



Zendor  
the Barbarian  
- Part Deux

Bruce Benefiel





# Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

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

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## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

## **Here Wego...**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Here wego...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He meets Travis (Fire in the Sky) Walton's sister-in-law and explores his abduction from a different point of view. His guide, Zephyr (who lived in what is now the Southwestern US over 20,000 years ago – see Vol. I for more) offers a symbol, transmitting it through telepathy so he can draw it – interrupting setting up a job on his ID grinder at an aerospace company.

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

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

He joins the Mormon Church with his family, is bestowed with the Melchizedek Priesthood and begins to have more vivid experiences with his extraterrestrial and spiritual family across many

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dimensions. He learns silence is sometimes best. Some of the visitors from other worlds become visible to others, but he never knows just who and when this awareness will be revealed. He is often caught off guard, unaware of those who can hear and see into these worlds. His internal awareness expands with images and thoughts far beyond those he lives and works with on a daily basis. Still, his life is deeply lonely.

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

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

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

Here we go...

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

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Here wego...



## **The View from Above ?**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## The View from Above?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As the listening deepened, worlds evolved.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

purposeful actions toward establishing harmony among people and planet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The View from Above?

## **Conundrums Right and Left**

Back at the aerospace company I continued as a production grinder specialist and lieutenant of the emergency response team, supervising twenty five people on the second shift team. I enjoyed being part of the first line of emergency response to virtually any situation. I was in charge and I knew nothing was insurmountable.

My efforts to improve production rates and supportive work environment were getting me grief instead of garnering better conditions. I wondered why people resisted change that would ultimately put more money in their pockets. Bottlenecks seemed to be everywhere I turned and the good intentions just weren't enough.

I really enjoyed the precision of the work, getting the machines to maintain tolerances many times less than the width of a human hair. The final stackable dimensions of machined parts had to meet impeccable standards. Humans seemed much less demanding of each other.

I strove to be the best father and husband I could; an elder at church, an A student in school and exemplary worker with career goals. I took time off when necessary to attend the kids' school

functions and had played with them nearly every weekend even after golf tournaments.

I felt my wife to be emotionally bereft in our relationship, consistent with her behavior. My deep commitment and love wasn't enough. I had to learn that in spite of best efforts; sometimes they just are not enough. I had to grieve silently.

The timing of a car accident couldn't have been better. She had the kids and was on her way to look at a rental house closer to my work. Oddly enough I heard her scream my name as it happened, an hour before I got a call from the hospital. The call confirmed the cause of hearing her voice, but I wouldn't know the extent of her injuries for some time.

Although the children were fine, she'd hit her head on the doorpost when she broad-sided a car at 45 miles an hour. She was in a clear lane traveling south, on the entrance lane to the freeway. A car had appeared suddenly, darting through a gap in two lanes of stopped traffic that was waiting on the traffic light to change.

I had told a friend, who happened to be on the machine next to mine, when I heard the voice. He and I were carpooling, fortunately he was of a

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metaphysical mindset, and I knew he wouldn't think my comment strange. When I got off the phone and told him about her accident, he was noticeably concerned and tossed me the keys to his car so I could go pick them up.

She and the children were at the hospital and had been released, seemingly without harm or injury. The children had their seat belts on, but she didn't and they all appeared fine, except the vacant look in my wife's eyes. I didn't understand it, but I figured it was the shock of the wreck.

The next few days and weeks were different; her energy was withdrawn and she seemed distant. I was unaware of the symptoms of head injuries, but I could tell something was not right. Even with the subtle change in behavior we still continued to go through the daily motions of family life in taking care of household needs.

We had a rental car for a while until I could get other transportation. We both fell in love with a Jeep CJ5 that was sitting in a driveway a couple of blocks away with a 'For Sale' sign on the windshield. It was a 4 cylinder with a 5-speed manual transmission and a soft-top with a full roll cage and extra bikini top for hot weather.

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The original owner had set it up with a lift kit and oversized tires, sporting a couple of 5-gallon gas cans on the back for long desert treks. We took full advantage of the outfitting, taking weekend trips with the children out into the surrounding desert and foothills.

During the week I was still carpooling, so my wife had a vehicle to do whatever was necessary. It was nice to see her excited and happy about having a really cool Jeep to drive. I didn't have a clue about what was about to happen.

One day several months after her accident, she let me know that she had met someone while on a trip to see some friends. She'd accidentally dropped her keys in a cooler at Circle K and he stepped up to retrieve them. It happened to come up when Christine mentioned his name one weekend after taking the kids to a movie.

