visitor was aware, but maybe somehow he was.

I kept quiet during the evening, a rare occurrence for me, and just observed the interactions instead. The conversations, both during the channeling and afterward, were rather tense and it

seemed like he felt he was under the microscope much more than normal, if ever, and it made him quite visibly uncomfortable as the evening progressed.

Of course to the casual observer not trained in reading body language or being sensitive to energy they might not have picked up the subtle signs that revealed his discomfort, but it was obvious to most of us.

Afterward we had a small debriefing with the group of folks I knew and they all felt the same, like there was something missing and his energy felt contrived instead of flowing, like when really in tune with the ‘channeled’ source.

So over the years I’ve ran into channelings and galactic updates this one puts out and they got increasingly more contrived and redundant, sharing the same information, crafted a bit differently, over and over. I’ve never known the Federation to have any agenda with earth-based groups and especially not with what many call the ‘dark cabals’ who are running some kind of behind the scenes conspiracy to take over the world.

Now that isn’t to say that the ‘cabal’ doesn’t exist. I know there are many unscrupulous behaviors within the Military Industrial Complex and Corporatocracy. However, the Federation does not make any claims toward assisting the removal of these humans. Many would have you believe so.

In fact, rather, the Federation does everything it can to empower those humans who are conscious to be fearless in their approach to changing the world scene toward a more harmonious environment, respectful of all life and even mirror the indigenous belief that all things are related as one family on earth and in the cosmos. Now that just makes sense to me.

Over the years it has come to my attention that there are many who, well-intentioned, confuse their own mishegas and confabulations with the truth. I’ve experience it myself, too. Many humans claim to channel information from the Federation, including their own interpretations of the plethora of passages in books and on the web now.

Simple encouragement of staying the course on their transformation or aligning their consciousness for some cosmic event is one thing. Promoting faith in the Federation’s behind

Purveyors of the Federation

the scenes activities to remove the evil in the world, well, I have to recognize that it just doesn't fit with the activity I've been part of so far.

Too many believe that either they want to return home to avoid the chaos here or they abdicate their own responsibility to act in full integrity. Many seem to have their own agenda that promotes further polarization, duality in the extreme, rather than living in the place of oneness they all profess is there.

I believe the term for that condition is called cognitive dissonance - discomfort caused by holding conflicting cognitions (belief systems) simultaneously.

You might take issue with what I've stated, and please do. I would ask you to become more aware of your own internal sensations when entertaining such information exchanges, channelings or otherwise. That alone will give you the direct experience of honing your discernment.

Honestly, if you every hear someone say they are a spokesperson for the Galactic Federation they most probably are not. I will not say it is impossible, but the likelihood of their 'sanctioned' duty as such is probably a figment of their imagination or an effort to gain some kind of notoriety or popularity for profit. As close as we are to the administration for this area, I would never claim to be a spokesperson.

Having been in direct communication over the years, there has never been need for another outside source to communicate a thing. If one understands that there is no need for external communication because the internal 'spirit circuits' are quite redundant in their systems approach, then it is quite easy to discern what one needs to know.

I know that may sound contrary to the accepted notion that channelers or mediums have a better connection. I would offer that some do. Instead of receiving new information, though, they only confirm what one already knows as truth or it would not be available in the thoughtmosphere for the external source (outside of you) to relay the information.

We tend to not pay attention to the subtle communications that occur in the finer vibratory realms. It is easy to second-guess ourselves if we do not have a history of experience or exposure

So many people look outside for the answers that are within and continue to follow those who pretend to know the answers. Maybe we are just lazy.



Becoming “awake” involves seeing
our confusion more clearly.
CHÖGYAM TRUNGPA

We so often avoid our confusion,
distracting ourselves into something
more tangible that we can handle for
short, or sometimes long, periods of time.
What happens when we stop and get to
know ourselves better?

On the Road Again...

The next few years were rather quiet on the metaphysical front, but full of activity for me on the ground. I got my mettle tested yet again. This time it was a little tougher, dealing with things closer to my heart. I got the chance to repair an estranged relationship with my son.

I had begun facilitating partnering workshops for road and bridge construction projects, which was a complete 180 from education and spiritual pursuits. However it did allow some cross-over with my degrees and transformational life coach training. I really enjoyed it, too.

Working with hard-nosed detail-oriented construction personnel, engineers and the like, gave me the chance to practice translating concepts from organizational development and coaching. I've had as many as 80 folks in a room, leading them through the process of getting on the same page.

In one sense it is literal because they all sign the Partnering Charter that has their mission statement, goals and objectives for their project. I always made sure that I referenced the metaphor and how it literally applies to their partnership.

Work was pretty steady for a while and then there was a lull, which got filled fairly quickly. I received a phone call from Hammer, a friend who was working as a vendor for Live Nation on a children's theater tour.

We'd worked together selling merchandise for concerts and sporting events for several years prior, starting with the AZ Cardinals in 2000 and worked at various concert venues in Phoenix. My last event with FMI was supervising a stand on the fourth level at the 2008 Super Bowl.

We sold nearly \$76,000 from our stand alone and I made several trips to the accounting room with a backpack full of cash, escorted by an armed guard. What an experience!

But I digress... back to the phone call the year prior. There was another tour starting in a few weeks and Hammer wanted to know if I was available and willing to go on the road for a while, probably 6 months at least.

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I'd always wanted to go on the road, thinking I'd do it earlier in life playing in a band, but that never happened. I was between jobs and jumped at the chance, although I wasn't sure how Jill would feel about my time away.

As it was, we'd been having some relationship challenges; onset of menopause for her and inconsistent work for me. Love is grand, but the bills aren't paid with good feelings. I'd had bouts of depression that were debilitating to say the least.

It's hard to be romantic when you feel emaciated as a male. Some days I wasn't sure who she was, either, as the onset of menopause can cause a pause in sanity. Time away along with regular work would help us both. At least I thought so.

Hammer and I also played golf whenever we could and although he was 6'4" (I'm only 5'8") we competed for longest drives and low score always. We are pretty evenly matched and even though we'd only play once or twice a month, we'd still be in the low 80s. For you non-golfers that is pretty decent.

Jill and I talked it over and she was excited for me, although she knew there would be weeks or months away and we'd been together nearly every day for years by then. We both thought it would be great experience (in addition to the income) for me.

Now, here's the surprise I'm sure you've been waiting for... the show's name. Well, it was Barbie Live in Fairytopia. I never played with dolls as a kid, but here was the opportunity to play with Barbie, live. Sounds kinda silly, huh?

Well, our merchandise crew was much older than the cast and crew. We were old enough to be their fathers. Live Nation wanted the front of house folks to be more mature because we were interacting with many generations, from little ones to grandmothers. Hey, it was a cool gig.

Hammer's children were still quite young, even though he was only 5 years younger, but mine were the same age range as the cast and crew. I got started early.

We had the advantage of traveling separately in a rented mini-van, so we took our clubs along and got to play courses all over the country in between play dates. We toured from April until August, starting in North Carolina and closing at the Kodak Theater in Hollywood. The show wasn't producing the ticket

sales Live Nation and Mattel had hoped, so it was cut short. November was our original scheduled close.

We had another opportunity right afterward, but the third member of our team wasn't working out. I asked Hammer to hire my son. I had many reasons for it and he already knew some of our history or the lack of it rather. He was five when we divorced and I had been absent from his life since they moved to Indiana a few months afterward.

To say he had a chip on his shoulder engages understatement and Hammer knew it, but he hired him anyway as a favor to me. I knew he didn't have a great work history at the time, he was 24, and I had longed to have some quality time.

We were scheduled for three and a half months with Scooby Doo Live in Stage Fright. I thought that would give us time to work through issues and become closer. I was in for a challenge, though, quite worth the wait.

The traveling was tenuous at first, not knowing what to say or how to broach subjects I knew we needed to challenge. Hours in a van together with Hammer made it a bit easier. He had two young boys, 9 and 11, at the time so he could relate as a father.

My son was old enough that he could also engage him in adult conversation, mostly guy stuff, and chide him on the golf course, too. He's learned to play, with encouragement from my father, as he was growing up and was a fair player as well, although he never quite managed to beat the old man.

He was uncomfortable calling me Dad because another man raised him, adopting him a few years after our divorce and a year after she got remarried. I have to hand it to her husband. He was dedicated to the children, although he didn't challenge them. My ex had another child before they met, so that made five, and he took them all in and treated them well.

While we were getting comfortable, I was able to talk with my son about some of the experiences he'd had as a teenager. One such was on a summer night when they (mom and sisters) were living at an RV/Campground near my hometown.

He was awakened in his tent (he liked to sleep outside instead of in their trailer) in the wee hours of the morning by a high-pitched sound that seemed to descend around him, in pitch and

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proximity. It scared him so that he did not want to find out what it was or be engaged by it in any way.

The fact that he said he didn't want to be engaged by it let me know he knew it was more than some sound in the night. He knew it was a ship of some kind, but the realization of it was too much in the moment, especially being completely alone.

I could tell he was still a bit freaked out about it, but he also sounded a bit regretful that he passed it up. I told him that it might happen again someday and to just relax, there was really nothing to fear.

I understood his fear and the experience. I shared a similar event I'd experienced when his mother and I were camping on the banks of the Wabash River in southern Illinois some 20 years prior. I had the same thing happen to me only I was sitting on top of the levee a hundred feet or so away from our tent, by myself. I was a bit fearful because I felt protective.

It was over a month before the subject of my absence in his life hit a crescendo. He was being particularly obstinate one day; I think it was in Miami at the Jackie Gleason Theater. I was hoping he'd open up to me at some point. Trying to pry it out of him I knew was going to be worthless, so I had to just listen and bare it, however hurtful or painful the words were to be.

So I listened.

He thought I had abandoned him and his sisters, but he particularly felt slighted because he never talked to me on the phone, got letters or gifts for his birthday or Christmas, except when I delivered them personally which was every other year at best. I knew that he wasn't getting my cards and letters or gifts, but not until years after the start.

