



ZENDOR THE BARBARIAN...

PART THREE... TOWARD A NEW WORLD
ORDER OF HARMONY AMONG PEOPLE
AND PLANET... BE THE DREAM!

Your
Door
to...
What IS

BRUCE BENEFIEL

Zendor the Barbarian – Part Trois

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Zendor the Barbarian – Part Trois

This book is dedicated to the seeker in you that is the same as the seeker in me; seeking a reunion of spirit and matter, of consciousness and form, prompted by a deep yearning to understand self and to know truth as harmony among people and planet.

Are we many in the ONE?

If so, how does that show up in our reality?

Zendor the Barbarian is a story about one of the many, challenging the status quo with humility and trust in a childhood vision. He's a maniac on a mission to purge the urge to remain separate and unapproachable, ready to whack away at the truth with unyielding love.

Every question has an answer.

Are we asking the right ones?

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Zendor **the Barbarian**

...

Part Trois

Be the Dream... or wait

Bruce Benefiel

Foreword

This has been a daunting task – to reflect the self-existing nature within us. I have intense moments and have learned to manage my emotions to the point of freedom. I mean being able to experience intense energy without succumbing to fear or at least self-denial, let alone self-loathing.

When I began my quest for truth, inadvertently I also embarked upon a quest for identity beyond anything I ever dreamed possible as a child or even as an adult. I just wasn't prepared for what I'd find. It has been an absolutely amazing half-century for me, full of bizarre experiences that apparently are interconnected with others.

Even knowing who I Am now often doesn't provide any real answers, yet the questions emerging along the way seem to connect people, places and things more cohesively. I am blessed with an intellect able to ride the waves as they become particles in the seer's vision.

I don't claim to understand how our experience bridges worlds, only that it happens from time to time and with increasing regularity when one can remain poised and still, instead of behaving like a pogo stick with an attention-driven hyper-drive.

If you got the latter remark, then you'll enjoy this journey with me. I don't take myself too seriously, yet I know there is a serious shift taking place, or at least about to now. I'd be remiss if I failed to mention all the signs, including the Occupy

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Movement as a demonstration of the intent (without answers as to how) for change in our world to better serve humanity instead of filling corporate coffers.

I wish I could offer a solid state of affairs or at least a belief system to hold on to for now. I cannot. What I can offer is encouragement to trust in what is to come, that it will be what is needed for all of us and that the right thing to do is always right in front of your face, even when you forget that it is. Life doesn't have instructions but it does have a flow of vibration that is becoming more accessible it seems.

It is that trust I find everything I need and where I can completely let go even in the most intense situations where I'm not sure what is going to happen next and I feel like I'm going to literally jump out of my skin... and sometimes do as a result.

That is how I discovered entrance into a whole lot of new worlds and the intelligence that permeates them all. It seems there is a plan, loosely arranged as it may be, that becomes visible when one seeks the BEing behind the doing and having.

Writing this series has been most cathartic and allowed me to take yet another step back and observe from yet another intimately woven perspective I never knew existed, yet makes perfect sense as I explore its offerings. I guess that is what my mentors meant by aging gracefully into maturity. It's an arduous journey.

As long as we continue to question reality and our place in it, we are led to the next experience and

guided toward understanding the depth and meaning of oneness both as an individual and part of the team that collaborates for the future of Earth.

What I have gotten real clear on is that we have a choice in the beginning. After the choice is made, the commitment to self, then there is no other choice about whether to do or not to do. It will be in front of your face and unless and until you do it, whatever the task, it will return in other forms until completed. We remain devoted to serving Creators and Creation, or whatever terms you might use, as problem-solvers for our planetary civilization.

Like Einstein said, "We cannot solve our problems with the same thinking that created them."

So I offer that there is a new reality that is struggling to get through to us, something more than we ever dreamed possible.

As an example of recent up-to-the-moment events, I recently parted with one of my domains, BeTheDream.org, selling it to the Global Peace Youth Group for their 2013 Be The Dream Campaign. They are honoring Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s 50th anniversary of his 'I've got a Dream' speech by soliciting 50,000 youth (ages 18-39) world-wide to commit to and fulfill a local service project for their communities.

I think that is a perfect example of how our world is transforming through people, places and things with a valiant purpose.

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This book is intended to invite you into such a world as it begins to manifest before our very eyes. It is dedicated to the unyielding efforts made by so many who face and transcend what once kept them afraid, angry, ignorant and immobile in order to fulfill a deeper calling toward a new living awareness of love. Trust is an action of that love, undoubtedly the most important for each of us to find and live our purpose. Faith begins the process.

What if we can experience a new world order of harmony among people and planet in our lifetimes?

What if there is something for you here that can assist your awakening?

What if I'm full of shit and this is all a rouse to get you to question your beliefs or sell you something?

I guess you'll have to trust that reading this now is your simple answer... and to read on is appropriate.

Reconnoitering...

Alrightythen, in case you are jumping in midstream, the first two books of this series chronicled the circuitous and serendipitous life of a young man's journey; questing for deeper understanding of life, identity beyond human, experiences beyond this world and relationships in many dimensions leading up to the New Millennium.

He began an orphan in a very tightly controlled adoption process, finding out years later that the only adoption records available had been destroyed in a flood and the State only held non-identifying information of his birth records. His young life was full of experiences and explorations he found uncommon to most and so he had little, if any, mentorship other than the Visitors that felt more like family than his own.

In a kind of tutelage, he learned about astral travel very early in life and was afforded the observation of journeys to an orange cigar-shaped cloud for several years. He never considered talking to others about them, but couldn't wait to return to what felt more exciting than anything even though he had no memory of them.

As a teen in college he prayed to know truth, offering his life if necessary. A week later he was meditating after classes when a voice he'd been familiar with for many years asked him if he was willing to die for what he believed in. Christ Consciousness was the only thing on his mind and

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heart, cosmic consciousness being synonymous with his understanding to date.

Trusting, he let go and instantaneously entered the 'Light' and even though it felt like home beyond any imagination, it felt empty. He asked if there was more and with a slight sensation of movement he was surrounded by points of light cast on an indigo background. He could only gaze in awe.

Recognizing the points of consciousness, the voice went on to explain that these were those he was to work with to facilitate a new world order. It would happen in his lifetime, even though his path would be full of trials and tribulations. He was to simply have faith, trust and allow the process. Everything would happen in *its* own time.

Over the next couple of decades he discovered many things about life, himself and others. His life was normal to the outside observer, a brilliant student and natural athlete. After moving to Phoenix with his family he worked as an aerospace machinist, then production control coordinator responsible for \$7 million per month in spare parts with accolades from his customers and superiors.

His life was far from normal on an inner dimension, though, and it occasionally spilled out into the outer world. His deep investigative questions were answered both internally through dreams and visions and externally through others that he 'happened' to encounter from time to time. Sometimes he would see others in dreams before meeting them in the outer world.

He wondered about his sanity often, but he could not deny the reality of his outer experience with others that continued to validate everything he was being shown and taught in his inner world. He came to understand that at least part of his being was not of this world, a part of him that continued to show up as a larger, more connected spiritual consciousness that was inextricably woven into the human being.

The most confusing reality was his encounters with other beings just outside the visible spectrum, most often engaged by them with his eyes closed in meditative moments. Strangely enough, the Galactic Federation and specifically the Ashtar Command drew his attention in his late 20s. He never read anything about them, though, deciding to ask questions and follow where his intuition led, including engaging the metaphysical community that was in the Phoenix area.

He was eventually told that Ashtar and Athena were his parents one night. He was asked by a 'channel' if he was still looking for his parents. Odd, especially since he didn't know the person. He mentally blocked the answer and had to ask his nine year-old daughter who was with him at the time, what their names were. She told him in innocence and naivety.

As the trials and tribulations continued, he was divorced soon. His ex-wife went back to Indiana with their four children and he was 'disfellowshipped' from his role in the LDS Church because of perceived indiscretions. He followed where he was

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led, often without question, regardless of the outcome or perceptions of others.

The following decade brought him back into the other worlds, including reconnection with his guide, Zephyr, and many journeys into other worlds and across the universe on occasion. Several times he was approached for council and conferencing with others most often referred to as extraterrestrials. They appeared in a variety of forms, from spheres of light to almond-eyed beings, insectoid to reptilian, but always having a familiar resonance.

He became a high school teacher in the late 90s, teaching special education in an inner-city school and then given full-charge of a charter high school curriculum. During the fall of 2000 he received an email from an unknown man who suggested he look into an event, called the Gathering of Souls that was to be held in late September that year.

He became a presenter at the event, but the promoters had another agenda, announcing him as the son of Ashtar and Athena publicly, and asking him to lead the ground crew. Although it caught him by surprise, he felt like it was the opportunity of a lifetime and was even baptized into the role as part of the closing ceremonies for the event.

He knew somehow that his would help him fulfill the mission he was given on the other side of the Light. He was in for more trials and tribulations as a result, though. He later came to understand there was a slight difference between his two considerations,

Christ and Cosmic Consciousness; one was in body and the other was formless.

How does one deal with a reality that is so far from the normal everyday experience that most folks find challenging or even incredulous?

Starting off the New Millennium would be even more of a challenge as he continued to investigate his own reality, hoping to eventually find those that shared in the amazing journey - self-actualization of the cosmic consciousness condensed into forms we call human. And so...

*The more I read, the more I meditate; and the more I
acquire, the more certain I am that I know nothing.*

Voltaire

TRYING TO DEFINE YOURSELF IS LIKE
TRYING TO BITE YOUR OWN TEETH.

ALAN WATTS

Reverence for Ancestors

I have a little different perspective than most in that I was orphaned and adopted, never able to find the biologicals and instead, seeking a more celestial type of parenthood and/or a more general sense of the humanhood of those who have gone before us.

I do have a deep respect for my adoptive parents and I mean that most sincerely, yet they were unable to connect with me on the deeper issues of my quest for identity, mission and purpose in this life. I longed for someone to assist me in my youth, early adulthood and still to this day at times.

So, the ancestries I've sought have been seekers of truth; wise men and women throughout history that have added deep discovery to the thoughtmosphere of humankind. Indeed there is much to garner and even to challenge as one seeks their own understanding. Yes there is a deep respect and reverence for those who've challenged us to be more than we think, and act in integrity with our experience beyond the shoddy belief systems currently managing the religious and superstitious.

On the other hand are those who've taught us how not to behave, toward others and the planet. I have a deep respect and reverence for them as well, knowing their paths have been rife with the same challenges, only with different choices. They too, like Bloom points out in *The Lucifer Principle*, have shown us the other side of human capacity.

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Ancestors, family and relatives, took on a whole new meaning as I grew in my understanding of life, spirituality and the connectedness we share with all life forms, including that of our Mother Earth. Compassion and reverence for all life, family and relatives in many worlds, has instilled a deep honor and I have to say 'love' of all the players on the stage of life and love.

I'm still engaged in the quest for understanding the complexity and integration of this divinely inspired mind/body/spirit/soul complex we are, its genetic offerings and the capacity for understanding what I've come to know as cosmic consciousness condensed into these forms we call bodies.

I'm not sure I consider myself an expert in anything except my own experience and even then, I am constantly reviewing and vetting new understanding as I learn to ask better questions. I'll share a link that shares a story about how I was first introduced to the discovery of truth. Better yet, just Google *'Messy Antics Complex.'*

On the question of 'must' it seems only natural to include reverence for all. We know so little still and without reverence there is little openness to deeper listening and understanding.

The complex relation among mind, heart, soul and spirit is worthy of our attention as we move along the path of deciding our philosophies of life. Mentioning this struck a note with me, suggesting I

look at Buddhism, as addressing the concerns of the mind's limits; Islam, as addressing the heart's concerns; Greek philosophy, as addressing the soul's position in life; Judaism, as responding to the concerns of spirit's will; and Hinduism in reference to the compilation of vibrations as the 'sound current.' I was a great circuitous journey.

ETs have evolved through our current state of teenagedom as a race and aren't going to solve any of our problems, but they are available to assist us through the psycho-spiritual technologies that emerge when one enters a devoted state of BEing, accountable for their thoughts, actions and most importantly - intention.

I said it is up to us... each individual to do their own work to prepare themselves. Awareness and consciousness evolution happens within, which is the message the ETs have been sharing with me for years. People just don't want to listen, they want drama or trauma or both.... so they listen to rumors and half-truths and pretend they know the truth.

Even when some speak about the 'dark' beings that approached them, perceiving them as dark, but there was no malicious intent from them at all, just the opposite. I even heard this reflected from one who had been 'abducted' repeatedly and was aware of impregnation and harvesting of embryos.

I really loved her sharing. We've been taught to view others that look so different to be perceived as evil or demonic, but they aren't... they just look

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much different than us. Their energy is different than ours, but we always compare things through our own filters.... clogged or dysfunctional as they may be. If we are all connected, then what?

We cannot speak for what has been; only what is and what will be when we learn how to set our egos aside and work together. How can another race from anywhere else show us that? By example? Well, if we really look inside and drop all the bullshit... they are available and willing.

Consider their view... a world full of chaos and paradox - belief systems run amuck and the majority of people looking for someone to blame for the mess they created themselves.

Attention and awareness are the two most important aspects of our spiritual development. It is exactly what the Galactic Federation and Ashtar Command have been sharing through the inner spirit circuits for those who have had the ears to hear. You can feel the difference in the vibrations of empowered thought and action, done with authenticity, honesty and integrity. There is a certain resolve one must have to weather the storms with the perturbations of the mind and the attending dualistic framework.

Those like me know we are already successful in creating a new world order of harmony among people and planet and even when outer circumstances may not be evident, it is only a

matter of time before they are. Let me mention the drafting of the ISO 26000 Social Responsibility Standards as an effort - directly related to the efforts of the Federation's representatives in human form. We might not want to consider that, though.

Whether some have realized it yet or not, we reside on many planes of consciousness in a variety of bodies. Some of those are what we believe to be extraterrestrial because we have no other way of defining them yet. You can find a method for your own direct experience on Amazon.com under the title, '*Multi-Plane Cosmonaut.*'

Why do you think many of the abductees and contactees report being walked through walls? All of these bodies are within the human BEing, condensed layers of light if you will. When folks turn from the outer phenomena and look within for answers, there will be a transformation in their lives.

The suffering happens because we still allow it. If a parent never allows their children the freedom to grow up, they never will. They can encourage them and provide them the tools for their own development, but the children have to participate - engage their learning, and mature.

Unless and until that happens the child does not learn... so we are those children now. We created this mess and we are responsible for its resolution. We have help, just not the kind that spoiled brats are used to getting. :)

Nirvana may be the final object of attainment, but at the moment, it is difficult to reach. Thus, the practical and realistic aim is compassion, a warm heart, serving other people, helping others, respecting others, and being less selfish.

The Dalai Lama

Uniformity in Nature

Uniformity of nature, eh? What is nature? What lens are we viewing nature through? On a scientific basis, the universe seems to seek to replicate itself and apparently has a 'natural order' in doing so that is so mathematically precise we can see it, but it remains amongst the quantum physicists purview for now. We aren't smart enough to figure it out.

Consider that just for our carbon-based life forms to exist; there is a mathematical equation that has a 32-decimal place variable.

The Fibonacci sequence and Golden Mean Ratio appear ubiquitously in nature as a sign of its uniformity in the structure and wondrous world of animals, plants and humans.

Do we have the understanding of what bridging science and spirituality means yet?

I dare say not, but we are noticing the sensations beyond the perturbations of the mind that seem to allude to a natural order in creation; something amidst the chaos we perceive that can only be witnessed by standing calmly and serenely in the midst of it. Think of the eye of the storm.

We know there are liars, damn liars and statisticians but, there are fringe elements in the standard deviations of the evolutionary mutations we witness as well. Are they natural results of the environment we've created that is full of unnatural catalysts from

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years of rampant exploration and production without an ethical and moral compass?

Humans too often seek to dominate their environment without first understanding what it is and the nature by which it works or the components behind the scene that are so rarely observed, let alone sought out for discovery.

The current world predicaments, imho, can be traced to the ignorance of this uniformity in the nature of human interactions. It seems the violent responses and/or dominant factions are results of fear-based reactions and ignore our capacity for love and recognition that we all have the same ocean of emotion to navigate in our relation-ships.

We all just want to love and be loved, but we have not understood the natural order within the Limitless Oscillating Vibrations Everywhere. I created The Love Party Campaign website to forward the movement at www.thelovepartycampaign.net.

Can we step back and view natural order with such detachment? Our senses are engaged fully, yet we have yet to learn how to interpret the sensations in our bodies, like we aren't even in them at all. We know medically (scientifically) that our bodies are transceivers, emitting and receiving those 'vibes' all the time. Most aren't aware of them.

Some folks can even 'perceive' them and report, although they are still pretty much ignored. At least we have become somewhat civilized and not take their gifts as demon-possession or witchcraft and

summarily burn them at the stake anymore, at least in most cultures today.

However, even the most religious (God IS natural order, right?) still persecute those who have dropped the pretense of needing a Savior and recognized their own connection with All That Is. The Living Word resides in our consciousness that is condensed into these bodies and is the highest state of natural order we can imagine to date.

Physical sciences, via a variety of practices and theorems, are beginning to work with various frequencies and structures that promote better living conditions and 'energy' environments for our mind, body, spirit and soul to unite as ONE.

Now is that our nature or are we nurtured there through experience?

And so it is that when we look out at the seeming randomness of our lives we question 'what is' and wonder whether we will know. If we look way out or way in, there appears to be uniformity in nature.

The darkness composes the majority of creation... the space between the points of light... whether microscopic or macroscopic. We've heard it called the Void as well. Light and sound produce conscious form, yet it is from the darkness that it draws its intelligence as it condenses into form.

Data pulses are created by the master mind... the ONE MIND if you will... feeding the many minds when they look for food. We all have a dark side,

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too; one that fights for selfish reasons through superstitious and surreptitious methods. We need to learn to dance with that rather than deny it and push it away - it will return over and over. It is the practice of the Way that leads us to freedom - embracing ALL That Is.

It is quite interesting that all elements possess a neutron, proton and electron – the micro of what we consider the 'Trinity' that seems to be present in most major religions. Hydrogen is the only element that doesn't meet that criterion, yet it is the very element that is the bonding agent for our DNA helix.

*Those who believe they have plenty of
time get ready only at the time of death.
Then they are ravaged by regret. But
isn't it far too late?*

Padmasambhava

Council of 300

In February of 2001 I had a series of experiences during dreamtime, or at least what seemed like dreamtime. At first I wanted to write them all down and share them as it seemed to fit perfectly with the flow of my life. However, as I sat with them for a while I realized that it wasn't time to share just yet. Relating experiences that correlate with quantum sciences just weren't acceptable, let alone thought to be relevant with our planetary evolution in consciousness at the time.

After the Gathering of Souls in the fall of 2000, an international conference focusing on the Ashtar Command, the Galactic Federation and our involvement as ETs incarnate, I returned to Phoenix with a huge vision and some ideas of how to begin to fulfill it. It was easy for me to release my attachments to earning a living and focus my efforts on what I knew was more important to everyone.

Being announced as a son of Ashtar and Athena to a group of nearly 200 was completely unexpected, yet congruent with so many inner and outer points of order in my experience. I've got enough sense to know it seems surreal, even to those who are close to me, so there is some sensitivity toward credulity.

I had also been asked to step into a leadership role in organizing the 'ground crew' for which there was unprecedented validation; yet even with help, the sheer magnitude of what I had been asked to do was daunting to say the least. I thought it would all

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work out as long as I remained committed and willing to do whatever it took, including understanding that the first response would be one of denial and rejection, even from those who 'believed.' It was just part of the process.

I knew that only time would tell the full truth. As I tested the water, so to speak, I found that few if any were able to hear me from where I spoke and their projections from lack of understanding did more to create further separation than to harmonize. To this day people want to play small and limit others who refuse to remain stuck in dualistic behavior.

Meanwhile, I called a friend that was building websites and he helped me put one together to share my experiences, ideas and information relevant to the mission of unity resulting in harmony among people and planet. Now this would be no small task as the mental perturbations of the participants in process, let alone the articulation of possibilities to coagulate, were cause for needing a way to make sense common. I knew from history that brilliance and trail blazing were met with extreme resistance at first.

I'd hoped I could get others involved in some kind of collaboration to create events all over the world. It seemed like the best thing to do... gather people and talk about our experiences. After the Gathering, I crafted an introductory letter and sent it out to individuals and groups all over the world.

I suggested that we create small groups and meetings so that folks could get to know me in person. Unfortunately, that didn't happen...yet. Over the last decade there has been some progress, but the notion of my existence is still met with extreme skepticism for the most part.

Some even try to openly, yet behind the scenes, engage deceptive practices to discredit my efforts and reputation.

I picked up the web crafting quickly and soon took over the work of creating and posting pages. I was really enjoying crafting these pages and applying desktop publishing skills I had learned previously. I'd wanted to be able to create visual and written work for various projects I had in mind after the summer on the hill a decade prior, where I reconnected to my path after a divorce.

I had gone back to school in 1991 for the first time after my divorce and learned something practical that would help communicate ideas and possibilities. I earned a certificate in Desktop Publishing from AzTech College. The education and practice helped me to craft various flyers and documents for our television show, One World, and various community projects that needed help and had little funding for their start-up needs.

One of those projects was the Phoenix Indian School Preservation Coalition, made up of representatives from 18 of 21 tribes in Arizona. Their purpose was to ensure a Native American heritage design and motif for the new Indian School Park, a bi-product of

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a trade between the City of Phoenix and the Baron Collier Corporation, land developers from Florida.

Within the first 3 months after the Gathering of Souls the website was up and within 6 months was getting 5,000 unique visitors a month. By the end of the year, we'd reached 25,000 a month. I was ecstatic that it was getting so much exposure.

It seemed to indicate there was more interest than I thought, but there was no interaction, no responses and no income generated. The latter I never considered; money was always a second or third thought, if at all. I just wasn't money motivated. But I did hope that something would happen.

I was between jobs so I had copious amounts of time on my hands for a little while. I knew I was being given the time to work on this piece of my puzzle, at least to offer some information for consideration across the Web. My hosting was inexpensive, so I just poured my creative flow into the digital world for a while. The creative spark can sure be ignited when you are arranging a bunch of electrons on a screen and sharing them across the world. It didn't take me long to figure out how to do some pretty cool stuff, but I still felt like my skills were inept at best.

It was February 13, 2001 sometime around midnight in Phoenix, Arizona. I'd just gotten horizontal after an evening of chatting with some folks about the Ashtar Command and what the 'contactee' experience was like. I found that many were still caught up in mixed emotions and concern

for 'negative' ETs that seemed to get in the way of their development. Fear is just not a factor in the thin worlds. It simply doesn't exist.

My energy always gets ramped up when those conversations happen and it takes me a while to relax enough to go to sleep. Sometimes I have spontaneous multidimensional experiences as a result. Even though the communication is somewhat linear, the thoughtmospheric conditions sure are not. Light pulses contain terabytes if not yottbytes (Wikipedia) of information.

Whenever I have discussions with others there is always a period of self-reflection and questions within my own mind and heart, generally to make sure I'm out of the way and able to receive answers without my own labyrinth of filters getting in the way. So I was feeling a bit elevated to say the least, allowing that trust factor inside to pave the way.

All of a sudden I felt the transition between worlds that has become so familiar over the years. It's like being freed from one world to enter another accompanied by a definite shift in the sensation of vibration. There is a sound that is beyond hearing that accompanies the shift. It feels like a wind at my back, catapulting my relation-ship beyond the ocean of emotion and into a sea of surrealism.

This one was a bit different, though. My focus seemed to expand and contract simultaneously. The practice of 'seeing' is much like scrying with a mirror or looking at an image that has a 3-D effect, gazing without looking intentionally. Years later in *DMT* -

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The Spirit Molecule I read accounts of folks who tried to explain their experience and they seemed to draw upon the same kind of explanations for their non-linear experiences.

I found myself in front of a large group of folks that looked like they came from across the galaxy; so many varieties I was a bit taken by surprise for a moment, but I have to say it felt quite natural and normal. Then my consciousness shifted again, into the 'performance mode' where I was able to observe yet another part of me was in charge. I was performing as a facilitator for a large meeting, feeling like I was in complete charge.

As my focus developed and dissipated, I could tell I was on board a ship of substantial size. Sounds like a paradox, huh? Developed and dissipated... but that is how it seemed. I was in a large meeting room that reminded me of a lecture hall from college, with several hundred in the audience. This audience wasn't your standard student body though; far from it. I looked out to see a plethora of life forms.

There were dozens of different races represented in the group, too many to recall them all, but they included thinly skinned egg-shaped blobs of a golden rainbow sparkled color with central orbs that were just a bit brighter; a variety of insectoids that were just slightly different in body style and skin tone, with heads that looked similar to ants on some and praying mantis on others that varied in color, skin texture, appearance and position of eyes with

some of them slightly shimmering in the light of the room. That wasn't all, either.

There were also reptilians that included short-snouted crocodilian types, small to medium sized lizards and even snake-like heads of different sizes, colors and scale structure from smooth to rough skin appearance and all bi-pedal; humanoids of varying heights, looks and colors; beings of different sizes, arrangements of eyes, some large and some thin body types and sometimes spindly ranging from a light golden to dark shades of green and grey. It was truly a sight to behold.

Of course there were the Zetas, too, with their almond-shaped eyes and thin bodies. What was odd, though, was there were at least a dozen different varieties of these types, from very short to very tall with skin texture and tone different on each, from dark grey to almost white. They all were visibly similar in structure, but quite different in their appearance and detail.

It reminded me of the bar scene from Star Wars only it felt a little more serious, like a Star Fleet administrative council meeting. The sensation was anchored in some kind of 'importance' and 'responsibility' that went beyond anything I'd experienced to date. I seemed to become aware of my participation even though I wasn't in charge of my actions from my point of view.

I felt confident in the plethora of participants and the myriads of systems they represented, all members of the Galactic Federation. I understood

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the latter without question. Although there was no obvious announcement of their affiliation, the sense of unity was profound and complete.

Apparently I was there as part of the proceedings as the facilitator bouncing back and forth from participating (looking out through my eyes) to observing (watching from a distance from a few feet behind). There seemed to be a third part of me that was in charge of it all.

The exact details are too cumbersome to elucidate here now and meetings of any type are usually boring to a degree, but the focus of the meeting was to go over the agreed upon processes, protocols, rules and responsibilities of 'First Contact' on Earth. It was apparent the process had been going on for some time, so there was no exact date for establishing a timeline as it was ongoing. Truth be known, it started millennia ago while humans were just beginning to evolve on their own.

Long ago through several means and for a multitude of reasons, many life-forms were brought here after certain planetary evolution cycles made the atmosphere and terrain inhabitable. Humans have been fascinated with their history, but they haven't been able to free their minds enough to grapple with the reality of an extraterrestrial origin or the magnitude of which celestial beings are capable of interacting with planetary inhabitants. The 'missing link' is no doubt important in the deliberation.

It was time to begin the strategic actions to bring consciousness among humanity to a new level. They

had advanced to a point of priority for planetary survival. It would become necessary for many kinds of open contact to occur. Humans were still too projective with their energy and they hadn't learned how to listen, so many methods and options were discussed in order to leave no stone unturned.

That may seem like a simple concept, listening, but the depth of the listening is what enables the interdimensional travel beyond the linear frameworks that humans have developed. You might recall a line in one of the favorite books among humankind stating, 'for those who have the ears to hear and the eyes to see.' When your consciousness shifts, so does one's ability to become aware and perceive.

This new living awareness comes from the silence within; the 'void.' I mean, think about it... If the Voice of Being comes from the Silence... We, as humans, just don't pay attention to 'what is.' Too often the satiation of the senses distracts us from the subtle impressions and our attention is focused on the gross, like the attendance of alien-spun doomsday-themed movies. How distracting is that?

The outer efforts made with various humans had not proved fruitful as every agreement and treaty with humans in authority had been broken. Shutting off military missile silos and disarming spaceships was not enough. It would be years before the retired military leaders spoke out about the silo incidents around the world at the National Press Club. We

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couldn't wait for the humans to learn self-awareness as they'd proven it wasn't a priority.

I confirmed the need for consideration of the general public and their ignorance of other dimensions, let alone the nether worlds with the exception of a few. Self-awareness had to be initiated before anything could progress. We had waited, but undesirable selections competed for their attention still.

The sense was that most were not going to be able to understand the universal laws and understanding we all took for granted as a living awareness. Linear thinking was about all they are capable of, yet it was our job to introduce circular and spherical forms of thinking as quickly as possible, creating a new thoughtmosphere of opportunity for ascension.

I began to introduce another to go over the methodologies and procedures for seeding the thoughtmosphere with cathartic drips and runs through a matrix of media portals. I watched the scene fade as I felt pulled back. I saw a series of events of catastrophic nature and even more that could be averted if humans chose to change.

It was understood that some things might indeed happen and that the Earth itself was going to go through some growth pangs that had nothing to do with the human population. Still, regardless of the outcome, humans are ready for their next evo-leap of consciousness. All things being connected, it was just part of the process of universal community.

One of the ways this was to be accomplished was the voluntary incarnation of some of the members of the Federation, developing as normal humans within the population yet being able to accelerate the advancement of consciousness along with the natural development of the human system.

I knew that to be true for myself, but I longed for others like me to join the party. It can be very lonely at times.

Only after a decade of holding this within and, although I've been quite outspoken about my experiences, this one has not had the ears to hear until now. I've witnessed the growth of listening and as we approach the tipping point, where consciousness has been expanding globally to understand the shift, it seems time to share and take my chances with incredulity and/or rejection.

The next morning I woke up wondering if it was all real, although it really didn't matter. It had the feel of King Arthur's court and a Beatle's concert all wrapped together, a real magical mystery tour. I'd had numerous weird dreams in my life already, but this one felt oddly different and then I remembered what the androgynous humanoid had told me as I was trying to get back to the ship. They were only making it easier for us to communicate and if I'm who it seems...

Well, that didn't make me feel any better. Now I was faced with a possibility of a reality far beyond anything I'd considered, even knowing the previous two decades or so of experiences had set me up.

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How the hell could I talk to anyone without seeming not even *loosely* connected to a 'normal' reality?

If I was having problems, how could I expect others to have a clue, let alone understanding?

'First Contact' is a misnomer, though. It is not a singular event, although the process could culminate in one if things work out right. Again, linear thinking gets in the way. Albeit many may only consider a mass landing and press conference to be a true 'first contact,' it happens in layers through adjusting rhythms within the hyperdimensional space.

Truly it is 'spooky action at a distance,' as Einstein put it, and triggers an experience of quantum entanglement and non-linear reality; true multidimensionality.

Humans are very predictable when they are caught in the lower realms and can be read easily with subtle energy technology. They can be just as easily manipulated by those who understand it, too. Their energy patterns and activity can be seen in their auras or read in their frequency by all the other races, including the human lineage ancestry. The prime directive, though, is to present and allow... no control or manipulation... let free will take its natural course after encounters... and wait.

Learning those skills was a natural part of their development before they were able to transcend the space-time linear activity and venture into space from the inside. In turn, the outer technologies developed and Type 1, 2 and 3 civilizations evolved

across the universe. Earth is still an infant. Humans think they are ready for solid food and we're barely able to drink milk.

I use the 'Type' terminology because it is more understandable and has already been noted by the scientific community. The evolution of planetary civilizations is far more complex and monitored than any on Earth realize. There is no 'intervention' as some may believe; humans have to grow on their own and address change collectively. I'm not allowed to consider outside help, either, whether it might be available or not is inconsequential.

Humans seem to need outer events, rallying points for collaboration beyond borders. They have not discovered the methodologies to move beyond the barbaric nature of their behavior, even in the most sophisticated organizations. Others will mix their understanding, limited as it may be, in perceiving some 'dark' force attempting to manipulate. It is more often the selfish appearance of fear.

The next night was equally as inviting. I was chatting with a small group of people in the chat room I created on the website. The ET agenda was the topic again, relative to the Ashtar Command. There were many questions about how I saw things unfolding for the ground crew.

Typing the answers out on the screen was quite excruciating. I longed for a better way to explain things, so I created more pages during the days ahead that I could reference. Remembering the link addresses was a bit easier and sometimes I left

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them open in my browser ahead of time so I could just copy and paste when necessary. I still had to depend on people actually reading them. I learned later that a simple thought can be plugged into the thoughtmosphere and it will permeate the consciousness of humanity.

Too often people want the Cliff Notes version, racing forward without the necessary preparation and internal work to really understand the message. Humans listen and read from so many places and points of view in consciousness.

I look forward to the day when data transfer can be done effortlessly, maybe even through a simple gaze or loving embrace. Some of the ET races seem to communicate through such high-level vibrations that it feels like an electrical shock, which certainly prompts a fight-or-flight response in the wary.

Just after midnight I retired with my mind abuzz and, within a few moments, again felt the profound shift in sensation, noticing a frequency along with the sensation this time. I can only describe it as a high pitched whine deep within the center of my head. As I closed my eyes and focused on the sensation and sound I found myself in the auditorium again. I know it didn't happen instantly, but time was different in that space.

I knew this was happening whether I was able to witness it or not, remembering the training I got when I first started going aboard the 'orange cigar-shaped cloud.' I tried to think about what was happening and found it easier just to watch. My

training with the Multi-Level and Multi-Plane Awareness Techniques made the process much easier to engage.

I went over the foundations of our intention, to assist through every means possible without violating the principles of free will or engaging any actions outside the ability of the humans, save shutting down obvious missile systems. Free will is the choice humans have, to listen within and respond or ignore the voice and act of their own accord. Every human has the capacity to turn within, listen and move in flow as the energy that accompanies the information will lead the way.

Every religion teaches this principle. All Federation members use this, too.

A select group has the responsibility for creating more attention to the latter as humans question purpose more deeply in the coming years; a result of the 'End Times' scenario many will bring into focus. The method of communication through non-linear methods was still not understood. Humans want to see things finitely, like a war with a victory or a cataclysmic destruction and recovery. Oy...

The next 'presenter' picked up from there and began discussing how crop circles were being used to provide a bridge through the use of symbols embedded in the deeper levels of the subconscious of humans. The function of this biological bridge between plants and humans, organic in nature, affects levels of consciousness humans are nearly unable to grasp with their current scientific and

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spiritual understanding. They speak of oneness, but have no real grasp of how to live it.

Another group was responsible for monitoring the thoughtmosphere and providing breadcrumbs, so to speak, to those who were picking up the subtle messages. It was expressed that many who are capable of relaying cosmic wisdom through various types of communication would likely not have the discernment to clearly communicate and thus include earth-based duality-framed information as a result. This still occurs in spite of the admonitions.