Evidently they had been seeing each other since that time and I was oblivious. The following week, just before my birthday, she said she felt like she was falling in love with him and wanted to be with him. Wow... OUCH! What could I do?

As hard as it was to say, I told her I had no chains on her heart but that I hoped she would

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reconsider her position and realize that whoever this was, he would not be around long. A married woman with 3 children wasn't a prize, but a conquest that once achieved would be short-lived.

She asked me to move out, and due to my own martyrdom complex I did so on my birthday. I called up a friend from the health food company I worked at between stints for the aerospace company and asked if he had a room. I stayed there a couple of weeks. I returned one night to an unexpected welcome from her. The children still didn't understand why Daddy had left, but they were sure ecstatic about his return.

It would be many years before the children would learn about Daddy's challenges, if they ever would. They were too young to know, then. Understanding it all was beyond me, too, so I just had to let go, allow and trust in the outcome. The outcome wasn't in the next year or possibly even decades, but it would come out.

Shortly after this, I decided to leave the shop floor to take an expediter position and within a few months got promoted to a day-shift desk job. I was responsible for \$7 million dollars a month in commercial spare parts shipments. I thought it would appease my wife so that I could be there in

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the evenings with her and the children and possibly return to school to finish my degree.

Soon I was not only teaching adult Sunday school in our Ward but also going to the University of Phoenix two nights a week to finish my bachelor's degree in business administration. In spite of my efforts and goals, what I had hoped would bring us together seemed to be tearing us apart now.

It seemed that every Sunday she would start an argument as we were getting ready to go to church. I didn't understand why at the time, but managed to stay free of the attempts to keep us from attending. Years later I understood the nature of guilt and how the psychology of it caused her to want to avoid the very place where she had to confront her behavior internally.

We never could seem to talk about things openly without her launching into a tirade and storming off with nothing accomplished other than building a wall of silence between us. Our relationship only got more stressful due to the inability to talk things out in any kind of rational discussion.

Letting go of the outcome of my marriage was one of the toughest things I've ever done. No matter what I desired, it had to be mutual. The

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secret of faith, love and trust was absent in our union, so the reality waned. I was not going to give up and looked for help.

I sought out a marriage counselor in hopes of helping our communication and hopefully restoring our marriage. It was obvious she cared, but something had happened to her heart long before me that kept getting in the way.

I intellectualized that she was simply acting out what she had learned from her mother, who married 6 times, and did my best to forgive and move on after each affair. She refused to go after our third visit just when I thought we were beginning to make a little bit of progress.

At the advice of our marriage counselor, I began to do what made me happy instead of remaining an emotional robot subject to the whims of my wife. I blinded myself to the reality of her behavior by blaming it on a head injury from a car accident and events from her childhood. She had been molested and raped by stepfathers. I was unaware until a couple of years into our marriage.

Destructive patterns prevail when you have no history of building trust with people who are supposed to take care of you. My parents thought

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I somehow had not been paying attention and was also a contributing part of our strained relationship. Over time the behaviors and lack of progress caused me to shut down emotionally. I continued my efforts as a father and provider and enjoyed time with our children, but it was empty of the love I'd learned from my adoptive parents.

I could do nothing about the patterns of behavior that my wife was manifesting and it seemed that she was attempting to provoke me as much as possible. I got questioned by our bishop about having affairs, which was really odd because just the opposite had been happening.

I hadn't said anything to anyone in the church, but I did confide in an elder from another ward at work. I had contacted my first pastor as a child, still active in the United Methodist Church, who was now living in the Phoenix metro area and approached him for help.

Even understanding the behavior patterns and probable reasons, the experience of dealing with them was emotionally excruciating. I continued to seek help and found solace at work, where I could focus on something else. I excelled there.

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I'd become a workaholic at the aerospace company after being promoted. I felt I was truly in my element as a project manager with free reign of the facility. I could go anywhere I needed to get my job done, especially when the airline services division called with priority needs, like an AOG (aircraft on ground) which needed a part to get back in the air and producing income. I pulled off a few miracles, too, according to my superiors. It was a place I felt like I was appreciated.

I was going to school one night a week and meeting with a study group on another evening. A few months later, I was approached by a member of upper management to find out what I was doing that kept me at the top of the production goals every month. I told them school was making a difference, but that it was interpersonal skills that made the difference. I treated people with respect and helped them when possible.

