



Zendor the Barbarian

A BATTLE OF SCIENCE
AND SPIRITUALITY IN THE
QUEST FOR IDENTITY.

BRUCE BENEFIEL

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

Carl Jung



Frontispiece

I use that term because it reminds me of a dear man I once knew. His name was Khigh Alx Dheigh. Some might remember him as Wo Fat on a television show called *Hawaii Five-O* in the 70s. I consider him a great mentor.



Along with his movie and television credits, he had a doctorate in Theology and was Rector for a Taoist sanctuary called 'Inner Truth Looking Place' when I met him in Tempe, Arizona in 1982. His tea parties were of a different order for sure.

I received a phone call from a producer in Hollywood recently, looking for family members to interview for a documentary he was doing on the new show of the same name. He'd found an interview with Khigh from 1990 and a television show I hosted called One World – <http://youtube.com/BeTheDreamLLC> has some episodes.

In the short time I knew him before his passing, I learned a great deal about desirable and undesirable considerations in life. In one of our conversations he referred to the frontispiece of a book in which he'd found great significance. I thought it would be great to use someday, and so I am. I'll share some deeper significance of my relationship with Khigh later.

A great deal of what I am today is an assimilation of various people I have known, 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 and function of reality. The feeling of awe-inspired inquiry continually

assists the experience of the kid in the candy store, ecstatic toward the soon to be discovered treats.

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' or better yet, 'harmonist' 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 now appearing in your theater on a growing scale.

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 new 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.

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. That alone is enough to handle as one seeks to understand abandonment juxtaposed with love and find harmony within oneself in the dance of life. 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.

This part of me promotes Zendor, the 'door to what is'ness of aligning spirituality and science with the harmony of people and planet and the mechanisms of M theory, 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 battle for 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 I am sure. I've held council with many beings and persons and I will share those throughout this book.

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.

I feel that 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. We'll even get into outer space, too.

We are all relation.

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 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. 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.

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.

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.

This book is dedicated to adoptees everywhere.

May we all find self in the midst of others?

Special thanks to my parents, Bob and Lou, who first adopted me and nurtured the desire to grow and learn within me.

To Krystal, Katie, Ian and Aura...

You are always in my heart of hearts.

The Cosmic Conundrum

Who am I? Why am I here? What am I supposed to do? Do I have a mission or purpose?

Hi, I'm Zendor and yes you have been expecting me. Well, maybe. This is about a quest for identity and the plethora of possibilities that one discovers along the way. Being adopted was a gift that allowed me to understand the impersonal life in great detail.

I'll present a new myth for the new millennial mindset that allows integration of intelligence and wisdom within science and religion. The story could be fiction, but maybe not, although many could find it incredulous. Surely some confabulations will exist. Just keep in mind that the truth is often stranger than fiction so don't be surprised if reality gets a bit weird.

Our choices are as varied as the imagination can muster, yet the reality of the scope of our living in love can stretch the mind beyond our current belief system. We can also explore science fictional proportions involving extraterrestrials and celestial consciousness.

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.

Any part of this book can be copied and/or duplicated with author’s permission. Even if you don’t ask, it’s more important to share than to withhold what could possibly change a life.

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An Interesting Entrance

Cascading and tumbling through a vortex of activity, plummeting down a wormhole of consciousness I arrived to find a stark, brightly lit room with masked and gowned beings of unknown origin. The shock of condensing into a physical form immediately disconnected my awareness from the freedom of formlessness. I had entered a new world of unknown potential, yet I was helpless in this new form.

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. It was my first lesson in separation and, unwittingly, an emotional imprinting of abandonment and rejection.

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 wonderful family. 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.

My first name means ‘dweller of the thicket;’ my middle name means ‘clearing or meadow;’ and my surname means ‘good fidelity’ so as I grew older and finally did the research, the ‘set-up’ was apparent. I certainly got in the thicket of things, clearing the way for many to engage a new living awareness in the good fidelity of the soul. May your journey be transcendent.

I started as a proverbial possibility...orphaned and adopted by a wonderful couple. I was given up with hopes for a better life, or maybe not. I can only imagine what a sacrifice it must have been for my mother, or maybe it was not a sacrifice at all.

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. I’ve heard that abilities are passed through the matriarchal side, but I’m sure there is a certain addition from the paternal as well.

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 both physical and metaphysical 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 first 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.

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. The dynamics of consciousness across culture, race, religion and space, both inner and outer, lead us to discover deeper realities.