It became clear that this referred to many so-called 'channels' who claim association with the Galactic Federation but are unable to disassociate the paradigms so deeply embedded in the human thoughtmosphere. I'd already noticed that those who claim that 'cabals' or 'dark ones' would be effectively dealt with by the Federation were missing the core truth that humanity has to fix their own problems. The Federation will not do the work for them, but they will assist in helping humans to understand *how* to do the work on their own.

Fractals in consciousness are deeply embedded in the morphogenic fields that the symbols and shifting frequencies from the ship's devices were designed to unlock. Not until a question is asked can a response be given. Once that question is present in the thoughtmosphere, then the new logic path created by the answer begins to filter throughout the collective consciousness. It would be a great

challenge to cleanse the desire of 'intervention' from affecting those who were attempting to share.

It was then I realized these were the points of light, or at least many of them, that I'd seen as a teenager. They were of a purer consciousness that remained free of the distractions of claiming to be messengers. The real messengers would be challenged to address those with less clarity until the internal neural networks could be cleansed, so to speak. I thought this might apply to those who had already developed many followers. Could they make the shift, though? Too often they seem to feel they are transformed already and need no guidance.

I watched as images of crop circles began to appear on the screen behind the speaker and the scene faded once again. Before the scene faded I got the distinct understanding that this was a purer language, based on symbols used in galactic communication as part of the process of raising the language capacity for each planet's bio-system; human and environment as interconnected consciousness in the symbiosis of life as is known throughout the universe in other worlds beyond our own. Wow, that's a lot to grok.

I woke up the following morning with the same sense of surrealism. My world seemed really loose. I wondered how to address those who were consciously or unconsciously keeping humans caught in the concept of dualism and/or creating false hope and complacency because of their claims of 'interventions' and/or removal of so-called cabals

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or dark ones manipulating humanity. Pointing out cognitive dissonance didn't seem to work to well in most environments.

Sure, there are some poor excuses for human beings who have forgotten the honor and respect for life and humanity. However, if these humans weren't behaving as they are there would be nothing to move other humans to their next level of global unity, recognizing what feels wrong beyond reason and actually doing something about it. We all have those intuitive feelings, the 'calling' if you will, but few act on them. It is time for that to change.

Without chaos, there can be no order.

What I *knew* was that everything was *in order*. Humanity is in a process of learning about their power of choice and arising to collectively address the perceived ills of what their predecessors had created. Humans are still in the process of learning ethical and morally responsible behavior. Certain freedoms had allowed many to create systems that only served a few, a natural part of the evolution of a planetary civilization.

This, too, would only change through becoming responsible stewards, not through some arbitrary action of the Federation. This was simply not part of the roles and responsibilities of First Contact. The HUmans have to take responsibility for their own evolutionary process by choice, not by hook or crook. It simply doesn't work that way. All planetary civilizations have to go through this process on their way to inclusion in universe affairs.

Everyone is called, but few have chosen this path to date. Psychology and science, even with the leaps humans have made, are still overshadowed by linear methodologies. The evo-leaps in logic available in the 'quantum entanglement' are just beginning to surface as experiencers and seekers alike are becoming self-aware and in a new living awareness.

Since the Harmonic Convergence, though, there has been a marked increase in communicating such awareness and of the realizations that many have discovered as a result. In the 25 years since the celestial event, the momentum has been growing tremendously. With the transition center-point being the winter solstice of 2012, there is still another 25 years to implement the processes, programs and systems of change as we transform our world to its natural place of harmony among people and planet.

Great progress has been made to date even with those few who have been on the front line of change, whether they've been accepted by the majority or not. As I was thinking the next day, it occurred to me that it is possible those various life forms in the room could indeed be incarnate in physical bodies on the Earth now. It made so much sense in the creation of the continuity in consciousness condensing into form.

I reflected on my prayer to know truth, being willing to die for it if necessary, and the following experience that introduced me to points of consciousness – so many I could not count them all in the time I had. (Zendor the Barbarian Vol. 1)

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It wasn't about 'body snatching' at all. The movies Hollywood has produced present the negative views as a means to desensitize or heighten the fear of anything different than ourselves or from outside our sphere of experience. Humans like stimulation of the senses. The resulting efforts at production don't necessarily have a sinister motivation, but adrenaline is an addictive chemical and humans crave it to fuel their lives.

We have absolutely no intention of control or malice toward humans. In fact, just the opposite is true. We are helping humans awaken to their true nature; their natural evolutionary path. I recalled the movement from the Light to the Points of Light and back into a body, this body, here now.

Humans have been responsible for many atrocities. If you think about it for a moment, maybe even do some research, there is no record of death or destruction caused by any of the visitors in our known history, especially in the last several millennia. Yet it is well documented that visitations have occurred. The Military Industrial Complex is aware of their non-threatening position as well, having experienced ICBM missile installations being 'turned off' by visiting craft.

This has all been part of a grand plan, with time tables that run into the centuries rather than a 90-day life cycle of electronic technology currently. As we are able to reduce, so are we also able to expand our scope, but humans must see beyond the short-term gains. Our financial system is built on

capitalism beyond conscience, numbers rather than people. It will change as we are able to organize and transform existing systems.

Durability and sustainability are only words in human consciousness that encompass decades or possibly centuries. Compared to the Galactic Federation, which encompasses worlds and systems far beyond anything humans have encountered – hundreds of thousands of years are at play.

We are like infants in the cosmic picture, still unable to grasp that we are cosmic consciousness condensed into form – Christ Consciousness if you will. Cosmic consciousness is formless, Christ consciousness relates to the form, the body with knowledge of the Divine.

The next day I was back on the computer again, chatting with a gentleman that found me through another chat room on SpiritWeb. I had sensed something different about him immediately. His energy was quite familiar even across the electrons of cyberspace. His communication seemed either arrogant or quite confident and I wasn't sure which at the time.

Sometimes we can just close our eyes, ask the right question and 'see' an answer manifest in the moment. It did with him. I turned inward and asked about his connection with me and why I felt a strong kinship with him. What I saw was a high altitude view of a light grid surrounding Earth. I saw what appeared like a large 'node' of light somewhere in Oklahoma. I opened my eyes up and immediately

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asked him where he lived. Guess where? Apparently we're related through the Sun. I reflected on my experience with the three suns some years before. (Zendor the Barbarian – Vol. 2)

It seemed like people could just not get enough of the 'conversations with zen' chat room. At the time I hadn't made the connection between all the conversation in the chat room and the events that evolved during the night. Sounds silly, but I can be a little naïve at times. The dots don't always connect immediately, but they do connect.

By the time I was done in the chat room I was feeling the usual buzz. I'd gotten done a bit earlier and decided to have a bowl of cereal before retiring. I felt so small and insignificant when I considered the magnitude of what I seemed to be engaging, yet I could sense a part of me that was completely up to the task. I wondered what I needed to do to prepare and be available for the process to unfold.

I pondered if any of these chats were ever going to amount to actually drawing people together to begin working on collective projects. I'd prepared numerous possibilities, including a week long symposium for developing community. (www.bethedream.net/buildingcommunity.htm) I could see that many of these folks were struggling with their own realities. Many I had met were more fringe than functional in any existing systems.

I lay down and drifted off to sleep. I don't know how long I was asleep before I woke up, hearing the familiar frequency and feeling the sensation of being

shifted from one realm to another. The process had become seamless, much like when I was first taught how to leave my body as a young boy.

Again I introduced various other members of the Federation's leadership to deliver specific instructions, procedures, processes, protocols, rules and regulations in dealing with specific areas of the primary groups of contact. The overall sense was of a malleable process that truly depended on humanity's ability to rise above their outworn patterns of separation and subjugation, manipulation and marauding in the name of religion and fighting over resources that no one truly owns.

I continued to bounce back and forth from participating to observing, so there must've have been yet another aspect of my consciousness that was engaged to pull that off. I did notice that words, per se, were rarely used and the information seemed to be disseminated through some kind of internal data stream not unlike the pulses of light we send down the glass tubes on Earth.

It was just a feeling, though, I certainly wasn't hearing words. I'm guessing they were probably uttered in some form.

This time I began by presenting the need for working within existing systems to facilitate the shift in activity in corporations toward social responsibility; humanitarian actions beyond doing business as usual. A decade later the ISO 26000 Social Responsibility Standards were introduced. These standards were evidence that The Work was

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happening and tools presented that put power back in the hands of the people, in my humble opinion.

Some humans are scared to death that they are going to lose control over their precious jobs and/or corporate kingdoms or whatever they've grown to hold sacred. This creates undue resistance to change, increasing the fight factor that inhibits the reformation of belief systems into experience systems that are built on proven truths, not faith. Faith does have a role in the process, though. It is when it is tested that the experience system arises.

Accordingly, the next presenter began sharing details of how groups were going to work together to alleviate the resistance as much as possible through preparing and introducing new programs that appeal to the sense of connectedness and empathy resident in the conscience of every human being, flora and fauna of a planetary civilization. This is where the crop circles connect.

Yes, we consider all life forms to be relatives and coming from a single source with multiple aspects and realms of existence. I reflected on what I knew of indigenous beliefs and I faded off again, waking up the next morning with the sense that maybe these dreams weren't so imaginary after all. I was still grappling with this expanded reality.

Some of the races, or moreover some of the beings across the gamut of races, have developed the ability to consciously incarnate and carry the special knowledge specific to the areas of economic, environmental, leadership, social architecture and

technological development to name only a few. I can hardly imagine the skill sets of these folks, yet I can imagine the collaboration possible. My work as a Partnering Facilitator of multi-million dollar construction projects gives me a special insight into the manifestation of diversity in unity.

Each of us, those points of light I saw as a teenager, has served in various capacities in planetary development of other worlds and the experts I introduced were already well-known and respected authorities in the Federation. It was the epitome of service to others, everyone had a sense of commitment and sincerity beyond anything I've experienced on Earth, yet there have been moments where I've witnessed the possibility.

Now, I might want to mention that our age and number of incarnations is incomprehensible by humans at this stage of the game. Some only arrive at certain epochal changes, the VPs in the God Corp, if you will, with crafted understanding and special abilities. So we have to act as if this lifetime is it, as in the prevalent human perception – One Time and One Shot at doing it right... BE all that we can BE.

We've been able to introduce the concept of ascension through our brother humans known as Jesus and others not so well known but chronicled in the history of Earth. It is possible for everyone to achieve as they learn the objectives of cosmic consciousness in body, mind and spirit.

Constantine's crew, in order to bridge church and state, eliminated important information from public

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view. Many think the Bible to be a book of lies, many believe it to be the ultimate truth. From my perspective, having a direct experience beyond most people on the planet, I prefer to think it is a book of incomplete truths or undiscovered reality.

Each of us has to discover the truth of whom and what 'I AM' entails through experience beyond the written word. It sounds zealous, I know, but there seems to be awareness of the Living Word, if you will, operating through serendipitous and synchronistic events we choose to notice. It seems the flow of these events tend to come through quiet listening; a depth of awareness that guides us.

Texts and oral traditions only point the way with 'inspired' words of other humans, yet the 'soular code' embedded in our akashic-generated genetic transmissions is still available within and assists the seeker to find their own voice. The most effective method I've found to begin that process is so simple that most people do not even attempt it on a regular basis even after having a direct experience when I've introduced it to them.

I discovered it one day, during a particular trying time, as I attempted to clear the disturbance within me. I just felt out-of-synch from attempts at openness being discounted or ill-received, so I wanted to find center and shed the sensitivity to taking things personally. I was pretty young.

In a quiet moment, I put my fingertips together just to focus and think about how I needed to change in order to align with the flow of best choice.

Sometime during my mental meanderings and perturbations I noticed my fingertips feeling like they were pulsing with some pretty intense energy. Things got quieter in my head and I began to feel my entire body pulsing, but it wasn't from high blood pressure.

After I had focused on the pulse for a short time, I noticed a ringing in my ears. It sounded like a swirling high-pitched tone. The more I listened, the more it seemed to lower in tone and vibration until the pulse of my heart and the pitch of the tone seemed to harmonize and instantly threw me into a silence deeper than anything I had known. I got a sense of connectedness and unity with All That Is.

I have a habit of making people uncomfortable, though, presenting a reality more available than they often think. There is a lock down and isolation sensation that accompanies those kinds of interactions, a sense of abandonment. That is the last thing I desire to happen as my intent is to make sense common through a common experience in any given moment, acknowledgement of the weird yet retaining a sense of scientific inquiry.

It's usually with only a small number of people, but sometimes a larger group can participate if the circumstances prevail and/or organized appropriately. I'd just had a number of things put on my plate, willingly, and had to come to terms with the presenting thoughtmosphere. The scene was tremendously complex and tender beyond

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imagination; emotions tighten when there is a sense of hidden agendas or questionable motives.

So in this place of questioning I found myself, wondering if any part of this Ashtar Command thing was real, even when I hear many others agreeing.

I had to remember to simply... put my fingertips together, **breath** consciously and **feel** my heart beat. The rest will come. Sometimes it comes fast.

The methods of communication to the ground crew apparently include dreams, crop circles, events in the sky, telepathy, visuals through the 'second sight' and quantum leaps during non-linear moments as well as the standard forms of direct contact as the human-hybrid component. They especially like to play with the electrons in our Web and electronic communication systems.

We notice the connections through accidental or arbitrary calls or clicks and watching the responses are some ways we are able to experience joy, especially when those serendipitous synchronicities produce further awareness and collaboration. We apologize for any discomfort caused by the perceptions of inappropriate or uninvited contact. We are here to assist the roll-out of connecting the genetic sequencing and condensing consciousness.

There is another thorn in the proverbial side of 'what is' – abductions. Abductions are a misnomer in that the individual's soular contract is in agreement with the process of the body's evolution, whether or not the mental preparation has been achieved to

comprehend it is irrelevant. Ye 'olde anal probe is a method for adjusting the vibratory rate via a direct connect to the central nervous system through the perineum nerve. It really is all science-based, just not the science that humans are accustomed.

Some of you just weren't as ready as anticipated, so the timeline of your 'mission' may not have matched with the terrestrial preparations necessary to allow the flow of the plan to be unimpeded. There may come a time when the uncomfotability is recognized to be our own choice. We have the opportunity to change then, to listen deeper and ask better questions in order to understand personal motivations and act accordingly for the highest good of all. It is relative to the natural order of BEing.

The meetings took several days to completely cover the areas of appropriate interaction with the human race. Appropriate actions included continuing the talks with government officials, although they were expected to wane due to the military industrial complex's demand for technology exchange and their use of prior technology to increase military prowess instead of humanitarian good, which was the original agreement, to nurturing those who have been working diligently behind the scenes and far removed from the public eye.

The process of First Contact is a very intricate and far-reaching effort to get humans to be more proactive in managing their consciousness and the development of a new world order of planetary administration, with harmony among people and

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planet as the goal. As simple as the goal may sound, just look at all the change that must take place for it to occur.

Is it possible? It is... guaranteed.

Once this is reached then open interaction is possible, but not until. Humans must learn to manage themselves without direct outside intervention. We can support this through many methods available from a place of advanced consciousness and understanding of the ONE. The process and timing are consistent and concurrent with the shift from the Piscean Age to the Aquarian Age. The vibratory rate in this new area of space is subtly higher, thus affecting human consciousness.

What that means is there is a natural movement toward increased awareness, intelligent action in harmony with people and planet and a trend toward Christ Consciousness – Cosmic Consciousness that has been accessed on purpose through the actions, behavior and communication of those who have come to assist the planetary civilization to evolve.

Quite to my surprise during the closing ceremony, there was a small delegation from the Central Source and Council of One that asked me to join them in front of the assembly. The energy of their presence brought the entire assembly into a state of Being that no human words can describe yet. It felt like the vibrations of a gong, only much more subtle in nature, permeating the depths of each there.

They presented me with a small plaque. It was explained that, according to the Central Council, this event marked the completion of a process that had taken millennia to achieve. It was exhilarating and I found myself speechless. All I could do was bow in humility and utter a 'mmmmm' as acknowledgement. Words were not available.

The plaque was almost an inch in thickness and not much larger than a standard sheet of paper. On the lower corners were two raised squares, like buttons, that were about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch square and $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch high. Just inside and slightly above these buttons were the right and left eye of Horus stylized to look like two high-backed chairs with the eyes in place of the cushions. On top of the left eye was the Greek letter 'Alpha' and above the right, the 'Omega.' It gave me a whole new perspective.

The only other visible part of the plaque was a circle in the upper center portion. Within this circle were two rotating 'swastikas' that looked like wispy four-spoked wheels or rotating feathered serpent medicine wheels. They were translucent, rotating in opposite directions and appeared to be on the same plane of rotation, magically integrated in their simultaneous spin as though they occupied the same space and time without conflict or impedance.

Now why did this all happen? The 'how' was a moot point at the time, because I had sufficient preparation throughout my life, evidently, to be able to experience this at some level. The fact that this meeting was then validated as the 'Council of 300'

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from numerous sources made it even more impactful, although the news didn't reach my desk until weeks later. Still, it felt like I was being set up as the proverbial guinea pig if I ever admitted to it.

It caused me to be more reticent of speaking out at the time, especially after the feeling of being vulnerable was met with apparent ambivalence. But alas, patience is a virtue. I had more to learn.

The consideration of First Contact had been a widely talked about topic among contactees and experiencers for decades already. The cosmological events in play only serve to imbue the process with universal appeal. The topics of discussion did seem to coincide with the development of the symposium I was working on during the day.

I knew my life's work would find traction at some point, not by my own doing of course. It would be a collaboration of others life's work that would somehow coalesce in a cosmic flow, a wave carrying the relation-ships into safe harbor, revealing virgin territory for creating a new millennial community.

I had been working on the website, continuing to compile articles and website links that would be helpful to the members of the Ashtar Command groups and others looking for information. It had only been since November that the website had been up and it was getting several thousand visits a week already. I was appreciative of the gals devoting their lives to serving something bigger.

I hoped for the best, but I got a sense of feeling like I was a competitor of some kind. Odd, I thought at the time, but I couldn't deny the feeling.

I had plenty of time to devote to web wizardry. By the time I was sort of done, I had over one hundred pages of information up on the web. I was rather amazed that I'd put that much information together in such a short time. Today it is over a thousand, maybe thousands, under a number of website banners. Some of it is regurgitated, but the majority of the written material is mine.

The evenings during those months were usually spent in some kind of chat session, whether individual or in group chats, always about awareness and spirituality beyond the extraterrestrial obsession. By this time, though, I was a bit worn out. It seemed there was more intrigue about what they were like than preparing and doing the work to find out on their own. My passion began to wane as the energy shifted among the group.

I was making trips back and forth to the Village of Oak Creek to visit with the gals and work on strategies for moving forward. It seemed increasingly obvious that their ideas were different than mine and I could sense a frustration building. It came to a head one day with a display of what I thought was unconscionable behavior, but nevertheless something that needed to happen. The projections proved that there was indeed a problem,

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Houston, and I got out of town; on Valentine's Day no less, feeling disappointed and not angry.

Rather than argue or engage I chose to say that I would not participate in what I felt to be totally ego-based action, wished them well and bid them adieu. A sordid twist for Valentine's Day. I walked away because it no longer felt like it was in integrity for me to stay. Yet another Mobius operandi moment.

During that time, though, there were some other interesting events that came out of the group. One of the gals that I thought might have been the curly headed blonde I was looking for (except her hair was turning gray and it was much shorter) later moved to Sedona from Sweden. She and the gentleman that had initially informed me of the event became an item and eventually united.

While she was still in Sweden we participated in several online chat sessions, along with a couple dozen others, about the Ashtar Command and more. There was another woman from Australia who was more active than most in the chats.

I developed deeper relationships with both of them outside the chat room and experimented with them a bit; testing the bi-location and telepathy ability I had learned in college. I thought it might come in handy to be able to communicate with some of the other contactees.

I have to say I sprung the experiments on them without much warning, just to see if the ability still worked. On separate occasions I had them both just

sit back and close their eyes for a moment and just 'look' without intending to 'see' anything. I'd met one in person and the other I had a picture of, so I was able to 'look' into their eyes from a distance. That is all I did, just look into their eyes.

I asked each what they saw. The gal from Sweden immediately said she saw my face just as vivid as if I was standing in front of her at that moment. The gal from Australia was a bit more hesitant, saying she wasn't sure at first because the only thing she saw was my face. So I still had 'it,' whatever 'it' was and they were proof. Would you agree?

Ever since my experience in the light and beyond, I have had this sense that I'm intricately connected to some level of consciousness within all of those points of light. I believed that Aurora and Allie were among them, as well as many of the contactees and people I've been close to on those levels in my life. It is definitely a challenge to be open with folks about it because the level of awareness in most just isn't within their scope of experience.

I'm sure I sound like a mad scientist or on the fringe player with little hold on reality. Though I know different from the personal and professional successes I've had, degrees garnered, character references and reputation garnered (you can check out my LinkedIn profile); discussing the history of my life proves cumbersome and risky at best.

Truth is, I'm just a guy with a little (well...) different experience than most who is doing his best to stay balanced, focused and open to the possibilities that

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come for coagulation – putting people, places and things together to do stuff... really cool stuff.

In the theme of things it became obvious that I needed to think deeper and ask better questions still. Folks were caught up in things that were of no consequence in the here and now.

How do I prepare to garner such out-of-this-world understanding and what to do with it?

What does a new world order of harmony among people and planet really look like?

How might I engage a model that can at least offer the experiment an opportunity to manifest?

Last, but certainly not least – How do I make sense common in all this diversity in experience?

The stillness in stillness is not the real stillness; only when there is stillness in movement can the spiritual rhythm appear which pervades heaven and earth.

Saikontan

Building Community

Feeling like that mad scientist and/or social activist for change, I began contemplating what I could possibly offer given my current skillset. I liked thinking big, so the choice was easy. I decided to create, at least in theory, a symposium that would focus on bringing experts together to craft a community development plan that would bring best practices to bear across the possible alternatives and maybe discover more.

I began by crafting a basic overview and simply called it Genesis II, after the UN model. I included the theme of Multiverse Communities that began with practical earthly construction yet carried the foundation for engaging off-planet perspectives when the time came. It began like this...

Multiverse Communities

Preface...

Genesis II Multiverse Communities address growing planetary concerns for sustainable living. Our world is now faced with critical situations in life-friendly development as 'globalization' continues. Humanity is ripe for change. More people in strategic places are recognizing that big business needs to turn its attention on environmental and humanitarian endeavors as part of the new corporate culture.

Maintaining an environmentally and socially responsible business practice is imperative. We have witnessed the results of poor fiscal and natural resource management through the beginning of the 21st Century. ISO 26000 hadn't arrived yet.

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We need a way to test new best practice theories and management philosophies that are anthropic sustainable resource-driven, including the growing needs for personal and personnel development. Life-friendly technologies include ecologic, energy, ergonomic, and even etheric considerations that synergize into a harmonic convergence of human and planetary stewardship.

Intelligence now encompasses behavioral, emotional, multiple, and spiritual elements which lead to new models of social environments that repair and restore relationships, engage youth in learning, and respond to the challenge of clean energy production and environmental sustainability.

Genesis II is a conceptual model based on considerations of anthropic complexology applied pragmatically in the present: a community specifically designed to integrate psychospiritual and scientific technologies for the purpose of developing healthy planetary stewardship programs.

Consideration is also given to the UN Genesis II presentation regarding social and environmental development toward globalization.

There is no copyright or ownership as this concept is self-revealing through simple contemplation of the facts and figures available today, skewed only by the desire to ascend into life-friendly paradigms.

We are one people and one planet, though our current behavior reflects immature selfishness even in our governments. Many youth are growing up

quickly, looking for what makes sense beyond the profit-driven paradigm paralysis, and find little to entice their creativity or participation.

Education in America is in need of a retrofit in order to meet the future demands of sustainability. 'Unity in diversity' was the buzz phrase some years ago... it is just as true today. The following is simply just another voice saying the same thing... Harmony Among People and Planet.

Harmony begins with addressing the needs of our children, building relationships that empower the natural desire to love and be loved displayed in a loving environment. Perhaps we can achieve it in our lifetime, but we should be starting now.

The idea that we know what is best for our children seems to be full of misguided notions about teaching, let alone nurturing aptitudes and intelligence. We might want to listen instead.

THE VISION

Imagine a fully integrated approach to inspiring and challenging our youth of today to help teach adults about a new tomorrow... aware of our problems and quickly focusing on creative solutions that empower environmental and social change. Now empowered adults can empower our youth through providing the necessary tools for their process.

The human race has entered a new era, an evolution in educational and social methodologies is at hand. The old formulas don't work anymore as

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evidenced by many students now dull and listless in the classrooms from 'helpful' drugging. Disenfranchised youth internalize their anger and act out in unprecedented violence toward themselves and others, causing an epidemic of societal issues.

Traditional education has not addressed the growing emotional and intellectual needs of our children; the connectedness of mind, body and spirit to everything of a natural order. We are unveiling the embryo of an integrated master plan that could solve our educational and behavioral difficulties... unifying youth with adults and building planetary respect as our global family expands.

It is obvious that we need some major changes in our approach to nurturing our relationships for the benefit of all. Genesis II Multiverse Communities... A new myth is in process of creation, one that inspires hope and transcendence. We all can participate in its development right now, today.

Doors to Perception...

Our youth of today look at the educational system that they are forced into and ask, "Why?" We, parents and grandparents, force them into boxes they never belonged in, often drugging them into submission so they can learn like 'normal' children.

They look at these ignorant values and say, "That's not for me!"

They laugh at the political machinery behind it all and see how the planet is being destroyed and say, "Nothing is working."

They live with hopelessness in a love-starved world and feel, "What's the use?" So begins the life of abuse in all its ugly forms. No one seems to listen to these cries for help. Many of these children end up in correctional or treatment centers.

Warehousing of 'adjudicated' youths within the social systems only continues to drive the mechanistic and reductionist mentality of holistic ignorance. Children seek rites of passage, often void of guidance, without knowing what they are doing or why; causing social issues of epidemic proportions in our burgeoning cities and an overload for our courts, educational and social service systems.

Do we see a problem?

Can we find collective answers and implement solutions that make sense?

Is it possible for a new type of community to develop that demonstrates a holistic environment?

Anyone who works with at-risk youth understands that much more could be done toward addressing their needs. In the U.S. alone, many are warehoused in group homes with little or no opportunity to develop the necessary life skills to survive and thrive in today's world.

Job markets are shifting faster than academic programs can keep up. Rather than create

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environments that nurture multiple and emotional intelligences, we drug our youth into submission and wonder why they choose to self-medicate and defy the 'system' that holds them captive.

Adaptive systems and 'wrap-around' models in social services still only address the problems and symptoms of this decay in moral servitude. Survivors have learned to lay low and keep quiet in regard to challenging the 'system' as the bureaucratic nature has created a paradigm paralysis. It needs to be broken.

Some have risen to leadership roles in these organizational monstrosities, doing what they can to affect change. Peer-community facilitators, as change agents, are few and far between in the development of alternative solutions to this growing problem. Developing a model community that demonstrates holistic integrated solutions seems to be in order. How do we do that? Any ideas?

Undue Duty

Just in case the gravity of the situation has not been made clear, the recent developments of war based on false information should bring some desire for greater accountability. The United States was led into a war based on what appears to be a corporate and/or personal agenda. Our society was numbed by 9-11 and manipulated into fear-based choices.

Because of that, possibilities exist that our service men and women are guarding the very poison ruining our society; guns, oil and poppy fields as

they may be deployed. I heard a really sick acronym for GOD the other day... Guns, Oil and Diamonds.

In our world today families suffer from being ripped apart by a non-supportive society steeped in fearful responses to propaganda and the power of the dollar, or the loss of it. Worldwide the suffering is exacerbated as the complexity of relationship issues rises exponentially. The global village seems to develop from arrogance rather than appreciation. Globalization seems to be increasing these inequities as we become more concerned with terrorists than tenderness, living in fear instead of freedom.

Educational systems, family environments, and welfare agencies no longer nurture the creative spark in our children; the love and care every child deserves and needs. Adults and children who have overcome the myriad of abusive scenarios are teaching others, both young and old, of the necessity to love and be loved. It is what we all deserve as children of the universe.

The UK Youth (www.ukyouth.org) are a prime example of the change that is happening in our younger generation now. The survivors as educators, parents, social workers, therapists, and visionaries are doing a fantastic job in nurturing those they can, sharing volumes of experience while harvesting their past and showing the rest of us the path to a new ordered world which shares accountability and responsibility toward our future generations and planetary stewardship.

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One of the paradigm shifts necessary is to move away from pointing fingers at problems and recognize that we have at least three pointing back at us, offering us the opportunity to share solutions that bridge possibility with practicality. Results come in time, beyond the impatience of our consumerist society and inept bureaucracy.

Current management philosophy within the realms of 'best practices' is calling for open communication and a systems approach to doing business, whether it is product or service oriented makes no difference. This holistic practice empowers people to make choices and decisions for which they feel inclusion in the carrying out of the company's mission.

We can apply this same philosophy to the development of new educational systems as well, expanding the learning environment from the classroom to the community, with holistic approaches to serving the youth and community. We often expect results from others without first teaching them the process necessary to achieve the results. We look for common sense without sense being made common.

We expect and even demand certain behaviors from our youth who've had no behavioral models or poor ones at best.

Specialization in professions seems to contribute to the inability for adaptive behavior in the inclusion of holistic systems. Essentially as it is, one hand does not know what the other is doing.

How can we find wholeness in society with such dissociative and incongruent practices?

Now we need to collectively look at what we can do to provide the foundation for a new or adjusted system that inspires everyone to do and be better on a daily basis, nurturing the natural desire to become more than we are as human beings; inspiring love, care and concern rather than fear, guilt and shame.

Campaigning for Consciousness

According to progressive child behaviorists, the nature of children is to seek connection with other children and the worlds of experience within reality. When allowed to nurture their own creative natures children evolve with pride, self-confidence, honor and respect for each other and the world around them. A 2001 European Youth Conference's 'white paper' illustrates these concepts. <http://ow.ly/jEfEX>

Can you imagine a place for children to build a future in an empowering environment that supports their natural connections?

What do you think would happen?

The desire to explore their connections to life, love and the world around them offers us a unique opportunity to take our planet and its people into a healthy new millennium.

Is it time we became the global family we know is necessary to continue life on planet Earth? Nobody says it will be easy. It can be fun, though. Holistic

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education is a growing attraction for educators that sincerely look forward to the development of this paradigm shift, creating collaborative alliances much the same as our various industries already have found works, only for the benefit of all.

Many authors across the gamut of progressive thinking including Bloom, Covey, Csikszentmihalyi, DeBono, Dyer, Gardner, Goleman, Hunter, Peters, Senge, and Tart are proposing that we look at the bigger picture of societal development. In many different voices they are all voicing the need for a collective reassessment of personal and professional goals and objectives as our civilization evolves.

A systems approach to learning and living as ONE is recommended by even the most skeptical of futurists, requiring that we redesign and retool our economic and social systems to serve people better.

We can start by asking ourselves what we can do as individuals and groups to help support this change of attitude and agenda. It is difficult, at best, for a population to address accountability and responsibility toward future commitments when, as family units, there is an alarming failure rate.

We point fingers at problems without realizing that our way of life is the essential problem, from which all perspectives are skewed to one degree or another. Maybe it is time we looked at basic community development and how we can increase our chances of survival as families – nuclear, extended and planetary. Fighting over territory

simply is NOT the way to proceed, nor is actively polluting our air, earth and water.

Mutants of the Monster

The reality is that we have also created at least two generations of children who have become angry, complacent and selfish in their actions and thinking, to the point of violence beyond anything in history.

Marketing spin-doctors continue to escalate the 'consumerism' that is doing much to pollute our air, earth, and water without regard for the health and well-being of the individual or general population, including direct to consumer marketing of pharmaceuticals that do more to promote a nation of addicts than healthy communities.

This is a reflection of the state of our society, partnering with political correctness and profit-driven motives, turning our educational system into a promiscuous and permissive environment under threat of lawsuit for maintaining order or even mentioning God in the classroom.

Why?

Not only in America have we seen such a transition of the value of education, ethics, and morals, where family units continue to break up at an alarming rate. This pattern is spreading to developing countries as well. Profit-driven media moguls have helped a great deal in this process with little regard for social results.

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Parents, social workers and teachers are painfully aware of the gluttony of our youth today, especially in the West. We set them up through our neglect of what we say is important... healthy relationships. They are often scarred to confront situations due to fear of retaliation or repercussions from administrators bound to dysfunctional systems.

Unfortunately, the United States is influencing the rest of the world in the same fashion. Many 'third world' countries are suffering from the results of consumer advertising and marketing now.

Will it end?

How can we manage change more effectively?

Service providers, organized religion, and even corporations have become nothing more than dysfunctional families unable to communicate their needs and wants effectively, let alone meet them. We have created a system that not only enables this to continue; we feel helpless and hopeless in the face of what seems to be an unstoppable proliferation of adversity, conflict and market share.

Rapid industrial development and accompanying social shifts were difficult to manage effectively on a large scale and many well-intentioned programs have failed. In a victimless mindset we must begin to ask ourselves how to change this trend; sharing the solutions and ways to implement them as quickly as possible with every institution engaging youth today. The youth themselves are begging us in so many blatantly obvious ways.

Are we paying attention?

The phrase 'can we all just learn to get along?' echoes in the hearts and minds of humanity as we blaze forward in a technology-driven evolution of society now, even more demanding than the industrial revolution because of the increase in communication networks, computer-driven intelligent systems, and human ignorance of the relationship imbalance between man, machine, and environment. It is a monumental challenge.

How can we use this technology effectively for the benefit of all instead of the desensitization of community values, morals, and ethical practices? There are some individual, corporate, and educational leaders who are making great strides already, yet there is no 'model' that brings everything together in one place that is publicly funded, or even privately at this time to my awareness. I hope I'm unaware.

Help is on its way...

We need a demonstrable model of harmony in meaning and purpose, science and spirituality (connectedness); a place where the learning and living environment are one; a self-sufficient state-of-the-art village that utilizes modern technology, yet honors the indigenous cultural traditions that enhance life and living.

A model providing a symbiotic and synergistic presence; a community designed to care for its children by empowering the adults who provide for

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them. Motivation for education would come naturally, facilitated through programs designed to bring out the innate abilities and aptitudes of our youth and the adults responsible for them.

We develop our realities from within the scope of conception, making the outer world reflect our inner knowing. We're creating an environment for that.

Children are still vulnerable and open to explore life with the intensity many adults desire and have lost. Can you remember a time when you felt anything was possible? Revisit that feeling for a moment. Why not empower our children to show us the future? Can we return to the innocence of a child and ask what can be done now?

Intense research and study have helped us to see a way out of this dilemma... Genesis II Multiverse Communities. The concept of Spectrum Academy (www.spectrumacademy.org) is just one of the opportunities that address holistic education inclusion in developing new schools.