I'd witness some very adolescent behavior among my colleagues in how they treated others that were a bit challenging to them. Instead of helping, they threatened going to their superiors if they didn't do what needed to be done in that moment. The behavior seemed really inconsistent with what I thought was professional.

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To make matters worse, I'd been transferred to the military spares desk to help solve a 27% delinquency on shipments. I had some personal issues with being part of the military industrial complex already, but now I had ethical issues as well. However, I helped reduce the delinquency to less than 10% within a year.

I had lunch with a female classmate and coworker outside the plant one day, meeting with others to discuss our team project for class. When I returned to the plant, my wife was waiting with the children. Sometimes we'd have lunch on the lawn but we always made plans.

She became outraged and even slapped me in front of the lobby doors because she wanted to believe I was having an affair. It hadn't even crossed my mind. It was embarrassing, though, to have that kind of behavior in front of my workplace. I couldn't believe she could do that.

I'd been asked to find a consultant for team building and with a little work, found one and set up a meeting with my management team. The meeting went great and it seemed that the chance to have a positive effect was happening. They had to check with the Director still, and then they would let the consultant know the status.

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Two weeks later my supervisor and general supervisor came to my desk with the news that I was being demoted. I was already heart-broken from my wife's behavior and this seemed like yet another low blow, totally out of alignment with my work results and success. Still, it happened.

My divorce was final the following Tuesday. It seemed like no matter how hard I had worked, played fair, done the right thing always... it didn't matter at all. I felt like I'd been slapped on both sides of the face and kicked in the balls hard. I didn't know what to do.

Let me back up a year.

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## **Harmonic Convergence**

On the way to work one Friday morning before dawn I was listening to a local classic rock station and the morning crew was talking about this 'Harmonic Convergence' thing. They mentioned it a couple of times between tunes. I had a really weird feeling come over me as I listened.

I felt more than a little curious about this event. My solar plexus started vibrating like nothing I'd experienced in quite some time... since college in the mid-70s. I didn't understand what was happening, but I did know that I had better pay attention. Something was up.

On their next break I listened as the DJs explain a bit more about José Arguëlles' book, *The Mayan Factor* and the crossing of three calendars on this date (August 16-17, 1987). Something was stirring deep inside that I hadn't felt for a long time. It felt like a part of me I had been missing for quite some time was beginning to be reawakened. I felt ecstatic and frightened.

By the time I got to work I was so curious I called the radio station as soon as I could. I asked how I could get more information. They said to call the Crystal Castle in Sedona; that they could help,

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along with picking up copies of José's interview in Meditation Magazine that were available at Changing Hands Bookstore in downtown Tempe.

I called my wife and suggested we take off for the weekend to go camping near Sedona. She was not at all comfortable with my metaphysical pursuits so I did not mention the 'real' purpose for our camping trip. Nevertheless, I talked her into packing up the kids and heading north for a weekend trip into the wilderness.

According to the folks at the Crystal Castle, Sedona was one of the 'gathering places' of people around the world for the Harmonic Convergence... whatever that meant. This was all new to me, but it felt familiar for some reason.

I stopped at Changing Hands on my way home the next day and picked up a copy of José's interview to read later that evening once we were settled in our camping spot. The whole experience was connected to something much more than I imagined. I could feel it deeply.

As we were packing the car to head out, my oldest daughter (8 at the time) had collected a bag of large pieces of crushed limestone and handed it to me saying, "Here Daddy, you'll need

these." She had a huge smile on her face when she gave them to me.

I thanked her for her instincts and packed them in the trunk with our gear. I had no idea how they would come into play. Christine loved to take an active role in our family outings. She and Catherine were both telepathic, but I never spoke to Leeann about their abilities. I knew they were receptive because they responded to me regularly when I'd call for them without saying a word.

As we were just about to finish loading, I heard Zephyr in my head, telling me to get the mushrooms I had in the freezer. This was unacceptable. I was not going to take them with us. I argued with him because my journeys were never with my family present. My personal path I chose to keep away from them.

Zephyr would not let up and if you've ever had a constant voice in your head demanding attention, knowing you weren't crazy; it is more than a bit disconcerting let alone annoying. I eventually gave in just to get him to shut up.

My wife did not agree with my personal path when it came to this kind of behavior either. Sacred plants, their purpose and wisdom, were

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not something she could understand. Her previous experience had been too overwhelming when she had to face her own demons.

It did not stop me, although I did reserve my spiritual path work for short periods with long intervals between, sometimes years. I packed the mushrooms although I was not intending to take them regardless. I was pacifying Zephyr for the most part... I thought.