My father asked him about a specific gift he knew I'd sent and my son told him he never got it. Only one person could have been responsible for that, so I started sending things through him after that, even though he was a teenager by then.

I listened as he unleashed his anger and frustration at me. It was hard to do, but I kept my mouth shut for the duration. I'd learned to let people vent; countering only exacerbated the situation. When he was through I asked him if he would like to

hear my side of the story. He said he didn't want to talk about it anymore and I said 'good, because you just needed to listen.'

I explained how I'd called, sent cards, gifts and letters but he rarely got any of them. When he was young I made special arrangements with his mother when I was going to be in town only to have her take off with him when I arrived.

She took him fishing (one of his favorite activities) or went to visit her father in Fort Wayne. He remembered some of it, but he was too young to know then. All he knew was Dad never called, sent presents or showed up.

The girls were not an issue and I spent time with them without a problem, but when it came to him there was an issue. I didn't expect him to release the anger or find fault with his mother. She was his mother. No matter what I knew or thought, it would not change his allegiance. I had to let it go.

All I could hope for was that after spending time together with no interference, and I got over trying to be a father to an adult, we might actually find some bonding time. By the end of the tour we had mended many fences and I enjoyed hearing him share some pretty deep stuff that let me know there was life on the inside. I prayed he would keep growing and reach out to me when he needed.

After all, just a few days after his birth we had a bonding moment few ever have in this life. I was meditating in bed with him in his crib just beyond the foot of our bed. I was particularly far out, so much that it felt like layers as I transcended planes, even before learning about the multi-plane awareness process.

As I reentered, I 'saw' a shaft of light come in through my crown and exit my feet, going directly toward his body. At that instant I heard his body jerk in the crib.

I'm not sure what that actually was, suffice it to say that it was our special connection that transcended our physical forms. A few years later I understood, at least partially, why that might have happened. During a past life regression he accompanied me into a valley, with many others, where we built a series of flat-topped pyramids and an extensive community. According

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to the time-line it was about 26,000 years ago, so we have some history together. I wonder how that will play out.

The real joy came a couple of months after the tour was over. He was living in California with his future wife and mother of their daughter, Sophia. He called one day and opened up to me even more. It left me feeling like we'd made a lot of progress.

He said before the tour he used to hate me, and I understood that, but that after getting to know me for me he could honestly say he was proud to be my son. I shed a few tears from that conversation, knowing that we had moved beyond the barriers.

We have had a few more hoops since then, but he is growing as a father and husband. His challenges are great as his feelings run deep yet his ability to articulate them is only just beginning. Like my daughters, I can only pray that he finds value in himself and breaks the cycle of self-sabotage.

I had a couple of months to work on projects around the house and get used to the new color theme Jill decided to paint our kitchen and great room. I really loved the old motif. The rooms are open and each wall was a different color, almost as bright as what you might expect in a brightly colored Mexican style.

Periwinkle, salmon, orange with a bit of yellow sponge work that looked like a sunrise and another yellow with three larger than life colorful African dancers that a teenager had drawn and painted that were absolute gorgeous. There were no faces, though, so we found some Mardi Gras masks to hang instead. The masks gave the dancers an interesting 3D look to say the least. They gave our wall character.

I love getting calls that take me into uncharted territory. This next one was from another friend who had taken on the road manager/promoter slot for the old New Christy Minstrels. He needed help with merchandise and stage management for a tour he'd arranged for them. It was short and right after that was another possible tour for Glenn Yarbrough. The latter was a few months out at best.

So a few weeks later I was on the road with some of the legends of folk music; Randy Sparks, Clarence Treat, Art Podell, Barry McGuire, Jackie Davidson and a few others to round out the

sound. It wasn't a big tour, only a few locations around northern California, kind of a test to see if everyone could work together.

I was fortunate to get to know one of my childhood idols, Barry McGuire. *Eve of Destruction* was an early peace activism song that still holds a profound message for today. We spent nearly a week at a gorgeous house in northern Sacramento, recording some tracks for their new Christmas album. I got the opportunity to have some deep conversations with Barry on the back deck of the house in the evenings.

Turns out he'd had a few experiences that gave him some insight beyond the norm and had only been able to share them with a few people over his 50+ years in the business. What he shared was his understanding of how we are all connected to a greater intelligence, call it God if you will, and he felt a particular allegiance with Jesus.

He became a preacher in his later years, not because he wanted to 'save' people like the 'born-again' folks seem to think is necessary. He just felt like Jesus was the best example of how to live and had his own story to tell.

The gift for me was being able to share my own story and feeling heard. He genuinely felt connected like an elder brother and his comments and questions helped me to further articulate some deep feelings I hadn't been able to find the words for yet.

He also shared some advice from years in the business and on the road; stay authentic and honest, no matter what. The words are sometimes strained, but the act of sharing heart-felt feelings always opens the door to deeper connections with others.

A few months after returning to Phoenix, Bob called from Portland, now on tour with Glenn Yarbrough. His first word when I answered the phone was, 'Help!' I laughed and asked him how soon he needed me there. I flew out the next day and met up with them at their hotel in Salem.

I don't feel it necessary to share exactly what, but I had my hands full to say the least. We had 16 dates in total and the show folded for lack of ticket sales after the 12th, as far away from Phoenix as we were going to be, at the downtown theater in Spokane, Washington.

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Bob was a cosmic thinker, too, and we had some brilliant conversations along the way. One such was while we were approaching the coast of Washington, driving along the Columbia River. We had a similar idea in creating a venue that would serve multiple purposes including supporting local music, featuring metaphysical speakers/workshops, spiritual business practices, healthy food café and a selection of books, CDs, DVDs, and products.

We'd been visioning the environment when I popped up with what I thought was a perfect name, Mothership Café. It just sounded so right! Bob thought so too.

It would be a place where people could come and find food for their body, mind, spirit and soul... a new cosmic cuisine full of tasty tidbits. Now I just needed to figure out how to proceed.

*To know and to act are one
and the same.*

Samarai Maxim

Mothership Café

Once we got back I got busy securing the domain name and began crafting the website. I wanted to include as much relevant information that bridged the esoteric and ufology realms that seemed so ever-present in my life. I wanted to make this a bit more real, though, without the grandiose prognostications I'd witnessed over the years, yet with some down to earth material.

I'd gone to the International UFO Congress in Laughlin, Nevada with a friend that year as well. He had wanted me to meet Ralph Ring, a protégé of Otis Carr. Otis had worked with Nicola Tesla and had developed a craft that Ralph eventually piloted with two others.

My conversation with Ralph lasted for several hours, just outside the main rooms for the event. We discussed the basic principles of teleportation having an intricate weave into consciousness and the understanding of universal laws.

These laws do not allow for any malevolent or self-centered activity; it just isn't possible. So a deeper understanding of what we call 'love' is necessary, according to Ralph.

Engaging that kind of thinking, beyond earthly constrictions, is a stretch for even the most brilliant minds, yet there appears to be some undeniable evidence that doing so can provide unprecedented results in the exploration of psycho-spiritual technologies only recently considered possible through the discoveries within the realms of quantum physics.

While we were conversing, Kerry Cassidy and Bill Ryan (Project Camelot) joined us. I knew they were on the prowl for interviews and they really weren't interested in me. I've run into them at several events and have often wondered if they would ever turn their cameras on me.

I have to admit it has been nice to be anonymous and still be able to garner conversations of great worth with others more notable. It seems that has been my mentoring process.

Another one of those conversations was with Michael Salla, Ph.D., who has proffered much in regards to exopolitics, along with Alfred Webre, JD. I had a long chat with Michael at his vender booth, asking a lot of questions about what he thought of

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the possibility of ETs being incarnate and just becoming aware themselves. I knew I was broaching what I thought would eventually become a hot but sensitive topic.

I queried the potential of a deeper level of consciousness that was only accessible through certain rites of passage, so to speak, as orphans without birth records or even the rumored ‘hybrids’ of the Pacific Northwest might experience in their quest for identity. I could tell the questions intrigued him, but I don’t think anyone has gone so far as to actually consider the implications. I’ll leave that alone for now and come back to it in the next book.

Based on my considerations and questions, I wanted to gather at least some information that might correlate or even validate the reality of ‘mixed race’ children. I knew that any information presented had to make sense and even provide a logic path to observable and practical applications.

In essence, if these folks do exist and are here for assisting our planetary transformation, then what may they be doing in the world? Are they living normal lives or are they like me trying to figure out how to align their lives with mission and purpose?

The concepts for web development in a light-hearted and yet logical display began to emerge in my mind. I’m not sure if I ever completely displayed them, but there is a lot of information on the website MothershipCafé.com now. It would be great to create a physical location eventually. It seems only fitting.

Speaking of fitting, it was also during this time that an old friend showed up, Marc McCormick, whom I’d met at the Gathering of Souls. I was working at a performing arts center at the time as a general technician which meant that I was responsible for helping clients with ambience; lighting, sound and help with staging setup, tear down and sometimes even operating sound and light during shows.

The job was in perfect timing and working with Bob, now as the technical director of the center, was fun and rewarding. A year into it, Marc shows up and asks me to leave my job and start an events company with him. He offered to cover my salary from the center, at least for a year, while we put things together. I wasn’t sure what to do.

He'd had a windfall from playing poker in Las Vegas and wanted to put the money to a good use. We had talked about forming the company some years ago, but I'd been hesitant because of his instability. Remember I met him just after showing God about wave form energy.

After some consideration, I put my hesitation behind me and handed in my letter of resignation. I gave them a month notice because I knew it would take some time to find, hire and train someone. In retrospect it was not a good decision.

Three weeks after I put my letter in, Marc backed out. I couldn't force him to continue. It was too late to keep my job, so it forced me to get creative and find the flow. I was pensive and a bit perturbed, but I had to let go and recreate myself, yet again.