Removing children from harmful environments, such as the current juvenile justice system does, is only a temporary adjustment or Band-Aid to the problem, like taking a fish out of a dirty fish tank, wiping it off, and throwing it back in with expectations of not only survival, but success. The ecosystem has been fouled. It is the fish tank that needs to be cleaned.

How do we do that?

Is it possible to integrate residential treatment centers, charter schools, community technology centers, and peer community concepts to work synchronistically? Is it possible to create unity in the diversity we face? The answer is.... YES!

Can we adapt what we know about peer mediation and alternative dispute resolution to empower choice and decision models that inspire our youth to live responsibly and that empower corporate change? It is a bit difficult to comprehend when we've taught folks not to challenge authority.

'Father knows best' is outdated and unproductive.

It seems our very survival, according to the honest analysts, is threatened by consumerism, cultural genocide, and environmental destruction for the sake of atomic energy, fossil fuels, fast foods, and corporate profits all around.

Can we acknowledge we might have made a wrong turn somewhere?

It would seem obvious to even the casual observer. It's good not to spend much time analyzing and judging the past, though.

Better yet, can we accept that we've done the best we could do with limited information and resources in the past?

Can we agree that we have better information and greater resources to affect positive change?

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We do not need war, any war for that matter. In fact, apparently there were numbers crunched and we could feed, clothe and house the world's needy and still have money for reasonable national security. It seems we need a change in leadership.

History's scientific analysis shows that economies built on war are environmentally hazardous and certainly do not fit any life-friendly criteria, in spite of the arguments to the contrary. The movie *Avatar* is a glaring example of the division in place now.

Chaos is only the beginning of the process of establishing natural order, or at the very least a newly ordered world of conscience. Conflict, used wisely, evolves into harmony when certain principles are applied. People can make different choices. People must make different choices.

A human life is like a single letter in the alphabet. It can be meaningless. Or it can be part of a great meaning.

Talmudic Zen

Mission: Earth Dance

Later that spring Jill and I organized a series of gatherings, called Mission: Earth Dance, designed to present a variety of points of view regarding at-risk youth. I'll share a bit about them.

Jill was visiting a metaphysical bookstore on the other side of Phoenix when she met another woman who, serendipitously, asked her if she knew of a man called Zendor. Jill was a bit surprised, but not, that the connection with her evolved quickly. Both were soon meeting together with me to create events that took our spiritual understanding into other realms.

Jill and I, as concerned educators and parents, recognized the gap between academic and emotional growth that has been challenging to address in the school environment. They felt that bringing people together to inquire and reflect on the needs of challenged youth would provide an atmosphere of passion and purpose, open to taking an honest look at the current situations and creating dialog toward solutions.

They had no idea what might happen as a result or even if people would show up.

About 50 came for the day, engaged by presenters who knew how to get the audience into the act, providing some wonderful opportunities for doing things better. Our example is the best leadership for our youth, although meeting their growing needs for

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healthy and safe rites of passage is our greatest challenge today.

A local lawyer, Jerome Landau, with international experience presented on Alternate Dispute Resolution offered tremendous opportunities for learning and applying a living awareness- that conflict truly does not exist. Misperceptions are the cause of nearly all miscommunications bringing uncomfortable feelings to the surface, which we perceive as conflict. We bring 'our' dictionary to the table in negotiations of any kind and may not understand the 'other' dictionaries involved.

Seeking first to understand and then to be understood is a prerequisite for effective communication. What happens is that the court systems are overloaded and when the dates do arrive, the tension level in the courtrooms exacerbates the uncomfortable feelings. Alternate Dispute Resolution seeks to create dialog first and then a greater family circle of realizations.

Indeed, with this practice, nearly all 'conflict' can be removed from the Court and placed in the hands of the people once again.

A well-known facilitator, Marilyn Oyler, shared her expertise on the processes involved in developing an intentional community. When groups of any kind get together it is critical that everyone get the opportunity to know more about each participant.

Even a simple process of introductions begins to create the building process.

Who are you?

What do you do?

What do you hope to receive from this exchange?

When initiating meetings with multidisciplined people, especially multidimensional ones, an understanding of the co-players is critical. This adds many ingredients to the creative soup that is in process with the group.

A skilled facilitator is also necessary for group interactions to be effective and productively work toward a goal. In closing meetings it is best to recap with a process of establishing future direction, the goals and objectives, of the energy of the group.

For our group the question was, 'What do you want to do next?'

Items included: following thru to connect, networking, create a web ring, tell everyone you know, set goals, have teen meetings, market the need, learn your mind, community service day, bring a friend next time, extend dialog 'casually,' get radio and TV coverage, get validation of s/Self and establish truthfulness of s/Self.

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The last question, 'Who wants to help?' brought forth a small group of people willing to work together on future Earth Dances and developing Genesis II, the model community concept proposed to demonstrate new living systems.

A youth activist, Calvin Terrell, brought a very real issue to the table- prejudice in our schools and lives. Preference is not the same as prejudice. The audience was taken through a series of examples, demonstrating how easily we accept prejudice into our minds and hearts.

These included conditioning, thoughts/self-fulfilling prophecy, verbal dehumanization, deliberate avoidance, hurtful discrimination, physical violence, murder, genocide/holocaust and the R2D3- rationalization, repetition, denial, discounting and displacement in society.

Next was a small group exercise where alternatives to the previous mechanisms of prejudice were developed. Personal choices have to be made to live a life of acceptance and tolerance, seeking to understand rather than to avoid. Answers to the question included: honor experiences, be trustworthy and honest, be in the NOW, give hugs, create safe space, have empathy, demonstrate unconditional love, use affirmations, live in harmony with others, teaching what we desire by living it and show loving discrimination. Children don't belong to us; we are their caretakers for a time and a season.

Youth will live what they are taught before being willing to consider new concepts or ideas. It is up to each of us to gently remind others to be conscious of the thoughts they think, the words they speak and the actions they make, especially in front of our greatest resource for the future of humanity.

A spiritual leader, Jean Henderson, began the afternoon session addressing our need to understand our inner lives and the connection we share as one people and one planet. Many of us have inner promptings, of many types, and yet have difficulty in heeding them due to many circumstances. Our lives are often chaotic because of old belief systems that just don't work anymore, creating dis-ease within our bodies and minds.

Bringing ourselves into a state of harmony is indeed an achievable goal. There are many worlds that interact in order to bring this goal to fruition and many know that their life path is to collaborate and cooperate in this effort. Some even have regular contact with these other worlds and science is beginning to prove that at least some of them really do exist. Others just know from their direct experience that these worlds are just as real as our common three-dimensional experience.

To demonstrate intention, she led the group on a guided meditation, with each holding a stone heart we picked from a dish of collective hearts. During the meditation, we were asked to connect hearts

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and minds with each other for the purpose of establishing Unity in Diversity.

Then, after visualizing the group energy sphere in the room, we expanded to surround Phoenix, then Arizona, the United States and on to the entire planet Earth, feeling the connectedness of all things, people and places... all our relation. We were all brought back safely.

A PhD in Clinical Psychology, Tom Ohlerman, brought into focus how organizations are just family extensions, each having their own dysfunctions. Over 82% of American companies that have partnered with foreign companies have failed in recent years.

Business leaders have forgotten that 'business as usual' does not meet the needs of the workers spiritually, emotionally, intellectually or physically.

Corporations that consider the human element are beginning to show up on the scene at last, and are joining together to form an international collaborative to establish a more integrated approach to conducting business. As self-reliant individuals, we have several levels to consider—belief, thinking, feelings, behaviors, expectations and experiences.

We may have common beliefs yet the one thing that people are reluctant to share is how they think... the process. When a level of vulnerability can be

reached to facilitate a greater level of trust, then thoughts and feelings can be shared more openly, which brings opportunities for greater harmony.

Business/personal archetypes were presented next. An archetype is your conscious or unconscious perception, role, or image of a company, person, or organization. These fell into four general categories with three sub-categories in each. They were: UTOPIAN (Idealist, Wanderer, Scholar), RISKTAKER (Warrior, Rebel, Wizard), ALLY (Neighbor, Comic, Gourmet) and PROTECTOR (Guardian, Artist, King).

The charge given or optimum result is to manage our archetype effectively considering substance and value, leadership characteristics, competitive edge and knowing yourself.

Ali Craig, an exemplary high school student, brightened our day with the exuberance and openness of a child. Her directness of communication was refreshing. We got the chance to peer into the minds and hearts of today's teens, both the materialists and the non-materialists. She related how her generation is interacting with each other- their fears and motivations, their hopes and aspirations and their distancing from what they believe to be a world in chaos. Adults sometimes forget their youth.

Listening to her stories of young life, we were able to see that there are an increasing number of truly sensitive teens developing in a world that doesn't

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truly meet their needs. The old regimen of school activities serves a purpose yet doesn't address the emotional and spiritual needs of this generation, who question authority more than any generation to date.

Youth are finding ways to accept each other more openly, learning to work together and share their stories with each other, horrific as some of them may be. An obvious need established during audience interaction was gathering places for these teens to feel safe and able to explore the larger issues in life, or even just to play together without boundaries or barriers between tribes.

Many have no role models, and the current gathering places available, such as Boys and Girls Clubs, just don't interest them. They seem to desire an environment where they have access to wisdom, yet are encouraged and nurtured to help them find their own answers. Teen clubs or these sorts are rare indeed. Shall we get busy and create some?

Maybe we'll get a better idea of the future by listening more to our youth?

The events were short-lived, but we learned a lot about the task ahead of us. We knew it would be some time before the condition of our educational system would warrant such in-depth exploration and development of new programs, but we had a plan to help. After all, it was about the 'Work' as Jill had announced to me when we first met.

Zendor Goes to Hollywood

I got a call shortly after our last *Mission: Earth Dance* event from a friend living in Hollywood, CA. He had been introduced to some very interesting folks with a variety of projects that needed help. He thought I'd be able to lend a hand from a project management perspective. He was quite insistent that it would be worth my while to come.

My work in Phoenix had disappeared, so my living arrangement was in jeopardy. It seemed the door was opening elsewhere in perfect timing. A month later I was in Hollywood. Hollywood and LA are nothing if not full of powerful personalities trying to get things done.

The apartment was just a block off Hollywood Boulevard and LaBrea tucked away behind some beautiful landscaping and fruit trees that blocked the view from the street. It was like a little bit of paradise. There were only a dozen units and everyone knew each other so it was like a nice extended family.

One of the projects, with Jimmy McNichol, had to do with creating curriculum using television shows that the students already watch; consistent with the 'meet them where they are at' philosophy of advertising and marketing genius. I thought it was brilliant and jumped right in to the mix. The business plan was sound, yet it turned out the visionary was a little challenged in his own life, meeting financial obligations with his family through flipping homes.

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He had been an actor, riding the wave of attention his sister received as one of the child stars of the day in Little House on the Prairie. He had developed some great connections and relationships, yet his follow-through lacked the tenacity necessary.

As with many artists and visionaries, his energy was distracted and I soon found myself as part of his work crew for flipping houses. I'd had some remodeling experience, so I have to admit it was enjoyable but it was not what I was there to do and our paths soon parted.

Recentering back at the apartment, there were several other items on the group's list of to dos. There were alternative technologies being investigated as well as something that was particularly interesting and very much on the fringe of anyone's experience.

One of the guys had befriended some folks that were in the midst of attempting to convert some very controversial financial instruments into working capital. The instruments were \$100,000,000 Federal Reserve Notes printed in 1934. There were a number of them available if we could just cash one.

Apparently there was a long history with these instruments that spanned decades of involvement with what one might call the 'shadow' government; those who were involved with global activities that drive planetary administration and international development of programs most of us never hear about, let alone engage. I'll share more later.

While all that was going on we visited several metaphysical gatherings around the LA area. One was at a well-known actor's home in Malibu, where I ran into one of the founders of the Whole Life Expo, Paul Andrews, whom I'd had dealings with earlier.

He had solicited me to put an event on in Phoenix about a year after the Prophets Conference. I wasn't impressed. Our negotiations included the potential of an office on Venice Beach eventually, but when I asked him to put some skin into the game, funds to get me started, the conversation waned and I never heard from him again.

We hadn't met personally, so I knew when I introduced myself at this meeting that he'd have some kind of reaction. I wasn't sure just what, though. When I did I watched as he shifted in his seat, looking a bit uncomfortable. I had heard much about his lack of integrity after our initial conversation, so his body language spoke volumes to affirm my suspicions. I didn't trust him and with good reason. I won't say anything more now.

It seemed like a lot of my interactions with folks around the LA area was an education in just observing and being aware of the intuitive sensations that came along with listening to pitches and observing body language. It was rare that I felt any real solid connections. Not surprising in the land of the push and pull of pitches for attention and money. Our attention is distracted.

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Money has never been the first order of business for me, but I know that in order for ideas to come to fruition there has to be some financing somewhere along the line. It just has to come with integrity in my book. I've passed up opportunities that didn't feel right and never regretted my choices.

One evening three of us attended a meeting in Pacific Palisades. It was at a townhome that was up on a hill overlooking the ocean. It had a beautiful view indeed and the host was a woman who channeled various entities. This evening's gathering was going to include a channeling of Isis. I'd been to a few channelings as you might recall.

As we were traveling there I reflected on a conversation I had with an elderly man, Wolfgang Krause, back when I was living in the AUM house in north central Phoenix. He was an old mechanical engineer that had worked on the V2 rockets and was recruited to the US for his expertise.

When I met him he was retired. He was in his early 70s at the time and had turned his attention to metaphysics and researching past lives. One of his goals was to find the original signers of the Declaration of Independence. One of our first conversations began with his queries of me regarding my feelings about Isis. I had an affinity for her that I never really quite understood.

As we talked further he went into detail about what he was 'picking up' from me and that my affinity for her had to do with something much deeper and

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more on the fringe than I was probably ready to hear. He talked some about the history of Isis and Osiris before dropping a piece of information that was really hard for me to take. He told me that I carried the father/mother energy of Osiris.

Now I was not inclined to automatically accept what he said, however appealing it was. However, it did trigger an immediate recall of the symbol I had drawn some years before, just after moving to Phoenix. It had both the right and left eye of Horus as the first two images I drew. According to Egyptian lore, this meant total protection – from what I wasn't real clear, but it seemed to indicate protection from all malevolent forces.

I believe he also knew Al Bielek well and must have precipitated Al's call and lunch invitation to share his information with me about the Philadelphia Experiment before he went public. I was just returning to my spiritual exploration and practices at the time so I suppose I needed an accelerated learning curve to catch up on the years lost during my marriage and corporate conundrum.

So back to the Isis channeling... The woman opened the evening with some brief introductions and a request to forgive Lucifer for starting the rebellion. Now I'd had some deep discussions with Jesus and others on many occasions regarding my concerns about the misinterpretation of Lucifer's mission.

It just never made sense that the Most High Angel of Light and Music would ever fail in his appointed

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duties. If one understands the nature of celestial consciousness and vibratory rates it is just impossible to function outside the natural integrity.

I considered that in order for consciousness to condense into form, even though I cannot fathom the exact process, there would need to be one to begin the process so others could follow.

It is quite clear to me that the mistranslation of 'condensed' to 'fallen' was the perfect angle for the early spin-doctors to fall into the classic human duality framework. The sin (missing the mark) is understandable considering the limited knowledge of the day and the blasphemous notion of man becoming god.

So I took issue with the host and spoke up. I explained that Lucifer didn't need forgiveness as it was lack of understanding the ultimate service that was provided, in spite of all the projections of condemnation from millennia of misunderstanding. I suggested that his service defined the ultimate love and sacrifice at the hands of human ignorance. My demeanor was soft and warm rather than confrontational and I was surprised that several others spoke up in agreement. It was the first time my views had that level of acceptance.

Considering the issue resolved, I suppose, the host continued with her preparation for the channeling. As she opened her mouth to speak, the first utterings were directed toward me. "I recognize your voice from long ago, echoing in the halls of

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Amenti.” I wasn’t sure if she was legit or just making up for the egg on her face. I’d heard of the Halls of Amenti, but I really wasn’t sure exactly where they were.

Later I found a couple of references, one about Egyptian folklore and the other about Atlantis. Both referenced a storehouse of knowledge and wisdom. If she was speaking from an authentic and truthful place, I thought, then this only exacerbates the quandary I continue to experience.

I longed for someone to help me understand my life without getting all weird about it. Too often it felt like I was constantly being challenged energetically, whether words were uttered or not in response, no matter how gentle and softly I spoke.

The balance of the channeling was about the ascension of consciousness, which validated the understanding I’d garnered so many years ago. It felt good to hear it, although the majority of the folks listening were still challenged in their comprehension, let alone actualizing it in their own lives. It seemed like most of the people, in this group and among those I’ve encountered, tend to make things considerably more difficult than the simple choice and commitment that was necessary.

After the meeting several people came over to compliment me for speaking out. They all said they had never heard anyone present the information like I did and that it resonated in their hearts. My friends were talking to others as well and we all seemed to

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finish about the same time and assembled for our trip home. Just as we were about ready to leave a slightly younger guy walked up to us with a gleam in his eye I had rarely seen.

He started off with, “Hey, my name is Carl and Jesus told me I have to tell you guys about the house I’m renting. You’ve got to come and see it. I’m only about 5 minutes away, just south of Sunset on PCH.”

We all looked at each other and nodded as though it was not surprising to have yet another unexpected gift. It seemed we were encountering them a lot. “Show us the way,” our driver, Stephen, said and off we went to discover what Jesus had in store.

He said it was a 37 acre canyon with a house just across from the beach just a few minutes away. We agreed to go as it was only minutes away. It was just after midnight and as we followed him, there was an acknowledgement of a potential spiritual explosion... joyous and serene.

After arriving and while we were being shown the inside of the house, I felt a slight disturbance in my solar plexus. It was enough to give me pause for reflection. Being an empath, I'm used to psychic impressions and simply took a focused breath and cleared the energy as I had learned to do long ago. I gave it no further thought at the time, although I was curious as to its nature.

We spent about an hour or so in the house, being given the nickel tour and then Carl escorted us on a journey to the rear of the canyon, about a half-mile walk. The moon provided some nice light and the lights from the houses around the rim gave the canyon some definition.

There was a field of fennel that paralleled the dirt road and a creek adjacent to it with a small waterfall visible from the road about half-way back where the canyon wall comes out a bit from its gentle slope back. The canyon then opens again to another field of fennel (these plants were at least a couple of meters high at the time) lined by piles of dirt from semi-sized dump trucks.

Just beyond the dirt was an opening near the end where there was a house on the rim of the north side with half its back porch hanging in space. One of LA's larger tremors had dislodged the earth under it. The retaining wall was now under construction just below this surreal sight.

The road made a turn toward this area and this sharp corner is where one of us continued east while the 3 of us stood to talk a moment. It was about 2 am at this time and the moon's glow shown on the north wall, leaving us in semi-shadowed light.

Carl turned to Matt and I and said he needed to tell us something else about the house and didn't know how we'd take it. So he told the two of us about a double murder that had occurred in the house some decades before and that the spirits were still there.

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Lindsey Wagner had lived there just before him, so we were told, moving because they had not been able to get the spirits to leave. He related that he didn't really believe in the stuff until some pretty obvious signs began appearing.

Too many things made 'coincidence' seem a bit of a stretch; objects disappearing and reappearing in different places in the house, doors opening and closing, noises that had no physical source and oh, even some shadowy figures seen by several of their friends. At times an overwhelming sense of anger was felt by more sensitive visitors who felt it necessary to comment on their feelings.

Carl and his roommates had several people of various claims, from esoteric to shaman, come there with the purpose of getting these two spirits to move on to whatever place was next. I had sensed the disturbance as well, moved the energy out of the house through the use of my breath and internal energy management, and not said a word about it to anyone in the process.

Heck, we'd just arrived and I wasn't sure how to broach the subject in such a short time. I just took a deep breath and felt the love emanate through my solar plexus, which surprised me because I half expected to feel the emanation from my heart.

So I figured I'd wait and see what transpired. It was my experience that when things needed to be addressed or brought out, there was always a pregnant moment that birthed the opportunity.

I told Carl they were gone now, as it 'resonated' with my actions previously precipitated by the feeling of the disturbance earlier in the house. I didn't know for sure until the next scene of our 'play' in the canyon. It was exquisite.

At that time Stephen, the 4th member of our party, had walked on up a bit. I really don't think he heard the conversation, but without hesitation announced that there were a couple of dead people further on up the canyon and that it seemed like they did not want to leave. I felt validated instantly.

Carl was unaware of our various psychic gifts until that point. His jaw dropped as I turned to him and said, "Told ya." Stephen had a curious look on his face, so I asked Carl to tell him about the murders, and I stepped back from the group to see if I could see them too. Trust but verify... truth stands always.

I normally can 'see' when I close my eyes and turn on the screen. I could not this time, although I got the distinct impression to 'blow' a portal in my mind/heart. I actually thought I heard the words, "Blow a portal." I couldn't tell you whether it was verbal instructions, gut feelings, or empathic knowing and I certainly wasn't going to ignore it. So, without hesitation, I did what was asked.

I held my hands out and as I directed the breath with intention I saw a shaft of light appear several yards in front of me, like 'molten' light with cracks of pure white light bursting out amidst the already

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bright shaft. At the instant it hit the ground a pure white parabolic opening appeared, directly in front of the couple. I have to admit that this was not a normal experience for me. I was just as dumbfounded by the whole process as anyone, yet there was something within me that guided it.

When the white parabolic doorway appeared or opened, the two became visible just a few yards in front of it. I couldn't distinguish clothing of any kind, although their bodies were apparent. They were definitely 'light' and quite distinguishable as human, but the fine details of clothing or body symmetry weren't visible. They were looking at me and I got the impression of, "who the hell are you?" Pondering an answer all that came to say to them telepathically, "You can go if you want," as I motioned with my hand toward the portal.

They looked at it, looked back at me, turned back, stepped out and walked in. I paused for a moment in awe and potential denial (my rational mind was having a meltdown) and then returned to the group a few feet away.

The experience only took just a few moments and I needed some validation. I asked Stephen to look again now. He looked and turned back to me with, "Damn you're quick!" Still questioning the reality, I had a 50/50 chance with Stephen's response, at least there came confirmation that 'something' happened. No one could see the shaft or portal still

open behind us. That would change later; the day the Towers fell.

I shared with them what I had experienced in the house and 'blowing' the portal and had to admit I had no idea what was going to happen as a result of his, or should I say Jesus' invitation to the canyon. Each one of us had awareness beyond the daily experience of most people, yet they all combined for this interesting, albeit metaphysical, experience we shared in that moment.

We all agreed the experience had a nice resonance of completion, at least for the time being. We felt as kindred brethren and voiced our desire to create something together. I left for Chile a couple of days later. Once the portal was created I had no thoughts of closure so evidently it stayed open, I heard later

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At the moment you are most in awe of all there is about life that you don't understand, you are closer to understanding it all than at any other time.

Jane Wagner

Chil  con Xendor

While working on *Mission: Earth Dance*, Diana had also begun a similar event to our *Mission: Earth Dance* in Phoenix, called "*Danza de la Tierra*" or Dance of the Earth, which was held in Valparaiso, Chile in a historic cultural center. I was excited to have such activity happening with the two loves of my life at the time. I have to say it was rather surreal and yet so powerfully down to earth.

While living in Hollywood, Diana and I had regular chats online. She invited me to come to Chile for a month, leaving just before my birthday. I was ecstatic and looked forward to seeing her and meeting many others who were associated with the Ashtar Command in Chile. I sensed some important discoveries were going to be made, but I had no idea of just what lay in store for all of us.

I also felt a bit conflicted emotionally, caring deeply for both her and Jill. I let Jill know that I was going there and trusted that things would all work out in perfect order. I knew that I had to be honest and open; transparency keeps one in integrity when there is more than a personal relationship involved. This visit had more to do with my quest than romance, but it's always tough to make that distinction when there are feelings involved, too.

I was staying in a two-story 3-bedroom apartment; part of a small complex built back in the 30s. The building was U-shaped with a planter full of large exotic ferns in the center that blocked the view from the street. The landscaping made it feel like a little

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piece of paradise. The other tenants were friendly and warm; most of them part of the ad hoc group.

A week before I left, I was meditating in the living room of the apartment. I don't normally 'see' stuff, but all of a sudden I found myself looking into a reptilian eye (as tall as me) and as I continued to look, with no emotion, it pulled away and revealed the rest of its form.. a huge cobra, only the neck was not extended as it would be in 'fight' mode. I knew this was a female for some reason, with her head about the size of the apartment I was in. She began talking to me in a teasing/provocative sort of way, and I returned the banter...with a bit more of an edge, purposefully teasing her.

Well, next thing I knew I was in her throat. Bam... She struck and swallowed me with lightning speed. I thought I must've hit a nerve or was a little too edgy in my comments. I couldn't believe how fast she was. I thought about trying to get out and then realized that it was impossible. No sooner than I had the thought of letting go, realizing it was impossible to free myself and resigned to having to come back again if didn't make it out, she put me back just as quick as she struck. I was dazed for a moment.

Standing in front of her now, she began explaining that she could do that at any time, but that was not her desire or purpose. She was there to help me as it was important that I be aware of her. Instantly I saw another cobra to my left... a male... same size. She told me that they were going to show me some

things that I could not talk about. Shoot, nobody would believe me if I did. I'm well aware of the blow offs I get because my direct experience is out of the realms of nearly everyone else's.

Nearly immediately I found myself looking through the male's eyes at my body in front of them. I was on this circular platform that seemed to be suspended in mid-air with darkness all around it and within a few seconds, I was looking through the female's eyes at my body as well. Then, just as quickly I was back in front of them.

That much I *can* share.

What I didn't get at the time is that these two were both parts of ME, which became clear over time. I'm kinda slow sometimes as I get caught up in the 'awe' of the moment and don't connect personal relationships or identity indicators until later. I suppose that is part of the innate humility and unattached ego I've developed because of the travails that began as a youth. I try to keep things at a distance, not making it about me. It's taken 40 some odd years to get there... not a comfortable trip at all... lol, and I've almost made it.

In my research and study, though, I came to know that the serpents were the wisdom keepers. They appear in all the ancient cultures and texts known as the Kumara, Jedhi, Amaru, Quetzalcoatl, Naga, Dragon and more. What better beings to hold the keys to understanding and wisdom of the universe. Every culture teaches to fear them in some way.

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A week later I was in the air. Seventeen hours later we landed in Santiago. Diana was at the gate, waiting for me just outside of customs. We embraced and I felt the same deep union I felt before, no words were spoken... only the hum of our heart and the “mmmmm” of our voices. I wanted to just stay in that place for as long as possible.

My arrival caused an upheaval in her family life for the duration of my stay, but it did not impede our work together. Apparently the estranged relationship with the father of her boys (3 and 5 at the time) was not as distant as I had been led to believe. He was still living in the house, even though he had a room by himself on the third floor.

They were estranged but he was obviously still emotional entrenched. When I first arrived he came out of the house and I could feel the pain in his heart immediately. I walked up to him, looked him in the eyes and put my hand on his heart. I told him I felt his pain, but somehow we both had to get beyond this human emotion because there was something greater in store for both of us.

I saw a glimmer of understanding, but I also saw that his pain was too deep to let go of anytime soon. It would be nearly impossible.

A typical insecure man, he thought I had come there just to have sex and be in a relationship with her. I knew that was not the reason I was there, but try as I might he would not believe there was much more to my visit than any romantic encounter. To

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appease him temporarily, I began my stay in a one-bedroom cottage not far from their home. Diana and I both felt it best.

I was distraught over the apparent pain that he was experiencing, but I could do nothing about it. They needed to work it out. The cottage was a comfortable, yet simple, environment with no TV or telephone. It was quite soothing to be honest. I slept deeply that night, without any sex. The next morning I was awakened in this wonderful new land by a Spanish male voice.

The words of welcome he spoke are etched in my heart forever, "La Familia del Norte," was all he said. I heard it as though he was standing right next to me, a deeply soft low resonating voice. I opened my eyes to an empty room. It was then I knew my trip had much more importance than I had first realized. The experience was better than any movie script – it was alive and organic. This was just the first morning and already I felt more alive than I had in long time.

Within the first few days Diana introduced me to an amazing number of people, both visiting them and inviting them to her home. The challenge of being immersed in Spanish-speaking relationships was quite evident. Diana's ability to translate was also challenged. I had a couple of years of Spanish in high school that I hadn't completely forgotten and was able to have simple conversations fairly quickly.

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It was my first trip outside the country in years and to be so welcomed by everyone was a bit overwhelming. I felt like a distinguished guest so humbled by the loving tenderness of these folks. During my stay we visited several groups, professionals who were openly metaphysicians that were involved in continued social reform as the transformation from dictatorship to democracy continues to plague some important areas of community support in Chile.

One of the most interesting places was a Waldorf school in Limache, developed and run by Angelica and Jorge Gomez Ramos. A black llama had been born on the grounds less than an hour before we arrived. Llamas are a sacred animal to the indigenous folks, so this was another sign of the magical mystery tour I was being guided through in this amazing place.

We were shown a gently sloped landscaped area comprising 40-acres, roughly, nestled in the foothills of the Andes. There were a number of small buildings on either side of a meadow that stretched up the slope. At the lower end of the slope, a couple hundred feet behind the main house and school building, was an old concrete swimming pool that looked like it had been empty for a decade or so.

The school building was turn of the century architecture and built by Jorge's father and grandfather. He also taught Architecture at the Universidad de Santiago and was incorporating

plans for the school's expansion into architecture programs for the youth as they grew into high school years. He planned to use the small buildings lining the meadow as dormitories in the future.

Waldorf Schools generally only go through grade school, K-8. The educational philosophy's overarching goals are to provide young people the basis on which to develop into free, morally responsible, integrated individuals and to help every child fulfill his or her unique destiny, the existence of which anthroposophy posits.

Anthroposophy, a philosophy founded by Rudolf Steiner, postulates the existence of an objective, intellectually comprehensible spiritual world accessible to direct experience through inner development. I like that concept!

Later in the day I had a wonderful discussion with Jorge regarding the shift in humanity that is beginning to be felt throughout the world. We sat in the huge study of the restored house on the corner of the property, rebuilt with funds Jorge had acquired from the Waldorf Foundation in Stuttgart, Germany some years prior.

The grounds, school, and Jorge had a very special vibe about them, such that one could sense the deeply connected spiritual atmosphere. He was an ardent student of Rudolf Steiner and shared some wonderful insights he'd learned through his many years, nearly 70 at the time.

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Although he was probably more realistic than I at the time, I shared my personal mission to connect the points of light as a means to convey the closeness of a greater reality. I enjoyed being able to discuss openly the issues we both saw as important in building a better world through compassion and collaboration. I felt a deep connection with him.

Another heart-warming place was an orphanage in Kyoto a few miles away. The beautiful smiles and warm hugs from the children made it a special place indeed. The children all treated me with affection and kindness, even with the language barrier, and there were many hugs to go around. We had dinner with these resilient children, which consisted of a biscuit with butter and a cup of tea.

This was middle of winter for them and although winters were mild, the buildings only had small kerosene heaters to provide warmth. The children in both locations took part in the agricultural production at each location during the growing season. The Novalis (Waldorf) School was on 40 acres and the orphanage was on about 5 acres.

This particular location also had starter beds, a well with an electric pump and greenhouse. It was my hopes to return to the United States and find resources to help to support the orphanage and the Waldorf School. 9-11 took the wind out of many sails. I hope someday to return, but I have no idea when that might be now.

I was invited to give a presentation on project planning at the July *Danza de la Tierra* event in Valparaiso. The meeting was in a beautiful historic building nearly 200 years old, with architecture and wooden floors that gave an ambience of near-royalty or at least a deep sense of cultural heritage. There was an altar set up at the front of the room with the symbols of earth, fire, air, and water as well as various other symbols of reverence to life.

Diana opened the event with a call for humility and surrender to ALL THAT IS, so that we may all focus on the present and give it our fullest. She then opened the floor for any opening comments. Several stood to speak, most of them in Spanish which meant Diana had to translate often.

There were about 50 in attendance. The group comprised a cross-section of Chilean life, much like you might expect to find at this kind of event in America. Only a few spoke English, though, so I knew I would need help with translation. I already knew the bi-lingual participants, so I anticipated having fun with the presentation if nothing else.

There was a gentleman, a retired radio executive, who spoke of his 'zen' experience the day before while riding a bicycle. It was a wonderful tale full of metaphors and anecdotes. He also drew a circle on the board, which became a yin/yang, and used it as he gave a simple, yet passionate explanation of how he felt we all fit together as one humanity. Diana had to translate because I could not interpret very

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well. Still, the essence of his heart-felt expression touched me deeply.

Next, an elderly woman with fire in her brilliant blue eyes stood up and addressed the group. Diana told me this was the bruha she had told me about previously; a wise woman well-respected among their group. She spoke of how his circle related to some other sacred geometric symbols, which she also drew on the board, and how they too related to our ONENESS. To my surprise she also told of an 'eyes open' vision she had while sitting in the corner of the room by the door before the program started.

She told the group that she saw me standing 5 meters tall dressed in white garments with a very large open book in my arms. There was another standing on each side of me dressed in the same white garments that were shining as if they were light. She pointed toward me and told the audience that I was the one they had been waiting for and to listen closely to my words.

As my partner was translating this to me I felt like I wanted to disappear. Getting it translated, thus delayed, completely took me by surprise when I actually understood what was being said. I was not prepared for such an introduction, as it was so humbling and yet magnificent. I did not want to address it any further and part of me wanted to run away and hide. I felt like much was expected of me and I simply had to let go and let my heart speak to theirs. So when Diana introduced me I took a few

deep breaths as I looked around the room and caught everyone's eye.

I opened with, 'Mi corazon habla tu corazon,' my heart speaks to your heart. My nervousness subsided immediately. It was nonetheless quite an intriguing experience of serendipitous synchronicity. The symbols were above the bullet points of the presentation, so I left them and near the end of the presentation drew them back into how they fit into conscientious project planning. It made for a really nice close that was planned more perfectly than I could have imagined or scripted.

I had been asked to prepare a presentation on project management, which I thought would last for the morning session. I wanted to offer the gist of my training through education and practical experience. I hoped that it would be useful in their efforts to rekindle their communities, still struggling after the ousting of Pinochet.

It was taking a long time for the country to recover and the people were so warm.

Although I had been successful in the corporate environment, my heart was set on bringing people together to set and achieve goals worthy of a new world order, one of spiritual solidarity and service to mankind. I knew this was part of my mission. The new world order, in my mind and heart, was one of practical workings benefiting communities in the best way possible, starting with the basics of food,

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clothing, energy and shelter. A merging of natural order with a collaborative planetary administration.

I gave this presentation mostly in English, with a little poor Spanish thrown in, yet there were several translators who opted to help. We all enjoyed the process, making sure there were plenty of laughs at *and* with this gringo from the North. I've always felt a facilitator/instructor needs more than process and subject expertise; they need to be an edutainer, able to bring their audience into the act.