When we arrived in Sedona the first place we stopped was at the Crystal Castle. It is quite the metaphysical smorgasbord. The store, in an old two-story house along the banks of Oak Creek, had all kinds of items from books to crystals to wands, potions, music and jewelry. They had soft and soothing native flute music playing, too.

The kids all picked out a crystal that appealed to them in some special way. I encouraged them to just 'feel' their way through their selection. Christine had picked a beautiful amethyst piece that fit perfectly in the palm of her little hand. Catherine and Michael both chose their own as well, rose quartz and smoky quartz. They were all so happy with their special stones.

## Harmonic Convergence

I inquired about the camping locations and was given a few spots to check out, along with a map. We left and drove around Sedona to check out the various places the folks had suggested. It was disappointing in that nothing 'felt' right.

We drove around for hours, picked up a couple of commemorative shirts during our course, but didn't find anything that seemed like it was where we were supposed to be that night. None of them 'felt' right so I followed my hunch to go just a bit east, across the freeway, to Mormon Lake. I didn't know why it felt appropriate, but off we went.

Since we were involved with the Mormon Church at the time, it seemed like it might be a neat place to spend the night. We had never been there before, but we'd heard about it from others. The strange thing about the area was that the 'lake' was only a few feet deep if there was water at all; most of the year it was just a marsh.

When we arrived at Mormon Lake about a half an hour later, it was dark already. We didn't have a map, but we got there okay. I've always been good at finding places with little direction.

We passed a campground right after we turned toward the lake, but I didn't 'feel' anything. We

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came upon a place called Dairy Springs Campground next. I felt a tug and turned in. Finding the spot was a bit synchronistic.

We pulled in and drove all the way around the campground, finding no space open... bummer. I was not feeling happy about having to look elsewhere, especially in the dark. I knew I felt the tug, but it didn't seem like it was working. My thoughts were soon quelled as we were headed back toward the front.

We'd noticed a car with its trunk lid open on the way in, commenting about them just getting there, too. We were wrong, though. The space where they had been was now open. It felt strangely synchronistic and perfect for us, although I kept silent and said nothing to my wife other than, 'How perfect could that timing have been?' and just let it go.

It was space number 9. My mind repeated... number 9, number 9, number 9; I thought it reminiscent of the Beatles. I heard Jimi Hendrix's tune, "If 6 were 9" echoing in my head as well. I could sense a magical air yet, I had to remain quiet and attend to the family's needs.

I need to digress here a moment. I met Jimi [Hendrix] as he appeared in place of a friend's body one night during college. We'd been talking about the limits of telepathy while taking a nice long walk around campus. Later, while lying on the beds on either end of the dorm room gazing into each other's eyes as we listened to some music, his body disappeared and I saw Jimi, then Lenny Bruce, then Marilyn Monroe, then Jim Morrison, then Janis Joplin and then my friend again. What a trip... I had no idea why.

His eyes shifted focus upon his return and when I asked him what happened (I was reluctant to say anything) he said he felt like he'd gone someplace else for a moment. I told him what I had seen in his place. I wasn't sure why, but we had 'experienced' something beyond explanation.

Back to Mormon Lake, I thought this campsite would be the perfect place, but was still unaware of just how perfect it would be for us. I just felt relieved that we were able to set up camp, have dinner and treat the kids to smores.

We began unpacking. The park ranger came up to collect the fee, informing us of our luck. The couple had become ill. I was happy for our open spot, even though it came by their misfortune.

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We started a campfire so the kids could fix hotdogs and smores. I spread out the tarp we brought, and put our sleeping blankets on it. The weather was perfect, so not having a tent was fine. It was cool and comfortable with a slight breeze wafting through the trees offering a soothing sound and the fresh scent of pine.

Christine went exploring a short distance way, still visible by the light of the campfire. She shouted with joy when she found a place to put her rocks. She ran back excited to show me what she had found. She grabbed my hand and we headed toward her discovery.

It was the top of a large bolder just protruding through the surface. It formed a rather flat area about a meter in diameter. I wasn't sure how many stones we had in the bag, but I had a good feeling we would have fun finding out.

I got the impression to make a hexagram. We spread the rocks out in a star pattern with a circle of stones around it. There were just enough rocks to put 6 in each leg of the star and 18 in the circle surrounding them with none left over. Christine was tuned in alright.

I told her I was so excited that this was just perfect and I was proud that she listened to her belly. She smiled so big that I knew she felt something too. We'd had many talks about listening to her belly and her telepathic ability was quiet obvious at times.