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 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.

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

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. 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. 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 Knights 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. He never really expressed what he hoped I would become, other than happy and successful. He still does.

Mom was a high school music teacher initially, who returned to college to get her masters degree in English and Literature, going on to teach 8th grade students until she retired after teaching for nearly 30 years. 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 expectations.

Maturation and curiosity led me through OBEs, an NDE, 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. 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.

I ask you to read with an open mind as even I have difficulty with the ability to ‘grok’¹ some things at times. I’m still humbled by the experience even though I’ve also developed an outrageously healthy ego in a very positive way. You can too.

Maybe you will have your own discovery of an answer to an inner or outer conundrum. Maybe you will have some similar situations that allow you to identify with my story as your own in some way. 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!

¹ From Robert Heinlen’s, *Stranger in a Strange Land*, referring to understanding beyond normal comprehension.

Hey You ! ... Who, me?

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 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 clickety-clack of the railroad cars as they passed

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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 was standing on the stairway landing just after dark one evening, waiting for my father to come home from running errands. The window looked over our front porch and out to the street, which was about 10 meters away. I had bent over and put my elbows on the windowsill, which I'd done often, musing over the cars going by on the street. I had been there for some minutes when... "HEY YOU!!!"

Suddenly out of nowhere, I heard a thunderous voice yell "HEY YOU!" It sounded as though the 'Voice' had unimaginable power, rumbling through my head with authority and omnipotence. I don't remember being frightened by it, though, although most likely I was at least a little intimidated.

I spun around and shouted, "Mom! Mom! Did you hear that VOICE?" Knowing that my mother was sitting at the bottom of the stairs, I felt sure she must have heard the 'Voice' too. She stared at me with a puzzled look and said, "No," pausing for a moment and then, "It must've been a 'peeping tom'." Now she had me thinking, but I was still on the landing.

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

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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 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 my father 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.

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

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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, usually with cousins. 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 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.

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

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like I was connecting with another world or a world much larger than it seemed everyone else was aware.

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 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 got the royal treatment in the store of course, with regular picks of

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the penny candy, sugar cones and candy cigarettes. My favorite was the strawberry and vanilla salt-water taffy.

After Pappy passed the store was run by Grandma and her two sisters, hiring a full-time cutter for a year or so until 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.

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 compartmentalize 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 incongruent 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, as if there are any if you know what I mean.

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. When we do, 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 are thoughts become things. The premise is that whatever we focus on strongly, with our thoughts and feelings, we attract in to our life –

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sometimes immediately. The challenge of prudence seems to be to think pure thoughts, free of manipulation of data, persons or things.

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 Blum shares how man, and woman in some cases, has pushed their way to control and dominance of the market, populations and planetary resources. Well all know it, we all see it, and we all do little about it.

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

Separation from Source (we all know there is one, we just can't agree on what) is our own damn choice! How

silly to blame it on something outside of ourselves. I mean, c'mon... Think about it! It is also important to note that our word, Satan, comes from the Greek, *Thetan*, which means 'thinker.' Yes, we are all *Thetanic* by nature... we think. There is no condemnation there. It is HOW we think that is in question.

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.

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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.

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Early Initiations

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 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.

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. As I was drifting

off to sleep, I would reach a place where I felt like a balloon full of helium and would begin to rise up and out of my body.

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, yet my mind was 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. 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 chakra² 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. 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.

So each new experience was exciting to me from the beginning; the gentle nestling of my mind into

² One of the seven centers of spiritual energy in the human body according to yoga philosophy.

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 floated upward. More on the sound current³ later. 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.

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.

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

³ The practice of the sound current in Vipassana meditation, also known as the divine sound, is a foundational practice of linking directly with the soul and I AM Presence.

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 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. My wife 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.’ 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. My wife made it a point to go through one of the lists recently, 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 cattycornered 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, florescent orange cloud that kind of resembled a huge cigar only it was nearly a half-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 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.

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.

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.

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.

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 worry and problems can 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.”

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.

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 and even sometimes ‘puffing up’ a little from throwing in a word I’d heard them 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. I put them back on and they both laughed about the whole thing.

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.

“Damn it, Lebruc, 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 late twenties. I was absolutely baffled and a bit angry that they had not told me, but remember well their mantra, “That’s good, but we know you can do better.”

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 in school. 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.

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.