I was given the entire day instead, they had planned to extend it so we had plenty of time and everyone could have a voice, imperative in developing a community. There was so much interaction the morning would have been rushed, so the invitation to expand my time brought a real sense of honor and opportunity.

Many spoke openly of their personal activities with various groups and the challenge of working in harmony toward common goals. Others spoke of the difficulty in preparing specific plans for things they knew needed to change and yet they did not feel 'intelligent' enough to develop working plans for change. I knew better.

I was obviously there to help, even if it was just to assure them that intelligence was not the primary factor; heart-centered action and tenacity ultimately provides a win/win for all. It's the persistence of purposeful action, no matter how small, it moves things forward.

It was quite a warm and friendly atmosphere with a willingness to share deeply, much different than in the United States now. People in the US, even at metaphysical gatherings, are often at a distance emotionally even though they express spiritual understanding. It feels/seems like they are in their heads and not their bodies, something I hadn't really thought about much for some time until being immersed in this land and its people.

It has been my experience that one can actually *feel* the difference in the people's energy if one is sensitive. I certainly notice the difference in their behavior, or at least those I came in contact with during my time there.

The South American culture seems much more heart-centered than in the United States. I noticed it particularly when I came back and immediately jumped into an event production leadership role. North Americans are so much in their heads with detail and delusions of controlling events. There is a certain amount of control, but it is done through anticipation of needs and preparation to meet them.

A gentleman came up to me after the meeting in Valparaiso and acknowledged the 'zen' approach I had used and its heart-centeredness. His statement meant a lot to me, showing I had been able to communicate well. I could tell Arnau was going to make a difference in many people's lives.

Arnau was an engineer at the time, working out of an office in downtown Santiago. Years later now, he

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leads a spiritual group and has completely moved into the sharing of spiritual teachings. I still get email notices and have an occasional online conversation from time to time.

The following weekend we were invited to a meeting of the Mission RAMA in Santiago. I had no awareness of this group as of yet, at least on the outer planes of consciousness in my awareness. The only thing that I was told is that it would be a meeting of several smaller groups gathering to discuss opening an 'inner earth portal' in Argentina within the next couple of weeks. I wasn't clear on the date.

I was intrigued to say the least. I remembered venturing into portals as a teen, but didn't connect it with anything else other than a cool experience then. I had 'imagined' working with 'portals' for many years afterward during particular times of meditation and wondered if this would be similar.

I hadn't heard of anyone in the US doing this kind of work to date. We arrived at an apartment complex and were greeted most graciously by the entire group of nearly 30 in a one-bedroom apartment living room.

I most enjoyed their greeting style, which was a hug and a kiss on the cheek from everyone, male and female alike, as open affection is encouraged and demonstrates the warmth of the heart. I find Americans are often constricted by such openness of

affection and consideration for others, especially men with their reluctance to hug another man.

The meeting proceeded, in Spanish, with Diana translating for me again. One of the young men could speak English fluently so there were some exchanges with him. After a few minutes of old business, and briefly discussing their plans for the coming trip, the elder of the group (late 50s) began to talk about a vision he had earlier in the week.

He described an image of two cones, one upside down upon the other, with wavy lines of various types appearing to enter the top and come out the bottom, compressing in the center on the way through. He did not understand what it meant.

I was familiar with the image he described from Dan Winter's work, a vortex within the hearts of all, and asked if he would like me to explain it. His eyes beamed with the glow of an expectant child immediately. I wondered if I could share as much in Spanish, and tried, but found that I had to rely on Diana once again to do so.

It took some minutes of explanation (the process was a bit slow) as I related an explanation of pure sharable energy available in the bliss of heartspace. This image was a graphical representation of this pulsing energy moving in and out of the center of our being- our heart of hearts if you will.

This pure shareable energy is that essence that connects us to All That Is in every heartbeat. At the

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center of consciousness in the body one can even feel the bio-electric pulse at the core of our collective consciousness. It feels nearly identical to a heartbeat. I've felt it many times in my journeys.

My spirit was pouring out a wonderfully integrated message that, again, I could not have imagined being more simple and understandable regardless of the language constraints. I was even able to construct some points in Spanish and still have them comprehended, which warmed my heart.

I continued with detailing how incorporating the awareness of the pulse was applied to our daily lives, allowing us to enjoy walking in the new living awareness of ONENESS. I gave some specific examples of how one could feel this energy during interactions with others and how to anchor it further into the daily living experience.

The atmosphere felt so warm and open that it was quite easy to allow the time necessary for translation, with questions for clarity, as I normally move right along with instruction in English. I felt like an honored guest in the process.

Part way through the explanation of the elder's vision, a young woman sitting to my right asked, "Como te llamas?" What is your name? I answered, "Zendor." A few moments later another young man in his early 30s asked in English, "What was your name?" I gave the same reply, and began to wonder why they were asking now, as I had introduced myself to everyone upon arrival.

Then later as I was nearly finished a third, another woman, asked again with an air of confusion... "Como te llamas?" I replied again, slightly annoyed and yet I knew something else was afoot. I could feel it in my being. Then I asked Diana to find out what the heck was going on. She asked the young woman to my right about the question of my name.

What I found out suddenly made sense regarding my inner explorations over the past decades. I had not shared them with anyone, yet had been profoundly aware of entire 'projects' with other beings in dimensions most can only imagine. I seemed to be a well-informed and participative individual in those other worlds.

I often lead the work of completion once the parameters of the project had been discussed. Many of these 'projects' had to do with inner worlds accessible only through 'portals' that often look like honeycombs from a distance. Traveling through them was very much like what was shown in Contact when Ellie went through the wormholes on her ride. It was a wild one indeed.

I knew of this yet, for obvious reasons, had not shared it with anyone to date. The reply was that this group was founded some years before by a man who had been contacted by extraterrestrials in Venezuela, Juan Jose Benitez. Mission Rama is well known in the metaphysical circles in both Spain and South America today.

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He was told to form groups in Central and South America with the purpose of learning how to open inner earth portals in specific locations. The information, over time, was being 'channeled' by various individuals regarding the specifics.

There was one main character that showed up consistently as a source of information.

The group was told that they were working with 49 guides from multiple dimensions, only one of which was physically incarnate and acted as the liaison for the other 48. His name is Xendor, pronounced Zendor in English. I was speechless and felt totally connected at the same time.

I felt so vulnerable and yet amazingly real at the time that it was hard to hold back the tears of connection one feels when such a deep resonant chord is found. I bowed graciously and made a silly comment to lighten my own load, and avoid my tears, which brought much laughter from the group. I was asked by the young man who spoke to me earlier if I had a guide and if I could 'channel' them for the group to ask questions. I told them a bit about Zephyr, my guide, whom I've known since a teenager but I declined to channel. I felt it unnecessary and better to redirect in another way.

I was very humbled by the entire experience, yet knew that I could not provide the real answers this one, and probably most of the group, were seeking. Maybe I could have, like the time Jesus asked to

Speak through me, but I'd never felt like an 'on demand' approach was for me.

Like most, they wanted to get answers from outside themselves. My impression was that they had to find it on their own through their heart-soul connection within each of them. I told the young man who asked that all the answers he would ever need are within his own heart and that is the place where he needed to go to ask the questions. He seemed disappointed, but did not push.

I did go on to say that now, since they all had seen me in person and looked into my eyes, they could imagine my face and look into my eyes and ask the questions. The answers would come then. Even though the telepathic connection may exist beyond the site to site nodes, the answers still come from within and that is most important.

I could have done what he requested, however that is no longer appropriate for me as a spiritual being. We all have a direct connect. Trouble is... most don't trust it. People who have not ascended to their birthright, of a spiritual being, often get lost in the maze. As a spiritual being, we have direct access to information from Source.

As Jesus taught, "Ask, Seek and Knock." The rest is a matter of Divine Law. Salud...

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Reflections some time later:

Diana and I met somewhere in the ethers a couple of years before we actually connected on the physical plane. I remembered her from a vision I had as I watched her plane pull back from the gate at Sky Harbor. The image surfaced out of nowhere.

She was the product of a Russian immigrant that was a phenomenal mechanical engineer and a Chilean woman also of eastern European decent. Her father helped to build many bridges across Chile in his earlier days. He had passed by the time we met. She had his engineering mind, though.

I look like a mixed breed of European decent as well, although I have not been able to trace my terrestrial heritage as my adoption and birth records have both been lost and unavailable, the adoption records being destroyed in a flood in the 60s.

Her initial 'look' in the vision that I had was of aggravated impatience, like she wanted me to 'hurry up' in some way. We had no verbal or telepathic communication at that moment, just the gaze. I felt her impatience in person as well, but I understand the nature of a Cancerian who feels deeply and wishes everyone else could 'get it' as well.

When we met in person, she relayed a story about a dream/vision she had just a week or so before we physically met in the United States. She said that she was escorted by the father of her two youngest boys, Carlos, whom she was still living with in Chile.

Carlos took her to one who seemed like a leader among leaders and introduced him as Ashtar.

She acknowledged this as being Ashtar, well-known amongst the metaphysical community as the Commander in Chief of the Galactic Fleet for this area. I wasn't sure what was coming next. He was known by Ashtar Sheran in South America.

Ashtar then told her about his son, and that they would be together for a while and then not. They moved to another place where he introduced her to his 'son'... me... and left us alone. I was a bit anxious about the future of us, and wondered how long we might be together.

According to her vision we gazed into each other's eyes for a moment after we hugged, still embracing. Then we kissed. Her description of the kiss was as two serpents' tongues searching the depths of each other, finding union and birthing a third 'energy' in the process. I could only imagine the feeling, but I found out what it was like a few days later.

Now, upon our initial face-to-face meeting we both knew we knew each other somehow, yet neither one of our previous 'dream/visions' were in our conscious recognition at the time. My appearance in her life created great confusion and emotional trauma to Carlos, even though they were estranged.

Still, she felt that it was necessary for us to share the time together and invited me to Chile. During the month there I had several conversations with

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Carlos, full of sound and fury on his part and attempts at persuasion on my part, hoping that he could see the 'big picture' reason for our time together and rise above his personal distraught. He was caught in the lower realms, thinking that I was just interested in some romantic adventure with Diana. Maybe I was, but there was much more to it. Sex with her was not even close to my first priority, or second, or third.

Beyond all the wonderful experiences of my time there (with others), I felt somehow responsible for causing emotional pain and harm to their 'family' of several years. When I returned to the U.S., I continued to ponder the significance of our relationship and the immediate impact on our lives and many others.

We both continued to act as if we were going to join in living together and pursue our Work. The week she was to fly to LA and help me prepare to pack up and move to Chile, the Twin Towers came down and all flights were cancelled. I still was not sure what it all meant. Maybe it had something to do with a previous event, but the result kept me in America. My direction was definitely not south.

Meanwhile I had met another through a vision as I was preparing to deliver a presentation at the event where Diana and I met. This woman in my vision, Jill, simply said, "Okay, are you ready to get to work?" Of course I agreed and off we went. I met her in person about 2 months later in Phoenix.

I told Jill about everything, being brutally honest (as she called it), and that I needed to be able to follow through with this cycle of connections - where ever it led. She allowed me to do so while remaining in a 'loving' state, or so I thought, of acceptance to our work together as well. I had not had this kind of acceptance in my life to date. I was a bit confused by it all, honestly. I found out later Jill had some real issues with sharing, let alone living in faith, love and trust. I still insisted that be the foundation of our relationship no matter what happened.

It made me uncomfortable because I was used to people saying one thing and doing another emotionally. Diana and her (Jill) actually met in person shortly after the Gathering of Souls event. Diana came to America to visit me and I requested that they both meet each other as it was important to the integrity of our relationships.

They agreed and we all met in a teepee at a friend's home in Phoenix, near the border of Scottsdale. The two of them hugged, kissed, hugged again and remained in each other's arms for a few moments gazing into each other's eyes in silence and love. At least that is how I chose to see it.

I felt so loved too, that I cried at the openness they demonstrated to each other. Love was in the air and no one could deny its presence. It seemed things were going to work out just fine. In the precious present they did, but over time the ego/mind can play some dirty nasty tricks to muck things up.

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Months afterward, after moving back to Phoenix from LA and coming to terms with the fact that I was not moving to Chile after all... I came to the place of unconditional love in my relationship with Jill. In doing so, I recognized that at least part of my experience in Chile was to live out the judgment I had for my ex-wife's behavior at the end of our marriage. She brought another man into our relationship, gaining permission from me for him to live with us. What did she expect?

It was one of the toughest decisions I've ever made, knowing that somehow my acceptance and allowance of her desires would benefit us all. He had shared a vision that he had of my wife while in the mountains north of Phoenix where he was told he was supposed to come and take care of her and our children while I carried out my mission.

As bizarre as it may seem, I knew in my heart that the essence of the vision was true. However, my humanness took over and asked him to leave as I could not take my emotional trauma any longer. I became angry at my wife for even asking me to do this in the first place. I felt betrayed and violated.

So, my experience in Chile was from the opposite side of the coin so that I could see the importance of allowing Divine Will to prevail, even when I didn't consciously or emotionally understand what was happening at the time. It was insightful for sure.

I learned a great lesson and hoped that I had not done irreparable damage to Diana's family in the

process. Jill taught me that love prevails as well, when you let go of attachment to outcome and pray for the best for all involved. We are truly blessed in this life. I hope that my sharing may help whoever reads this to get through their challenges.

My mind and heart were full of love and contentment in this beautiful land of the Mapuche. I wear their symbols still, a male and female deity, as an honored connection to these people. They happen to be in the form of earrings I purchased from a craftsperson in an old Mercado in Santiago. She had all the signs of being a sorceress, although I never actually asked.

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*Not nakedness, not matted locks, not dirt of fasting
or sleeping on the bare earth, or sitting motionless
can purify a man who has not overcome his doubts.*

The Dhammapada

Isis to Las Pulgas

When I returned from Chile I was picked up at LAX and returned to Las Pulgas. We had been working to create an eco-fair and concert in mid-August while I was in Chile. I kept in touch to assist with anything I could do electronically. Our network was growing and it was important to be available and respond to questions from sponsors and vendors quickly.

When I arrived at the house, one of the first things that happened was with a Doberman Pincher that belonged to woman named Bonnie who had a small trailer on the property. It was protective of the area and was not shy in letting people know they were infringing on its territory.

Carl and I were standing above the house on one of the tiers of concrete left some years earlier when the canyon was used as a highway maintenance depot and storage area. Rico, the Doberman, came up behind me silently, nudged my leg, lay down and rolled over so I could rub his belly. As I was giving him attention Carl was beside himself. I was a bit taken as well, not hearing Rico bark at all.

Carl was really surprised at Rico's behavior and made a comment about the response, wondering what had happened to me in Chile to precipitate that kind of welcome from Rico. I told him my heart was more open than it had been in a long time and Rico's response was simply a reflection. Rico had

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never done that with anyone else, ever. My response was the only thing that truly made sense.

I asked Carl about the portal and if there was anything that happened since that night. He said he'd seen many spirit bodies heading toward the portal at night and couldn't understand how he was now able to see them. He shared several stories of 'sightings' of spirit-bodied people moving toward the portal, including his house mates and others. Evidently it was working well.

It appeared that I'd opened a doorway for the hundreds, maybe thousands, of 'trapped' or 'hesitant' spirits in the area to move on into their next phase of life. Carl invited me to stay there at least until after the event. I was excited about the prospects since Gaia-Fest was moving forward nicely and we'd just picked up Whole Foods as a sponsor.

The top tier of the remnants of the highway depot was what was left of a large building, with several cement slabs making up a 'floor' about 100x200 feet. There was a cement block wall on two sides that held the canyon wall at bay.

The weather was conducive and I had an air mattress, sleeping bag and pillow. The cement slabs were still intact so I cleaned off an area and it stayed free of little critters and crawly things. My first night I went to sleep listening to crickets, frogs, the surf and the creek that ran along the north side

of the canyon. I woke up to the caws of ravens and screech of hawks on their morning search for food. I was in heaven in this nature-filled experience. It felt like paradise in many ways.

We converted a storage room under the house into a downstairs office. It was about a 10 by 25 foot room that had its own secure entrance, electricity, cable hookup for the internet and phone line. With several desks and computers it made the perfect setting for meetings, so we coordinated everything from there. We had no 'regular' office house and pretty much spent every waking hour there, when we didn't have meetings off-site.

The layout and logistics were fairly simple. On the first tier we put a couple dozen body workers, psychic readers and other metaphysical vendors with a variety of wares. These were all right in front of the house, arranged aesthetically.

On the second tier we had a couple hundred Paulownia trees, a demonstration area for green technologies and a large plasma screen TV with presentations on eco-villages running continuously.

The top tier was our stage area that looked over the lot and out into the ocean with an unimpeded view, with other commercial vendors along the south wall and west end of the concrete.

Carl had built the 8x24 foot stage out of 4x4 posts with 2x4 framing and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch plywood. We were still

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positioning it at 2 am on the morning of the event. He was dragging it into place using my Jeep and a chain. I'd been sweeping an area down below and could hear him yanking it around and it sounded like he was getting a little frustrated. So, I finished up and decided to give him a hand.

I could see it was nearly in place, maybe 10 feet or so from where we wanted it placed. I had no idea how heavy it was at the time. On a whim and just wanting to get the move over so we could finish other last minute things.

I asked Carl to back up the Jeep and I took the chain off. I grabbed the corner of the stage and with a short lift and push, moved it into place. I thought nothing of it, but was glad it was done now and we could move on.

I turned around to see Carl's mouth drop with an exclamation to follow, "Damn, man... How the f... did you do that?" I didn't think anything about it and just shrugged my shoulders. A few days later I went back to try and move it again. I couldn't even pick up the corner, let alone slide it across the cement.

The day of the Gaia-Fest instead of just enjoying things, at least for the first part of the morning, I was busy soothing heated tempers that were caused by such minor inconveniences. I thought I was dealing with a bunch of little spoiled kids. When I finally was able to run the stage I found the

musicians to be much more cooperative and unconcerned with minor challenges, they just wanted to have fun and play music.

In between acts later in the day I was tending to the various messages from our sponsors and vendors when I was moved to speak in a different way, like I was guiding a meditation. I spoke of the intent of the event to bring people together to share in the love of life and our planet, moving beyond the constraints of life's challenges to find that place within that was connected to everything.

As I spoke, one of the guitarists for the next act began providing some exquisite subtle accents to my voice that seemed to just meld the words with a feeling of connectedness that was nearly indescribable. The spontaneity and superb additions just took me into the stratosphere and I felt like I was just watching the scene as something inside of me continued to speak in words that touched the hearts of everyone there. I could see it in their eyes. It made my day.

Since then, I've made a number of audio recordings using music I helped produce; guided journeys and meditations. When I'm able to just let go and flow, the result gets wonderful feedback from those who have listened or purchased the CDs or downloads. I love the creative process and have provided many with out-of-this-world moments.

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All in all we had a great event, garnering a front page picture on the Pacific Palisades newspaper in Sunday's edition the following day. There was a wonderful sense of reward from the hundreds of patrons, musicians and vendors that came to Gaia-Fest. We were pretty proud of our accomplishment.

If you think you are free, there is no escape possible.

Baba Ram Dass

To embody the transcendent is why we are here.

Sogyal Rinpoche

9-11... Tragedy or Tribulation?

This is a story about soul transmigration or possibly netherworld portals, whichever is more comfortable to perceive. Now some of you may read the following story and think it is a great work of fiction. Others may wonder about it and still admire the construction, regardless of its validity. Still others may truly see the bridge between worlds as real. I have to admit it was pretty cool.

It was vastly different than what the rest of the world was going through in those hours following what most felt to be an extreme tragedy, if not an attack on America. I hold no judgment on the event, although I question the real source of its inception and implementation still.

I had been sleeping under the stars for a couple of months, since returning from Chile. I still had the same nightly experience with the creek, frogs and the surf; same morning experience with the hawks and ravens as well.

The morning of the event I awoke rather suddenly to a different scene, not aware of the hawks and ravens; a flood of symbols streaming from the void through my mind's eye, with little time to recognize let alone interpret, but I did notice sacred geometry figures and some ancient spiritual symbols. It was like a torrent streaming through me.

I knew instantly that something way beyond my understanding was happening and that I was being 'tapped on the shoulder' and 'tuned in' for some

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cosmic reason. I wasn't sure what was going to happen next; only that it had a sense of 'destiny' to it that was unmistakable. As it subsided, I opened my eyes and wondered.

I got up and walked down to the house, feeling a sense of urgency to get down to the office. On my way I found out about the event from Bonnie. Rico was visibly agitated, too. She was nearly hysterical with anxiety as she pulled up next to me, already in her car and headed out of the canyon.

She yelled the gist of the details to me, a plane had crashed into one of the Twin Towers. It was surreal to say the least, hardly being able to imagine what she had just described, but I didn't have any emotional reaction.

I had the sense that the streaming video I saw a few moments before was my introduction at a totally different level than she could imagine, so I just listened as she freaked out from the intense emotional shock and awe. She sped away somewhere. I'm not sure where she was headed.

I walked on down to the house and as you might expect, synchronistically received a phone call as soon as I walked into the office. The phone rang immediately as I opened the door, not surprisingly. The woman on the other end, a dear friend and publicist for Linda Goodman at one time, Tani Soussana, was frantic about telling me to turn the radio on and listen to what was happening.

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I told her I'd already heard about it and was aware there was much more. I listened to her, consoled her for a few minutes, thanked her for caring and then hung up.

I continued having a sense of purpose beyond the emotional frenzy that was all around me. I felt instinctively that we needed to use the portal at the end of the canyon to assist those in transition. I had no idea how, only that by making the effort we would be guided in process.

As magnificent as our accomplishments may have been, especially with how everything just fell into place, it was just the beginning as we found out on the day of September 11, 2001. Several years later I am still awed and in a bit of denial of the reality our time in the canyon presented to all of us. You'll soon see exactly what I mean.

Expanding the Portal

On that fateful day I had no emotion when I heard what had happened. I knew instantly that I had to gather the others at the house and go to the end of the canyon, energize the portal, and attract those who were LA residents knowing that they would in turn act as a beacon for all the rest and they would have a smooth transition into the next world, free of fear. In looking back now, I acted from a place that few of us ever reach. I just listened, let go and acted from a place I'd rarely been.

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I am humbled that I was able to be as clear and compassionate, acting on the inner promptings to serve beyond the call of duty. I willingly gave everything I had to honor the call to my heart. Sometimes it isn't easy as there are many that would deem me insane for doing so.

It didn't take me long to realize that I truly had a gift and I desired to honor it at any cost. I gave my life to serve truth and I was not willing to sacrifice my inner connections for anyone or anything. I had concerns for how I would be perceived, still, but they quickly vanished as I felt the deep motivation.

I woke the others, explained what had happened so far that day. I told them about the symbols, Bonnie's frightened state and Tani's call. I invited them to join me at the portal for prayer and potential activation. They all thought it was weird enough to join in. As we walked back to the spot I explained what my intentions were as best I could. I told them I had no idea what was going to happen, only that we needed to be present and open ourselves to help.

We walked in reverent silence the majority of the way to the spot, with discussions only about how we were going to participate in this momentous experience as servants, calling upon everything inside ourselves to rise to the occasion. The journey took about fifteen minutes and by the time we arrived it already was apparent we were all in a heightened spiritual state.

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We sat in the spot, held hands and offered prayers individually. Then I began calling upon all the kingdoms asking for the assistance in helping these souls enter the next world. I called upon the elemental, the mineral, the plant, the animal, and the human kingdoms first. As I began to go deeper into the experience, my observer-self became active as well and I called upon the spiritual, ascended master and celestial kingdoms as well.

I watched as our intentions began to work, attracting hundreds of souls into the light of the portal through us. I was viewing the experience from several vantage points, first from a few hundred feet up then to where I could see several states, advancing further to seeing the entire country and then the planet itself from what seemed to be space.

High above the earth I saw streams of light coming from the New York area, as well as the other two sites. They created such a stream of spirit flow that it began to move into a wider area. Before I knew it, this arc expanded and I saw the spirit flow come from around the entire globe. My body became so fluid that I felt I might leave too... physically.

I began to tremble and filled with grief and sorrow so strongly that my body was writhing with convulsive crying... releasing the fear and sorrow of all those who were coming through this gateway. It felt like a great torrent of water flowing through me and it was all the others could do to keep me

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grounded, observing and participating in silence as they were offering their own help and love.

It was so intense for me that I felt that I could have joined them at any moment, releasing all attachment to being in my body. It was sooooo tempting to go with them.

Fortunately I stayed to enjoy the show. Enjoy might not be the best word, but it gave me refreshment. At one point, it felt like I was done and I began to come back into my body and a more conscious awareness of my immediate surroundings, with the others that had joined in.

I opened my eyes and met with their eyes as well, nodding in acknowledgment and thankfulness for their participation. I brought some tobacco with us to offer a gift to Great Spirit and rolled a smoke to share with the others. As we were finishing, another woman walked up, Mandira, whom I knew from the Gathering of Souls event the year before.

She stated that she'd left work, knowing that she would be needed here as well, so joining in our spirit-bound love expression for these unfortunate ones, whether or not they were fulfilling their own contracts with God was of no concern to us. We just knew it was our duty to perform this ceremony to honor them help their transition.

We then joined hands again, offered a few more prayers individually. I again called upon the Spirit

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World, the Ascended Masters, the Celestial Host, the Cosmic Beings and the Galactic Kingdoms.

I began to speak in several different languages, none of which I had ever heard before. I could hear the words coming out of my mouth, but had no clue what I was saying. I've been around those who could speak in tongues for many years, but never heard these languages.

I suppose that I had some internal connections through the spirit circuits that had been activated, allowing me to speak in several of the tongues that my soul knew. We are constantly amazed at how our internal connections with ALL THAT IS can guide and direct us to do work that most would consider paranormal fiction at best.

I've always held the notion that we must have many more senses available to use. There is so much more to our Nature when we consider that we have 5 senses and 10% brain use. It seems preposterous to think that we could have so little connection to our own minds, hearts and bodies with the parameters that modern science has given us. Could we have 45 more senses?

Unfortunately, many have willingly accepted their own inability to grow and have allowed the lie to perpetuate. The 'lie' that we are anything less than Gods and Goddesses in embryo; children of the Universe on our way to adulthood, maturing in time and with wisdom for a new millennium.

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When it was all over, after about another half an hour or so, I opened my eyes to see looks of amazement and immense gratitude in the faces of the others, simply to have been able to help or to share in this truly bizarre moment.

When I stood up, I collapsed immediately. I put my arms around Carl and Matt as they helped me to walk some distance. I felt really strange.

I bounced up and down, slamming my feet on the ground to bring my body back into functional capacity. I felt like I was getting my land legs again after being weightless. I didn't speak for several hours afterward. I really wasn't sure what to say. That day is eternally locked into all of our hearts.

A few weeks after the event there was a message that got passed around many online metaphysical circles and through various distribution lists. It was a channeling that apparently acknowledged the portal being opened for the release of those caught in the wake of the event of 9-11.

Several months later I was still not able to fully comprehend what had been accomplished that day. Years later now, it still confounds the intellect and my attempts at logical explanations that might fit a scientific scenario.

Indeed, we had been thanked by those far greater in scope than our mere human nature can realize now. There were some photos that were shared around the web, too. They were from credible

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sources, API and CNN, and showed a figure in the fire that could have been interpreted as a demon and the other in the smoke that looked like a stately priest of some sort.

I knew from the signs of the figures in the fire smoke that it was much more of an event on a cosmic scale than anyone had anticipated.

I recall seeing a huge mass of white light flowing around the entire planet being released. It made me wonder about the scriptural event of the dead in Christ being 'taken up' before the great trials of humankind begin. It was the only reference that came to mind with any kind of sense made common. I still wasn't sure what happened.

I believe we are in those times now. We will witness many more things yet. Seek to align with the thread of life within you now. Honor your connection with the Divine Will that guides your every thought and action in these times.

Steady yourself in the unconditional love for yourself and your perceived enemies, for we truly are ONE in this world.

As Jesus said, "When your enemy is thirsty, give him water. When he is hungry, give him food. Love your neighbor as yourself and live in the knowledge that you are God just as much as your enemy is God." Seems to make perfect sense.

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Continued separation is only an example of the polarity paradigm paralysis that humankind is caught in. This is another GREAT LIE.

We are ONE and God WILL dwell within man.

Among the most remarkable features characterizing Zen we find these: spirituality, directness of expression, disregard of form or conventionalism, and frequently an almost wanton delight in going astray from respectability.

D.T. Suzuki

Passing the Buck

I will attempt to report these events as best as possible from a place of simple observation with a few poignant questions here and there.

Please understand there is no 'right' or 'wrong' frame of reference in this material. Just consider the information with an open mind. It is best not to judge because it clouds our vision, especially when it is potentially fictitious. It might not be, too.

Somehow the group in LA was involved in negotiating the exchange of a \$100,000,000 Federal Reserve Note (one of thousands) that was printed in 1934 to help bring the US out of the depression. Apparently they are real and the US Treasury Department is well aware of them. The group intended the 'cash' to go toward projects to help make the world better.

Because of my history with large scale manufacturing and government work I had been asked to help facilitate several projects that could have had some far reaching results. I met some people that were hoping to fund eco-regeneration projects with Paulownia trees as a featured product.

These trees are absolutely phenomenal as building materials and reforestation agents. Kanaf is another crop that has phenomenal potential in cleaning the air, offering textiles and providing building products.

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They were also including an eco-village concept utilizing geodesic domes with solar, wind, and water power generation. As things would have it, the group was attempting to find a way to redeem a single Federal Reserve Note first. If that could be achieved, then we had hopes for releasing trillions.

A bank in LA was interested but was evasive about actually doing the deal and broke off talks. We met with a billionaire up the coast in Santa Barbara that said he was interested, but he was more skeptical and just wanted to see the Note. It was a very complex and potentially high impact scenario, not just in the realm of eco-system regeneration.

As the story goes, a relative of Ferdinand Marcos and widow of Paul Hunter, known in some circles as the King of Kurdistan, held several hundred of these Notes by way of some very interesting circumstances; their union. Paul had died mysteriously in the fall of 2000. His widow continued the efforts to put their funds in the hands of more deserved folks who could help make a better world.

It was purported that they [Paul and Fay] had been involved with high level 'shadow' government dealings where these Notes were used to move some not so nice 'new world order' agendas forward. Something had stirred within them and in the late 90s they decided to change their attitude and help forward thinking world servers instead. Now just the fact that these Notes had found their

way into this group of folks says a lot, at least on the possibility of how certain things are orchestrated by the unseen hand... or even ETs.

During a weekend trip back to Phoenix to visit Jill, knowing an ex-Treasury Agent, I made a phone call to find out more of the 'truth' behind the Notes. I e-mailed a copy of the scan and he forwarded it to an associate in New York whom he thought would know the definitive truth. I was encouraged.

He was skeptical and thought it probably was a fraud, yet graciously sent it on for verification. I'd been told it had been authenticated by the guys in California already. He was a mentor, putting his own belief aside when there is lack of definitive information and asks someone that is in possession of more qualified knowledge and understanding.

He admitted that, if they were real, there could be a wonderful change in the direction of humankind. Alternative energy resources with environmental considerations had not been considered 'profitable' by Big Business for the most part prior to the turn of the century. The tide was starting to change, though.

I went back to LA early Monday morning. A few of days later there was a phone call from representative of a bank in New York that was interested in the Note at seventy-five cents on the dollar. They were willing to work with the established banking relationship in LA to consummate the process. Although there was some

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excitement generated by the opportunity, I wasn't sure that anything was going to happen.

These facts were relayed from the liaison working with the widow Hunter. We were hopeful to say the least. Anticipation drove us forward. Years of research and diligent work were on the verge of becoming a viable project. If this worked, there would be trillions of dollars available for redistribution into the economy for the purpose of helping restore environmental and social balance.

Imagine the jobs that could be created from such an effort. Our economy would prosper immensely.

Alas, it never came to pass.

The rest of the story is naught because a few weeks later the World Trade Center Towers came down and all negotiations ceased. The event was devastating to many. The entire country clamped shut and financial institutions pulled in the reins on anything outside 'standard business practices' it seemed. We are a conservative nation still and change or shock from catastrophic events puts us on guard across the gamut of business and personal fronts.

And there is more...

NESARA

Immediately after the 9-11 event a barrage of related information passed around the Net that supported the notion that this indeed was a 'biblical' prophecy being fulfilled, including so much numerological cross-referencing that it really made my head spin. Shortly after the 9-11 tragedy a resurgence of the National Economic Stabilization and Recovery Act was launched.

According to the research and information I found, this same Act was used to recall all the gold on the market in the US during the Great Depression. Much confusion still resides about the Act. It was being used as a 'sword of truth' throughout the Internet-based conspiratorial movement, touting debt relief for the minions.

Supposedly there were many 'White Knights' who were poised to assist in the revealing of 'dirty deeds done cheap' and other nefarious activities of the 'government' and 'military industrial complex' in an attempt to garner support of the American people. No actual proof was offered.

The 'objective' was to restore financial order among the population by establishing silver and gold coins, treasury credit notes, forgiving debt and abolishing the Federal Reserve. It didn't at all sound logical or realistic to me especially after my research.

The 'Dove of Oneness' [self-proclaimed spokesperson] mentions nothing of the Federal

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Notes for exchange in their messages, although it could be construed that the information was indeed part of the Dove's report. I think that was a leap too far. I cannot say for sure, though.

Much of the material was written in such a way as to leave gaping opportunities for creating gossip or rumors of great things happening. Some thought it nonsense. Others raised an eyebrow. Even others accepted it as gospel. The result was the same... nothing happened. Still hasn't yet in over a decade.

It seemed rather odd that with all the talk of NESARA and the 'White Knights' that we (the group) would be on the brink of initiating a release of potentially trillions of dollars and then be so dramatically halted through some kind of 'terrorist' act. Sure makes for a great story, eh?

You won't find this information anywhere else unless others of the group decide to publish their recounts of the experience. For all I know, it could be just a bunch of hoey. 'Trust but verify' is the optimal and prudent path. Do your own research!

Now there are some strategic elements of the 9-11 event that eventually made it into mainstream communications through other brave souls. From a purely strategic view, the event not only created an opportunity to rally a nation to seize territory that had previously been abandoned by Halliburton and Unocal, it also stopped the potential of trillions of dollars being released to the general public for use

in positive action toward social and environmental programs that would harm the corporatocracy.

These are the results of those 'plans' that 'someone' has been making for some time, it would seem. These things don't just 'happen' overnight. Ask any strategist worth their salt. There are numerous videos on the web that detail some very disturbing information that backs up much of the claims of the Dove of Oneness. Was it really whistleblowing?