We put the amethyst she got at Crystal Castle in the center in honor of her find and because she was such a wonderful part of this process. I had a particular affinity for amethyst, too. She was so happy she could hardly stand still.

I helped everyone get settled in their sleeping bags with Angel snuggled in with mom. She was only 8 months old at the time. Christine, Catherine and Michael spent a little more time around the campfire with me, making smores. The children got tired after a while so I helped them get into their sleeping bags. I stayed up to read José's interview by our propane camp light.

I felt the quivering as I picked up the article. As I read about the crossing of three calendars, the Hopi, Mayan and Aztec I reflected on the symbol Zephyr presented to me years ago. The Hopi believe that this is the beginning of moving from the fourth world to the fifth, the Mayan from the fifth to the sixth, and the Aztecs believe it is the

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time where the devil takes off his mask to reveal the true god that he is. Hmmm...

I was fascinated by the confluence of calendars. I learned much later that the Egyptian, Hindu and Sumerian calendars also noted this particular event, leading up to the winter solstice of 2012. It was supposed to be the period between one galactic year to the next, an ascension of consciousness was supposed to accompany it.

José went on to say that above the gathering places could be seen a rotating feathered serpent medicine wheel as a symbol of the energy anchored at these locations. I thought it strange and wondered just how these could be visible to the naked eye. I didn't consider the second sight.

There was a wonderful drawing of what looked to be part serpent and part dragon. It also included a rough drawing of the rotating feathered serpent medicine wheel on one of the pages, along with some Mayan glyphs I don't remember just now.

The article also briefly explained the planetary alignment that was taking place along with the crossing of calendars. It was supposed to start a 25-year period leading up the 2012 date. There is another 25-year period after that point in time

where the moment of awareness turns into real change on a global scale that benefits humanity.

I was curious as to what the implications of the devil taking off his mask would be as I already understood the aspects of the number (666) and its relationship to human beings as ONE, rather than the number of the Beast as has been the popular belief. The carbon atom which is the foundation of organic life forms has 6 protons, 6 neutrons and 6 electrons.

I finished the article, stripped down to my garments and settled into my sleeping bag just before midnight. It didn't take long for me to fall asleep. The air was clean and I could hear a ram pump a short distance away with the consistent 'thick-kung' sound reverberating in the air like a constant drum beat every few seconds. It served as a lullaby in a way, much gentler than my description of the sound.

Sometime later I was awakened by Zephyr's voice. "Partake!" was all he said. I slowly came to consciousness and argued with him initially. "ParTAKE!" he said again, slightly firmer. I whined about the family being there and it just was not appropriate. "PARTAKE!!!" he said as though

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commanding me to comply with his order. I knew he wasn't going to stop until I complied.

Alright, alright.... and so I did. I only had a few, so I got them, chewed them up and swallowed. I went back to sleep right afterward knowing that I'd awaken again soon in a different state of mind. I offered a prayer for deep connection to Creator and to be available for my highest service to all.

When I awoke a short time later, feeling the effects and an increased awareness, I opened my eyes and looked up into the sky. The stars were so vivid. I saw a cluster so brightly visible that it looked like a connect-the-dots picture of the Buddha, and I was at his feet. I was soon to find out these were stars of a different variety.

As soon as I recognized this image and my position I heard a voice like many speaking as one, "We would like to channel energy through your body into the planet and, in return, we will answer any questions you have." Holy shit!

It seemed as though they were asking permission and I didn't take long to decide... maybe a heartbeat or two at most. "Awesome! I'm ready! Okay, let's do it!" I wasn't sure what to expect.

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I felt a slight tingle in my feet like a very small electric current. This sensation remained there for a while and eventually began to move up my legs and throughout my body over the course of the experience. It was pretty amazing and I could definitely feel the energy.

My first question was about the possibility of them being part of the group that visited me as a youth. I reflected on the many trips, watching my physical body get out of bed, climb out my bedroom window, walking across the neighbor's back yard to the edge of a pasture, climbing the fence and walking out into the middle of the field.

As I walked I saw myself begin to rise up off the ground and, looking up, I could see an orange cigar-shaped cloud that could easily have been a half-mile long or so. When I got to the perimeter of the cloud, my 'observer' would meld with my physical body and I would enter the cloud.

I'd wake up in bed the next morning, with no memory of what happened inside the cloud, but I always had a feeling of something really fun happening inside and I couldn't wait to go back.