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

My First 'Experience'

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, The Beatles et al. A voracious intellect bored with school because of the lack of real challenge, can find release in the affects of these substances on the mind.

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 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 Das, 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 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.

My First 'Experience'

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. We were doing backfield split-the-dummy hand-off exercises. As soon as we got the hand-off we had to split the dummies in front of us and go whatever direction the coach pointed after we got through the dummies. 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. Oops...

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.

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 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.

My First 'Experience'

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.

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.

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 was just getting started at the time with his 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 to the 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.

My First 'Experience'

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 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 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.

Teenagedom...

the Agony and the Ecstasy

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.

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 guilt?

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 many 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?

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?"

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 from a lover.

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.”

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 affect 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.

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.

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 and so I let go and followed the movement.

I turned and looked back to see my body lying across my bed, my head leaning against the wall and my pillow and my feet on the floor.

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.

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 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. 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

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.

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 congruent 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 tablet, 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. 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.

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.

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, 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 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 dictionary reference was to the Greek ‘thetan’ which meant ‘thinker’ and my mind was instantly at ease.

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 wasn'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.

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.

Gifted Psychiatrist

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. “Lebruc,” 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 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 vision's 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 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 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.

Tough Transition

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 Bahgavad 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.

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 shit!” “Can’t you get it right?” “You are such a fucking 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.

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.

The voices were definitely not my own, so I had reason to release my vice grip hold on considering possible insanity and consider something else.

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's *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 Light and Music, Lucifer. Eckankar⁴ 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 to say the least. 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. If no one

⁴ 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).

was in 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 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.

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.

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.

A couple of decades later when I had opened to this awareness again, I was taken off guard by a cute and quite open young woman, the daughter of my landlord at the time. I met her mother 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. 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 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.

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.

It was so noticeable that she offered an apology immediately. I didn't know what to say, so I just nodded my head and exited the house.

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 awhile, 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!

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.

A classmate named 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. 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.

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. It 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.

Gary had 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.

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. Hawkings was exploring the nature of black holes, some time 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 for me to recognize them. I was able to observe without 'thinking' about what was happening.

His body returned after Marilyn and his eyes immediately shifted to a wide 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.

Institutions and Institutionalization

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 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 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. 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.

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.

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 completed, I felt it was time to disconnect as well. So I said my goodbyes and I returned to the room and opened my eyes, going about the normal business of preparing for bedtime.

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.”

He went on, “Carolyn's face was right behind yours. We talked for a few and then you two split. I don't remember what we talked about, but I new you were there. It was pretty f..n' bizarre!”

I then told him what I'd done and we both just sat there wide-eyed and awed by the experience. 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?

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.

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 practiced 6 to 8 hours a day using my album collection to learn to copy riffs and styles.

Neal Peart, Alan White, Aynsley Dunbar, John Bonham, Graham Edge, Lenny White, Danny Seraphine and more where 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 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. 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 from the workout. The next tune, Bring It On Home, began and I kept playing along with it. After a few moments I looked over at Betsy and as our eyes met something miraculous happened. Everything beyond the perimeter of the cymbals and drums went 'white.' I continued playing.

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 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 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 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 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.

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. 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.

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. They took a short vacation after Christmas in Florida, so I went back to the house and continued playing with my life.

I'm sure they 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 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. 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 the car to miss him 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.

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.

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 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 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.

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 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'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 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.

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 - 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.

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!

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.

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.

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. 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.

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.

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.

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.

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. 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.

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. 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’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.

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 floor 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.

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. 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 cording already in place. I had to consider the obvious.

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.

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.

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.

She told me about Wiccan beliefs in general and I'll synopsize 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, leaving a trace of the oil.

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. Look for more details in a future book in this series. You won't want to miss it.

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 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. 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.

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. 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, Lebruc, 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.

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. Now I'm back up to that weight, but I look like it fits as I've gotten older. I'd like to lose some.

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 things 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. 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.

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. 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.

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 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.

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. 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.

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.⁵

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 congruent reality that

⁵ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cosmic_consciousness

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. 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 la kesh... 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 to destruction such as is happening with the current world leaders believing they are acting

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.

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 as 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.’

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 you.

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.

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 is 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 still in our HEARTS *and* the KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN. 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.

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.

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.

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.

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 enter the new millennium. Faith, trust and allowance in this new living awareness *is* the Way, the ultimate showing of strength on the Path.

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?”

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.