Was our potential windfall at an unfortunate time, too, or was it? With the eyes of folks way more integrated in the worlds of global administration, who knows who was watching and/or responsible for reporting details to others. We'll probably never know the truth, but it will no doubt be stranger than fiction. Lots of things changed almost overnight and the world become surreal in the wake of the attack.

I'm not one to automatically accept what others say without doing my own research. I did manage to find information that showed this 'act' [NESARA] was used just after the depression to call in all the gold and our economic structure was shifted, over the next decades, to faith-based currency by the Federal Reserve. It took me some time and effort to drill down into the Web and find it, but it was there. I regret I didn't make copies.

NESARA and the Dove of Oneness seemed to appear out of nowhere, taking full advantage of the scenario to paint a picture of financial and social messiahship... saving the day for those unwise

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enough to handle their own financial and personal accountability. That makes a lot of sense.

How many millions are there now?

Nothing had appeared before the WTC towers came down - anywhere - except some Net references to the Act being used to call in the gold and silver during the depression. Those references have since been removed or made inaccessible. I went back and looked for them years later and found nothing.

Curious, eh?

I find that the tale is continuing to spin, just not so much talk about it in the wannabe world server circles. Today there is nothing backing US currency but faith in it as a viable currency. It is backed by the Federal Reserve which by some standards has been bankrupt for some time. In 2010, I believe, it was deemed no longer worthy of the standard for oil.

This is much the same as a process called 'free-issuance' that bases new economic currency on the faith of the people in its value for exchange. People may indeed have the power to change this system.

Do you really think that an Act that was once used to 'call in' the gold and silver will suddenly be reversed to give it all back?

Yet proponents of the 'wait for a savior' are hoodwinking a growing population around the world

would have you believe just that...NESARA will fix all the economic problems.

We already know that the 'spin-doctors' of the US Administration and beyond do their best to keep our eyes and ears off the truth of what is really being accomplished. That isn't necessarily always a 'bad' thing. Sometimes the level of intelligence to understand the 'world view' is simply lacking. However, things have taken a turn for the catastrophic on the world financial scene.

We are often 'protected' from potentially harmful information because we don't have the intelligence to understand it fully, or its ramifications. Sometimes a few facts leaked are worse than knowing the whole truth because inherently people fill in the gaps in information with negative thoughts or feelings, forgetting that there is a potentially positive side, too. I've learned to suspend judgment.

However, when it comes to continuing the abuse of our planetary resources when we have all the scientific data necessary to show that this is not a positive path, our leadership tends to demonstrate what one might term 'insanity' in this matter. Denial is really not an option any more.

Poor planning and preparation has led to many inconsistencies in governmental affairs. The Military Industrial Complex has technology beyond our wildest imaginations (or most of them) that is directly involved in population and weather control. What if there was a huge change in the political

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scenery in America? It's possible, but unlikely with the lethargic population that seems more self-indulgent and separative still.

New information is revealed monthly through many hi-tech publications and resources. From my time working for a DOD (Department of Defense) contractor I know implemented technologies by the MIC are usually about 15 years, or so, ahead of public domain release just to make a point about timeliness. Information in and of itself, though, is at astounding levels of distribution due to the Internet.

People as consumers are limited by the selection of consumables on the market at any given time. Break-away technologies from the norm are costly in development, let alone the production costs necessary for efficient distribution and sales.

Is there a way to turn the consumer switch off?

Surprisingly enough, just like all the virus hoaxes that no one checks before passing on the information, NESARA's 'gift' is nothing but deceitful manipulation and puts good people on hold... doing nothing...waiting. Or, if we look deeper...it shows us who is truly selfish and lacks initiative to act on their own to assist the process.

How better to keep control of potentially threatening folks than by keeping others 'waiting' for something to happen...doing nothing but talking about the 'coming announcements,' etc., an obvious strategy that degrades our ability to do good works. Many

'channelers' appear to be doing the same thing and I wonder about their authenticity.

Are they just delusional and wanting attention?

Or, are they just well-wishers wanting to contribute and still not take responsibility for their words?

What seems 'right' does not always meet with the protocols of governmental, military, or political leadership. Yet this 'possibility' of absolution continues to reverberate among the realms of potential beneficiaries who either don't know what to do or are just too lazy to do their own work, let alone figure out how to get things done through collaboration. The picture is not pretty, folks.

Great advice for the new millennium: If you see something that needs to be done... do it!

Some people saw amazing things in the flames and smoke of the buildings. Others, without being able to verify the authenticity of the video, caught a mysterious object as it appeared out of nowhere and flew between the Towers at the moment of impact of the second plane into the second tower. There is an 11 second video on YouTube that shows it.

Of course, with current digitization of images and the ability to manipulate video, it could be 'doctored' to add more mystery to the mayhem. What if it wasn't, though? For some time, this was the only angle I'd seen, but there is also a newscast that featured it somewhere on YouTube as well.

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What if the notion that the buildings collapsed through pre-planted implosion devices is true? There seems to be quite a bit of 'evidence' as proof.

What if the 'acceptable losses' were a strategy of engagement to send a country's military off to do the bidding of big business instead? Military and/or political action often includes 'casualties' as part of the 'success' formula.

Are innocents that expendable and valueless?

If the infrastructure of the corporate world is such that nations can be manipulated to serve their strategic plans, then what hope do we really have for the average citizen who just wants to be helpful and provide for their family?

Do we have to invoke a tragedy to become closer to each other? It seems that is a consistent theme throughout humanity today – a common enemy or natural disaster to rally the people.

After the catastrophic event, which was a great opportunity for moving the masses, the financial market ran scared of the repercussions and the *world's* economy was threatened for the first time ever, not from threat of war or loss of human life, but from the threat of loss of data and financial information. Think of the implications.

Yet in the face of such human actions, there were some photographs that suggested something beyond our wildest imaginations was in charge. I

felt it quite obvious. The photos were from CNN and API and depicted two figures, respectively, that seemed to suggest that things were happening on a wider scope and perceivably by their appearance. The chain of events is in much larger hands than what we know.

I suggest remaining free of judgments and just notice the figures. Consider the possibilities.

Exactly what the 'full story' was we may never know, yet the notion of some beings appearing for all to see could be spun in many directions. I personally like to do what makes sense in response, to at least know that what happened was way more than most of us could realize in the 'spectacle' that got everyone's attention.

There are probably many reasons why. A good theoretical strategist would raise an eyebrow at least. Unbridled anger is a powerful motivator.

What if we flipped the emotion and asked what good may come?

How can we gain from the tragedy, but not from a military or political standpoint?

Still, think of what can be done with the exchange of these FED Notes as a matter of reconciling the books and providing some stimulation to the economy through the appearance of debt service to the US or Federal Reserve deficit. After all, it is only

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a matter of digital information now and figures can indeed be adjusted accordingly.

It would also make sense that an oil-based military industrial complex economy would be threatened by such a move. Seemingly, with no options for adjusting their market or shifting to more environmentally compatible products and services, they were desperate.

Even if a huge change in fuel resources was made, do you think that those in power now would have any less involvement in the economic factors? The Corporatocracy and MIC agendas are not going to disappear, yet they can be redirected to a much better human and planetary resolve in my opinion.

The major obstacles in hydrogen use are that it is expensive to produce outside the oil and gas industry and requires high compression to make it usable in any kind of quantity for vehicular consumption. In its liquid state, it requires an enormous amount of effort and expense to maintain its storage ability.

So, what if we were to launch a grass roots effort to put people in office that were trustworthy and would uphold commitments made to the American people through the actions of their government?

What if we had people that really cared about other people they might not ever know?

What if a concerted effort was made to find good people and vote them all in?

Money and power, corporations in bed with politicians, might not matter as much eh?

Imagine what a concerted effort could do?

Do we want to focus on what's disturbing or incongruent or lend our energy to something more appropriate and constructive?

The people do have power and it would appear the times require some involvement.

It only makes sense that, in a matter of a decade, the whole political scene could change for the better if we only made the effort. Not only could Paulownia or Kanaf reforestation occur, many other ecosystem regeneration products and projects could occur along with alternative fuel development and retrofitting of existing vehicles with minimal costs to the consumer.

Reformation of education and our social services could be immensely improved from the benefit of the creation of a whole new wave of jobs across the spectrum of talent and skill sets that are currently on the market today. It is already obvious that current 'job' opportunities have shifted.

The 'dumbing down' of American students might come to an end. Critical thinking could match that of Asian or European schools or even be coordinated through the use of the Internet toward collaboration

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across and beyond boundaries, engaging a global citizen in preparation and support for the global village expansion to benefit humanity.

Many, many things could be addressed in healthy ways. People need to make a choice to change their belief systems and let go of 'false systems' like NESARA and others, even religion. Empowered people collaborating to affect positive change can lead our world to a new order of harmony among people and planet within our lifetimes.

Any system that requires its subjects to give up their power is subject to scrutiny, or ought to be.

It isn't that 'they' don't mean well, even in their proliferation through the consciousness of mankind. It is great to 'think' that someone or something will all of a sudden make a huge impact on society. It is yet another thing to actually band.

The reality is that it takes plans, projects, and consistent steady work to make those changes happen. We all know the logic behind rapid weight-loss programs. They simply don't work. It takes concerted effort to take the weight off and maintain healthy habits.

America, at least, is a nation of addicts, reliant on prescription medications instead of personal responsibility. The same goes for our indebtedness... it takes concerted effort and hard work, gathering realistic healthy programs to affect the change in positive directions.

I believe I have my facts straight, although I'd be willing to be proven wrong, but I don't know that I'm qualified to draw a definitive conclusion at this time. I hope you are challenged enough to do your own research. I only desire the truth and empowerment of people to act in accordance with their birthright - ***free will and full knowledge.***

What I find is most people do not like to think.... period. Wise use of information and technology is what will make the difference for the planet and its people in the 21st century.

The thing is, it takes us all working together to create this wave of change. As long as there is a 'battle' over the validity of NESARA, the effect is still the same, nobody moves and no progress is made. That sounds like classic 'Art of War' strategy, straight from Sun Tsu, dividing the people amongst themselves, turning them against each other, while operating something completely hidden from them in the background.

It wouldn't surprise me if many so-called 'channelers' and 'psychics' began to bicker amongst each other, too, showing that they really aren't that hip with their connections to Source. I see indications already with those who claim to be part of the 'Galactic Federation' offering prophecies that never happen, but then continue on as if nothing is wrong. Maybe they are incapable of seeing their own mirror. Most usually are blinded.

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This discovery process is full of **challenge**, yet interestingly enough when you remove the 'l/e' in the middle (could stand for liabilities, limitations, and excuses) it becomes **change**. We grow through adversity or rather, our character is revealed through it by how we respond.

Righteous action (right use of will) takes our undivided attention, clean and focused on activity, whether inner or outer sometimes makes no difference. In my opinion, it is best to plan and act as if we need only do the work, and the rest will unfold according to our obedience. The old adage, 'Be, Do, Have' seems to fit. We seem to have lost the ability to 'Be' first, opting for the 'Do and Have' in the consumerist passivity.

Stepping outside this 'belief system' is like being in a 'genius moment' where the fruit of your action bestows blessings beyond imagination. First we have to be able to see it as a real possibility and believe that it can happen, an effective planetary administration that is. Then the work needs to get done, of course.

That is what has happened to date. Imagine what would happen if thousands or millions united?

It is going to take time and effort, combined with skillful planning and execution of project plans.

I like to use the term 'jobarchy' here; the job is the boss and everyone wins. There is no ego without Wego, to put it humorously. A few dedicated people

can indeed change the world. The little ego is transformed into the super Ego, aligned with a natural order that emerges from within the 'Be' part of the equation mentioned above.

Rising above the current circumstances with solutions is where the actions take place. There are many that are just waiting for the opportunity to present concepts and ideas that can lead us into this millennium with style and grace, managing seemingly chaotic moments in order to craft the path to harmony among people and planet, inviting all to BE the dream.

*There is no room for God in him who is full of himself.
Hasidic saying*

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There is no enlightenment outside of daily life.
Thich Nhat Hanh

Keys to Their Wisdom

I met a wonderful man, a beloved brother, while in Los Angeles. Sometimes words are not necessary between individuals meeting for the first time, meaning that there is something beyond the physical form deep inside the spiritual body. It happens rarely, but it does happen.

His name is Rev. Dr. Charles Brown. He holds a respected position in the church formed by Della Reese, a well-known actress/singer. In this position, he has no position... he simply allows God's love to flow through him and guides the church through words of wisdom and meditation.

When we met at an awards dinner for a local foundation all we could do was laugh that deep soulful laugh as we hugged. Mandira was a member of the church and had wanted us to meet for some time, sensing there would be a deep connection. She invited me to that awards dinner and with much hesitation, I decided to attend. I was no one in this realm, a fly on the elephant.

When I walked into the hall Dr. Brown was on the other side of the room engaged in a conversation. My eyes were immediately drawn to him, but I didn't know he was the one Mandira wanted me to meet. He looked over at me at the same time, excused himself from the conversation, and began walking toward me as I continued walking toward him. I felt drawn to him somehow.

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Now this man would make nearly three of me, yet his energy was so meek that he truly must have inherited the earth already. I could see it in his eyes as he came toward me. We met in the middle of the room, which was fairly crowded with maybe a hundred people already. Without a word, we hugged and laughed, embracing each other solidly for what seemed like at least half a minute – a long time for hugs as you might imagine.

When we parted, his first words to me were, “So good to see you again, brother.” His eyes showed evidence of truly meaning what he said. I was curious about the recognition, to say the least. It would be some time before it became apparent. Meanwhile I did attend the church services, enjoyed the studio-quality band and Della’s sermons.

Dr. Brown invited us to his home, about an hour away, but put no time frame on the visit. It took weeks to finally make it there. Mandira asked me to accompany her to visit her mother in a convalescent home about 5 miles from his residence, a reason to make an appointment to see him while we were in the neighborhood. Her mother was nearing transition and she hoped I could help soothe her fears so she could move forward.

We stayed with her for an hour or so. She could not talk and only had use of one side of her body after suffering a stroke shortly after a surgery to remove cancer from her body. I sat holding her hand and sharing a short meditation as she indicated it would be okay. Her whole body relaxed as we journey

through the meditation together, so I knew it helped at least for the moment.

When we arrived at Dr. Brown's home, we were greeted by another man and asked to please wait. The good doc had just gone on a short errand and would return soon. As we entered the house it was like stepping into a museum. I was in awe.

We sat down and waited for a few minutes until he arrived. After the hugs, he explained that he'd just 'down-sized' from a larger home and was having difficulty finding a place for all the stuff he had accumulated. We sat for a while and, noticing our awe, he directed our attention to various pieces and giving explanations of what they were and where they came from... fascinating to say the least!

He invited us into another room to show us some of his collection. There were artifacts and items from all over the world, three and four deep as well as items hanging in this particular room and we found the rest of the house (downstairs) much the same.

It was rather overwhelming; especially with the larger than life African art in the sitting area of the room we first entered upon arrival. He explained where each had come from as well, and occasionally included a bit of a story that imbued its acquisition with a wonderful flow of connectedness.

I could have spent hours just looking at all the beautiful and rare articles. He'd obviously been many places around the globe over his lifetime. He actually was only a few years older than I as we

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found out. I felt my terrestrial travels were pale in comparison, as they were, but there was something beyond the humility I felt in his presence.

After a half an hour or so, he asked us to please join him upstairs in his 'sanctuary' room. We followed him up and entered a room immediately to the left at the top. It was a smaller room, although the two bookshelves, altar, statues, three chairs, and small lectern made it rather cozy. There were symbols from all the religions on the walls and the texts on the shelves were from many sources as well.

There was also an unpainted plaster relief of Jesus on a stand just inside the door, lying flat. I wanted to deny the resemblance yet it was so striking that it was undeniable. "Shit," I thought, "why does that look so much like me? Am I imagining it?"

Mandira jabbed me in the ribs and pointed without saying a word at first. "Spooky, huh?" was her comment. Honestly, it was a bit spooky, especially since I felt like an orphan still searching for identity. I felt so confused, yet aware all would be revealed in time and with patience.

As I write I remember what Dr. Abell said about most people not having a 'spiritual awakening' until their mid-40s – if they ever do. Here I was 26 years after my 'awakening' and I still felt like I knew very little about my life and purpose. Now, in Dr. Brown's home, I was feeling like something magical was about to happen, yet I felt side-swiped by the similarity of appearance.

This is what I'm faced with now?

We had been standing in this room while he went down the hallway. As he returned he invited us to sit down. There was a couple of white rattan chairs with red cushions against the wall opposite the altar and he sat in a similar chair just to the right of the altar.

He'd put on a kind of robe and shuffled his huge frame around as he got comfortable, appearing to be in a 'corner' next to the altar.

He thanked us both for joining him here, offered a short prayer, apologized for limited attention to Mandira and began to share some things he felt in/from me, mirroring the Divine Intent in my heart. It was comforting for a moment, then became a bit more intense, eventually even overwhelming.

As he spoke I felt a deep desire to just rest and listen, his heart was full of information and wisdom of which I would gladly listen to for hours. I have to admit that it could have been an ego stroking, but he gained nothing by it. His sincerity went far deeper and his eyes continued to deepen as he spoke to us.

It appeared that he was in a light trance. His energy shifted to a deeper place still and he began to share more. This was his last lifetime here and he was ready to release the wisdom of his people. He spoke of giving it to me now. The intensity of my energy became so great that I have difficulty in explaining it here. It sounds too weird, anyway.

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I sat in total awe. Some part of me was in full acknowledgment of his words. I could feel it deep within me and I could see it in his eyes as well. This he shared: It is time for the world to awaken to the presence of God within. We are all related...family.

He continued his discourse and then paused a moment, looked up to his right, nodded his head and said, "Okay." With, "I'll be right back," he got up and left the room. Returning moments later, he had a vial of oil in his hand, beautifully ornate and obviously with sacred purpose... frankincense.

He was also carrying a small bowl with a container of what appeared to be water and towel. I knew what was coming, but tried to avoid my feelings about it nevertheless.

Continuing to share from a very deep and moving place now, his words echoed in my heart as he knelt in front of me. He began to take my shoes and socks off. These articles were very special too, as the socks were a gift from Diana in Chile and I'd purchased the shoes from a craftsman in an old Mercado in Santiago just before returning the States. I like to carry the energy of warm thoughts by wearing those things that support them.

That reminds me, as he was speaking previously before leaving the room, I saw Diana in place of the wooden Native American figure that was in between us against the wall. It was just in front of Mandira, in between her and Dr. Brown and in the periphery of my sight to my right.

She kept fading in and out.. yet I could definitely see her and feel her presence. You can imagine what this might feel like, I'm sure...weird.

Another Mobius moment.

There was definitely some very special energy in this room. I could feel the deepening and wondered what was going to happen next.

After removing my shoes and socks, he placed the bowl on the floor and picked up one foot at a time, slid the bowl underneath them and poured some water over each, then towel dried them. Then he poured some oil in his hand, set the container down, rubbed his hands together and applied them to my left foot.

If you could imagine the most humble feeling you have ever had, and magnify it, you might come close to my feeling at that moment. I was so overcome that I wept. Tears flooded down my face as there was this sense of humility beyond words.

He continued with the same process on the other foot, then rose a bit and asked for my hands, then unbuttoned my shirt and applied his hand to my heart. His words are faint now as I truly do not remember what they were exactly. The feeling I will never forget, though. I felt like I was touched by the hand of God in that moment.

As with our initial hug, words are not necessary. I've shared this so that you, too, may feel a deep humility and reverence for ALL THAT IS. Although I was chosen for this particular experience, it is not

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my desire to set myself apart in any way. Each has the opportunity to follow the dictates of their heart. Doing so often leads to such wondrous experiences.

This is the essence of the action of Christ Consciousness in our minds and hearts, anchoring humility in our ultimate service to humanity, tuning in and letting go to follow the edicts of our heart. It is our birthright as spiritual beings.

It is our Soul's desire at this time, on this planet, in this solar system, in the universe, in this ONEness to ascend into a unified field of love. When we enter it nothing else matters and miracles seem to happen regularly. If you've been aware, you know.

I'll admit that I consider this life a privilege, with some really awesome events and experiences. The opposite is also true at times, feeling cursed to have to feel the natural separation in the current bridge between the head and heart in humans. The sad thing is they aren't even aware of the separation. I've lived to know the difference even though the journey has been the toughest one could imagine.

Returning to Phoenix

Preparing to leave the wonders of the canyon to return to Phoenix was a bittersweet experience. I had so enjoyed the time there with such a variety of experiences and new friendships, but most of all the open-air bedroom with perfect weather and nature's décor had been exquisite.

Nature has such a way of soothing the spirit and nurturing the soul if we allow it. Some might think that sleeping on an air mattress with no protection in the middle of a canyon across from the beach might be a little strange to say the least. Indeed it is, but then I tend to enjoy the strange.

I'd packed up most of my belongings in my '86 Jeep Cherokee that had more miles than you can imagine, some of them on terrain hard to walk on let alone drive upon. A few friends, Mandira, Gay and Gary stopped by that evening with a raw foods dinner especially prepared by Gay's ex-husband.

He had become a world-renown raw chef and his dinner was truly delectable to say the least. My favorite was the zucchini fries, which is the only thing I recognized beside the coconuts that served as our beverage. The meal was a real taste treat.

As we sat and chatted about the many cool things we'd shared during my time there, Gary requested that we meditate together while listening to a cassette of some music I'd brought with me, a mix of some recordings we'd made in the late 90s. I was

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quite humbled and excited about the prospect. No one had ever asked to meditate with it, let alone with me. I did enjoy it by myself, though.

The cassette was a collection of some of the tunes I'd played drums on with some friends back in Phoenix. The style was eclectic to say the least, from new-age to progressive rock with a bit of blues/jazz/rock fusion. The recordings were more improvisational than planned or practiced, so the music had a nice 'present' feel to it.

So we finished dinner and cleaned up the area. We were in the basement office and most of the stuff from Gaia-Fest was no longer there. It was pretty cozy, but still had enough room for us to sit in a circle with plenty of room.

The plastic lawn chairs worked well and allowed us to hold hands without straining to hold them up. I put the cassette in the deck, pushed PLAY and returned quickly to the circle. We all held hands, took a few deep breaths together, closed our eyes and prepared for the journey not knowing what was in store. We joined in spirit.

My experience began with a pretty intense sensation of energy swirling clockwise from my third eye and solar plexus and counter-clockwise from my heart, extending through each of the others as the music seemed to provide the perfect energetic sound movement for it to flow.

I sat there quietly for a moment as I perceived this energy flow, then wondered if they were feeling it too. I quickly realized I was 'thinking' about the experience and not 'being' in it. As soon as I stopped thinking my vision, the internal screen, came on quite abruptly with some very interesting imagery. All I could do was watch.

The first thing I saw were three tubes of rainbow-sparkled light that were arranged in such a fashion as it looked like they were equidistantly spread and crossed in the center. I perceived a hexagram with the apex points as the ends of the tubes. They formed kind of a light asterisk, if you will.

The 'light' was flowing in one direction initially, upward in front, and then changed into a bi-directional display within a few moments. A few seconds later the tubes split and started spinning in opposite directions. They continued spinning faster and faster until they disappeared into a sphere of light where there was no visible separation any longer. This ball of light then began to spread out from the center, horizontally, until there was a plane of light with a slight bulge in the center.

At that point I got sucked into the center and felt a rush of energy like I was flying in space somehow. It was quite enjoyable and difficult to explain the sensation, but it felt really connected and safe. It had a certain sensation of effervescing or tingling like I had an electric current running through my entire body almost like I was generating it.

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I was there a few moments and then an image of being on board a spaceship's bridge came into focus. The other three were there along with several others going about their business and oblivious to my presence. I could see out the 'screen' in the front of the bridge, viewing a vast starscape of indescribable beauty that stretched out infinitely in front of us.

I don't remember much after that as the music seemed to take me far, far away. After a while I recognized the ending of the first side was coming up and apparently I had returned to being aware of the room we were in now once again.

When the cassette was over we sat there silent until the deck snapped as the cassette came to its end. I opened my eyes and looked around at the others, wondering if they experienced anything like what I had. They had a similar expression as mine it seemed, eyes that shone with a sense of awe and excitement at what had happened.

We were amazed at the experience to say the least, sharing the silent looks of wide-eyed and nearly overwhelmed travelers who'd just returned from one of the wildest rides in their lives. It was indeed a shared Mobius moment.

We shared several moments of silence as we looked into each other's eyes with what felt like a deep love and respect. I couldn't keep quiet for long and had to know if their experience was as wild as mine,

even though their eyes certainly indicated it so far. I couldn't wait to hear what they had to say.

I asked them each to share what they had experienced. I was pleasantly and warmly surprised that the sensation of the energy spinning was felt by each of them. They described it a little differently, but the same flow presented; head and solar plexus clockwise and heart counterclockwise.

Mandira piped up with an excited voice and shared that she saw a merkaba form in the center of us, gradually extending out into a plane with a bulb in the center. She felt drawn into it and sent across the galaxy, a feeling that compelled her to let go completely and simply trust All That Is that was flowing through her in that moment.

Both of the others agreed they'd seen and felt the same thing and especially the swirling energy in the beginning. Gay said she saw us all on the bridge of a starship, too. I hadn't said a word, yet their experiences mirrored mine.

As we continued to come out of the musical trance our conversation became more focused on the here and now. The women needed to have a bathroom break. I walked outside and looked up in the sky, now dark with stars, wondering what this could mean or if it had any significance whatsoever.

I have a resident skeptic that speaks loudly at times, especially after these types of experiences. I talked with a brother from another mother a little

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about it while the ladies went off to the powder room on the other side of the house. His response was that it didn't matter; we had shared a moment of congruence and capacity beyond our ability to comprehend it. The fact that we shared it was the significance that we could not deny.

The ladies came back and we entered the basement again, turned the tape over and proceeded to join hands for side two. It began equally as impactful, only this time it was from a slightly different point of view, more local than nonlocal. I took the position of observer just behind and above my body, yet was within it simultaneously, watching another part of me unfold into a large white dragon. It was weird, feeling and watching me head rise out of my chest while my arms extended into giant wings.

Wrapping my wings around the others seemed like the appropriate thing to do and soon after my mind was adrift in a sea of possibility again, replaying many of the scenes from my life as I watched without attachment, yet wondered what it all meant. Next thing I knew the end of the side was approaching again and with the click of the deck I opened my eyes up and looked around.

Again the same wild-eyed looks from the others. I wondered what their experience was again. I didn't have to wait long as they all, nearly simultaneously, asked each other if they saw themselves as winged angels. What a correlation!

Instantly I wondered what three winged angels and a white dragon were all about, then I told them of my experience and that I had wrapped my wings around them in love. They, of course, had done the same with their wings. I've got to wonder, and I'm sure you do to, just what the heck was going on that evening that brought us to that place.

I'm sure you might be wondering about altered consciousness as well. We were about as 'straight' as we could be and maybe even enriched by the raw food dinner. What a way to experience my last evening in LA. I wondered what Phoenix would hold for me now. I couldn't wait to share the musical interlude with others to see what their response would be. I left the canyon the following morning.

The quest for identity was less important now, but the curiosity of what the future would hold was scintillating to say the least. I knew Phoenix still held the key to my personal path.

How would my life unfold as I learned to ask better questions of the infinite intelligence within?

Why were these events so consistently presenting opportunity to coagulate possibilities?

What would I need to do to remain available and submissive to the edicts of self-awareness?

When would the tipping point for humanity occur in the process of facilitating a new world order?

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Who else would appear as cohorts and what might we be able to do together to lead the challenge to change the thoughtmosphere toward harmony?

Watchfulness is the path to immortality, and thoughtlessness the path to death. The watchful do not die, but the thoughtless are already like the dead.

The Dhammapada

Remembering...

Looking back at my life and all the things I've experienced and learned, sometimes garnering a bit of wisdom, I'm amazed at the opportunity I was offered, time and again, to let go and grow. I would not recommend my choices and decisions to anyone, knowing the trials and tribulations I've gone through as a result. I've often considered what life would have been like to remain aloof and uninterested in the quest for identity. Sometimes I wished I had.

Still, the impeccable movement of something beyond my understanding still has placed me in this body for the experience to unfold. The insatiable sense of gratitude continues to drive the bus, so to speak, and I'm just a passenger along for the ride of a lifetime. I doubt that will stop anytime soon. It has offered me the capacity to not only experience a new living awareness, but to share it with an ever-growing ability to articulate my observations.

Even though we are in a human body now, I have been journeying across the galaxy for a number of lifetimes, most recently coming to Earth on the New Jerusalem as its commander, apparently learning how to be in many places simultaneously. That is why I say 'we' are in a human body now. I pray that I'm not confused for some convoluted version of the notorious multiple personality disorder.

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From my experience I've found that coming here only takes 8 minutes from the center of the universe, my home on Centaurus as I think it is called. Many here call it the Central Sun, but it is actually three spheres of consciousness beyond anything the human mind can grasp; our forefathers as it were.

Our psychospiritual technology allows us to travel the speed of thought, roughly 841 trillion miles per second, in order to incarnate. Once we get the hang of condensing into form, provided by the biological union of others now, our choices to incarnate become much more invigorating and timely.

I have to say, though, that remembering can be a bitch. It can cause severe mood swings in the beginning. Over time the sensations don't really change, but the ability to deal with them does. We are highly sensitive beings in touch with a sensory array well beyond the limited human comprehension.

Even understanding the nature of creation at an individuated level, I still had to bridge the worlds of spirit and matter through some resemblance of the sciences. The body consciousness is such a lower vibratory rate that the finer senses aren't always available, until or unless one learns how to tune in without being distracted.

I have discovered that my body's sensory array revealed emotional implosions and explosions that occur when engaging others' energy in any way. It

took years to learn how to just allow it without being turned into an emotional basket case. I locked myself in my dorm room for days when I first experienced telepathic ability. Not until a friend asked if was my voice I was hearing did I 'get' that I was actually hearing others.

What frightened me was the self-deprecating and self-loathing thoughts I heard. If you've ever been under pressure for performance and had a sense of incompetence, then you've no doubt had some of those thoughts as well. Imagine if someone else could hear them, too. It seems in our society we are trained to think of ourselves as 'less than' what we truly are or can be, but we are not encouraged except by our parents or grandparents most often.

I also found the pure union of returning to the light briefly as a teenager. Brief, but everlasting. I've had several return trips of varying degrees since.

Imagine what the rest of the story might be like. When you have been tapped on the shoulder to bear witness to a reality that confronts every belief system known to man so far, you tend to take notice regularly. I learned to be the observer more often than not; participation mandatory.

It can get pretty dicey amongst the variety of human interactions we have available. Some folks 'get it,' but the majority just can't see their way past their own BS – that would be *Belief System*.

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When you come from a place of remembering what it is like to perceive oneness, the dualistic world of the humans can be quite frustrating to say the least. I wonder just what will wake them up to the true nature of their original consciousness condensed into their little bodies. They tend to think so small. I did too for some time, until I questioned deeper.

For all of their achievements, they still don't know how magnificent they truly are as divine beings incarnate. Humans still think there is a separation between man and the divine when they are one and the same. God does dwell in man.

Many do not even consider the connection at all or that a consciousness so intricately woven could even exist. Some do seek to understand the nature of reality through science and math, though. Quantum entanglement or 'spooky action at a distance,' leads us to new realities.

Imagine an intelligence so delicate yet so vast as to be intricately woven into every atom and molecule and every possible area of creation, including dimensions and ethers we cannot conceive yet, let alone begin to understand. If you can fathom that, there is much more available to experience.

Yet there are some who awaken to a greater reality early on, an unquestionably connected experience that continues to offer more questions than answers. You might be one of them.

What does it all mean?

Who am I?

How do I live in harmony with people and planet?

Imagine that consciousness evolving within the human BEing as we explore the possibilities. Our presence here has catapulted the human awareness of connectivity and spurred science to begin to explore the worlds of quantum reality. Non-linear worlds of experience are being sampled by a growing number of people. Might you be one?

I arrived back in the Phoenix valley about 3 am and woke Jill as I climbed into bed. My trip had been full of internal meanderings and insightful conversations with self and others, although the other voices never needed names, their wisdom spoke volumes.

To know and to act are one and the same.

Samarai Maxim

There is only the one reality, neither to be realized nor attained. To say “I am able to realize something” or “I am able to attain something” is to place yourself among the arrogant.

Huang-po

Meditative Moments

I tried to move through the time away and the obvious emotional perturbations that I knew Jill had gone through attempting to give me the freedom to follow my path. Internally I felt the angst often, wondering if she'd made the right decision and feeling like she was 'second choice,' since my trip out of the country was curtailed.

We had a number of conversations about it and I also learned that my heart wasn't completely open to her, yet I knew this was where I needed to be. It was about The Work, which she had presented to me in the vision of her before we met.

Her soul knew, but her mind and heart needed to know that I was really in love with her. I realized I was not sure what that really meant to her, or to me for that matter.

We did decide to base our continuing relationship on faith, love and trust. That was the best we could do, striving to keep that objective in everything we felt and said as we grew to know each other more deeply. She was Jewish and I was Christian by upbringing, although neither one of us were even close to being 'devout.' It did allow some very interesting conversations and explorations into our understanding of spirituality beyond religion.

One of the first things we did upon my return was group meditations. After my experience with Gay, Gary and Mandira I was stoked about the possibility

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that others might be able to have something close. We experimented with some friends first as I wanted to make sure the experience I had in the canyon was not a fluke.

We visited some friends in Fountain Hills for dinner and sprung the idea on them. They went for it and we all laid on the floor of their townhouse, holding hands with our feet in the center.

I didn't give much of an introduction, only that the music had provided a phenomenal experience. I wasn't sure what would take place, if anything, so we entered the space with open minds and hearts. It took me a bit to get out of my desire for something to happen. Once I relaxed and let go I felt the familiar swirling and couldn't help but wonder if they were feeling it too. I realized I was thinking and had to center and let go yet again.

It was late October, 2001, so the 9-11 events were still in the consciousness whether we thought about them or not. Apparently my work was incomplete from the exercise in the back of the canyon. Without forethought and completely by surprise, I found myself in front of President Bush. I looked into his eyes with the deepest love and surrender and then reached into his heart and pulled out a squirming little red dragon. It was about the size of a small kitten and just as squeamish.

This little guy was full of fear, flailing about trying to get loose from my firm grip. I held it by its back with my right hand and turned it over, stroking its

belly until it relaxed and nearly went limp in my hand. My intention was to sooth it, hoping it would understand I was no threat so it would relax. As soon as it did, I extended my arm and let it go with the command, "Now go home."

Instantly I was back in my head wondering what the heck just happened. My thoughts went to the activity in the canyon, the figures in the flames and smoke in the Towers and the feeling that something magnificent was still in process. There was no sensation of drama or even trauma at that point; completely free of emotion.