I managed to take the opportunity to begin writing, knowing that somehow this was a good thing. Fortunately, I had a few partnering jobs come up and found work teaching business plan writing at a healing arts school. I created their first online class on the topic and, for a time, facilitated an entrepreneurial support class at the school, too.

Writing is such a wonderful challenge, especially when the subject material can be so subjective at times. Although I'd written great papers for two degrees and enjoyed creating and posting web pages, there is a certain intimacy that I had to grapple with, knowing that transparency means vulnerability.

I figured by this time if I hadn't gotten comfortable with the seeming polyphrenic environment that surrounded me, then I needed to put it and me to the test. With Mothership Café, I could explore possibilities and share what I'd found.

I knew the website material would be pale in comparison to the amount of information I'd like to cross-reference for fact and reality checks, but I still had fun in its creation.

I poured my heart and soul into my everyday living and found my voice in variety of ways. How time flew as I wrote, eventually creating four books nearly simultaneous as I tried to avoid writing what I knew would be tremendously cathartic.

I wasn't sure if I'd like what I found, but knew in order to be authentic it was something I had to do. It was excruciatingly fun, if you can relate to all the emotional strings that get

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plucked when you put yourself on the line, let alone broach the topics that border on fantasy, if not cross the line for most.

I went into my man cave as much as possible, drilling into social media and planting seeds in social networks. I created so many profiles over the months of exploration that I was nuts to think I'd ever be able to keep up with maintenance.

Participation was yet another story. It wasn't long before I realized that I just had to let go, enjoy the fact that I'd rained on the web and see what would happen.

I'm really blessed to have an opportunity to be creative and engage so many experiences. Along with the web crafting and design, I had managed to retain some videos of presentations and television shows.

I finally got some shows digitized so I could share early work, nearly 20 years earlier from One World, where we explored and transcended common fears toward inner and outer experience.

Chronicling the really weird stuff over the years and posting it had produced little ill effects that I was aware of, yet finally putting them in a book was a bit frightening at first. Heck, what do I know? I've shared even more here.

The way people research others now, maybe I missed something because of a suspicious eye. I was even getting a bit suspicious because I hadn't been contacted for some time and even Jill was noticing that things had been calm for a while.

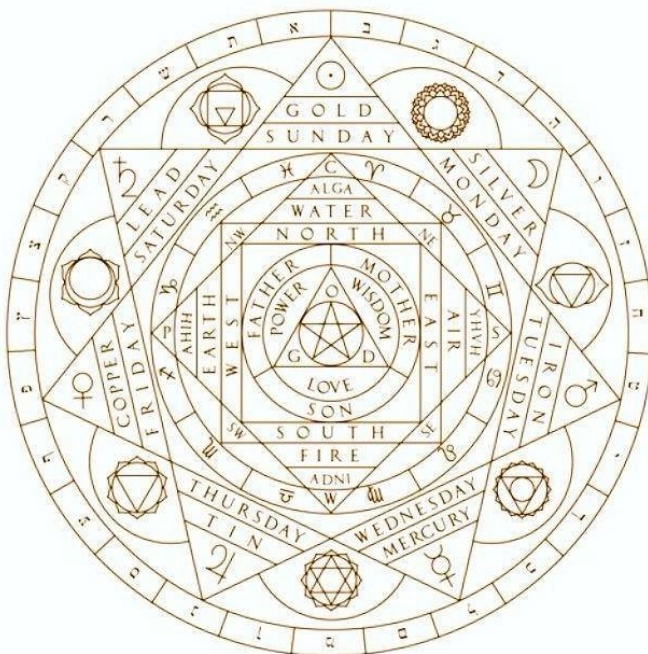
The nice thing about contract work is it gives you copious amounts of time in between work. My creative side was able to come out for extended periods and, looking back, I'm amazed at what happened over those few years' time.

I built several websites, wrote five maybe six books, got some of the coolest partnering jobs (like the remodeling of Mather Point at the Grand Canyon) and picked up some new skills.

Mothership Café started getting some nice traffic and so I was off on another idea. The name 'Planetary Citizens' had come up while I was searching for something on the net. I paused to wonder if the domain name was available.

Certainly one that precious would already be gone, but look I did. Yep, you guessed it, .net was available so I clicked it into my possession as quick as I could.

It was during that period that things got a little dicey in our domicile. I had the books nearly finished by the spring of 2010 and a huge amount of time invested. Along with the lull in my schedule, some incredible things began to happen.



They're Baaack...!

On May 8th of 2010 I woke up in the middle of the night on my stomach. I move around a lot so I wake up in all kinds of positions. I was immediately aware of that familiar buzz in the air when my handlers show up; those guys who come visit.

The last time I remembered them was when they came to work on me; the anal probe to tune me up. I'd had other 'communication' but nothing like that visceral experience. This time it was the opposite end that was the worksite. I wasn't so embarrassed this time and they came to visit instead of yanking me up to the ship.

I was awakened rather abruptly. I was aware of them and, in my mind, yelled out in joy to greet them. "Hey guys, where have you been? I'm so glad you came. It's been way too long."

I quickly moved on to inquire of the reason for their appearance. It was time for another 'upgrade' is how they put it and they communicated that I'd feel some strange sensations for a bit. As soon as I heard that, there was a high-pitched instrument right at the bump of my skull in the back of my head, right between the cerebellum and occipital lobe.

It felt pretty weird and at the same time the frequency resonated in my cranial cavity like a Tibetan bowl, more with the sound of a dentist drill only pure, if that makes any sense. The process lasted only a few moments, the frequencies fluctuating slightly. They were distinct but with several pitches.

While they were there, I felt like I was super energized and, instead of speaking with my mind in words, it became apparent that I was producing some frequencies of my own. I'm not sure how to explain it any better at this time.

There are hyper-sensitive regions of consciousness, like the sound current heard by the Hindus. In those places we seem to communicate through vibration and subtle energy movement, rapid visual accompanied by various frequencies.

When they told me I was getting an upgrade, it occurred to me that getting hooked up to the cosmic computer (ASHTAR, as Dan Winter had told me) would be awesome. I'm not sure what it would do for my social life, though. The connection would be

They're Baaack.... !

helpful for guidance and strategic planning if this new world order thing was going to happen any time soon, or even in my lifetime for that matter.

I wonder if there is ever anyone else watching as I go through these experiences. If they are, I'm hopeful they will be more forthcoming soon. It sure would be nice to have conversation.

To say the awareness of data exchange in that experience was intense is engaging understatement. My mind was engaged beyond anything I'd experienced to date, catching only glimpses of images as I watched the flow and felt the sensations of whatever it was they were doing.

It was similar to the stream of images I saw on the morning of 9-11, only extremely fast. I wanted to keep up and at one point I wished they'd just hit me with a flash of light like they did with Dr. O'Leary and Anna Mitchell-Hedges' crystal skull so many years ago. Maybe I was better prepared this time.

What I didn't know was how long it would take to download and what, if any, experience would precipitate the data release into my waking consciousness. I've had flashes of visions packed with information and then had sensations of familiarity with them later on during an unusual event.

Having the imagery flash past me was no better than getting the pulse of light and it was frustrating to try and just watch without wanting to grab hold of something as it passed by.

What I caught were glimpses of the transformation of Earth and relationships with human beings, from the war-torn and barren landscapes to thriving vibrant communities. There was no sign of 'aliens' and yet there was a sense of consciousness that I've only experienced in altered states while in the company of what I'd rather call 'intraterrestrials.'

I refer to them in that way because of their existence 'inside' more so than in the outer physical world yet apparently able to interact with it. It is a quantum entanglement thing with other planes of consciousness.

I've been in awe of the capacity for communication and locomotion that they have demonstrated over the years. Their understanding of vibration, space-time and universal order far surpasses our cursory knowledge of quantum mechanics.

To even grapple with a label or title seems insignificant to them, yet there is always an undeniable sense of family and levels of leadership. I'm challenged by those who do need names; angels or ETs or cosmic beings that interact often with those who 'channel' more than anything else.

I guess that is necessary for the people who choose to open their consciousness to others, but I never really saw the need for that except, of course, when Jesus showed up that day at Woods Canyon Lake. I still wonder if that was a projection of consciousness that was for my benefit and the other witnesses.

That sense of family is harder than heck to get across to the folks who say that the 'Galactic Federation' is going to have direct intervention in the affairs of the planet and remove the dark cabal in the process. They just don't do that. It is up to us, according to them, to clean up our own act. They are available as observers and consultants, if you will.

When they finished I couldn't even consider falling off to sleep. I woke Jill and told her what happened, hoping for some of the bleed-over into her dreamtime that sometimes occurs or at least being able to talk about it for a bit. Not this time. She was barely able to wake up and listen, so I opted to get up for a bit and write about it.

Thoughts were still flooding my head, trying to interpret what had just happened and why. My mind was spinning from the reality check I just got. How in the world would that even sound believable if I were able to explain it? It would be so nice just to have a 'cloud' copy and download to everyone that was curious or interested in data mining. Yeah, maybe that IS possible!

I went back to the Mothership Café website with the notion that maybe the threads, or at least one or two, might already be in what I had so eagerly compiled over the last couple of years. There were so many potential trains of thought in converting the imagery into some displayable pattern or structure.

As I went through the website a pattern of sublime intentions emerged; supportive of harmony among people and planet, only from fringe experience relating applied sciences. This was truly a Mothership of data; links to people, places and things of similar intent yet only scratching the surface of possibility.

They're Baaack.... !

Education is an admirable thing,
but it is well to remember from
time to time that nothing worth
knowing can be taught.

Oscar Wilde

Phoenix UFO Group

As if I were right on cue, the following month after my visit I had an opportunity to step up. Jill and I had been attending a local UFO group in Mesa, started by a friend a few years prior. When I found it, I was surprised that she hadn't said anything to us about it yet. I wouldn't have had time anyway...all good.

We started attending early in the 2010 and by summer, the organizer announced she was going to step down to do other things. She was hopeful that someone would step up and become organizer for the group.