Reconnecting to the World

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 '69 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 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 1/4 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 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, "Lebruc, 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.

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. It 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 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.

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 Christine 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 Christine 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, “Lebruc, Lebruc... your drums!” I knew right away what had happened. I responded, “What about them?” She had been breast-feeding Christine on the couch in the living room which was right in front of the stairway’s open door.

Christine 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 Christine up with a start. She was hysterical now, hardly being able to calm herself enough to speak with me on the phone.

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.

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 Christine's swing suddenly starting to rock back and forth. This was it, 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. 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.

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. 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. Christine 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 was the younger brother of the friend I mentioned earlier from my first 'trip.' 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. 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. The auto industry had hit a down turn and people were leaving right and left, unable to find work and no longer able to get unemployment. 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. Her 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 came tumbling down with no customary joke. I’d been all over several counties looking for work. In one week’s time I was rified from the two jobs I’d managed to find and 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.

It happened to be a bright sunny day when the last news hit. 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 Christine, let alone our new baby on the way.

I walked out on the porch, threw up my hands toward the sun and shouted out, “Okay, I’m listening! Where do you want me to go?”

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 Christine 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.

Zephyr

Who was Zephyr? Let me fill in the gaps. This will talk 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, as I recall. So, 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.

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.

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 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?

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. 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.

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? 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 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.

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.

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.

Phoenix Bound

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.

We decided to go south at Holbrook, down through Payson to Phoenix. It was an absolutely gorgeous ride down across the Mogollon Rim and through the green of the forest in springtime.

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.

Christine 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, there was no child's seat and only lap belts on the captain's chairs in the van. Christine rode proudly in the quilt-lined crate we had prepared for her most of the way.

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.

Leaving the table behind, we converted the crate into a travel bed for Christine, with several quilts providing a soft and protective place for her to enjoy the journey. Christine 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.

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. 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.

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. 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.

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. His name was Steve. He 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.

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 through me 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 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 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.”

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 synopsised 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 Christine 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 belabor the discussion of his 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.

Charity really took to Christine, 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. By 11 o'clock the girls were both ready for bed, Christine asleep in Charity's arms already.

By midnight they were both asleep and shortly afterward we said goodnight to them. 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?"

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?"

“Lebruc, 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!” It 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. 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 as I continued talking with him. I had to get up.

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.

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 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.

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. 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.

Aerospace vs. Inner Space

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 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.

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 they 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.

I worked for them for a couple of months, meeting the 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 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. Christine 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. 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.

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 and I found them interesting at times.

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.

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 on that one.

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 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 shift because of all the adjustments that had to be made to make the first part perfect. It had to be.

So I am leaning over into the bed of the 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 lathe board platform that was in front of the machine.

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.

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 and pulled a pencil out of my work smock.

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 moved quickly over the paper and soon I had a symbol that totally blew my mind. It was a hexagram with two eyes of Horus with symbols in each triangle and a swastika with a cross superimposed in the center.

More on that one in the next book. Stay tuned!

Every Good Deed

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. You could do a lot of things back then because people were friendly and helpful toward strangers.

We talked for a while and out of my natural desire to be helpful I offered my number and summarily we exchanged numbers. I stuck her number in my wallet and never gave it a second thought until a few weeks later. I got set up for a big disappointment.

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 enamored with 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 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 in the afternoon in 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. 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.

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. It 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 for sorts.

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 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?

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.

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. What she told me happened next I thought would make a believer out of anyone. A golden figure walked into the room 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 church's. 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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

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. The note also revealed that she had searched through my wallet, found the phone number of the woman hitch-hiker and called her to find out why her number was in my wallet.

Whether it was 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.

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.

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 their market penetration in my territory (13 Midwest states) by 45% in 18 months.

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 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, and it shown through loud 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 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.

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.

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 a member of the Order of Melchizedek. (Hebrews)

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.

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 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.

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, such as eating meat, and 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. No one is perfect 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.

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.

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.

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.

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 as 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.

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.

Some of these same things can be used in positive ways now. Sincere and meticulous discernment is the key to any substance, 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.

Will we learn? Better yet... will we act?

In the next book:

- 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 still appear to people today?
- What are the extraterrestrials doing here on Earth?

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About the Author

Bruce Lee Benefiel was adopted at 6 weeks old, his biological history still a mystery. His search for roots revealed the adoption records, stored by the State, were destroyed in a flood and the Department of Health only had non-identifying information in their files.



“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.