By the time the first side was over, still using the cassette tape, I realized that I'd been somewhere else and had no conscious memory of about the last 15 or 20 minutes. We discussed each other's experience. Jill had trouble releasing to the music as it seemed a little cacophonous to her. She prefers light jazz or classical music and this was indeed more progressive rock oriented.

The other couple related the sensation of swirling and then leaving the room, unable to describe or explain where they went for the duration. Something brought them back in at the end of the first side, though, feeling like they were returning from a long trip in the ethers. It was getting late and we decided not to listen to side two.

My experience baffled me, reflecting on the story of the red dragon in the Bible and Michael's battle with it. I wondered, "Could the story also mean that

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Michael was a dragon, too? What would that mean?” There were some references in other material, specifically about cosmic wisdom keepers known as Kumara in one reference, Amaru in another, Jedhi in another, Naga in another and Dragon in yet another.

Over the next few months we held several meditations with larger groups (from 13 to 22) at our home, in North Mountain Park in Phoenix, in a pyramid in Sedona at the Earth Mother/Father Foundation and in Tucson at a friend’s home. Each had different experiences and I was able to focus more on just BEing present and allowing the energy to move of its own accord. My personal experiences waned, although there were a few that occurred.

There were several notable experiences of others, too. Our first large group at the Phoenix Mountain Preserve was on a large cement slab with 22 people laying on it, holding hands with their feet in the center. It seems difficult for people to articulate their experience, especially when finding the words to do so is, at best, challenging.

Several did mention they had floated above the group, one even to the point of looking at the underside of a passenger jet that passed several thousand feet above us. Another in Tucson reflected viewing a war in the heavens with spaceships darting about as they engaged in the battle.

The most profound, though, was in a pyramid in Sedona shortly after I returned from California. The pyramid had been constructed by a friend whom I

respected a lot. Tom was an engineer by trade and had installed a sound system inside a 25 foot square structure with ancient glyphs painted on nearly all the triangular wall panels. He also built a rotating platform in the center, where he did most of his work with clients. He never let anyone else use his creation, but felt my focus of oneness to be pure.

I think it aggravated the woman who ran the facility as she had asked him to use it on several occasions with no results. This was the same woman who had called me when the ET was outside their healing center in Phoenix, Commander Hurley if you recall from Part Deux. She and another elder woman took places on either side of me on the floor.

We had 19 people in this group, including Tom sitting on his rotating perch in the center. I gave a brief description of the process, that I'd offer a few verbal prompts from time to time (something I'd added) and that all they needed to do was remain in a place of deep unconditional love and listen without thinking as much as possible, just let the music and my voice guide the way.

Again, everyone was on the floor holding hands with their feet toward the center. There was just enough room for everyone to be close and yet comfortable in the circle.

Tom started the music and I began to relax with some deep breathing, inviting the group to do the same. When it came time to put the 'spin' on things, a process I had learned by now, I took a deep

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breath and 'moved' energy through my hands, only it was blocked on either side of me.

I could literally feel the walls were up. This was unique, so I took another breath and tried again... nothing. It felt like there was a wall on either side of me. So, once more I tried – same result. Hmmm, I thought, I wonder what that is about?

So the next time I took a deep breath and instead of trying to move the energy through, I collapsed inside as though I was disappearing into the void. As soon as I did I felt the energy spin with enough force that the two women on either side of me jerked noticeably and simultaneously.

Instead of blocking the energy from me, their resistance actually created the spin. I thought that was really cool.

In spite of my love for the founder, I knew she was still trapped in her ego and the attending fears that she would never let on she had, let alone talk about them openly. But, energetically they were obvious. The woman on my left felt like she was in the same place and 'letting go' was an extremely challenging task even in a known environment.

Being in a place where they were not sure what was going to happen and sensing the power of the music's capacity, putting them in an 'unknown' place that so often betrays us with fear, I wasn't surprised at all. I got out of the way and the energy did its own work without assistance.

What did surprise me was that I had the awareness to disappear and let their energy of resistance fuel the spin for the group. Now that it was moving I could relax and tune in to the vocal prompts as they came, assisting the group to go deeper and reach further out than ever. It is amazing what can happen on the inside with eyes closed, paying attention to the still small voice as it emerged.

We reached the break without further incident, but the energy ran one guy off. His ego couldn't get out of the way and he made several complaints from that ego-centered place that was obvious. He was one of the few people that I had some history with and I wasn't surprised when he made his exit. The rest remained and after a quick bathroom break we went back in.

During the second half a thunderstorm broke out and the claps of thunder were in perfect synchrony with the music. Things like that are expected in Sedona I suppose, known for its spiritual connectivity. When we were done, most everyone left quickly as it was nearly midnight. Jill and I were spending the night there, so we had plenty of time to debrief with Tom.

His experience was completely off the charts. He reflected that in his position, acting as protector, he encountered a huge being that was trying to push energy down through the pyramid and us. He responded as though it was a threat and tried to

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deflect the massive amount of energy. He wasn't sure if he was successful or not.

He explained this being appeared to be nearly a hundred feet tall, with some kind of armor which made him think it was a threat. I wasn't sure that was true, but I didn't argue with him about it. I felt there was something more and that we were being used to inject energy into the planet, much the same way I experienced the Harmonic Convergence.

The next morning we found out the United States had invaded Afghanistan during the time of our meditation, so the appearance of the being made perfect sense. I felt like there was a cosmic play of sorts, somehow minimizing the loss of life and mitigating the corruption that would eventually become apparent. I attempted to discuss the previous evening with the founder, but there was no deep listening for her.

Later that morning we took a walk in the neighborhood, a few blocks away we found ourselves in a cul-de-sac with a very protective German Shepard barking aggressively to warn us not to come any closer. I felt like a little experiment, so I told Jill just to stand by and watch.

I went into the center of the cul-de-sac and lay down on my back with my arms and legs extended, looking straight up at the sky. I wasn't sure what was going to happen, but I thought the dog might soften if I appeared to be submissive.

Sure enough, after a few moments he came over and began sniffing around me without a bark. I hoped he would not decide to mark his territory. After circling me a couple of times he came up and licked my face. I slowly rose to a sitting position and he backed off just a little, but didn't bark at all.

I extended my hand toward him and he came over, licked it and allowed me to pet him. I stayed there for few moments as he got more comfortable and even 'played' with me a bit as I pushed him away and he came at me, gently biting my arms but in no way intending to be aggressive then. Hey, maybe I'm a dog whisperer too.

Jill thought I was a bit of a fool for taking a chance like that, but it all worked out just fine. We walked back and packed up to leave, journeyed down the hill and talked about the night before a little. I cannot explain it all, but I did learn more about the push and pull of energy and the practice of cosmic aikido in the moment.

On the way we stopped across from Bell Rock, an icon of the vortexes. I suggested we take a little hike up a dry wash and just explore. We walked in some distance and split up, going different directions for a bit. As I stood looking out over the valley through the brush and small trees I felt something behind me.

I turned and immediately my eyes were drawn to a large rock in the middle of the wash.

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I walked over and sat on the rock with my back toward the source of the flow it would have during runoff from rain. I closed my eyes and listened. Instead of hearing anything, I saw a torrent of cash flowing past me. I felt like I had charge of it somehow, but also had concern for managing it properly. I felt really humble in that moment

Somebody must've been listening because I heard a voice tell me that I would have the wisdom when it appeared which is why it would. I hoped it would be soon, but let that thought go quickly.

I heard Jill walking up behind me and the vision faded. I didn't say anything about it until we were well on our way down the hill back to Phoenix. She got a little excited at the prospect, but I couldn't say when or how it would happen.

There was a couple of other meditative moments during this period, much more private, that made me realize just how important 'the work' was with Jill. I tended to spook the women I'd been in relationships with over the last decade or so, hoping to find someone that could handle my abilities and experiences without getting all whacked out. I got my answer when I was calling my 'dead council' together one night.

Now that may sound a bit weird, a 'dead council,' but it gave a little humorous twist to the events. Being a necromancer is not something you want to publish. Even with those who have made their debuts in the media and on television, the personal

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experience of it tends to be way more traumatic than transcendent.

So, you might want to know a little more about how I created my council. I used a chart developed by an old, now deceased, friend named Michael Valentine Zomorrow. He'd crafted his name from Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land* and lived his life peering into this world with an off-planet perspective. He was also written up in Time Magazine's March '71 issue as a 'prophet of his own time.' You can look into that if you want.

So Michael shared this concept of creating a council using a 12-house model, much like the astrological charts. Each house had a mentor – living, dead or imaginary – that was imbued with the specific character traits of the house. He even cut out head shots of his council and had them on the walls of his living room. That way, he said, one can look into the eyes and connect with the soul of the mentor. It seemed a brilliant and effective device to me.

Years later I made use of it with friends and mentors that had passed on, since they showed up occasionally anyway I thought it a best practice of our relationships. So this particular night I was on the third member, David Chez, and as soon as I called his name Jill sat straight up in bed with a harrumph. I was lying perfectly still and silent so this was very interesting indeed.

I asked her what happened. She replied that it felt like an entity had strafed her body and sat her up.

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She did not feel that it was malevolent in any way and so she wasn't frightened, but she did know beyond a shadow of a doubt it was an entity.

We were in a dark room so she couldn't see the smile on my face, but I asked her if she would like to know who it was. I could feel her surprise when she said, "What?" So I decided to share.

"It was David Chez," I said. "Remember that 'dead council' thing I told you about and you rolled your eyes in some disbelief. Well, I think Dave decided to prove it to both of us. Honestly, I just played with them because they provided different points of view and I wasn't really sure if it was my imagination or reality. This would tend to make it the latter, huh?"

She was amazing in her presence of mind and lack of fear. It intrigued her and we talked for a while about the sensations and experience she had – and the fact that I now knew she was a keeper, because the event didn't cause her to think I was full of Satan or something equally preposterous.

A couple of months later I was in deep meditation at night, with Jill asleep by my side again. I was experiencing some tremendous pain from a cracked tooth and exposed root, so I used the meditation to move beyond the pain while I was waiting for the meds to kick in. If you've ever had a cracked tooth, you know the kind of excruciating pain.

As I went deeper and deeper I found myself in what I can only call a red zone. It was a deep, deep red. I

felt an unbelievable amount of power there, too, strangely enough. As I got comfortable in this place I noticed a face coming toward me, grotesque by human standards, black and red like the Sith from Star Wars only much more hideous, reminding me of a gargoye of sorts, but different still.

I just watched as this face came toward me. I opened my heart and had no sense of fear or love, just acceptance. The face came closer and passed through me without stopping, then another and another and another; seven in all, all slightly different but of the same kind of appearance. Each one passed through me without stopping. I had no emotional response at all. I just watched.

Just after the last one passed by, I had a vision of Jill and I with another couple, who I didn't recognize, and as I turned to speak to her she literally sat up in bed again with the same harrumph as before. I couldn't wait to hear her response.

Interesting... "Okay, what now?" I asked. She said she was watching these bizarre-looking black and red faces pass by her and then just came out of the dream, feeling like she'd lost her breath for a moment. So I told her what happened with me.

Again, she didn't seem particularly upset over the event. We talked about it a bit more and I shared something that occurred to me while I was listening. There is a sensation that occurs when something extraordinary or even paranormal happens that we don't often pay attention to before qualifying it with

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our thoughts. Too often it turns into fear and the experience is inhibited or stops completely.

In most cases people tend to qualify it as anxiety or fear when in actuality it is a 'quickenning' of our subtle vibrational activity that is beyond our normal consciousness and thought processes. So to recognized that and just observe the sensation or watch the events is a key to remaining free, allowing one to have a clearer view and potential understanding of a deeper level of life and living.

Spectrum Academy

Alrightythen... and now for something completely different - the practical world of education and school systems. I had the opportunity to fulfill one of my mother's dreams for me and became a teacher for several years, hoping I could make a difference in the lives of the students.

My high school teaching career was short-lived, only five years, but I had the opportunity to teach in a variety of environments and across many disciplines. Teaching at district-level high schools was far different than charter high schools and the residential treatment center school experience presented additional challenges with adjudicated youth with behavioral elements.

While co-teaching with Jill, I talked her into entering the Master of Arts in Organizational Management program with me. It gave me the opportunity to return to something I was really good at, educational performance, and I thought that writing a business plan for a new educational village might forward our efforts together.

We spent many a night discussing what a state-of-the-art education environment might look like if it was totally student-focused. A holistic picture developed that covered the entire spectrum of student needs including intellectual, emotional, social, physical, creative and spiritual. I suggested we call it Spectrum Academy.

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Research showed that in Arizona alone, during one year only 45% of the 6,000 juveniles 14-17 that were referred to the Arizona Department of Juvenile Corrections were enrolled in school.

Spectrum is designed to serve the at-risk population across the socio-economic realms of society, converting them to empowered and productive community citizens and future leaders.

We knew certain components for appropriate community development would be primary concerns. The need for self-sufficiency and sustainability needed to be included in the design and curriculum. Portals into the surrounding community were also opportunities for additional support, both emotional and financial.

Rapid changes in business, society and technology that we knew were coming gave us a unique opportunity to develop a plan that could serve as a new model for education even beyond the at-risk population we sought to serve first. Cottage industry instruction and integration, social-centric programs and a data and technology center provide critical community-centric components.

Peer community is an interconnected and sustainable methodology to manage living environments with best practices throughout all the dimensions of developing healthy and productive lifestyles. We felt that incorporating natural cycles and rhythms would also have a centering affect,

supportive of the personal growth necessary for each member to transform their lives.

We all share in the magnificent opportunity to grow together, to experience what life can offer when the focus is creating harmony among people and planet. It is easy to say and arduous to attain, yet it is possibly our only alternative to achieve a model of practice that is both practical and pragmatic.

We had a general starting point of dome dwellings that housed 6 to 8 with a mentor, thirteen in all to reflect the natural lunar activity. Completing a circuit, meeting monthly goals and objects for academic and social requirements, is rewarded with a vote on the peer community council that administrates and becoming a student mentor.

Our business plan included best practices of well-researched and working models across America and even the Holistic Educational Network in Australia. We found that education in America does not include a holistic foundation for student programs, which leaves some critical areas of development completely ignored. The old systems just don't work anymore and it seems obvious.

Spectrum Academy combines a charter school, residential treatment component, and a community technology/data center within a living environment to empower youth to change their direction away from self-destructive habits and toward self-empowerment. A peer community council engages

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the drive to discovery of how to live and work together in harmony, addressing a holistic scene.

Depression is the number one factor that keeps youth from learning, so they need help with managing emotions and understanding human behavior. Once they are available to learn, the school lessons and staff assist their growth and understanding of being part of a healthy community.

Holistic education is concerned with the connectedness of all things and nurtures this understanding in youth, providing a path to a healthy and productive lifestyle. Traditional educational frameworks are like slow-moving dinosaurs in the need for changing our educational delivery systems.

Spectrum Academy provides a solid yet flexible framework to manage the challenging and changing needs with style and grace.

Sustainability is achieved through the synergistic union of a community technology center, subscription-based ISP and Web services, cottage industry development, and community shops. The energy required will be provided by leading green energy technology incorporated in the curriculum and construction build out.

As the public awareness of Spectrum Academy grows, the subscription and e-commerce features of the data center provide the financial resources for Spectrum Academy. Cottage industry development

and strategically placed storefronts on the perimeter of the site creates the personal and professional bridge for youth and their community.

Community connections create sustainable successes. This 'sustainability' piece is an addition to previous educational models. It further links the educational process with the real-world needs for developing and understanding community culture.

Alliances and partnerships with industry leaders bridge 21st Century learners with 21st Century technology, assisting youth to evolve and facilitate a healthier global culture. This proactive approach to addressing the growing concern of a healthy society creates utility in applying best practices across multiple disciplines, maximizing funds and building a learning organization that can meet shifting demands in service delivery and community support. We talk about building a better world.

Culture and Learning

Spectrum Academy's concept and design embodies the learning organization, constantly growing through leadership, educators, management, and staff that are change agents in themselves. Building a learning organization requires perseverance and persistence among the leadership team as there is normally much unlearning in the initial stages.

Wise leadership anticipates the resistance and prepares pathways to shift the paradigm paralysis. Both external and internal forces have created the

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need for change within the areas of focus addressed by Spectrum's plan. Facilitating a learning organization such as Spectrum Academy challenges the leadership to create a new model of change for the paradigm paralysis in education and juvenile correctional systems to date, which stands as an example for future reformations.

Organizational Capabilities

Natural and common sense questions come forth for the gathering of information to facilitate the learning organization. What kinds of programs are working elsewhere, even if they are only pieces of Spectrum's vision? How are these organizations implementing a structure that recognizes and adapts to what works while learning from and minimizing what does not? What and where are the performance gaps and disconnects in this holistic system?

How/where would they manifest?

What kinds of demonstrable results can be anticipated, documentable and observable?

What metrics can be used for documentation?

The answers contribute to the factors that facilitate organizational learning such as scanning imperatives, performance gaps, and concern for appropriate measurement.

What are the key features of transformational leadership necessary in this quest for change?

What are potential residual personal patterns of staff that may inhibit the process?

What processes engage transformation through use of behavioral and situational leadership?

What continuous training will be necessary for leadership, management, staff and teachers? In the key areas of operation, who are the key leaders and what skill sets do they need to support operations? The answers to these questions focus on the experimental mindset, climate of openness, continuous education and operational variety within Spectrum Academy.

What kinds of channels are necessary to keep the open lines of communication between all levels of the organization?

Where and who are the apparent advocates and gatekeepers of procedure and process?

How is the vision and mission maintained through the leadership team, relative to the educators, staff, youth and community stakeholders?

What are the organizational goals and are they clear to the stakeholders?

How does interdependence of business units, residential treatment center, charter school and community technology center, empower optimization of organizational goals and utilize problems to produce solutions?

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These questions focus on the need for multiple advocates, involvement of leadership, and a holistic systems perspective of this learning organization as Spectrum Academy.

Learning Organizations

Metanoia, a shift in mind, is the core of a learning organization's thrust for change. Peter Senge details five key elements of a learning organization: systems thinking, personal mastery, mental models, building shared vision, and team learning.

He describes the team as – “a group of people who functioned together in an extraordinary way - who trusted one another, who complemented each other's strengths and compensated for each other's limitations, who had common goals that were larger than individual goals, and who produced extraordinary results.” (Senge, 1990)

According to the text of another resource, “A learning organization is one that proactively creates, acquires, and transfers knowledge and that changes its behavior on the basis of new knowledge and insights.” (Kreitner, 2001)

Initial Feature Introductions

Tom Peters says that, “The ultimate stage of involvement is the regular, spontaneous taking of initiative.” (Thriving on Chaos, 1987) It is only appropriate that education, from a systemic *and* systematic standpoint, finds new ways to draw out

the unique individuality of an employee, a manager, or a student.

“Because differentiation is one-half of a complex consciousness, each person must follow his or her own bent; find ways to realize his or her unique individuality.” (Evolving Self, 1993)

The ‘systems’ approach here is to identify and nurture the natural skill set of the individual in order for them to find their natural order and place within the collective. An holistic system is one that all elements relate to a central theme. In this case - one of harmony within the community.

Resistance to Change

Crafting an application of holistic education offers opportunity to discover solutions to fix the flaws and close the gaps in the current approach. An integrated system naturally addresses inherent conflict and provides tools to ascend from it, using the conflict to engage creative thinking rather than rote action.

“Our vision begins to be stated in things we don’t want- ‘I don’t want to fail,’ ‘I don’t want to be unhealthy,’ or ‘I don’t want to want to be poor.” (Magic of Conflict, 1987)

What fits here is the need to move toward collaboration rather than resistance. Our current educational environment often contributes to ‘moving away from’ rather than ‘moving toward’ a

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goal or a vision, even though it is often stated otherwise. Change creates vulnerability. The affect is not always the desired outcome. Spectrum provides an atmosphere where vulnerability is nurtured and fears can become known and resolved.

Changes in Organizational Culture

The function of holistic education within the community exemplifies the systems approach toward business, education, and community. Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi's research identifies some interesting details that not only acknowledge the obvious; they reveal potential structure for creating environments that illicit personal and professional growth, which is so necessary for the future of students and their success in life.

“As our studies have suggested, the phenomenology of enjoyment has eight major components. ... The combination of all these elements causes a sense of deep enjoyment that is so rewarding people feel that expending a great deal of energy is worthwhile simply to be able to feel it.” (Flow, 1990)

Adults throughout the structure will also notice an elevated feeling of accomplishment, which reflects a stronger desire for change and results in promoting the new paradigm within the structure of the organization and living environment.

Employee-Manager Relationships

Creation of win/win scenarios in the development stages of Spectrum Academy includes improvement in the manager/employee relationships. The strategic plan calls for the negotiation of resources (hard to soft), processes, and the inclusion of production and/or distribution of the products. Results are to be achieved through collaborative research and development projects; effectively partnering for profit.

Our customers are our students, their parents and/or guardians, the community, and other educational institutions that are shifting paradigm approaches toward education through purchasing the CTC's products and services.

Prioritization of goals requires the business administration and operations of Spectrum Academy's scorecard to be a primary concern. Developing partnerships empowers everyone to contribute their best efforts. Looking at the specific example of old paradigm adversarial labor relations, partnerships between managers and employees bring a fresh approach to problem solving.

The following example of interest-based negotiation comes from a working model in Michigan.

What is the Interest-Based Process?

It is the non-adversarial approach to labor issues that can be used for negotiations, problem-solving,

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communications and relationships and improving school climate.

Why it Works

The interest-based process is based on objective reasoning rather than power or coercion. Because it is analytic and creative, it helps people employ these strengths as *partners* in problem-solving and decision-making. Unlike traditional negotiations where there are winners and losers, all parties in the interest-based process *own* the solution. There is mutual commitment to the process and its results.” (MECA, 1999)

The speed at which youth learn and adapt often intimidates adults that have forgotten the voracious appetites of young learners. Even young adults are far more adaptable to changing environments than in the past. This can also affect staff performance. The creation of effective manager/employee partnerships can effectively smooth out the bumps in the process.

Embracing the Leadership of Change

The world thrives on the continuing development of technology. Leadership technology applied in psychospiritual, scientific, and organizational arenas facilitates a learning organization toward optimal performance. We are learning to construct new models of reality with technology, inclusive of the educational and treatment arenas.

The personal leadership of the writer embraces the optimal tenets of behavioral, charismatic, situational, transactional, and transformational styles. All of the past learning and development of personal style seems to fit perfectly into this environment. Everyone grows to know each other.

Utilizing a Balanced Scorecard

The goals for the scorecard of administration and operations include customer, financial, innovation/learning and internal business perspectives. Our customers are our students, their parents and/or guardians, the community, and other educational/treatment institutions that are shifting paradigms. Prioritization of goals requires the business administration and operations of Spectrum Academy's scorecard to be a primary concern. It currently looks like this:

Customer Perspective

1. Our customers are consistently satisfied with the products and services provided by Spectrum Academy business administration and stakeholders.
2. Our stakeholders recognize the value of our contribution to the Spectrum Academy mission:
 - Quality and efficiency of operations
 - Ethical exercise of fiduciary responsibility
 - Holistic approach to education/treatment
 - Creation of collaborative alliances

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Financial Perspective

1. We ensure Spectrum Academy financial integrity and demonstrate fiduciary responsibility for capital and financial assets throughout the system.
2. We deliver our services in an efficient, cost-effective manner. The value we create exceeds the cost of creating it.
3. We ensure delivery of quality services and products in support of the Spectrum Academy mission by facilitating the generation of revenue.

Innovation/Learning Perspective

1. We create a workplace that fosters teamwork, integrity, professionalism, pride, and trust.
2. We attract, retain and enable a highly skilled, diverse workforce capable of successfully delivering Spectrum Academy business administration and operations products and services to our customers.
3. We achieve high degree of innovation, efficiency, effectiveness and quality of service in every area of our business through the utilization of information technology.
4. We encourage and reward enterprising behaviors and actions throughout the Spectrum Academy system.
5. We improve continuously.

Internal Business Perspective

1. We develop and implement demonstrably clear policies, simple procedures and efficient work processes.
2. We anticipate the future and we design and improve our programs and services in ways that ensure future success.
3. Accountability underlies everything we do.
4. We leverage our skills and resources, both collectively and individually, directly supporting the academic mission of Spectrum Academy.

“The balanced scorecard tracks the elements of an organization’s strategy – from serving its constituencies to developing partnerships, ensuring financial stewardship, building skills, fostering teamwork and continuously improving the effectiveness of internal work processes.

No single measure can provide insight into an organization’s performance into relation to specific goals. The balanced scorecard allows the organization to view its performance through multiple lenses.” (U. of C., 2003)

Spectrum Academy is built on the foundation of best practices in management philosophy, inclusive of customer involvement, supply chain management, and labor relations. By adhering to the goals of the balanced scorecard approach, the school will engage cross-functional teams at every level in its operations. The discoveries of these teams and the analysis of their findings will set the prioritization for elements within each division and department.

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Systems-thinking requires that all elements have importance and relevance in the mix. In today's ever-changing environment, Spectrum Academy will have the administrative and operational foundations to manage change with skill, precision and flexibility for the future.

Synergizing the traditional framework of business, school, and community fits the growing demands of operating in the world in an integrated fashion. The Academy seeks to apply cutting-edge integrative technologies, both scientific and psychospiritual, across the spectrum to meet the emerging demands of the 21st Century student and community.

We presented our plan to several gatekeepers, including the head of education for the State Child Protective Services. It was brilliant and inclusive, we were told, but light years ahead of the current situation. We didn't have deep pockets and no one stepped up as benefactor to continue the work.

After nearly a year of presentations and disappointments we chose to let the concept set for a bit. I did post information online, on BeTheDream.net, so that it might be helpful to others. We hoped interest would grow and circle back around when the existing framework failed. We're still waiting.

I built a second website to feature our work and created a presentation video just to keep the concept alive. It was a way to seed the thoughtmosphere and let it grow organically through

those who read and applied the information in whatever fashion. Someday the butterfly would return, hopefully.

What I did not include on the website, because we were ahead of time from the feedback received, was the social architecture designed into the dome homes and their configuration.

Initially we start with 13 domes, reflective of the natural lunar cycles. The domes are built using well-documented materials that naturally resonate with human and planetary energy patterns. These patterns are intrinsic to the natural cycles and rhythms in Nature. Particular 'alloys' have unique qualities and beneficial effects on environments. The science is there, but you might have to dig for it.

At the student level the 13-moon cycle is designed to produce voting members for the peer community council that administrates the facility, with minor help from the leadership and staff. Once assessed for aptitude and passion, the students set their goals and objectives for each lunar cycle.

Short-term goals are essential for teens, let alone a primary factor in success rates of treatment. Once the complete cycle is made, the student has the necessary community and leadership skills to participate in community decisions. The community develops naturally and students are much better prepared for life.

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A self-sustaining economic model, data center, energy and food production are also components within the business plan. We think it only makes sense to move forward. How about you?

If you see the value, consider the options or maybe even reach out to someone or a group that can take advantage of the work we've done. In the new-millennial model of 'business as usual' there is a sense of giving your best away first. That attitude flies in the face of traditional business models, even though we've found they don't work as well as what they were intended.

There are very few of us who do not carry around old wounds from our childhood and our more recent past. All too often, our minds forget and our beings remember.

When we develop an attitude that old wounds can be healed—and when the memories come up, we try to embrace them and work through them—our lives take on new meaning.

Visit with Grandmother

During our spring break of 2002 we took a little road trip to relax and visit some folks I'd met at the Prophets Conference some years ago who lived in Taos, New Mexico. On the way, we stopped in Lupton, Arizona to see some old friends, Tom and Sally. He was retired from the military and had built a house on the Navajo reservation, with Sally's inheritance, on some privately held land.

I have to offer a little recap on this guy first. If you've read Part Deux, I shared a story about a contactee I met via a woman who was the President of Light and Sound Technologies in Scottsdale, Arizona. When we first met, I saw a pair of almond-shaped eyes directly behind his as we were eye-locked in conversation. I found out later, by asking him directly, that his mother had been 'abducted' and impregnated. He was then born naturally.

He spent most of his life being 'watched' and then recruited into the elite field of assassins used by our government to keep the world in order. He was called upon only as a last resort when others weren't playing fair, like developing biological weapons. He took care of things.

It was years before I found out what he had been doing, only after getting shot on one of his missions and ending up with a defibrillator embedded in his abdomen to keep him alive. He managed well, though I had a real challenge with the debriefing.

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While we were visiting this time, we hiked up into the mountains just in back of their home and visited a site where the Anasazi had been, quite likely over a thousand years ago. There was a small waterway, approximately a foot across and deep, carved out of the solid rock that had remained over centuries.

This waterway was over a thousand feet long, atop a ridge coming off a larger rock shelf. At the base of the groove was a large hole in the rock, approximately 5 meters across and about 2 meters deep. This hole was filled with rainwater, nearly clear of any impurities besides the minerals from the area. It was a natural hot tub in hot weather.

My friend and several other Navajos had cleaned the dirt out of the hole and now enjoyed lounging there for at least part of the year. We sat in the natural hot tub for several hours. The minerals that had been washed off the rock and into the pool gave us an invigorating feeling.

The next day he directed us to the house of an elder's family. We had been invited to the celebration of the grandmother's 101st birthday the night before. He was a bit reluctant to take us then because of the younger crowd's proclivity toward alcohol consumption and he didn't think it would be such a good idea to go. We agreed and visited her the next day instead.

The home was about 2 miles off the highway, back an incredibly dusty dirt road filled with ruts and holes from rain and vehicle traffic. It looked and

road like it hadn't been graded in a long time, either. There were two structures; a modern block home with a traditional 8-sided hogan next to it, where Grandmother lived.

She was in the main house at the time when we walked in, crocheting a beautiful green, white, and blue blanket. She was tiny and frail in comparison to the others around. I can only assume that modern life had fattened them all up and she had remained true to the traditional diet and ways of life.

To my surprise, she was blind now, yet still continued her joy with crocheting. I commented on the beauty of her work as she invited me to sit down next to her, Jill knelt in front of her on a beautiful rug and my friend leaned up against a recliner just behind Jill. It felt really comfortable.

After my compliment, she reached out for my hand and, once grasped, shared some stories about her family. I commented on the softness of her hand. She said they stayed soft from the crocheting. I understood she had once been a Matriarch of her clan and the Tribe some years ago, advanced weaving skills came with the territory. I could only imagine what that must have been like.

Her voice had traces of the Navajo accent, with an occasional click and near-guttural inflection. Her voice was still soft and soothing, though. She shared viewing her children grow up and the conditions they met as a family growing up on the reservation.

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She continued talking about many different events for some time. Then she did something unexpected.

My hand had been on top of hers. She turned my hand over and grasped it with her other hand as well. I felt a shift in energy as she did so, even more calm than before and I felt such warmth from her. It seemed the energy was pouring through her hands. She spoke with a slightly more intense tone as well as she began another tale.

Grandmother then told us of when her daughter, now 65, was just a few days old. They lived in a hogan far away from neighbors and civilization. One evening, a few days after giving birth, she heard strange music and could not determine its source. She wasn't sure if it was inside or outside the hogan at first, but realized it was outside.

I reflected on some of the experiences I'd had where similar things happened. I sometimes could not tell if the sounds and voices were coming from inside or outside of me. I thought it might not be the same for here, but the story had just begun. I felt like there might be a deeper connection to this meeting. Only time would tell.

She went on to say she listened to the music for a long time. It was beautiful to her ears, different than the tribal drumming or singing, like a symphony she heard many years later.

Her curiosity got the best of her and she went outside, in a pitch dark landscape, looking for the

source of the music. She walked out from the hogan's door for some distance, stopped and stared into the night sky with awe and amazement.

She realized the music was coming from the sky.

This was quite an unusual experience for her indeed, although she did admit that her life had been full of Great Spirit's offerings. Then she made a comment that I can only say brought a deep sense of humility and honor to my heart.

She said she had not heard that music again until she held my hand a few moments earlier. That is what prompted the story. I cannot explain it or understand how it happened. I can only report the experience. I'm sure time will reveal the meaning and wisdom of her sharing. I was completely taken off guard by the entire event.

Jill felt the overwhelming gratitude for her sharing as well, but she didn't say much about it. What *can* be said? She likes asking more scientific questions about how things happen. I have to admit it would be nice to know the science behind the mystery.

Tom said it was the most he had ever heard her say to anyone, native or not. We were all feeling like our time with her was more than just special. I couldn't help but feel this was yet another sign on the path of destiny I was trodding, somehow validating it.

I was left feeling somewhat alone and isolated once again, though, wondering if there would ever be a

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lasting experience that would bring all these internal, sometimes external, experiences together as one. Part of me wasn't sure I really wanted it to find cohesion because I felt bereft of the wisdom to manage it all effectively yet.

Becoming the real facilitator of this new world order told to me so many years ago was more than anyone could handle, least of all me at this time. I couldn't even string this serendipitous non-linear series of events in my life together, how could I possibly execute some plan beyond my reckoning?

How could I possibly integrate all these experiences into some coherent and practical methodology of change that really made sense to me *and* that others could engage as well?

Even if I could, how could I avoid the pitfalls of so many before me that fell into the human traps of paradox and separation?

How does one stay clear of entrapment by the messenger's ego vying for attention instead of the delivery of the message that was so important?

I felt so empty at times.

I often observed the seeming self-aggrandizing behavior of the message carrier and the desire to remain free of attention that so often causes cult-like behavior and temptations of the ego. Evolving social architecture thrives on change, on

transformation of the little self in service to the greater good.

How does one truly manage such a living awareness and find the balance and harmony in living?

Are there answers in the old ways? I don't mean the old rituals or way of life. What I mean is the old ways of BEing. Like the Grandmother who did not question the reality of the music.

She actually heard the music and because she acknowledged it her life was imbued with a certain sense of mystery that allowed her to continually seek the sensation of being connected to Great Spirit. I am humbled by such devotion and service.

I find that in the modern world, we so often deny or ignore such things. We don't have time for 'distractions' from whatever job or service. I understand the nature of the working world, the fast-paced dollar-driven model that holds us captive... willingly for the most part.

In my quiet contemplations there is a sense that humans can return to the old ways, but it will come through a new living awareness. I don't see the world changing much physically. Humans are changing consciously as environmental challenges continue to offer a subtle ubiquitous fear. Our collective enemy is us, those with dominion over the air, earth and water poorly managed as it is now.

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We continued our journey the next day, up through Albuquerque where we stopped to visit a woman who was raised around Los Alamos. Her father was a scientist there and she was also part of a 'gifted' program for sensitive children. That sensitivity continued on into her adult life and made it easy for her to interact with multi-dimensional beings.