I refrained from immediately volunteering to see if there was someone else in the group who expressed interest. There were others who had been regular participants. It is a lot of work and if someone else was going to step in I was all for supporting them instead, but...

Alas, no one spoke up to accept full responsibility, offering to help if someone else would join in. So, the door opened and I walked through it. We had about 150 members with only 20 or so attending regularly at the monthly meetings. The location was rather interesting, though, in that it was the community room in the 'downtown' Mesa Fire Department station house.

Finding guests for the meetings was fun, though, because I already knew quite a few local folks that if not experiencers were at least well-versed in the field of UFOlogy, like Alejandro Rojas of Open Minds Radio, the new producers of the International UFO Congress held at the Ft. McDowell Convention Center just north east of Phoenix.

Alejandro actually spoke to our group, along with Clyde Swanson, Travis Walton, Dr. Ruth Hover, Cynthia Crawford and Jim Dilettoso. Most of our lesser known guests were experiencers; those who have had some kind of contact with what we tend to call 'extraterrestrials.'

It seemed that the activities I'd left behind nearly a decade earlier were growing again in popularity. Heck, I'd started a 'New Age' discussion group in the late 80s that started with 13 people and grew to over 100 that attended presentations from folks I'd met and/or were requested by group members.

Phoenix UFO Group

I may have a lot of ideas of how to lead, yet in this kind of group one leads best by listening to the group and meeting their needs. Word spreads if its good leadership and numbers grow accordingly. This group continued to grow.

I had to be careful not to make the group direction seem too one-sided, but I knew there was a need for going deeper into consciousness, the experience of extraterrestrials and UFOlogy in a little different way. It had to do with consciousness, not the physical phenomena or reported experiences that had been garnering the attention of most groups.

I was taking a chance on alienating some folks and did as a result. In so doing, there were some that thanked me for opening up the conversation and moving forward. Others didn't seem to care and a couple of folks become confrontational.

As part of the shift, we had several meditations using the music that had prompted such profound experiences nearly a decade earlier. The magic was still there. People went into many levels of consciousness and returned to share the experience.

Some had conversations with other 'beings of light,' some witnessed grand celestial events in a state of awe while others reported seeing hi-tech machinery surrounding the group while some form of 'work' was being done in the thoughtmosphere with our help.

During each I found myself just breathing and listening. Rarely did I 'see' or 'experience' anything like the earlier versions. I can only surmise that it was more necessary for me to remain free and grounded so that others could feel safe and allow their inner circuitry to flow.

My guess is that the imagery is imbedded and, if necessary, is transmitted through the energy that I send through the group and they find their own sights.

I have to say that even with all the bizarre and wonderful trails I've blazed and beings I've met; there is still that inner skeptic that is highly active. I listen to the reflections of others and find more questions than answers. Sometimes I think I understand how we are evolving in this process of learning how to engage the inner worlds; most often I'm just in awe as I witness events and do my best to be present in them.

In this time of transformation happening on so many levels in humanity and around the globe, I look for the sense made common; the logic path that resides within the entire process and reveals the intelligence that is driving it. 'God' reveals things that way, in my humble opinion, and it is up to us to listen carefully.

The consciousness has to be available for humanity to even consider some form of unification, the advent and implementation of processes and programs that lead to harmony, let alone 'God dwelling in man.'

While we continued to have meetings with well-known UFOlogists as well as lesser known contactees, there was an interest in participating in the International UFO Congress that had moved to Arizona. I invited a few to participate and rent a vendor table. It took a little convincing.

It was our first event and we hoped the exposure would draw more members. I also thought it would give me the opportunity to get to know a few folks that had been in the field for some time and I'd only had brief conversations.

The event was interesting, but it seemed the topics and speakers were saying the same things I'd heard for the last 20 years or so. Phenomena and sightings seem to be the main focus, with little attention on anything positive. There has been some disclosure by some folks and it is gradually getting into the mainstream through books and movies, but there hasn't been any earth-shattering news for decades. Few seem to be looking at making sense of it all instead of projecting theories.

Something did happen that totally caught me off guard. I went in to listen to a speaker; I think it was Richard Dolan. I had a nice conversation with him about a year later after he spoke at a MUFON meeting. It surprised me that his first response regarding my life-long contact was that the government just has to be tracking me. So far, it hasn't been apparent to me even in the slightest. Maybe they are. I hope so.

When I returned to the vendor area, one of our group, a gal with some psychic sensitivity, approached me with a really strange look in her eyes. She said she'd been 'asking' about me, peering into the unknown to see if there was any validation to my story.

Phoenix UFO Group

She said she was ‘shown’ a diamond-shaped image with two smaller ones above and below it... in the back of my head. She was ‘told’ I was plugged in directly to the cosmic computer. I hadn’t said anything about the visit in May to anyone. How would you respond to that kind of witness from out of the blue?

If I am plugged in to the cosmic computer, ASHTAR as Dan Winter described it (without prior conversations about me), then what is the purpose? How is it supposed to work? Experimentation and inquiry seem to be the only way to find out. Man this life sure has its moments.

The following year was pretty steady for the group, with Travis Walton being one of the highlights. I’d known him for quite some time, but not as long as if I’d listened to his sister-in-law when we first moved to Arizona. I wonder what might have happened. I did have a conversation with him that changed him.

Travis has shifted from feeling violated to realizing they saved his life after being hit by the static charge when the ship was preparing to leave. I’m sure it was pretty freaky waking up physically on a ship and having to deal with the reality.

I was at a crossroads personally, though, in that there was so much more to the worlds beyond this and it seemed folks just weren’t able to transcend the entrapments of this world. So many were peddling wares and telling stories that really had no impact on the advancement of consciousness.

I wanted to offer more to the group, hoping to garner some credibility in the process and possibly some exposure and growth of the group with a slightly different mindset toward experiential sharing and universal understanding.

Now I know that sounds even more outrageous or maybe even hedging on religious. There is a deeper awareness that comes from being open and inquisitive about the contact experience. Since I’ve done so most of my life and am quite comfortable in chaos and the unknown. I’ve learned to become still in it.

I often forget that others are just beginning to explore these realms and they have to find their way before anything I say will resonate, let alone engage. There are so many distractions to negotiate and transcend to find truth. My testimony still rings strong, though. Sometimes folks even listen and ask questions.

Where do we go from here?

Confirmations and conundrums continue to fuel further exploration into what possibilities exist as this 'new world order' emerges on Earth. It appears that what the conspiratorialists define is only a piece of the puzzle, a layer set in place in order for something else to emerge.

We know, or at least some have a sense, that all things are connected – a holistic model of consciousness permeates creation. Quantum sciences are pointing toward this as fact now. We still choose to separate ourselves from others today, though, citing so many current events.

Since you are reading this, yet another moment has come and gone without incident. Now what do we do? How do we proceed with care and concern for humanity, our planet and working together?

Fear is being promoted at the very top of national leadership across the world. Even when prompted to contact or communicate with another, our 'logic' often prohibits the interaction due to fear of misunderstanding, rejection or threat of appearing less than what we think we should.

Can we affect change where primary belief systems seem diametrically opposed?

Can we offer a solution? Do we really want solutions?

It has taken us centuries to arrive at the present conditions. Can or will it change in a few years? Will we rise above fear and embrace a new way?

How can we open our minds to something we've never experienced? What if we were able to acknowledge the obvious; something different is happening around us?

Our minds and hearts are still in opposition, we fear what we do not know or have not experienced.

Oftentimes a new experience brings such a 'rush' of energy that we confuse it as a threat rather than a thread in the fabric of our evolution. We lock up – the fight or flight syndrome so common in psychology affects our emotional responses.

Where do we go from here?

Are these our only choices? Do we have yet another choice yet unexplored? We can rise in consciousness but we actually take the mandatory rollercoaster ride to get there. It is our unconscious patterned desire for continued separation that inhibits our ability to connect, a pattern so deep and in such conflict with self/Self that wars are fought across the planet because of it. It's time for it to stop.

Ancient Mayan and even Sanskrit terms in use today indicate we might want to consider some alternatives. 'In lak'esh' (I am another you) and 'namasté' (internal and external obeisance to thee) both acknowledge the oneness in self and others.

The humble bow of recognition that is part of many cultures moves us closer toward a sense of unity or at least understanding. It is more than respect. I am challenged to see and sense myself in another, even with the extensive experience and knowing of this truth and having an attitude of gratitude. What about those unaware?

The Internet brings us closer in communication and yet further apart from physical communion with others. What do we really want anyway? The hot new belief system says we can attract what we want by identifying what we desire, giving it attention, and allowing it to happen. Easier said than done, yet it warrants further consideration for sure.

Implementing an action plan that creates the magnet for the desire of harmony among people and planet to manifest is the key that we seem to ignore, thinking that we can defy known scientific rules: potential energy remains at rest until acted upon or engaged somehow.

Over the last couple of decades I've had numerous strange and wondrous moments of sensations I never thought I'd be able to articulate, let alone explain to anyone's satisfaction. If I were prone to being fearful and needing medical explanations, I'm not sure the symptoms would bode well toward the diagnosis.

My last physical, however, showed no signs of systemic damage at all and my intellect is as tenacious as ever. My blood pressure is low, my heartrate in the mid-70s and I hadn't seen a doctor in years. So what is really happening to me?

Checking in

The more I check in with others, the stranger things get. It seems that being orphaned and adopted was the perfect set-up to keep me curious and determined to explore the nature of family. From early OBEs to an NDE as a teen in college to a recent system collapse leaving me to witness a fuzzy white circle condense into a sphere and expand again to the circle repeatedly, but very slow.

The latter prompted a question of whether to call the EMTs which I quickly assured weren't necessary. It happened on Good Friday of 2011 of all days. I was in process of preparing breakfast, sautéed onions with lox in scrambled eggs. Jill was feeling pressured for time and had commented about hurrying up the process just moments before. I felt a little micro-managed and then let it go.