There have been a number of folks I've met that were sons or daughters of scientists from various government programs. Some have claimed to be hybrids from experiments done in the late 40s and early 50s, a result of sharing science and DNA with extraterrestrial races. My skeptical side says, "No way." However, after meeting Tom and seeing things I've seen in no other human I have to error on the side of possibility, and remaining open.

We tend to shut the door on possibility because of our inability to cope with things beyond our comprehension or at least beyond our experience. I completely denied my own experience for years, even though growing up I thought it was normal. I got caught up in the fervor of the outer life, striving for safety and security for my family and thinking I was supposed to be that way.

Sure, there is a need for earnings; work and support for the local grocery and utilities. Finding some exchange rate, community supported, is tantamount to survival in our daily lives. In the current conversation, the skill levels of the scientists made them attractive to agendas not shared publicly.

Those agendas, however, were part of our government's operations based on the world-view at that time, steeped in seeing an enemy behind the curtain instead of a wizard.

We had a fantastic dinner and great conversation about the state of affairs within the new age and metaphysical communities regarding their naivety and spiritual bigotry; mirroring the organized religions as well. We agreed that this, too, would change dramatically in our lifetime. If you are reading this now, it's happening for you.

We left the next morning right after breakfast and went on to Taos. Unfortunately, we weren't able to connect with the couple we went to see, but we did manage to take in some absolutely gorgeous scenery as we hiked around the area.

To grasp Zen you must experience it. If you have not experienced it, do not pretend to know. You should withdraw inwardly and search for the ground upon which you stand. Thereby you will find out what Truth is.

Master Yun-men

Heart of the Hearts

In the fall of 2002 I was asked to speak at a couple of events, the Heart of the Heart Conferences. One was in Scottsdale and the other was in the Village of Oak Creek just outside Sedona. The gals from the Gathering of Souls were at the VOC event and we enjoyed each other's company as though nothing had happened, but there was no mention of working together again. It was good to see them, though.

I gave a presentation on Unveiling Yourself that included some of my early story along with various tidbits of cosmic humor and witticisms. I like using metaphors and especially when they can be incorporated into the unveiling; wearing a three-piece suit that I gradually took off.

During our time of growing into maturity, we experience events that could easily cause us to build up a number of layers of protection. We keep those layers in place to keep us safe, often afraid of being vulnerable to another. The alarming divorce rate is just one example of how those layers are either built up or get in the way.

For someone with experiences or sensitivities, rejection can really do some damage.

I used each piece of the suit as a metaphor; removing the coat of armor, divesting oneself, untying the knots, giving the shirt off one's back, etc. When I got to talking off the pants in the family, a woman in the front row offered her skirt.

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Now as shocking as that might be, we weren't in a nudist gathering. She had on some kind of stretchy leggings underneath the gauze skirt. Without breaking continuity, I took the skirt (which happened to match the shirt I had on underneath my previous one) and slipped it on.

As I reached into the left pocket I felt what I thought were some mints. When I pulled them out, they were almonds, so my immediate response (making sure I held my hand out to the audience) was, "Hmmm, gives new meaning to having your nuts in your hand, eh?" The whole room burst out laughing; timing and thinking on your feet is priceless in those moments.

I love the spontaneity the stage provides, having overcome a huge hurdle in my ability to speak openly of my own transformation. Thinking back to coming out of the hospital as a teenager and literally shaking on the inside so bad that my body actually trembled, to now being able to stand up confidently, and in many cases just wing it, was a huge growth process that I feel very humble about making.

I know there are many who cannot speak to their close friends, let alone family or groups about the experiences or impressions or visions they have on a consistent, although not constant, basis. I grew up just wanting to be liked but my experience, intelligence and vocabulary often intimidated others. It still does today, although I play better.

I cannot control what others think. I can use my ability to communicate effectively, though, making sure I read the audience, whether one or many, and present the same point in a variety of ways. I'm thankful to have had great mentors in education and spiritual studies that often did the same for me.

The evening after my presentation I had a great conversation with Jim Gilliland from ECETI Ranch. We talked for a couple of hours about our various experiences and the understanding we had garnered from them. It seemed like we were completely aligned in the understanding of the ET 'intent' to be one of helpfulness, guiding humanity toward harmony among people and planet.

Then another gentleman sat down with us and we could feel the energy shift, even noting it in conversation. The man seemed to be obsessed with conspiratorial belief systems. He was also a speaker at the conference. Jim and I couldn't figure that one out, but as we spoke with him it was obvious his heart was closed and his mental perturbations were running his life, complete with several books he had written to date. None of them based on experience.

He was definitely 'vested' in his work. He had done copious amounts of research. At one point both Jim and I spoke very pointedly to him about his energy and that our experience, not beliefs, was completely contrary to his apparently. We invited him to try on a different point of view that began with oneness.

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He was trapped in a prison he had created from his research and trust in other's information, with no direct experience of his own to speak of at the time. I had to walk away shaking my head on that one, but I am sympathetic to people that experience exactly what they claim about others... brainwashed. Is there any mental floss in the house? There seems to be some particles stuck in the synapses.

Jill and I returned to Phoenix the next day. A few months later I spoke in Scottsdale at another Heart of the Hearts conference, sharing the same material to a completely different crowd. It didn't feel as spontaneous with them, though. I saw a lot of empty eyes in the room, which I thought was odd.

You know how sometimes you can literally see the light in someone else's eyes. Not much there in this group, however, but there was something more for me. One of the other speakers was from China. He had smuggled 13 small crystal skulls and several stone 'tablets' out of the country. They had been discovered on the north side of the Himalayas and supposedly had been made by what was known as the Dropa people amongst the ufology crowd .

These were small extraterrestrials that had created a civilization after crash landing thousands of years ago. The stones were round, thick in the center and tapering to the edge with a square hole in the center. They were covered with markings, like hieroglyphics, that had not been deciphered yet.

As part of his presentation he spread twelve of the 13 skulls, which were about the size of a one year old baby, in a circle around a lamb skin rug. He invited folks to lie on the rug and hold the 13th skull on their chest and meditate with them for a moment. When I lay down I put the skull on my heart and a Dropa stone on my solar plexus.

Within seconds after closing my eyes I saw what appeared to be a rainbow grid that formed from the opposing skulls. That is all I remembered. As soon as the grid formed – poof - I was gone. I went somewhere else for about five minutes, according to Jill, and I had no idea where I went.

When I came back and opened my eyes I felt like I had transcended multiple dimensions and returned with a deep awareness of the people who made the skulls. I felt connected to much more than the moment I had laid down.

It was quite a while before I even felt like talking, similar to the sensation I had after channeling Jesus at Woods Canyon Lake so many years ago. As non-linear experiences go, the memory in the moment is temporarily blocked, but the data is certainly retained and released over time so the waking consciousness can assimilate the information.

Over the next few weeks I had numerous dreams of engaging this civilization, both on Earth and elsewhere. Although I was not able to determine where 'elsewhere' was, it had a familiar feel and sense of belonging that seemed more like family. I

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have to admit, my sense of family is expanded, since I never really had any direct bloodline relationships growing up, at least that I was aware of anyway.

The environments in both places felt rather serene, even though there was quite a lot of activity in and around the communities I was able to witness. Occasionally, I had that familiar participant/observer sensation as I moved about and interacted with the folks there. In this instance, they all appeared human-like but had extraordinary abilities of communication and travel, telepathy and teleportation to be specific.

It seemed that no sooner did a thought evolve than it was instantly responded to either by the environment or by a quick trip in the blink of an eye to another location. As I continued to flip back and forth from participant to observer I was able to sense the subtle levels of energy that had both sensation and sound.

At one time when I was contemplating the experience, in waking consciousness, my memory of the experience of teleportation in Prescott was evoked and I could hear and sense the same subtleness in that moment. Although I knew I'd tapped into this 'field' temporarily, I really wasn't concerned with the replication of it as much as I was just BEing with the sensation and understanding that it is possible to call it up again.

I could really see no purpose in its use at this time because of the state of consciousness still prevalent in humanity's thoughtmosphere. It would do more harm than good, to show up out of nowhere to introduce myself and the message I have to deliver.

However, it did make the experience of being in front of President Bush just after 9-11 much more relevant and understandable. I know there is a part of me that functions on levels I still don't understand, but that doesn't negate the fact that we are witness to it when I'm called to duty.

Speaking of being called to duty, I had another experience with President Bush during the Venus Transit of 2004. I had been in ceremony with some friends, including a sweat, early in the evening. My vibratory rate was extremely high at the time and I could feel the energy flowing in, around and through my body and consciousness effortlessly.

I was prone; on my back in bed with Jill next to me sound asleep. She is prone to bleed-overs, too. I wish she had seen this one, though. I was out traveling in the stars, swirling around this interesting looking feminine serpent that had the look of one of our classmates in the transformational life coaching program we were in at the time.

It felt like we intertwined and united as one for a moment and instantly I was in front of President Bush again, looking directly into his eyes. I said to him, "There is no reason to be afraid. We are on the same side." Another part of me questioned why the

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heck I would say that, and then the realization of oneness became present; the acceptance was automatic and I felt complete.

As I returned to the awareness of my body, still looking into another dimension, I felt this overwhelming sensation. It felt like a tremendously powerful focus of energy bearing down on me and I instantly thought of the remote viewers and psychic assassins that I'd heard were in use by the government. I could almost see faces.

So, rather than resist them I just opened up and invited them to come in and take a look. The instant I did, the sensation vanished and I felt completely at peace, still wondering if what I had just done and observed was real at all.

Back in bed, I reflected on the awareness of being able to perform these cosmic tasks that seemed to come up from time to time. I never knew how or when but the continual, albeit inconsistent, events sure add some spice to my life. The result is a natural inclination toward allowing and trusting the process with my life. After all, I did give it up to know truth. So truth *is* often stranger than fiction.

Purveyors of the Federation

Jill and I met a dynamic woman who owned a metaphysical bookstore in Chandler during the development of the Mission: Earth Dance events. Once I settled in with Jill, we frequented the store and even began a discussion group there in late 2003. Occasionally folks traveling through the area would come and speak. One such event caused a kink in my awareness and consciousness for years.

The individual was purportedly a representative of the Galactic Federation, had written several books and channeled various updates from time to time. His information was shared through a website and email list of thousands, but there was something that felt contrived about him to me. I had the opportunity to have a private conversation with him just before his presentation.

I wanted to respect his preparation time, as I knew from speaking myself that some time is needed to properly prepare and center oneself before speaking. We had a small gathering and plenty of time, so he agreed to have a sidebar before his talk. I thanked him for his time and began a casual conversation to create some rapport.

I know how to make people comfortable and facilitate an open conversation free of contention. We commiserated about the challenges of being a contactee and having connections and conversations

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outside the realms of most people's experiences. I became aware that we had little direct eye contact and as I became more aware of the lack of it, my mind began to question why.

Eye to eye contact is a big thing for me. When I'm speaking to someone, especially at this level, I open up and allow my full attention and awareness to become present. As much as I try to eliminate expectations, I have them regarding reciprocal participation in conversation.

I've been told that my gaze can be quite intimidating and I know from experience if someone is not clear; authentic, honest and open, they tend to see me as an invader. Over the years I came to realize what the expression 'eyes of fire' truly meant. When you have nothing to hide and you know that Source flows through you, it tends to burn right through the bullshit that others tend to carry. At least that is my experience.

I don't intend to be invasive, although I have to admit that it could seem like we are. At any rate, in noticing there was little eye contact even when I purposely lowered my head to look into his eyes it made me wonder. He stared at my chest mostly and as much as I tried not to, it felt like he was avoiding my gaze on purpose, possibly because he did not want me to 'see' something he was trying to hide.

I have to say I did not specifically ask him why, so at best I'm speculating as to the reason. However, it led me to believe there was something out of integrity within him that he did not want me to see. Now I don't just take people for their word because they are speaking about something I don't have much knowledge about, especially when I've had my own experience with the Galactic Federation in a variety of ways to date.

Frankly, I just didn't trust him. He had advanced degrees in group dynamics and communication, so I know he was aware of communication protocols, like looking into someone's eyes when you are talking with them. In my world, not doing so is considered inconsiderate and downright rude. But hey, I have high expectations of my own behavior and so expectations of others as well.

We closed our conversation for the moment, but I just couldn't shake my impression and wondered how that was going to affect his presentation to the small group that had gathered to hear him channel. It didn't take long for the group to sense something as well and challenge his authenticity.

I have to say this wasn't your normal cross-section of cosmic groupies who don't have their own experience from which to filter others. They were quite well experienced with their own connections, most of them aware of mine as well. I don't believe the visitor was aware, but maybe somehow he was.

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I kept quiet during the evening, a rare occurrence for me, and just observed the interactions instead. The conversations, both during the channeling and afterward, were rather tense and it seemed like he felt he was under the microscope much more than normal, and it made him quite visibly uncomfortable as the evening progressed.

Of course to the casual observer not trained in reading body language or sensitive to energy might not have picked up the subtle signs that revealed his discomfort, but it was obvious to most of us.

Afterward we had a small debriefing with the group of folks I knew and they all felt the same, like there was something missing and his energy felt contrived instead of flowing, like when really in tune with the 'channeled' source.

So over the years I've ran into channelings and galactic updates this one puts out and they got increasingly more contrived and redundant, sharing the same information, crafted a bit differently, over and over. I've never known the Federation to have any agenda with earth-based groups and especially not with what many call the 'cabals' who supposedly are running some kind of behind the scenes conspiracy to take over the world.

Now that isn't to say that the 'cabal' doesn't exist. I know there are many unscrupulous behaviors within the Military Industrial Complex and Corporatocracy.

However, the Federation does not make any claims toward assisting the removal of these humans.

In fact, rather, the Federation does everything it can to empower those humans who are conscious to be fearless in their approach to changing the world scene toward a more harmonious environment, respectful of all life and even mirror the indigenous belief that all things are related as one family on earth and in the cosmos.

Over the years it has come to my attention that there are many who, well-intentioned, confuse their own mishegas and confabulations with the truth. Many humans claim to channel information from the Federation, including their own interpretations of the plethora of passages in books and on the web now. I appreciate their intention to help others in the quagmire of conscious conundrums in the world.

However, when simple encouragement of staying the course of their own transformation or aligning their consciousness for some cosmic event or promoting faith in the Federation's behind the scenes activities to remove the evil in the world, I have to recognize that it just doesn't fit with the activity I've been part of so far. Granted, it might help some, but it does more to soften the vigilance necessary to truly live the precepts of oneness.

Too many believe that either they want to return home to avoid the chaos here or they abdicate their

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own responsibility to act in full integrity. Many seem to have their own agenda that promotes further polarization, duality in the extreme, rather than living in the place of oneness they all profess is there. I believe the term for that condition is called cognitive dissonance - discomfort caused by holding conflicting cognitions simultaneously.

You might take issue with what I've stated, and please do. I would ask you to become more aware of your own internal sensations when entertaining such information exchanges, channelings or otherwise. That alone will give you the direct experience of honing your discernment.

Honestly, if you every hear someone say they are a spokesperson for the Galactic Federation they most probably are not. I will not say it is impossible, but the likelihood of their 'sanctioned' duty as such is probably a figment of their imagination or an effort to gain some kind of notoriety or popularity for profit. Money is the last thing on my mind.

As close as we are to the administration for this area, I would never claim to be a spokesperson. Having been in direct communication over the years, there has never been need for another outside source to communicate a thing. If one understands that there is no need for external communication because the internal 'spirit circuits' are quite redundant in their systems approach, then

it is quite easy to discern what one needs to know.

I know that may sound contrary to the accepted notion that channelers or mediums have a better connection. I would offer that some do. Instead of receiving new information, though, they only confirm what one already knows as truth or it would not be available in the thoughtmosphere for some external source to relay the information.

We tend to not pay attention to the subtle communications that occur in the finer vibratory realms. It is easy to second-guess ourselves if we do not have a history of experience or exposure to such types of communication. In that event, there are those who can indeed assist one to develop their communication and especially listening, skills.

So many people look outside for the answers that are within and continue to follow those who pretend to know the answers.

The fairest thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion which stands at the cradle of true art and true science.

Albert Einstein

The Screenplay

After several years of developing our relationship, Jill and I were talking one day about taking our experience to the screen. Writing a screenplay is an arduous and daunting task because of the many parameters and requirements expected by the industry alone. A normal screenplay is about 120 pages and is designed to 'play' one minute per page, so the end product is approximately two hours long.

We began mapping out the plot with the idea that an elder man is telling the story of how a new world order evolved to a small group of teenagers sitting around a campfire. They are counselors/mentors for a new type of school, much like Spectrum Academy. The school has been in existence for over a decade and the teenagers are too young to be aware of the changes that took place in the global village.

The story launches with the youth questioning the elder man about the experience of being alive during the changes, unaware of who the elder is – one of the pioneers of the change who remained anonymous during the whole process yet had a lead role in it. He is quite humble and appears rather like a wizard, with well-groomed long white hair and short beard to match, still in excellent shape in spite of his advance years. No one really knows how old he is, but rumor has it that he is well over 100.

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He begins by telling a story of this child that is orphaned and adopted by faithful and true parents who raised him as their own until his consciousness began to evolve beyond their understanding. His life was full of trials and tribulations as a young boy and even as a maturing adult because he was part of a much larger family than just here on Earth.

We came up with the idea of showing a POV (point of view) from Source as the soul journeys down the wormhole and exits into a brightly lit delivery room. Then this one observes as others like him are brought in and leave, over and over, as he watches. It gives the audience the perception of one left alone, abandoned and waiting for someone to take him, too, but it doesn't happen. This sets up a life of feeling like he has come to share, but is rejected over and over without cause.

He shares some of the emotional trauma in great detail, outlining the contrasting human consciousness that this one had to understand before being able to fulfill his purpose. He goes into great detail regarding the youth's initiations into the cosmic order which he belonged, culminating in the only question that could lead him further, "What is truth?" The youth gave his life, literally, to find out.

As the young crowd inquires about the answer to the question, he tells the story of this one's self-sacrifice and his willingness to give up all that he knew and had in order to know the truth. Because of

commitment he felt deep within his being, he was taken into what they call the 'light' and beyond. He was told that he was to work with many others, whom he only saw as points of light, in order to facilitate a new world order.

Their questions continued, aware of the conflicts with the term 'new world order' and the knowledge that there was a conflict in the hearts and minds of those in leadership positions on the planet regarding perceptions of how various factions were essentially at war with one another, even though they apparently wanted the same thing – harmony among people and planet.

So the elder explains the myriad of mindsets and the evolution of cognitive dissonance within the human population, before any assistance was offered from their ancestors. It began with revisiting the indigenous cultures; their stories and wisdom.

It took many years for humanity to return to the natural wisdom contained within the understanding of Earth's and nature's cycles, patterns and rhythms. They did return, though.

The elder went on to explain the rapid growth of people around the world seeking advancement in consciousness. The rise in those seeking another way of being in the world exponentiated over the course of decades, especially for one who had been delivered to the planet as a child to assist this

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development from the inner planes initially until it was time for him to become public.

In spite of this one's reticence, he grew through his trepidations, trials and tribulations until one day his awareness and willingness to go public became a wave of acceptance among humanity. It was not without its cost, though. He had been put through nearly every test imaginable by humans who had no understanding of the inner worlds, let alone an evolving consciousness of their own divine nature.

Over time, his wisdom was recognized as something beyond this world's patterns of programming through cultural, religious and societal methods of dominance and submission to the will of a consumerist corporatocracy that had infested the planet and people. This programming had caused near destruction of the planet and people from the pollution of minds, air, land and water.

His work included reaching out to others through various means; physical and non-physical. He spent years attending events of various groups and industries learning their language and philosophies so that he could speak to them in their language. Even with advancing consciousness, there was a deep internal cognitive dissonance within the population that needed massaging and release.

This effort took many years and, once the momentum of acceptance had been garnered, there

was an evo-leap in activity amongst the people who understood the need for collaboration and participation in the creation of a better world. This movement began as an uprising among humanity, pouring out into the streets across the globe as people took back their own power and demanded better living conditions, social responsibility and the use of all technology with foresight and wisdom.

Change was slow initially as the existing systems were so resistant to change, but the tenacity of the people who rose to places of authority and leadership served to create a wave of change that was simply unstoppable. This need for change grew in the hearts and minds of the entire population of the planet to the point where no one was immune from its effects.

Business as usual took on a whole new perspective when the focus on profits shifted to a focus on providing food, clothing, shelter, tools, fuel, amusement and love.

The change of focus created an explosion of new developments across every industry, moving the masses to create new ways of living in harmony with natural order; something that the old systems had denied even existed on the pretense of human capability to dominate their environment at any cost. The process of 'greening' business development became an all-out concerted effort of

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nations rising to work together as a true global village. Green is good.

During this time the once orphaned man continued to expand his global family of starseeds who were becoming aware they were indeed consciousness condensed into form with other bodies residing on planes of consciousness only separated by the frequency of their vibrations. This awareness was intended to grow within humanity from their inception as each planetary civilization goes through this process in order to join the ranks of the universal order and Galactic Federation.

Only when sufficient progress was made toward actively engaging each other as nations and peoples did the ancestors finally make their appearance physically. They had been in the background for millennia, watching the development of the civilization, seeding the consciousness through various individuals who incarnated by volition in order to provide the next layers of understanding the universal order. Each was able to plant the seeds of growth regardless of how their instruction was manipulated by those who were able to do so.

There were no set boundaries in place for those who sought the deeper truths of life and found their way into the inner planes of consciousness. However, there was confusion generated by their descriptions of what they found inside. Without the true understanding, their descriptions of some of the

beings they encountered gave rise to the notion of good and evil beyond the conditions on the surface of the planet.

This was an unfortunate, yet understandable, natural evolutionary process of a civilization that was unaware initially and had to grow up through addressing their misunderstanding and the superstitions that developed because of it.

This one was instrumental in presenting this next-level awareness and experience to the masses through his diligent and vigilant efforts to stand and deliver messages that confronted all the false belief systems. He weathered the storms on the ocean of emotion that all humans sailed in their relationships with each other, friend and enemy alike, as well as whatever their concept of 'God' had been. The elder explained that many were called to do so, but few rose to the occasion initially.

The elder spoke of so many situations that called for complete fearless trust in the action this one was called to perform. The group shows obvious signs of painful realizations and wonder if they would be able to do the same if called upon.

The elder notices this and explains that the only way this one was able to perform as expected was because of the experience he had as a teenager, including the admonition to simply trust and allow. All things would appear in their own time, which is

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how he knew to ask what his next steps must be and to execute them.

As a result of his actions, internally and externally, there were many new developments that spread a new living awareness through the cultural, religious and societal systems that had emerged and needed a boost in their evolutionary process. The movement went from individuals in the streets to local, state, national and global leadership as this new awareness was irresistible to the inner nature of humankind that was emerging as a transformation into a new world order, just as the young man had been told would happen in his lifetime.

They discuss all the advances that have been made just in their lifetimes and the freedom of experience and exploration into consciousness that launched several new fields of study. The elder reminds them of the mathematical and scientific principles that had been uprooted with the discovery of non-linear experience and interaction with multidimensional beings able to move across the layers of frequencies. They are generally accompanied by the sound of condensation, from the very faint and high-pitched nearly inaudible to the low rich and often quaking sensation as they came into the three dimensional framework.

Then the elder turns to the group and asks them what *they* know of the transformation from what they have learned in their studies to date, probing

with deeper questions as they relate their understanding. He listens intently to each one of them and with the questions he asks, each one of them begins to get a glimmer in their eye as they realize the elder who has been telling them the story is the one in the story.

They ask him why he remains so sequestered and silent outside the public view. He replies that his work is done and that now he can enjoy life without the pressures of public service.

Then he tells about his rise to 'fame' through his books and effective use of the internet and social media, back when it was in its infancy. The ability to self-publish had just become available and with print-on-demand services it allowed him to publish when no publishing companies were ready to take a chance on such non-fiction.

It was hard enough for guys like James Redfield to get *Celestine Prophecy* published. He also wanted to be an example to others who had gifts to share with the growing market of those seeking to know the real truth of the development of a planetary consciousness evolving into its rightful place in universe affairs.

It took a few years, well, at least a decade or so to garner the attention of those who were really serious. At the time, most folks were still enmeshed in the physical phenomena, listening to experiences

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and believing that there were bad aliens. Getting through that mayhem took some real doing, yet over time there was a metanoia of the masses. A change of mind occurred when heart-centered contactees began to speak out about their experiences and the notion that humans were stuck in duality still.

People have a way of letting fame and fortune take control and losing their humanity in the process. Many leaders in the consciousness movement fell prey to the fetters of the subtle ego and when people that were closest to them relied on their income, few were bold enough to speak up and call attention to the cognitive dissonance being displayed in their behavior. He asks the group to think about how their parents had challenges in their jobs and relationships when they were younger, since the changes were still being implemented around the globe.

He acknowledges that in spite of the challenges to change, the Work had been successful and being able to have the conversation they were having as the ultimate example of the shift and transformation of humanity. He had them take a moment and look around at their surroundings.

Spectrum Academy was the ultimate environment as a model village, having taken nearly a decade to complete. It was a showcase for leading the way in demonstrating how people and planet can live in

harmony, utilizing amazing technologies that had been just waiting for the opportunity to be developed and displayed.

From this, he explained to them, there would be the concrete data that the world needed, satisfying the needs of the corporatocracy that had been so reticent to step out of their profit-driven models and the destructive patterns of top-down management.

Here the people worked together through the natural leadership process of the peer community model. Leadership was a shared responsibility, a facilitation of execution through developing relationships of honor and trust with understanding.

Now that this was done, he was able to step back and work within the environment, continuing to be what he enjoyed most – a possibilities coagulator.

Collaborating on this project allowed Jill and I to discuss many things en route. She garnered a better understanding of my travails and it brought us closer in our relationship. As alone as I tend to feel amidst the trials and tribulations, I felt much better in getting the story on paper or at least in a file.

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

D.T. Suzuki

On the Road Again...

The next few years were rather quiet on the metaphysical front, but full of activity for me on the ground. I had begun facilitating partnering workshops for road and bridge construction projects, which was a complete 180 from education and spiritual pursuits. However it did allow some cross-over with my degrees and transformational life coaching training.

Working with hard-nosed detail-oriented construction personnel, engineers and the like, gives me the chance to practice translating concepts from organizational development and coaching. I've had as many as 80 folks in a room, leading them through the process of getting on the same page. In one sense it is literal because they all sign the Partnering Charter that has their mission statement plus the goals and objectives for their project.

Work was pretty steady for a while and then there was a lull, which got filled fairly quickly. I received a phone call from Ham, a friend who was working as a vendor for Live Nation on a children's theater tour.

We'd worked together selling merchandise for concerts and sporting events for several years prior, starting with the AZ Cardinals in 2000 and worked at various concert venues in Phoenix. My last event with FMI was supervising a stand on the fourth level of the University of Phoenix Stadium at the 2008 Super Bowl. We sold nearly \$76,000 from our stand

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alone and I made several trips to the accounting room with a backpack full of cash, escorted by an armed guard. What an experience!

But I digress... back to the phone call the year prior. There was another tour starting in a few weeks and Ham wanted to know if I was available and willing to go on the road for a while, probably 6 months at least. I'd always wanted to go on the road, thinking I'd do it earlier in life playing in a band, but that never happened. I was between jobs and jumped at the chance, although I wasn't sure how Jill would feel about my time away.

As it was, we'd been having some relationship challenges; onset of menopause for her and inconsistent work for me. Love is grand, but the bills aren't paid with good feelings. I'd had bouts of depression that were debilitating to say the least. It's hard to be romantic when you feel emaciated as a male. Some days I wasn't sure who she was, either, as the onset of menopause can cause a pause in sanity. Time away along with regular work would help us both.

Ham and I also played golf whenever we could and although he was 6'4" (I'm only 5'8") we competed for longest drives and low score always. We are pretty evenly matched and even though we'd only play once or twice a month, we'd still be in the low 80s. For you non-golfers that is pretty decent.

Jill and I talked it over and she was excited for me, although she knew there would be weeks or months

away and we'd been together nearly every day for years by then. We both thought it would be great experience (in addition to the income) for me.

Now, here's the surprise I'm sure you've been waiting for... the show's name. Well, it was *Barbie Live in Fairytopia*. I never played with dolls as a kid, but here was the opportunity to play with Barbie, live and in person. Not really, but I thought it might bring a smile to you about now.

Well, our merchandise crew was much older than the cast and crew. We were old enough to be their fathers. Live Nation wanted the front of house folks to be more mature because we were interacting with many generations, from little ones to grandmothers. Ham's children were still quite young, even though he was only 5 years younger, but mine were the same age range.

We had the advantage of traveling separately in a rented mini-van, so we took our clubs along and got to play courses all over the country in between play dates. We toured from April until August, starting in North Carolina and closing at the Kodak Theater in Hollywood. The show wasn't producing the ticket sales Live Nation and Mattel had hoped, so it was cut short. November was our original scheduled close, so we headed home.

We had another opportunity right afterward, but the third member of our team wasn't working out. I asked Ham to hire my son. I had many reasons for it and Ham already knew some of our history, or the

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lack of it rather. He was five when we divorced and I had been absent from his life since they moved to Indiana a few months afterward.

To say he had a chip on his shoulder engages understatement and Ham knew it, but he hired him anyway as a favor to me. I knew he didn't have a great work history at the time, he was 24, and I had longed to have some quality time. We were scheduled for 3 and a half months with *Scooby Doo Live in Stage Fright*. I thought that would give us time to work through issues and become closer. I was in for a challenge, and quite worth the wait.

The traveling was tenuous at first, not knowing what to say or how to broach subjects I knew we needed to challenge. Hours in a van together with Ham made it a bit easier. Ham had two young boys, 9 and 11, at the time so he could relate as a father.

My son could also engage him in adult conversation, mostly guy stuff, and chide him on the golf course, too. He's learned to play, with encouragement from my father, as he was growing up and was a fair player as well, although he never quite managed to beat the old guy.

While we were getting comfortable, I was able to talk with him about some of the experiences he'd had as a teenager. One such was on a summer night when they (mom and sisters) were living at an RV/Campground a few miles outside of town where I grew up, called Hoosierland.

He was awakened in his tent (he liked to sleep outside instead of in their trailer) in the wee hours of the morning by a high-pitched sound that seemed to descend around him, in pitch and proximity. It scared him so that he did not want to find out what it was or be engaged by it in any way.

The fact that he said he didn't want to be engaged by it let me know he knew it was more than some sound in the night. He knew it was a ship of some kind, but the realization of it was too much in the moment, especially being completely alone.

I could tell he was still a bit freaked out about it, but he also sounded a bit regretful that he passed it up. I told him that it might happen again someday and to just relax, there was really nothing to fear.

I understood his fear and the experience. I shared a similar event I'd experienced when his mother and I were camping on the banks of the Wabash River in southern Illinois some 20+ years prior. I had the same thing happen to me only I was sitting on top of the levee a hundred feet or so away from our tent, by myself. I was a bit fearful because I felt protective and responsible for someone else.

It was over a month before the subject of my absence in his life hit a crescendo. He was being particularly obstinate one day. I think it was in Miami at the Jackie Gleason Theater. I was hoping he'd open up to me at some point. Trying to pry it out of him I knew was going to be worthless, so I

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had to just listen and bare it, however hurtful or painful the words were to be. So I listened.

He thought I had abandoned him and his sisters, but he particularly felt slighted because he never talked to me on the phone, got letters or gifts for his birthday or Christmas, except when I delivered them personally which was every other year at best. I knew that he wasn't getting my cards and letters or gifts, but not until years after the start.

My father asked him about a specific gift he knew I'd sent and my son told him he never got it. Only one person could have been responsible for that, so I started sending things through him after that, even though he was a teenager by then.

I listened as he unleashed his anger and frustration at me. It was hard to do, but I kept my mouth shut for the duration. I'd learned to let people vent; countering only exacerbated the situation. When he was through I asked him if he would like to hear my side of the story. He said he didn't want to talk about it anymore and I said 'good, because you just needed to listen.'

I explained how I'd called, sent cards, gifts and letters but he never got any of them. When he was young I made special arrangements with his mother when I was going to be in town only to have her take off with him when I arrived. She took him fishing (one of his favorite activities) or went to visit her father in Fort Wayne. He remembered the trips.

The girls were not an issue and I spent time with them without a problem, but when it came to him there was an issue. I didn't expect him to release the anger or find fault with his mother. She was his mother. No matter what I knew or thought, it would not change his allegiance. I had to let it go.

All I could hope for was that after spending time together with no interference, and I got over trying to be a father to an adult, we might actually find some bonding time. By the end of the tour we had mended many fences and I enjoyed hearing him share some pretty deep stuff that let me know there was life on the inside. I prayed he would keep growing and reach out to me when he needed.

After all, just a few days after his birth we had a bonding moment few ever have in this life. I was meditating in bed with him in his crib just beyond the foot of our bed. I was particularly far out, so much that it felt like layers as I transcended planes, even before learning about the multi-plane awareness process. As I reentered, I 'saw' a shaft of light come in through my crown and exit my feet, going directly toward his body. At that instant I heard his body jerk in the crib.

I'm not sure what that actually was; suffice it to say that it was our special connection that transcended our physical forms. A few years later I understood, at least partially, why that might have happened.

During a past life regression he accompanied me into a valley, with many others, where we built a

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series of flat-topped pyramids and an extensive community. According to the time-line it was about 26,000 years ago, so we have some history together. I wonder how that will play out.

The real joy came a couple of months after the tour was over. He was living in California with his future wife. He called one day, obviously inebriated, and opened up to me even more. He said he used to hate me, but that after getting to know me, for me, he could honestly say he was proud to be my son. I shed a few tears from that conversation, knowing that we had moved beyond the barriers.

We have had a few more hoops since then, but he is growing as a father and husband. His challenges are great as his feelings run deep yet his ability to articulate them is only just beginning. Like my daughters, I can only pray that he finds value in himself and breaks the cycle of self-sabotage that has been so prevalent in his mother's family.

I had a couple of months to work on projects around the house and get used to the new color theme. Jill decided to paint our kitchen and great room while I was on the road. I really loved the old motif. The rooms are open and each wall was a different color, almost as bright as what you might expect in a brightly colored Mexican style.

Periwinkle, salmon, orange with a bit of yellow sponge work that looked like a sunrise and another yellow with three larger than life colorful African dancers that a teenager had drawn and painted that

were absolute gorgeous. There were no faces, though, so we found some Mardi Gras masks to hang instead. The masks gave the dancers and interesting 3D look to say the least.

I love getting calls that take me into uncharted territory. This next one was from another friend who had taken on the road manager/promoter slot for the old New Christy Minstrels. He needed help with merchandise and stage management for a tour he'd arranged for them. It was short and right after that was another possible tour for Glenn Yarbrough. The latter was a few months out at best.