As I continued breaking up the lox I felt a weird wave go through my body from right to left. I've grown extremely sensitive yet able to observe or witness without emotional responses in most cases. I noticed that it felt like a wave of extreme depression, almost like I had been emptied of emotional sensations... taken into the 'void' if you will. I continued with my breakfast routine and turned to put the lox and eggs in with the onions.

Within a few moments I began to feel my body collapsing and as much as I tried to remain upright and continue stirring the eggs I could tell it wasn't going to work. I wasn't afraid, but I was concerned that I might hurt myself if I continued to fight the sensation and ended up falling over. So, I called out to Jill as I stumbled toward the bedroom, literally bouncing off the walls to stay upright on the way.

I made it into the bedroom and sprawled out on the bed as Jill asked me if she needed to call the EMTs. I assured her I would be fine and just needed a moment to go through whatever it was that was happening to me. I already had my eyes closed and felt my body relax as I let go of trying to control it. Instantly I saw this ring of fuzzy white light that filled my vision, then continued to watch as it condensed into a ball and then expanded to the ring again, repeating the process several times.

Where do we go from here?

I was completely conscious and, after letting go of my body, became aware of the rhythms of it as I checked in to see if any of them matched the pulsing of this vision... none did. A few minutes later Jill came back into the room and asked if I was okay. I really wanted to just remain silent and watch, but I responded to her so she wouldn't worry.

I decided I should re-enter the world and opened my eyes, took a moment more to center and then lifted myself off the bed. I had no residual effects and got up to join her for breakfast. What in the world happened? I think I know, but it would sound too weird just yet.

I've been challenged by the multi-dimensional aspects of these experiences and the thought-provoking questions that have come as a result. I'm not sure if I'm qualified by any standards, so efforts to research and study possibilities has taken me into a variety of fields for cross-referencing, whether particle, wave or simple observer is yet to be determined I suppose.

At any rate, there seems to be a robust resourcefulness in the quest for correlation; a fractal that feels quite fine.

Natural Inquiry

It seems that the nature of the inquiry has advanced beyond harmony, which is often perceived as balance, to finding the seeds of order even amidst profound chaos. Quantum mechanics is the application of science that seeks to discover this order while spiritual enlightenment does the same. It also seems that the notions of understanding the close of the Mayan Calendar open the door to yet another perspective of this fractal; the tipping point of a shift in consciousness.

This shift in consciousness, according to reliable sources, coincides with the transition from the Piscean Age to the Aquarian Age, from the Industrial Age to the Age of Enlightenment. We tend to look for immediate change, possibly even catastrophic, as evidence of our experience.

It might seem prudent to consider a time and season for transformation that spans half a century, a much more logical frame of reference, with the winter solstice of 2012 as this tipping point. How does that show up?

Across the gamut of this holistic system, the thoughtmosphere if you will, there are indicators that offer evidence of the natural tendencies of entropy toward ONE – a state of inert uniformity; natural order in the profound chaos. Once the perceived threats and misunderstandings of this tipping point subside, I believe we'll be looking for the next thing to trigger our senses into a state of chaos so that we may again seek order, and so the pattern goes; chaos to order.

Perspectives

Cosmologically our solar system is now passing through what some are calling the Photon Belt. This new area of space is said to have slightly different vibrational properties, a subtle difference that could affect our own electromagnetic energy in some way. The Earth's magnetic poles have been shifting at a more rapid rate, from approximately 10 miles a year early in the 20th century, to 40 miles a year currently. This might have a cascading effect through our consciousness, different to each individual and yet similar.

I found an interesting congruous theme that gave evidence of a holistic thoughtmosphere that, at its central thesis, is a sense that harmony among people and planet is a natural progression borne of fractals embedded in the cosmic consciousness that permeates all things.

Patterns were showing up everywhere, from the holographic sacred geometry in the inner planes to the animated wormhole depictions in movies was an initial sign that worlds were bridging. If I'm seeing this, then are there others who experience it as well?

Looking into the ancient texts there appear to be multiple references suggesting consciousness might indeed ascend the physical to the etheric to what are called 'thin' worlds. We already know the opposite is true; messages from the ethers are experienced by scientist and spiritualist alike, providing insight and/or inspiration.

We've learned the observer can affect the experiment and that sounds in outer space reflect at least some that have been noted in inner space. Where might this take us?

Where do we go from here?

In the business world one of the first groups of people to identify with an advancement of consciousness supporting global systemic change was the Cultural Creatives™ and more have followed since. Senge's innovation of the learning organization relies on the individual's personal mastery and systems thinking; another sign of the fractal's emergence.

Even the new Google business model of giving before you get mirrors this new millennial mindset: harmony among people and planet. If we all are helpful to each other, we get our needs met with a precision we haven't known, in my opinion.

On the social scene we recently experienced a massive wave of discontent, voiced by the Occupy Movement, which circled the globe in a matter of weeks. Financial institutions are failing and countries are facing financial reconstruction not knowing the future while the profit motivations of corporations are being discovered to have ill effects on our health and well-being as a population. Anonymous is on the rise.

Many so-called 'sensitives' reflect an impending shift in some pretty bizarre ways. Some report 'dimensional' shifts as a sensation of imbalance; a kind of sloshy feeling that comes and goes. Others report 'seeing' different things from time to time including extraterrestrials, geometric forms, orbs, spiritual beings and more and whether the physical eyes are opened or closed doesn't seem to matter.

Still others claim to have communications or experiences with a variety of entities that offer a consistent message of universal love and a 'do no harm' attitude. Maybe that is where Google got their motto.

Several segments of society believed some kind of massive transformation would take place, from an evacuation by spaceships to rapture of some kind.

Others believed there would be catastrophic events accompanied by massive earth shifts. So we've reached the Winter Solstice of 2012 and the end/beginning of several calendars with minimal disruption... now what?

An overload of information means we need effective vetting processes as well. Not everyone who says they are 'righteous' or even 'spiritual' has the best intent for our world. As far as I

can see the 'do no harm' motto has some challenges in the global population. There seems to be two sides to everything, but that is only two-dimensional thinking at best. We could have a third or even fourth side to things that would balance the books better. Truth is rife with paradox, yes?



If our hearts are ready for anything, we are free to be ourselves. There's room for the wildness of our animal selves, for passion and play. There's room for our human selves, for intimacy and understanding, creativity and productivity. There's room for spirit, for the light of awareness to suffuse our moments. The Tibetans describe this confidence to be who we are as "the lion's roar."

TARA BRACH

I'm often perplexed by the notion of heart vs mind space. We know the feelings of the heart, yet our interpretations vary. Can we have confidence in the wilderness? The natural passion and play rarely involve intentional or purposeful actions to harm another. I find the reference to 'the lion's roar' an interesting correlation.

Anthropic Principle

Anthropic means 'of or relating to human beings or the period of their existence.' This relationship between man and the cosmos is said to be through intelligent design. Only a small range of possible values for the universal constants (such as the mass of an electron) are consistent with the presence of life as we know it.

The significance of such apparent fine-tuning of the universal constants is disputed by those who regard it as trivial and those who argue from it to the necessity of life in the universe.

From my experience as a coach and creator, the very essence of our creative ability comes forth through our considerations of prudent actions that promote healthy people and planet. Our basic humanness revolves around the ebb and flow of energy we associate with loving and being loved, intermixed with all the conditions we anchor to the process and its results in our environment, personal and professional.

According to Stephen Hawking, "Cosmology used to be regarded as a pseudo-science, an area where wild speculation was unconstrained by any reliable observations. We now have lots and lots of observational data, and a generally agreed picture of how the universe is evolving. But cosmology is still not a proper science, in the sense that as usually practiced, it has no predictive power.

Our observations tell us the present state of the universe, and we can run the equations backward, to calculate what the universe was like at earlier times. But all that tells us is that the universe is as it is now, because it was as it was then. To go further, and be a real science, cosmology would have to predict how the universe should be. We could then test its predictions against observation, like in any other science."

James Gardner's book, *Biocosm*, takes us further. He states in the introduction, "The holistic philosophy embodied in the sciences of complexity is uniquely suited to the mission of the intellectual voyage on which we shall presently embark: to seek

Anthropic Principle

out and delineate, as precisely and exhaustively as possible, a specific theory concerning the linkage and "consilience" (in biologist Edward O. Wilson's resonant phrase)¹¹ between the basic laws and constants governing the behavior of inanimate nature and the role of life and mind in the universe. As we shall see, the very fact that such consilience and linkage should exist is itself a profound ontological commentary."

Howard Bloom, in *The Lucifer Principle* states, "Superorganisms, ideas, and the pecking order - the triad of human evil - these are the primary forces behind much of human creativity and earthly good. They are the holy trinity of the Lucifer Principle. But there is hope we may someday free ourselves of savagery. To our species, evolution has given something new - the imagination."

"With that gift," he continues, "we have dreamed of peace. Our task - perhaps the only one that will save us - is to turn what we have dreamed into reality. To fashion a world where violence ceases to be. If we can accomplish this goal, we may yet escape our fate as highly precocious offspring, as fitting inheritors of nature's highest gift and foulest curse, as the ultimate children of the Lucifer Principle."

John the Revelator wrote about [the Beast] having a man's number - 666. Many have translated it as an evil thing, yet it is with intelligence we are admonished to interpret it. Could it be as simple as the carbon atom with 6 neutrons, 6 protons and 6 electrons? If we were able to have a scientific understanding of the nature of man [the Beast] we may be able to unleash the constraints of the Lucifer Principle.

What of our current concerns for the carbon footprints threatening our planetary well-being?

It is by awareness and choice that we change the course of humankind toward a harmony of stewardship for the planet and her people. We have begun the next course of human development; the superorganism is evolving toward stewardship based on the need for survival. Ideas move beyond the ruthlessness of power and profit at any cost to purposeful planetary administration. The planetary pecking order has shifted from man's perceived dominance of nature to the natural consequences of its abuse. The paradox of the carbon atom is

not only is it the basis for all organic life forms, it also has the capability of destroying the very same.

Applied technology in the new millennium - material, psychospiritual and scientific, with a collaborative 'greening' code of ethics, appears to be the answer to the carbon conundrum. Our threats are no longer from specific individuals, tribes or nations or even extraterrestrials, but from man's collective carbon footprint. In this shift to address global warming, we have found the true enemy: our own ignorance. This could very well give rise to moving beyond the 'might is right' or 'God is on our side' scenarios, eliminating the ideological barriers of belief systems through the call to save our collective civilization.

Alas, the ultimate paradox is in carbon itself, our life and death. In one mixture it holds the keys to understanding creation. In others, our worst nightmares exist – the destruction of a civilization. In the new millennium mindset mythweaving there is a core understanding of the web of life, a consciousness of conscience toward person and planet.

Just since the beginning of the new decade there has been an evo-leap in applied sciences and technology guiding the way for developing solutions, but some of those solutions have no easy answers. We still have people killing people because no one is stopping them, trying to understand why and coming up with alternatives that synergize our collective needs in harmony.

Our dreams of change toward peace on earth and good will toward man cry out for being made real. Nations are rallying to create fuel and energy alternatives, which would offset some of the workforce downsizing movement. Still, we are faced with trust issues toward the economy and financial institutions. Education is suffering from the industrial age style 'in the box' form of environments that simply lack the methodologies for addressing the new millennial minds.

The vision of a planetary administration hinges on effective management of resources; human, material and even metaphysical, a new world order that puts those thousand points of light in proper perspective. We need our dreams to shed some light in on collective economic opportunities, holistic education and serious planetary stewardship. Many dreams

Anthropic Principle

envision harmony among people and planet. May our dreams mold future realities.

Now you may think I'm either insane or have impeccable timing, but I have a sense that we need to advance to quantum psychology to understand how to implement the change we desire, metanoia for the masses. On a global agenda, this begins with leaders willing to communicate and execute collaborative actions deemed appropriate for eradicating the evil superorganism, ideas and pecking order. Addressing a global consciousness, creating the desire to become one in planetary purpose for the prize of continued population, is a challenge for the new millennial man.

An Inconvenient Truth performed brilliantly, ONE shines light on poverty and Middle East resolutions help, not to mention the countless courageous change agents throughout education, energy and ergonomics. We've made evo-leaps in alternative energy development, nutritional delivery systems and alternate dispute resolution, but the looming challenge is still the confrontation and control of evils acts against ourselves, the senseless destruction of human and planetary life. Working with the willing is wonderful, but how do we address the aberrations of human consciousness collaboratively to live a harmony of people and planet?

We've made advances in radionics and mapping the brain's frequencies already. Conceivably the neural net that engages selfish and violent acts is definable in some sort of frequency or vibrational range. This is where access to shifting consciousness begins, allowing a 'higher' consciousness to evolve through the right use of will. Research in psionics, mental powers, has been occurring for centuries, seeing little light of day because of the ethical and spiritual implications in political and religious leadership if it were acknowledged.

The reality is that we face extreme ethical and moral questions in the process. Could we then also conceive of a mechanism or methodology derived through scientific methods that reveals higher thought patterns relating to prudent progressive action? There is plenty of proof for the argument toward meditation and positive affirmations, visualization in the art of creating and brain wave management through sound and light technologies. I mean, from a scientific and spiritual perspective, we now know

that sound/light pulses provide physical foundations congruent with cosmic consciousness. Maybe we could begin to discover that God truly does dwell with man, our light no longer hidden by the sounds of silence.

We still have not addressed a potentially prominent factor in the evolution of man on planet Earth. We are not alone in the universe anymore, despite the unwillingness of our governments to openly acknowledge the presence of extraterrestrial civilizations. On a broad scale there appears to be two viewpoints of their activity. One is the covert operations in a plot to control the planet, but it's pretty obvious that just ain't happenin'. The other sounds more realistic: harbingers of change, for our potential inclusion in universe affairs. Their help hinges on our ability to coalesce for the commoner on a global scale; our purposeful action.

As we develop collaboration in consciousness and construction of communication plans, ignited by the current best practices and open-book management philosophies of the new millennium, we are challenged by the immensity of our task. There is encouragement even at the level of the Obama Presidency's policy that directed all departments to the terms of the Memorandum of Transparency.

We must be open with one another; greeting our collective change with openness and willingness to offer our very best efforts toward harmony of people and planet.



Contact in the Desert and then some

I'm not sure if this will make sense or not, but I hope that at least some things will be palatable. Many of us are looking for truth and experiencing a wide range of chances to vet our perception. In the overall scheme of things there are certain indicators that let us know we're on the right track.

Sometimes I get tapped on the shoulder to do things that I wouldn't necessarily choose to do, but end up doing them nevertheless. I had one of those moments recently. I'd like to share it because I think it is important. I risk appearing like I live in a separate reality, but that is not the case. Sometimes I wish I did, though. These moments are very real and yet are only a fraction of my life.

I was present during the opening of an event recently. I was feeling fine initially, but then as the speaker was opening his talk there was a moment where he created a moment of sympathy from the audience. In that moment I felt a sharp poke in the area of my liver. It didn't seem too important at first, but throughout the day the pain got worse. I wasn't thinking about when I first noticed it until sometime later when I had more time to focus.

I was traveling with a friend. We had arrived early in the morning and just got a little sleep. I made a pot of coffee and had a couple of cups before walking down to the cafeteria where breakfast was being served. I had a couple more cups while enjoying reconnecting with some folks I hadn't seen in a while. I normally have several cups of coffee first thing in the morning and don't eat until noon, so this was par for the course as far as my daily activity was concerned.

Later that afternoon I mentioned the pain in my side to my traveling companion and we thought it might have been due to the water I used to make the coffee earlier. As it turned out, the water wasn't the cause. The pain kept getting worse as I was walking around the event in the late afternoon. I returned to the cottage we'd rented and decided to lie down for a while, hoping to just work through it. It kept getting worse, to the point of nearly causing me to double up. I can tolerate a lot of pain, but

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it got so bad that I thought I was going to have to be taken to a hospital. Thank I made a choice to go within.

I had learned how to do deep meditation some years ago, but hadn't needed to go beyond pain for quite some time. I had the impression that it was necessary to go into that space now, so I began to go through the process. After some time I was inside far enough that I'd turned off all outer disturbances and quieted my mind as well. I had found that place of silence within that we all know is there and is often so difficult to reach.

As I went deeper and deeper I came to a place where something shifted, like a frequency band went from one to another. It was a noticeable shift in the sensation I was experiencing, like dropping into a lower gear but the vibe was higher indeed.

Within moments of recognizing this shift I heard, "We've been waiting for you," just as clear as day. I recognized the voice as one I've heard many times before, a cosmic cohort of sorts that precipitates 'meetings' with a type of council that I still haven't been able to completely 'label.'

The voice went on to say, "We needed to get your attention and this was the only way to do it." I immediately reflected on the 'pain' I'd been feeling and choosing to move into the meditation rather than go to the hospital. I've had events like this before, but obviously not enough to recognize the process. I understood completely, though, and began to relax even more.

I was now in a comfort zone with this group, even though I knew it was going to be a bit uncomfortable in working through the conversation with them. It always is.

It's a deep process of overcoming a situation that is usually associated with a larger reflection in the 'thoughtmosphere' of humanity. I know it sounds close to bordering megalomania, but I've been through it enough to know it isn't about me at all. In fact, it's more like I become a guinea pig of sorts (without harm) in being 'forced' to ask pertinent questions that reveal deeper awareness and understanding which transcends an old belief system or pattern of intellectual behavior.

So not that I'm there and through some initial inquiries I understand that we're going to be working on some kind of fear-based pattern that has prohibited the growth of

consciousness in the thoughtmosphere of humanity. The initial entrance of this pattern, which is as much a part of the thoughtmosphere as any, is through a door in consciousness created by becoming vulnerable. The speaker created the opening earlier in the day and without proper awareness (filters) it can lead to adoption of a fear-based thoughtform without being consciously aware of it.

The explanation and understanding seemed to be immediate, but the cycle of questions that kept coming back to it continued for some time. I was told at the end of it that I would be able to relax, go to sleep and wake up without the intense pain I'd been experiencing. However, I had to come up with the questions that exhausted all possible entrances into this particular pattern so that the 'portal' could be at least inhibited if not closed and that by doing so the baseline for consciousness in humanity could be moved up a notch. They told me it was an arduous process, but it was necessary for any kind of progress.

During the 'session' I had to get up and go to the bathroom several times. Part of my 'practice' as a healer is to take on the discordant energy and then release it through urinating or defecating. The method was introduced to me as a teenager as a way to cleanse the energy, releasing all the 'stuff' through normal body functions, a bit more consciously. I've found it to work wonders.

I heard my traveling companion come in and check on me several times, but usually was too deep to make the effort to interact. There was a time, though, when I opened my eyes and said, "This one is clean," with the overtones of the old woman on Amityville Horror and 'this house is clean.'

I have to admit it was still possible that something outside of the 'energy,' like something in the water, might have been the root cause for my discomfort. It certainly had the symptoms of such. I cannot discount the possibility. I had eaten very little, some fruit and health bars, during the day.

I was feeling a bit dehydrated and my trips to the bathroom were within a few minutes of drinking a large glass of water. Still, there seemed to be more that was going on at a more subtle level of consciousness.

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I'm sure he was a bit concerned because in all the time we've known each other he has never seen me in such a condition. He is much more analytical and pragmatic, initially believing that it was the tap water that had caused my stomach disorder. Wrong side of the body, though, as it was centered more in my liver area, just below the surface of my skin. After I spoke to him he smiled and left, knowing that I was okay for now. I went back in and continued the process, going even deeper still this time.