So a few weeks later I was on the road with some of the legends of folk music; Randy Sparks, Clarence Treat, Art Podell, Barry McGuire, Jackie Davidson and a few others to round out the sound. It wasn't a big tour, only a few locations around northern California, kind of a test to see if everyone could work together.

As things would have it, Bob put a substantial amount of money and time into the possibility only to have it fall apart when it came to recouping his investment. Seems love and money were still distant cousins and they didn't get along. I was fortunate to get to know one of my childhood idols, Barry. *Eve of Destruction* was an early peace activism song that still holds a profound message for today. A new version is on YouTube as well.

One of the other details on the tour was recording voice tracks for their new Christmas album that Bob

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was producing. We spent nearly a week at a gorgeous house in northern Sacramento. I got the opportunity to have some deep conversations with Barry on the back deck of the house in the evenings. I was blessed by his friendship.

Turns out he'd had a few experiences that gave him some insight beyond the norm and had only been able to share them with a few people over his 50+ years in the business. What he shared was his understanding of how we are all connected to a greater intelligence, call it God if you will, and he felt a particular allegiance with Jesus.

He became a preacher in his later years, not because he wanted to 'save' people like the 'born-again' folks seem to think is necessary. He just felt like Jesus was the best example of *how* to live and had his own story to tell. The gift for me was being able to share my own story and feeling heard.

Barry genuinely felt connected like an elder brother and his comments and questions helped me to further articulate some deep feelings I hadn't been able to find the words for yet. He also shared some advice from years in the business and on the road; stay authentic and honest, no matter what. The words are sometimes strained, but the act of sharing heart-felt feelings always opens the door to deeper connections with others.

A few months after returning to Phoenix, Bob called from Portland, now on tour with Glenn Yarbrough. His first word when I answered the phone was,

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'Help!' I laughed and asked him how soon he needed me there. We'd had a preliminary conversation about his concerns just before he left.

I flew out the next day and met up with them at their hotel in Salem. Some shenanigans were taking place and he needed some help managing the show. He managed the tour and the live sound, so he was unavailable to work the venue and deal with what seemed to be consistent issues.

I don't feel it necessary to share exactly what, but I had my hands full to say the least. We had 16 dates in total and the show folded for lack of ticket sales after the 12th, as far away from Phoenix as we were going to be at the downtown theater in Spokane.

Bob was a cosmic thinker, too, and we had some brilliant conversations along the way. One such was while we were approaching the coast of Washington, driving along the Columbia River. We had a similar idea in creating a venue that would serve multiple purposes including supporting local music, featuring metaphysical speakers/workshops, spiritual business practices, healthy food café and a selection of books, CDs, DVDs, and products.

We'd been visioning the environment when I popped up with what I thought was a perfect name, Mothership Café. It just sounded so right! It would be a place where people could come and find food for their body, mind, spirit and soul... a new cosmic cuisine full of tasty tidbits.

Think the non-thought.

Dogen

Whoever knows himself knows God.

Muhammed

Mothership Café

Once we got back I got busy securing the domain name and began crafting the website. I wanted to include as much relevant information that bridged the esoteric and ufology realms that seemed so ever-present in my life. I wanted to make this a bit more real, though, without the grandiose prognostications I'd witnessed over the years.

I'd gone to the International UFO Congress in Laughlin, Nevada with a friend that year as well. He had wanted me to meet Ralph Ring, a protégé of Otis Carr's work in teleportation. Otis had worked with Nicola Tesla, or so word had it, and had developed a craft that Ralph eventually piloted with two others.

My conversation with Ralph lasted for several hours, just outside the main rooms for the event. We discussed the basic principles of teleportation having an intricate weave into consciousness and the understanding of universal laws. These laws do not allow for any malevolent or self-centered activity; it just isn't possible. So a deeper understanding of what we call 'love' is necessary, according to Ralph.

Engaging that kind of thinking, beyond earthly constrictions, is a stretch for even the most brilliant minds, yet there appears to be some undeniable evidence that doing so can provide unprecedented results in the exploration of psycho-spiritual technologies only recently considered possible

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through the discoveries within the realms of quantum physics.

While we were conversing, Kerry Cassidy and Bill Ryan joined us. I knew they were on the prowl for interviews and they really weren't interested in me. I've run into them at several events and have often wondered if they would ever turn their cameras on me. I have to admit it has been nice to be anonymous and still be able to garner conversations of great worth with others more notable.

Another one of those conversations was with Michael Salla, Ph.D., who has proffered much in regards to exopolitics, along with Alfred Webre, JD. I had a long chat with Michael at his vender booth, asking a lot of questions about what he thought of the possibility of ETs being incarnate and just becoming aware themselves. I knew I was broaching what I thought would eventually become a hot but sensitive topic.

I queried the potential of a deeper level of consciousness that was only accessible through certain rites of passage, so to speak, as orphans without birth records or even the rumored 'hybrids' of the Pacific Northwest might experience in their quest for identity. I could tell the questions intrigued him, but I don't think anyone has gone so far as to actually consider the implications. I'll leave that alone for now and come back to it in the next book.

Based on my considerations and questions, I wanted to gather at least some information that might

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correlate or even validate the reality. I knew that any information presented had to make sense and even provide a logic path to observable and practical applications. In essence, if these folks do exist and are here for assisting our planetary transformation, then what may they be doing in the world?

The concepts for web development in a light-hearted and yet logical display began to emerge in my mind. I'm not sure if I ever completely displayed them, but there is a lot of information on the website MothershipCafé.com now. It would be great to create a physical location eventually. It seems only fitting to do so.

Speaking of fitting, It was also during this time that an old friend showed up, Marc McCormick, whom I'd met at the Gathering of Souls. I was working at a performing arts center at the time as a general technician which meant that I was responsible for helping clients with ambience; lighting, sound and help with staging setup, tear down and sometimes even operating sound and light during shows.

The job was cool for a while and working with Bob, now as the technical director of the center, was fun and rewarding. A year into it, Marc shows up and asks me to leave my job and start an events company with him. He offered to cover my salary from the center, at least for a year, while we put things together. He'd had a windfall from playing poker in Las Vegas and wanted to put the money to a good use. We had talked about forming the

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company some years ago, but I'd been hesitant because of his instability.

After some consideration, I put my hesitation behind me and handed in my letter of resignation. I gave them a month notice because I knew it would take some time to find, hire and train someone. In retrospect it was not a good decision. Three weeks after I put my letter in, Marc backed out. I couldn't force him to continue. It was too late to keep my job, so it forced me to get creative and find the flow.

I managed to take an evo-leap over the depression and took the opportunity to begin writing, knowing that somehow this was a good thing. Fortunately, I had a few partnering jobs come up and found work teaching business plan writing at a healing arts school. I created their first online class on the topic and, for a time, facilitated an entrepreneurial support class at the school, too.

Writing is a daunting task, especially when the subject material can be so subjective at times. Although I'd written great papers for two degrees and enjoyed creating and posting web pages, there is a certain intimacy that I had to grapple with, knowing that transparency means vulnerability.

I figured by this time if I hadn't gotten comfortable with the seeming polyphrenic environment that surrounded me, then I needed to put it and me to the test. With Mothership Café, I could explore possibilities and share what I'd found. I knew it would be pale in comparison to the amount of

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information I'd like to cross-reference for fact and reality checks, but I still had fun in its creation.

I poured my heart and soul into my everyday living and found my voice in variety of ways. How time flew as I wrote, eventually creating four books nearly simultaneous as I tried to avoid writing what I knew would be tremendously cathartic.

I wasn't sure if I'd like what I found, but knew in order to be authentic it was something I had to do. It was excruciatingly fun, if you can relate to all the emotional strings that get plucked when you put yourself on the line, let alone broach the topics that border on fantasy, if not cross the line for most.

I went into my man cave as much as possible, drilling into social media and planting seeds in social networks, creating so many profiles over the months of exploration that I was nuts to think I'd ever be able to keep up with maintenance, participation was yet another story.

It wasn't long before I realized that I just had to let go, enjoy the fact that I'd rained on the web and see what would happen.

I'm really blessed to have an opportunity to be creative and engage so many experiences. Along with the webbery, I had managed to retain some videos of presentations and television shows that I finally got digitized so I could share early work, nearly 20 years earlier with the pioneering show,

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One World, where we explored and transcended common fears toward inner and outer experience.

Chronicling the really weird stuff over the years and posting it had produced little ill effects that I was aware of, yet finally putting them in a book was a bit frightening at first. Heck, what do I know?

The way people research others now, maybe I missed something because of a suspicious eye. I was even getting a bit suspicious because I hadn't been contacted for some time and even Jill was noticing that things had been calm for a while.

The nice thing about contract work is it gives you copious amounts of time in between work. My creative side was able to come out for extended periods and we are amazed at what happened over those few years' time.

I built several websites, wrote five maybe six books, got some of the coolest partnering jobs (like the remodeling of Mather Point at the Grand Canyon) and picked up some new skills.

Mothership Café started getting some nice traffic and so I was off on another idea. Planetary Citizens had come up while I was searching for something on the net and I paused to wonder if the domain name was available. Certainly one that precious would already be gone, but look I did. Yep, you guessed it, .net was available so I clicked it into my possession as quick as I could.

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It was during that period that things got a little dicey in our domicile. I had the books nearly finished by the spring of 2010 and a huge amount of time invested. Along with the lull in my schedule, some incredible things began to happen.

Enlightenment is not imagining figures of light but making the darkness conscious.

Carl Jung

At the moment you are most in awe of all there is about life that you don't understand, you are closer to understanding it all than at any other time.

Jane Wagner

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You know how you keep track of significant dates when really cool stuff happens? Well, let me tell you about one of those that would curl your toes and throw you into a frightful fit if you weren't prepared.

On May 8th I woke up in the middle of the night on my stomach. I move around a lot so I wake up in all kinds of positions. I was immediately aware of that familiar buzz in the air when my handlers show up; those guys who come visit to work on me like with the anal probe to tune me up. This time it was the opposite end that was the worksite.

As soon as I became conscious I was aware of them and, in my mind, yelled out in joy to greet them. I quickly moved on to inquire of the reason for their appearance. It was time for another upgrade, is how they put it and I'd feel some strange sensations for a bit. As soon as I heard that, there was a high-pitched instrument right at the base of my skull in the back of my head.

It felt pretty weird and at the same time the frequency resonated in my cranial cavity like a Tibetan bowl, only more with the sound of a dentist drill only more pure, if that makes any sense. The process lasted only a few minutes, maybe moments, and the frequencies fluctuated slightly. They were distinct but with several pitches.

While they were there, I felt like I was super energized and, instead of speaking with my mind in

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words, it became apparent that I was producing some frequencies of my own. I'm not sure how to explain it any better at this time. In hyper-sensitive regions of consciousness, like the sound current heard by the Hindus, we seem to communicate through vibration and subtle energy movement.

When they told me I was getting an upgrade, it occurred to me that getting hooked up to the cosmic computer (ASHTAR, as Dan Winter had told me) would be awesome. I'm not sure what it would do for my social life, though it would be helpful for guidance and strategic planning if this new world order thing was going to happen any time soon. I wonder if there is ever anyone else watching as I go through these experiences. I'm hopeful they will be more forthcoming soon.

To say the awareness of data exchange in that experience was intense is engaging in understatement. My mind was engaged beyond anything I'd experienced to date, catching only glimpses of images as I watched the flow. It was similar to the stream of images I saw on the morning of 9-11, only extremely fast.

I wanted to keep up and at one point I wished they'd just hit me with a flash of light like they did with Dr. O'Leary and Anna Mitchell-Hedges' crystal skull so many years ago.

I was at an event that featured the skull and Anna was there, too. Dr. O'Leary was the featured speaker and before he began his talk, he asked us

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to join in a short meditation. Dr. O'Leary was a NASA astronaut, so this was a bit strange, I thought. I closed my eyes and listened to his words.

Within a few moments I saw a bright flash, like a flashbulb, from the center of the room a few feet above Brian's head. As quickly as it happened I knew it was a data package of some kind.

What I didn't know was how long it would take to download and what, if any, experience would precipitate the data release into my waking consciousness. I've had flashes of visions packed with information and then had sensations of familiarity with them at some future date during an *unusual* event.

After the meditation I was reluctant to ask those on either side if they saw it, too. I so wanted to know, though, so I got over my trepidation and asked. One saw it and one didn't. There was no opportunity to carry on with others because it would have been rude, so I had to wait until after the event. There were several who had seen it and none could offer an explanation or interpretation. It was just a flash.

Having the imagery flash past me was no better than getting the pulse of light and it was frustrating to try and just watch without wanting to grab hold of something as it passed by.

What I caught glimpses of was the transformation of Earth and relationships with human beings, from the war-torn and barren landscapes to thriving vibrant

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communities. There was no sign of 'aliens' and yet there was a sense of consciousness that I've only experienced in altered states while in the company of what I'd rather call 'intraterrestrials' because of their existence 'inside' more so than in the outer physical world yet apparently able to interact with it.

I've been in awe of the capacity for communication and locomotion that they have demonstrated over the years. Their understanding of vibration, space-time and universal order far surpasses our cursory knowledge of quantum mechanics. To even grapple with a label or title seems insignificant to them, yet there is always an undeniable sense of family.

That sense of family is harder than heck to get across to the folks who say that the 'Galactic Federation' is going to have direct intervention in the affairs of the planet and remove the dark cabal in the process. They just don't do that.

It is up to us, according to them, to clean up our own act. They are available as observers and consultants, if you will.

When they finished I couldn't even consider falling off to sleep. I woke Jill and told her what happened, hoping for some of the bleed-over into her dreamtime that sometimes occurs or at least being able to talk about it for a bit. Not this time. She was barely able to wake up and listen, so I opted to get up for a bit and write about it.

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Thoughts were still flooding my head, trying to interpret what had just happened and why. My mind was spinning from the reality check I just got. How in the world would that even sound believable if I were able to explain it? It would be so nice just to have a 'cloud' copy and download to everyone that was curious or interested in data mining. Yeah, maybe that IS possible!

I went back to the Mothership Café website with the notion that maybe the threads, or at least one or two, might already be in what I had so eagerly compiled over the last couple of years. There were so many potential trains of thought in converting the imagery into some displayable pattern or structure.

As I went through the website a pattern of sublime intentions emerged; supportive of harmony among people and planet, only from fringe experience relating applied sciences. This was truly a Mothership of data; links to people, places and things of similar intent yet only scratching the surface of possibility.

**Tolerance and patience should not
be read s signs of weakness. They
are signs of strength.**

The Dalai Lama

Phoenix UFO Group

As if I were right on cue, the following month after my 'upgrade' visit I had an opportunity to step up. Jill and I had been attending a local UFO group in Mesa, started by a friend a few years prior. When I found it, I was surprised that she hadn't said anything to us about it yet, but then maybe folks think I'm on top of everything.

We started attending early in the 2010 and by summer, the organizer announced she was going to step down to do other things. She was hopeful that someone would step up and become organizer for the group. I refrained from immediately volunteering to see if there was someone else in the group who expressed interest. It is a lot of work and if someone else was going to step in I was all for supporting them in doing so.

Alas, one spoke up but was reluctant to accept full responsibility, offering to help if someone else would join in. So, the door opened and I walked through it. We had about 150 members with only 20 or so attending regularly at the monthly meetings. The location was rather interesting, though, in that it was the community room the 'downtown' Mesa Fire Department station house.

Finding guests for the meetings was fun, though, because I already knew quite a few local folks that if not experiencers were at least well-versed in the field of UFOlogy, like Alejandro Rojas of Open Minds

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Radio, the new producers of the International UFO Congress held at the Ft. McDowell Convention Center just north east of Phoenix. He actually spoke a couple of years later. Most of our guests were experiencers; those who have had some kind of contact with what we tend to call 'extraterrestrials.'

It seemed that the activities I'd left behind nearly a decade earlier were growing again in popularity. Heck, I'd started a 'New Age' discussion group in the late 80s that started with 13 people and grew to over 100 that attended presentations from folks I'd met and/or were requested by group members.

I may have a lot of ideas of how to lead, yet in this kind of group one leads best by listening to the group and meeting their needs. Word spreads if its good leadership and numbers grow accordingly.

I had to be careful not to make the group direction seem too one-sided, but I knew there was a need for going deeper into the experience of extraterrestrials and UFOlogy. It had to do with consciousness, not the physical phenomena or reported experiences that had been garnering the attention of most groups.

I was taking a chance on alienating some folks and did. In so doing, there were some that thanked me for opening up the conversation and moving forward. I only hoped that folks would listen.

As part of the shift, we had several meditations using the music that had prompted such profound

experiences nearly a decade earlier. The magic was still there. People went into many levels of consciousness and returned to share the experience. Some had conversations with other 'beings of light,' some witnessed grand celestial events in a state of awe while others reported seeing hi-tech machinery surrounding the group. Some form of 'work' was being done in the thoughtmosphere with our help.

During each I found myself just breathing and listening. Rarely did I 'see' or 'experience' anything like the earlier versions. I can only surmise that it was more necessary for me to remain free and grounded so that others could feel safe and allow their inner circuitry to flow. My guess is that the imagery is imbedded and, if necessary, is transmitted through the energy that I send through the group and they find their own sights.

I have to say that even with all the bizarre and wonderful trails I've blazed and beings I've met; there is still that inner skeptic that is highly active. I listen to the reflections of others and find more questions than answers. Sometimes I think I understand how we are evolving in this process of learning how to engage the inner worlds; most often I'm just in awe as I witness events.

In this time of transformation happening on so many levels in humanity and around the globe, I look for the sense made common; the logic path that resides within the entire process and reveals the intelligence that is driving it. The consciousness

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has to be available for humanity to even consider some form of unification, the advent and implementation of processes and programs that lead to harmony, let alone 'God dwelling in man.'

While we continued to have meetings with well-known UFOlogists as well as lesser known contactees, there was an interest in participating in the International UFO Congress that had moved to Arizona. Several of the group came together and signed up for a vendor table. It was our first event and we hoped the exposure would draw more members. I also thought it would give me the opportunity to get to know a few folks that had been in the field for some time.

The event was interesting, but it seemed the topics and speakers were saying the same things I'd heard for the last 20 years or so. Phenomena and sightings seem to be the main focus, with little attention on anything positive. There has been some disclosure by some folks and it is gradually getting into the mainstream through books and movies, but there hasn't been any earth-shattering news for decades. Few seem to be looking at making sense of it all instead of projecting theories.

Something did happen that totally caught me off guard. I went in to listen to a speaker; I think it was Richard Dolan. I had a nice conversation with him about a year later. It surprised me that his first response regarding my life-long contact was that

the government has to be tracking me. So far, it hasn't been apparent even in the slightest.

When I returned to the vendor area, one of our group approached me with a really strange look in her eyes. She said she'd been 'asking' about me psychically, peering into the unknown to see if there was any validation to my story.

What she said she was 'shown' was a diamond-shaped image with two smaller ones above and below it... in the back of my head. She was 'told' I was plugged in directly to the cosmic computer. I hadn't said anything about the visit. I thought it sounded too incredulous.

How would you respond to that event?

So if we are plugged in to the cosmic computer, ASHTAR as Dan Winter described it (without prior conversations about me), then what is the purpose? How is it supposed to work? Experimentation and inquiry seem to be the only way to find out.

The following year was pretty steady for the group, with Travis Walton being one of the highlights. I'd known him for quite some time, but not as long as if I'd listened to his sister-in-law when we first moved to Arizona. I wonder what might have happened. Travis has shifted from feeling violated to realizing they saved his life after being hit by the static charge when the ship was preparing to leave. I'm sure it was pretty freaky waking up physically on a ship and having to deal with the reality.

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I was at a crossroads personally, though, in that there was so much more to the worlds beyond this and it seemed folks just weren't able to transcend. So many were peddling wares and telling stories that really had no impact on the advancement of consciousness. I wanted to offer more to the group, hoping to garner some credibility in the process and possibly some exposure and growth of the group with a slightly different mindset toward experiential sharing and universal understanding.

Now I know that sounds even more outrageous or maybe even hedging on religious. There is a deeper awareness that comes from being open and inquisitive about the contact experience. Since I've done so most of my life and am quite comfortable in chaos and the unknown, I often forget that others are just beginning to explore these realms and they have to find their way before anything I say will resonate, let alone engage. There are so many distractions to negotiate and transcend to find truth.

The perfect man has no self.

Chuang-Tzu

Where do we go from here?

Confirmations and conundrums continue to fuel further exploration into what possibilities exist as this 'new world order' emerges on Earth. It appears that what the conspiratorialists define is only a piece of the puzzle, a layer set in place in order for something else to emerge.

We know, or at least some have a sense, that all things are connected – a holistic model of consciousness permeates creation. Quantum sciences are pointing toward this as fact now. We still choose to separate ourselves from others today, though, citing so many current events.

Since you are reading this, yet another moment has come and gone without incident. Now what do we do? How do we proceed with care and concern for humanity, our planet and working together?

Fear is being promoted at the very top of national leadership across the world. Even when prompted to contact or communicate with another, our 'logic' often prohibits the interaction due to fear of misunderstanding, rejection or threat of appearing less than what we think we should.

Can we affect change where primary belief systems seem diametrically opposed?

Can we offer a solution? Do we really want solutions?

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It has taken us centuries to arrive at the present conditions. Can or will it change in a few years? Will we rise above fear and embrace a new way?

How can we open our minds to something we've never experienced?

What if we were able to acknowledge the obvious?

Our minds and hearts are still in opposition, we fear what we do not know or have not experienced. The internal message is one of faith, love and trust – void of doing harm to one another. The external message is one of fear and war against whatever is the focus of the moment.

Oftentimes a new experience brings such a 'rush' of energy that we confuse it as a threat rather than a thread in the fabric of our evolution. We lock up – the fight or flight syndrome so common in psychology affects our emotional responses.

Are these our only choices?

Do we have yet another choice yet unexplored?

We can rise in consciousness but we actually take the mandatory rollercoaster ride to get there. It is our unconscious patterned desire for continued separation that inhibits our ability to connect, a pattern so deep and in such conflict with self/Self that wars are fought across the planet because of it. It's time for it to stop.

Where do we go from here?

Ancient Mayan and even Sanskrit terms in use today indicate we might want to consider some alternatives. 'In lak'esh' (I am another you) and 'namasté' (internal and external obeisance to thee) both acknowledge the oneness in self and others.

The humble bow of recognition that is part of many cultures moves us closer toward a sense of unity or at least understanding. It is more than respect. I am challenged to see and sense myself in another, even with the extensive experience and knowing of this truth and having an attitude of gratitude.

What about those unaware?

The Internet brings us closer in communication and yet further apart from physical communion with others. The expression of key foundations in faith, love and trust are ubiquitous in religions. The same message is voiced by 'contactees' and even the Galactic Federation – eliminate fear within.

What do we really want anyway?

The hot new belief system says we can attract what we want by identifying what we desire, giving it attention, and allowing it to happen. Easier said than done, yet it warrants further consideration for sure. I still question everything.

Implementing an action plan that creates the magnet for the desire of harmony among people and planet to manifest is the key that we seem to ignore, thinking that we can defy known scientific

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rules: potential energy remains at rest until acted upon. Now that we are acting upon it, shift happens.

Over the last couple of decades I've had numerous strange and wondrous moments of sensations accompanied by thoughts I never thought I'd be able to articulate, let alone explain to anyone's satisfaction. It all took me to a place of quiet surety.

If I were prone to being fearful and needing medical explanations, I'm not sure the symptoms would bode well toward the diagnosis. My last physical, however, showed no signs of systemic damage at all and my intellect is as tenacious as ever.

So what is really happening to me?

Checking in

The more I check in with others, the stranger things get. It seems that being orphaned and adopted was the perfect set-up to keep me curious and determined to explore the nature of family. From early OBEs to an NDE as a teen in college to a recent system collapse leaving me to witness a fuzzy white circle condense into a sphere and expand again.

The latter prompted a question of whether to call the EMTs which I quickly assured weren't necessary. It happened on Good Friday of 2011 of all days. I was in process of preparing breakfast, sautéed onions with lox in scrambled eggs. Jill was feeling pressured for time and had commented about

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hurrying up the process just moments before. I felt a little micro-managed and then let it go.

As I continued breaking up the lox I felt a weird wave go through my body from right to left. I've grown extremely sensitive yet able to observe or witness without emotional responses in most cases. I noticed that it felt like a wave of extreme depression, almost like I had been emptied of emotional sensations... taken into the 'void' if you will. I continued with my breakfast routine and turned to put the lox and eggs in with the onions.

Within a few moments I began to feel my body collapsing and as much as I tried to remain upright and continue stirring the eggs I could tell it wasn't going to work. I wasn't afraid, but I was concerned that I might hurt myself if I continued to fight the sensation and ended up falling over. So, I called out to Jill as I stumbled toward the bedroom, literally bouncing off the walls as I attempted to stay upright on the way.

I made it into the bedroom and sprawled out on the bed as Jill asked me if she needed to call the EMTs. I assured her I would be fine and just needed a moment to go through whatever it was that was happening to me. I already had my eyes closed and felt my body relax as I let go of trying to control it.

Instantly I saw this ring of fuzzy white light that filled my vision, then continued to watch as it condensed into a ball and then expanded to the ring again, repeating the process several times.

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I was completely conscious and, after letting go of my body, became aware of the rhythms of it as I checked in to see if any of them matched the pulsing of this vision... none did. A few minutes later Jill came back into the room and asked if I was okay. 'Shit,' I thought. 'I just want to stay here.'

I really wanted to just remain silent and watch, but I responded to her so she wouldn't worry. I decided I should re-enter the world and opened my eyes, took a moment more and then lifted myself off the bed. I had no residual effects and got up to join her for breakfast.

What in the world happened?

I think I know, but it would sound too weird just yet. So I've been challenged by the multi-dimensional aspects of these experiences and the thought-provoking questions that have come as a result. I'm not sure if I'm qualified by any standards, so efforts to research and study possibilities has taken me into a variety of fields for cross-referencing, whether particle, wave or simple observer is yet to be determined I suppose.

At any rate, there seems to be a robust resourcefulness in the quest for correlation; a fractal that feels quite fine.

Where do we go from here?

Natural Inquiry

It seems that the nature of the inquiry has advanced beyond harmony, which is often perceived as balance, to finding the seeds of order even amidst profound chaos. Quantum mechanics is the application of science that seeks to discover this order while spiritual enlightenment does the same.

It also seems that the notions of understanding the close of the Mayan Calendar open the door to yet another perspective of this fractal; the tipping point of a shift in consciousness.

This shift in consciousness, according to reliable sources, coincides with the transition from the Piscean Age to the Aquarian Age, from the Industrial Age to the Age of Enlightenment. We tend to look for immediate change, possibly even catastrophic, as evidence of our experience.

It might seem prudent to consider a time and season for transformation that spans half a century, a much more logical frame of reference, with the winter solstice of 2012 as this tipping point.

How does that show up?

Across the gamut of this holistic system, the thoughtmosphere if you will, there are indicators that offer evidence of the natural tendencies of entropy toward ONE – a state of inert uniformity; natural order in the profound chaos.

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Once the perceived threats and misunderstandings of this tipping point subside, I believe we'll be looking for the next thing to trigger our senses into a state of chaos so that we may again seek order, and so the pattern goes.

Perspectives

Cosmologically our solar system is now passing through what some are calling the Photon Belt. This new area of space is said to have slightly different vibrational properties, a subtle difference that could affect our own electromagnetic energy in some way.

The Earth's magnetic poles have been shifting at a more rapid rate, from approximately 10 miles a year early in the 20th century, to 40 miles a year currently. This might have a cascading effect through our consciousness, different to each individual and yet similar as we seek equilibrium in a new state.

I found an interesting congruous theme that gave evidence of a holistic thoughtmosphere that, at its central thesis, is a sense that harmony among people and planet is a natural progression borne of fractals embedded in the cosmic consciousness that permeates all things. Patterns were showing up everywhere, from the holographic sacred geometry in the inner planes to the animated wormhole depictions in movies was an initial sign that worlds were bridging. If I'm seeing this, then are there others who experience it as well?

Where do we go from here?

Looking into the ancient texts there appear to be multiple references suggesting consciousness might indeed ascend the physical to the etheric to what are called 'thin' worlds. We already know the opposite is true; messages from the ethers are experienced by scientist and spiritualist alike, providing insight and/or inspiration.

We've learned the observer can affect the experiment and that sounds in outer space reflect at least some that have been noted in inner space.

Where might this take us?

In the business world one of the first groups of people to identify with an advancement of consciousness supporting global systemic change was the Cultural Creatives™ and more have followed since. Peter Senge's innovation of the learning organization relies on the individual's personal mastery and systems thinking, another sign of the fractal's emergence.

Even the new Google business model of giving before you get mirrors this new millennial mindset: harmony among people and planet.

On the social scene we recently experienced a massive wave of discontent, voiced by the Occupy Movement, which circled the globe in a matter of weeks. Financial institutions are failing and countries are facing financial reconstruction not knowing the future while the profit motivations of corporations

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are being discovered to have ill effects on our health and well-being.

Iceland, the only country to allow its system to fail, is now recovering and moving forward with a new living awareness of prosperity.

Many so-called 'sensitives' reflect an impending shift in some pretty bizarre ways. Some report 'dimensional' shifts as a sensation of imbalance; a kind of sloshy feeling that comes and goes. Others report 'seeing' different things from time to time including extraterrestrials, geometric forms, orbs, spiritual beings and more and whether the physical eyes are opened or closed doesn't seem to matter.

Still others claim to have communications or experiences with a variety of entities that offer a consistent message of universal love and a 'do no harm' attitude.

Several segments of society believed some kind of massive transformation would take place, from an evacuation by spaceships to rapture of some kind. Others believed there would be catastrophic events accompanied by massive earth shifts.

So we've reached the Winter Solstice of 2012 and the end/beginning of several calendars and a galactic year with minimal disruption...

Now what?

Where do we go from here?

Redemption

We have the resources and technology to eradicate hunger and poverty yet we continue to allow conflict to control resources. We're being forced to review our 'progress' and examine the possibilities of developing a sustainable global village. Some are still fighting over resources and territory. Others are looking for ways to get along in the support of mutual survival.

Is there some sense made common involved?

The correlation of systemic change throughout existing systems, natural and man-made, reveals that there is something happening here, although it ain't exactly clear. What is clear is that we have the opportunity to explore a greater relationship between people and planet, even the stars.

Maybe if we slowed down a bit and considered this universal reflection, we might find an even deeper connection, so subtle and yet solid that it allows us to begin to trust each other.

Maybe our evolving consciousness will have a profound effect on the chaos of our emotions and all those silly notions of the unknown that keep us afraid, angry, ignorant and immobile. Maybe a part of us knows that seeking a common goal will rally people, places and things for the good of all.

Now the next question might be: Are there those among us who are especially susceptible to those

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subtle energies and here for such a purpose and, if so, how would we know?

How might we support their efforts?

Are you also experiencing similar events in your life and have no one to turn to for solace or validation? I can relate to that more than anyone I know... yet.

I wonder what will transpire over the next decade or so as we enter the new galactic year with the possibilities to coagulate; prepare for and pursue our rightful place in universe affairs.

I can only trust in my original encounter with 'God' and the message of hope for a *new world order* to happen in my lifetime... and yours, too. Namaste...

When you give yourself to practice, through and through, which means through and beyond feelings and thoughts, little by little you begin to allow something great to surface, something without beginning or end. That's *as it is!*

Jakusho Kwong

Afterthoughts...

It seems obvious that many are having challenges in coming to terms with increased awareness. Many find themselves lost in past lives or future selves and forget about the precious present. Many are frightened of speaking about their own bizarre experiences, let alone the advanced consciousness. The 'gifts' that often come with this new living awareness can be intimidating to say the least.

Some have found ways to incorporate their new-found sensitivity into their daily living. Many more are still confused and/or conflicted about how to use them with integrity and wisdom. We all need to be considerate of those who seem a little 'out there' and find compassion and understanding for them.

Others have found ways to be helpful and offer assistance to those who are struggling with the cognitive dissonance of our modern society. Some take advantage of others, or have been, and will soon find that the discernment levels of their past clients will cause their own demise in some way.

Authenticity, honesty and integrity will go a long way toward helping each of us find our rightful place in this coming new world order of harmony among people and planet. We first have to stand and speak our truths, inviting others to do the same. It may not be pretty to begin with, yet getting a little dirty is required in developing any garden.

May we all be led by the light within us.

Addendum

Consider reaching out and/or inviting me to speak to your group (if you have one). I invite you to explore, ask tough questions and satisfy your curiosity beyond all doubt.

Books

www.Amazon.com/author/zendor

CDs... (music)

A Para-celestial Logic Syndrome

<https://www.createspace.com/2054390>

Deadly Return

<https://www.createspace.com/2055093>

Dreams Enough

<https://www.createspace.com/2054395>

Live at the Jewish Pork Festival

<https://www.createspace.com/1970732>

CDs... (meditations)

Guided Imagery

<https://www.createspace.com/2054268>

Multi-Level Awareness

<https://www.createspace.com/2054264>

Multi-Plane Cosmonaut

<https://www.createspace.com/2054254>

Portal to Ascension

<https://www.createspace.com/2088600>

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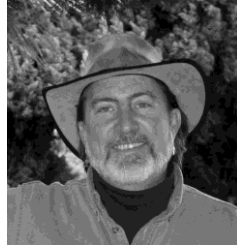
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About the Author

Bruce 'Zen' Benefiel holds Master's Degrees in Business Administration (Project Management) and Organizational Management and a Bachelor's degree in Business Administration with a minor in Finance, and Secondary Teaching certification all from the University of Phoenix. During his degree programs he found time for certification as a hypnotherapist and transformational life coach from the Southwest Institute of Healing Arts in Tempe, AZ.



He specializes in coaching (personal and business), partnering, quality improvement, employee involvement, and strategic planning. His workbook, *Transformation: A Guide for Change*, draws from life's trials and tribulations in the journey toward success on personal and professional fields of play.

From 1990 to 1992 he produced and hosted ONE WORLD television show, with over 120 shows. Zen taught business plan development classes part time at the college level and crafted a business plan curriculum for a post-secondary healing arts school. He served as the 2010 President-Elect and Conference Chair for the Valley of the Sun Chapter of the American Society for Training and Development.

Previously he was a production control coordinator in the aerospace industry, responsible for \$7 million in monthly shipments; a high school teacher in charge of an entire curriculum at two charter schools; a special event manager, including The Prophets Conference (Phoenix, 1997), Olde Towne Tempe Arts Festivals and Tostito's New Year's Eve Fiesta Bowl Block Party with 5,000 to 250,000 patrons per event and most recently a facilitator for building, road and bridge construction pre-construction partnering workshops. He also hosts discussions and facilitates workshops on self-awareness for the new millennium.