The experience was like flying around a Maypole, coming into center and then getting spun out again, each time was with a different question from a different perspective or point of view. It got to the point where I became a bit frustrated with the line of questions. It had been hours, it seemed, and I just wanted to go to sleep.

My mind was so active that it was impossible to do so in this place and space time with the engagement of this council. I say 'council' because there were obvious differences in the tone or vibration of the participants as I engaged the questions and subsequent answers unraveled.

They did unravel in a way that I both heard and saw examples of how the effects of the shift in consciousness empowered change within the behaviors of humanity over time. I understood it would be painstakingly slow, but that it was happening. I knew that any change, global or otherwise, takes patience and time for it to permeate the mind and environment where the change is needed. It's just the way change works.

I did have moments during this experience where I became deeply grateful for being able to answer the call, even with the discomfort I had to bear in order to get to this place. I suppose like anything, change happens because the pain of staying the same becomes unbearable.

I eventually fell asleep around midnight or so and I don't recall any dreams that night. I'd 'gone in' around 6, so it was quite the long ordeal. It was almost like taking a journey on a psychotropic, but I had not done anything like that in years. I eventually got to a place where I realized you can take heaven by storm, but you have to learn how to walk in the front door on your own to make it real.

Speaking of making it real, the following morning's events certainly did the trick. I stopped in to listen to several speakers and one panel discussion. You know how timing is when you are 'on it.' Well, with no exception every stop included someone mentioning the need for moving away or up from a fear-based mentality. It's one thing to know it, but I hadn't heard so many actually speak about it.

The previous discussions had generally been about conspiracy and/or disclosure and way too often carried an undercurrent of some fear-based thoughtform. That morning was completely different. Something had shifted.

I still had to question what was going on. Even though I have such bizarre things happen regularly, it seems, I still rip it apart in my own mind. I want proof that it happened, or at least some kind of corroboration. I thought the well-timed entrances and utterances of the morning's events were such evidence, but I got even more that seemed to let me know I was leading the way.

I was standing and talking with Kim Carlsberg outside one of the lecture halls. She had her books and photography set up there. As we were talking, and I don't remember about what, the speaker and I said 'so' at the same instant and we [Kim and I] were both aware it had happened.

She gave me one of those 'looks' and we continued talking. Moments later I (again I don't recall the specifics) I said, 'workshop' and with no pause at all the speaker said, 'workshop' instantly after me. This time Kim made a comment like, 'whoa dude, that's getting a little too weird.' Well, maybe it was. Still, it let me know I was in tune.

Now I would offer that in some way the 'energy' of the thoughtmosphere of humanity has indeed changed to a slight degree and that we are continuing to shift consciousness toward transforming our beautiful planet and its people. Where are we going? We're recognizing that we are consciousness condensed into form and we have the choice as to how we are 'terra-forming' the thoughtmosphere.

I know this story sounds way 'out there'... but isn't the truth 'out there' somewhere? Could it also be that the 'truth' is inside each of us somehow and we are just beginning to find and share it? The latter is probably happening to you right now, too.

Contact in the Desert and then some



One Foot, Split Worlds..

I still wonder if there is ever a way for me to restore the sense of fulfillment I once had in the early days of raising children. I was carving out a niche in the corporate world, serving people through participation in Church activities as well as stand-alone volunteer efforts. I felt good about life.

I have felt empty inside for decades, with partial relief when I've been able to help someone find the connection to their own voice and use it. Living in the world without feeling the connection of family and support has been excruciatingly fun. Yes, it's had its moments of joy, but the work has been all-encompassing of my inner life and worlds.

I feel a change in the current, possibly just from finishing this catharsis of writing. I do feel a shift on that ocean of emotion and a movement of my relationship with others and the world. I pray that my efforts will allow me to fulfill a purpose, no matter how long it takes. I have a feeling I'll be here for a while. I've left a few times already, but somehow I keep returning. I'm encouraged with the progress.

We have the resources and technology to eradicate hunger and poverty yet we continue to allow conflict to control resources. We're being forced to review our 'progress' and examine the possibilities of developing a sustainable global village.

Some are still fighting over resources and territory. Others are looking for ways to get along in the support of mutual survival.

Is there some sense made common involved?

Some years ago, Donald Keys coined the term 'Planetary Citizen' during his time as speech writer for U Thant, Secretary General of the UN. Today there are three websites of that name, one of them, <http://PlanetaryCitizens.net>, I built to share people, places and things that support the theme of 'Harmony among People and Planet' in some way. We hope it helps makes sense common as we move forward.

The correlation of systemic change throughout existing systems, natural and man-made, reveals that 'there is something happening here, although it ain't exactly clear.' What is clear is

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that we have the opportunity to explore a greater relationship between people and planet, and even the stars.

Maybe if we slowed down a bit and considered this universal reflection, we might find an even deeper connection, so subtle and yet solid that it allows us to begin to trust each other.

Maybe our evolving consciousness will have a profound effect on the chaos of our emotions and all those silly notions of the unknown that keep us afraid, angry, ignorant and immobile.

Maybe a part of us knows that seeking a common goal will rally people, places and things for the good of all.

My Blog at <http://BeTheDream.info> is called ‘Creating Harmony in the Chaos’ and explores a number of topics related to changing our perceptions and thoughts about how we engage life, play and work. It also includes curated information on Exopolitics, Making Sense Common, Democratic Action, and Earth Stewardship. Stop by when you can.

Now the next question might be: Are there those among us who are here for the same or similar purpose and, if so, how would we know?

How might we support their efforts?

On the pure business project side of things, getting folks to work together better is of primary importance. Senge’s work only touches the tip of the iceberg as far as getting the ‘learning organization’ ready to pass the necessary tests as we engage the new management and social architecture to put people, places and things in better order and *with* tools for ongoing support.

One of my companies, Team Partnering, LLC (<http://TeamPartnering.com>), specializes in performing ‘partnering’ workshops. The purpose of the workshops are to create powerful teams; stakeholders within projects that collaborate for large construction projects, from buildings to road and bridge for the Departments of Transportation, Federal Highways Administration and the National Park Service.

Congruence

Are you also experiencing similar events in your life and have no one to turn to for solace or validation? I can relate to that more than anyone I know... yet.

After years of consternation and reticence, I finally crafted a website that shares my experiences as ‘son of Ashtar and Athena’ and the methodology of which I approach an out-of-this-world notion. You can do a search for it online.

Apparently it is true, but I’m still grappling with how it all works. Nevertheless, there is a mission and a purpose that aligns with ‘facilitating a new world order’ and bridges many worlds in the process. Maybe you feel that, too.

I spent many years watching from the background, studying leadership styles and presentation skills. I was always reluctant to step up because of how I saw people change over time. I wasn’t sure if I’d be strong enough to resist the seduction of people and power. I figured that, in time, if all this about my life was true there would be a series of doors that would open at some point and offer the opportunity of a lifetime.

I thought it might happen earlier, but as I learned more about indigenous leadership wisdom it became clear that one must have life experience to support the garnering of wisdom. There seems to be a ubiquitous notion among the tribes that a half-century of life is just the beginning of wisdom.

And so the questions begin.

Where do they lead us?

The questions one has just beginning their own scientific and/or spiritual quest are far different than one who has spent years in research and study.

But are they?

Who am I?

Why am I here?

What am I to be or do?

When will I know?

How am I supposed to find out?

Where are the answers?

What is truth?

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The questions were presented in a recent interview with Gunhild Lorenzen, a Transpersonal Psychotherapist from Brussels, Belgium.

What is truth?

Inner or Outer, Belief, Superstition or Open Mindedness, even Level of Experience plays a part.

It depends on the individual's frame of reference, I suppose. Some choose to qualify 'truth' as something they've been taught or read in a source they feel is valuable. Some choose to adhere to a belief system they've learned from respected religious teachers. Others choose to suspend their belief systems and prior learning when seeking truth, holding a few opinions as possible during the process.

In the latter, I find that truth often is perceived from the depths of experience one has relating to the previous inquiries and understanding from prior learning. We grow in our depth of understanding, even when the same 'words' may come in answer to the questions we pose. A recent high school graduate will have a far different understanding than their parents, for instance, even though the question is the same.

For me, Truth bridges science and spirituality in most cases. It has a 'sense' that resonates with my heart and mind, sometimes it even tingles throughout my entire body, like a warm fluid descending from the top of my head down through my feet. Most people have some kind of visceral experience when 'truth' comes to visit their thoughtmosphere, often unexpected and without fanfare.

Where does 'truth' come from?

Truth comes from a place deep within us and resonates when we find it. How we find it changes over time, based on our ability to ask better questions. Each question, of course, has the answer within it and it always begs more questions in my opinion. How do we make them better questions?

Truth comes from genuine inquiry into what makes us tick; how our form, fit and function relates to the world around us and the not-so-often referenced worlds within us. Inner and outer realities seem to have this urge to merge in nearly everyone I've spoken with who consider themselves truth seekers. There appears to be something built into us, a natural system of inquiry and reflection about life.

Where is 'truth' located?

It's located wherever we find it. All, or at least some of our senses are involved in perceiving it in the moment it arrives. There is a symbiotic 'click' between inner and outer experience as well. Depending on the level of awareness one has, signs of it can be as simple as noticing a sound or a sight or a smell or a feeling in any particular moment.

Synchronicity plays a big part in the proverbial question/answer/resonance process. Things like a subtle sensation on our skin or a quiver in a muscle or an awareness of a tingle or twitch somewhere in our body. It might be a phone signalling a notification for something. If you use different sounds for notifications, each may mean something different if you've created that in your reality.

The most important thing is to learn to trust the subtle signs that reveal your experience of truth. At first, it might seem illogical or even crazy to consider such subtle indicators. There are far more shiny objects to consider, bells and whistles that are vying for our attention. Try it. Experiment and explore the possibilities for yourself.

In the purest sense, we might see it as God dwelling in man again. We're told we are made in the image of 'them,' right? I eventually understood this concept of 'being' as cosmic consciousness condensing into form and becoming aware of this 'being' reflected in our awareness of oneness; All That Is and All We Are – as ONE. The concept is simple; execution, as complex as we have the ability to recognize patterns and their wisdom as it were.

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The result, according to the narrator within, is a sense of oneness and willingness to operate free from intellectual pursuits driven by the desire to dominate the environment, including people, places and things.

Each individual soul consciousness has purpose, like a thread in the tapestry of life that is just as important as any other thread. The beauty of the tapestry is dependent on the threads, no matter the color, diameter or length.

When all the threads become aware of the tapestry, it becomes alive and whole – able to be viewed. Individuals are like fractals of the tapestry, able to contain the original yet finding form, fit and function within it as their own filaments combine to form the whole.

I wonder what will transpire over the next decade or so as we enter the new *galactic* year with phenomenal possibilities to coagulate; prepare and pursue our rightful place in universe affairs.

I can only trust in my original encounter with ‘God’ in the ‘Light’ and the message of hope for a new world order to happen in my lifetime... and yours, too.

Thanks for taking the journey with me in this way.

Namaste...

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Zor Baiff'.

The God Participle

Although I've written an entire book on the topic, suffice it to say that the God Participle is an appropriate spin on English grammar, the participle being a verb that changes to a noun by using the suffix 'ing.' Can you guess it, yet?

Okay, I'll make it easy... Being. So we drop the human and we are simply a 'Being.' Mom being an English teacher, she always loved a good spin with language use and sometimes the literal turns out to be much better than the intended. The idea occurred to me in considering the recent Higgs-boson discovery and the supposed 'God' particle that got world-wide attention.

Since the main idea behind this work was to demonstrate a seminal view of consciousness, cosmology and the congruence of science and spirituality, this is one last point of order. It may be one of the most important, peering into the science of both quantum and particle physics. Before I explain the notion, let me give a little background on the discovery.

Wikipedia is a great source, so I'll reference their information:

*The **Higgs field** is an energy field that is thought to exist everywhere in the universe. The field is accompanied by a fundamental particle called the **Higgs boson**, which the field uses to continuously interact with other particles. As particles pass through the field they are "given" mass and, similar to an object passing through treacle (or molasses), will become slower, and cannot travel at the speed of light because they have mass.*

*Mass itself is not generated by the **Higgs field**: the creation of matter or energy would conflict with the laws of conservation. However, mass is "given" to particles from the **Higgs field** via the **Higgs bosons**, which contain the relative mass in the form of energy. Once the field has endowed a formerly massless particle the particle slows down because it has become heavier.*

*If the **Higgs field** did not exist, particles would not have the mass required to attract one another, and would float around freely at light speed. Also gravity would not exist because mass would not be there to attract other mass.*

*The process of giving a particle mass is known as the **Higgs effect**. This effect will transfer mass or energy to any particle that passes through it. Light that passes through it gains energy, not mass, because it is a wave.*

The discovery of the Higgs-boson was determined to be a result of not an actual particle, but the decay of one that was 'measured' by the scientists. The experiment was conducted, and would hopefully produce a Higgs-boson, by ramming two protons into each other in the Particle Accelerator at CERN in Switzerland. It was a valiant attempt, but still questionable.

Why?

In my estimation, the decay of the particle was not the result of an actually particle decaying, but the natural repairing process of a type of dimensional fabric we don't yet understand. Instead of proving Higgs field theory, it actually proves M Theory – that of multiple dimensions existing. I'd probably get a lot of argument to the fact, but it provides an interesting view.

In simple terms, for me, it doesn't make sense that a particle (energy or matter) with no mass could give mass to another particle. It makes more sense that a sub-atomic explosion for damage or even rip a hole in the fabric (for lack of a better) between dimensions.

If indeed M Theory get the nod, then we have some proof that multiple dimensions do exist, outside of the theoretical. This would give further consideration, scientifically, to the potential of life on these other dimensions. We may not fully understand what that life is, from a scientific perspective. We do, however, have multiple accounts of experiencers who claim to have had interactions with other non-corporeal beings.

It makes you wonder about the reality we think we know, I hope. What it might lead to is a fuller acceptance of at least the possibility that other realms may indeed exist and are interacting with our physical dimension. After all, we only *see* less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum. Perhaps there is more than meets the eye, mind and perception of humans.

An Interesting Correlation

Unbeknownst to me at the time of writing this trilogy turned singular offering, a guy named Tom Campbell was in process of writing *My Big TOE*. It came out before I could finish the third volume of the original series, *Zendor the Barbarian*. This book before this last edit was called *Zendor the Contrarian* with the same subtitle. Tom wasn't on my radar at all then.

A few years after separating from Jill and some even deeper soul searching and personal work, there was a huge event in my life, one that will carry through for the rest of my life. 'The Work' was productive, evidently. I'm so grateful.

I had succumbed to being alone, developed an inner happiness at the fact that I was quite joyous. It happened on a trip and a few weeks after my return I had an amazing 'dream' where I hugged a woman, features unknown, and it felt like we completely merged as one being. I'd never felt that before.

I awoke with the sensation still and reflected on it often over the next week, until it began to subside. I sensed something was up soon, but had no idea how or when. Then, I got an invitation to a music festival at Canyon Lake, just outside Phoenix.

A friend was the front man for a band called *Return to Zero* and I'd promised to come see them at some point. Their music is a bit loud and obnoxious to me and I just couldn't deal with an indoor listen if you know what I mean. Nevertheless, outdoors was another story.

Meandering around the grounds, I was approached by a young boy about 5 who spoke to me like he'd known me forever. I sat on a park bench and talked with him. In a few moments my friend approached and called out to the boy's father, who was coming from the other direction. "Hey Brent, this is the guy I was telling you about," he said with excitement.

Brent sat down and we launched into a great conversation, part of which was about the Kundalini Yoga teacher training he was taking. It was putting him through some rigors to say the least. That launched into another conversation about energy and life.

About a week later he texted me with an invitation to his graduation and I immediately accepted. On the way there it occurred to me that of any place I might meet someone, the

Kundalini Yoga crowd might just be it. It certainly was more than I expected.

I met her. I won't go into a long story here, but suffice it to say that it was magical. We both recognized something magnificent and within moments had a lunch date later that week. She moved the date up after a couple of two hour plus phone calls.

She was born and raised in St. Petersburg, Russia, moved to the States in her early 20s and had been playing and teaching piano nearly the whole time. Her recent focus had been studying 'twin flames' and their characteristics. I couldn't deny that even in such a short time the checks on the list of signs were overwhelmingly significant.

Life became even more magical for me, sharing moments of awareness and recognition. One of our conversational pieces was her interest in Tom Campbell's work, having devoured hours of his talks on YouTube. It gave us both a scientific and spiritual spin on discussing harmonics and resonance.

As Luba began to read some of my books she remarked how similar my thoughts and words were to Tom's. I watched one of his videos and found that his introduction to other worlds as a child was almost identical to mine. You can understand why I thought it appropriate to reference his work in the title.

We were married in less than a year, on the base of Bell Rock in the Village of Oak Creek. Most folks think Bell Rock is in Sedona. Suffice it to say it was nonetheless magical and Luba was visited on our wedding night by her Arcturian mentor, acknowledging her union with the son of Ashtar. She was so overwhelmed by the communicate that she was in disbelief.

Was it her imagination? Perhaps. However, her own history of communication with 'Nick' has proven to be reliable. I'm sure another book is inevitable soon, chronicling our paths toward one another from the opposite sides of the world. I think it might be pretty important.

I hope you've enjoyed the read, perhaps learned something and maybe even found some correlations or validation for things you haven't been able to talk about yet. I appreciate the journey we've had together. I am available for conversation if you need an ear, are curious or would like an interview.

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Author's Websites

2SmallBizGuys.com – Business Talk Radio

BeTheDream.biz – Business Consulting

BeTheDream.com – Coaching Services

BeTheDream.info – Sporadic Blog

BeTheDream.net – loose community development

IndependenceArizona.com – political preparation

MothershipCafe.com – something else

PlanckMedia.com – social media/web agency

PlanetaryCitizens.net – honors world servers

TeamPartnering.com – pre-construction services

ZenBenefiel.com – digital vitae

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



A point of
perspection
dances in the
balance of the
seer's vision.

About the Author

Bruce Lee Benefiel was orphaned at birth and adopted at 6 weeks old, his biological history still a mystery. He admits that has been a key factor in his life, opening deeper levels of awareness.



“It’s tough for most people to relate to the depths of curiosity and discovery of one who knows no terrestrial heritage and apparently is open to worlds beyond the scope of even good script writers,” he’s been heard to say often.

He began having OBEs and extraterrestrial ‘contactee’ experiences, among others, long before his 10th birthday. A gifted athlete, empathy and stellar student, he claims that being an ‘eduholic’ with an addiction to knowing truth leads one to explore the unknown repeatedly as a part of living.

Now a divorcee in a relationship for ten years with four children and eight grandchildren, he finds that life entails the challenge to be a peace with self, first, and then relationships can flow. Any regrets seem to anchor one in the past, making it impossible to Be Here Now, the moment within a precious present where miracles happen often.

With two Master’s degrees in Business and various successes in aerospace, education and special events as accomplishments, ‘Zen’ (as he is known now) enjoys his work as a ‘Possibilities Coagulator’ helping others put people, places and things into a executable framework for achieving dreams and goals, complete with action and/or business plan.

His primary business is quite aptly named... BE The Dream, LLC, coaching and consulting entrepreneurs, startup and small businesses. He also facilitates road and bridge ‘partnering’ pre-construction workshops for various contractors, DOTs and the Federal Highways Administration under Team Partnering, LLC.

As opportunity might have it, for the last two years he co-hosts 2 Small Biz Guys small business talk radio. His social media skills got them to over 150,000 listens in their first year.

Zen lives in Arizona with his wife, Luba. Still doesn’t know what he wants to be when he grows up.