It wasn't until just before moving to Phoenix that I had an inkling of what really happened. I was

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walking through some bookshelves in a small metaphysical bookstore in Muncie, Indiana when a book literally fell off the shelf a few feet in front of me. It had opened on the floor with the cover facing up. I thought that was rather odd.

It was Ruth Montgomery's *Aliens Among Us*.

I picked it up and my eyes were drawn to a paragraph that, paraphrased, said that the orange cigar-shaped clouds were the most common 'contactee' events in the Midwest in the late 50s and early 60s... during my experiences.

They affirmed they were part of my family, but also said there was much more to who they were as part of my universal family. I felt my mind let go and another part of me step in from a much greater depth, almost like I felt when I entered the light. I felt fearless and completely safe.

While the energy was continuing to flow through me feet, I formulated some questions. I started with inquiring about my early experiences. I wanted to know more about my 'family' and why I had all the experiences as a youth.

What they said had me second-guessing life as I knew it. I was from the stars, they said, born on Earth as part of a universal process to restore

ancient knowledge and wisdom that had been lost. I had to learn what it was like to be human; my adoption was part of the program.

The early out of body experiences were guided by other members of my family in order to prepare me to be able to witness the trips to the ship. It was important that I was able to remember the initial part of the 'sessions' for comfortability.

My education continued on board, but my human mind would not be able to comprehend what was happening yet. There were too many aspects of my consciousness that to reveal them all as a youth would not have been healthy for my development in a denser environment. I was allowed to have some memory so that the curiosity and development would continue.

The early 'training' I received was in the art of what some call Eckankar, or soul travel. It sparked my interest in both Eckankar and Scientology in college so that I could begin to develop the awareness on a more conscious level.

The ease I had in exploring inner realms was because I had been in them for some time already, yet it was a challenge for the human brain to assimilate into the denser Earth realm.

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I snapped back into the critical part of my consciousness for a moment, checking in with what I read and studied about in school beyond the bookwork required for the classes. It all made sense at a level I hadn't thought about yet. I knew my mind was on overdrive and these thoughts certainly weren't going to occur on a normal day-to-day basis. Life had too many distractions, duties and responsibilities.

They told me there was so much more yet to be revealed, but it would come in a more natural process. The sacred plants allowed access to my consciousness in a different way; a process that had been used throughout the development of the spiritual understanding garnered by some of the human race to date, across many cultures.

I had many other emotional experiences that have prepared me to understand the deeper principles of being. All of the early experiences in my life were preparatory for awakening to my purpose. In time I would be given fuller details but for now the bridging of inner and outer realities, something I'd already been curious about, would take years of training still.

All of this seemed rather surreal and far-fetched but there was something that resonated within

me, something I knew was true but could not articulate how I knew it. I shifted back to the feeling of the energy slowly moving up my calves and into my thighs. I had to be silent to feel it.

I was aware there was more going on with the energy they were channeling through my body than I was being told. It didn't matter because I was so engaged in the experience and the sensation of being part of something cosmic.

Thinking about the cosmic applications I had a quick thought about the points of light I saw in college. My thoughts were like triggers to them to move on, too. I recalled the imagery and the message I was given. As magnificent as it was, my questions of 'how?' and 'what do I need to do to prepare?' were ever-present in my quiet moments of contemplation.

I realized these points that appeared now where indeed connected and I felt so deeply appreciative for the opportunity to continue the conversation. When I first encountered them I was in no place to converse as the feeling of awe kept me from thinking. I just experienced the moments as an undeniable connection beyond my awareness.

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Now, the conversation picked up with the delivery of additional knowledge of the 'how?' for my benefit. My curiosity of whether the points of consciousness were in body or not originally was now further revealed through this process.

They explained to me that these points of consciousness were indeed incarnate in others like me all over the planet. The manner in which they interacted with each other varies on the type of duties and responsibilities they were given. Given? Yes, each has a soular blueprint designed especially for carrying out their mission, like me.

I had a moment of impatience in wanting to connect with these others. Patience, I was told, is tantamount to the process. I may never meet some of them. In fact, some may never truly know what their full consciousness is doing to support the process of establishing a new world order.

They explained that consciousness has many layers, many dimensions and even many bodies that are all connected. Each layer has its own function and, when fully realized, is made available to the individuated consciousness incarnate on Earth but, not until they make the choice to become more aware in the physical.

Even after that choice is made it could be days or years for the consciousness to develop within the human form. The aspects of each and their importance to the whole are different for everyone. However, the collective vision that operates from the ONE MIND is shared; backup plans are always in place in case of poor choices.

My mind was reeling at this point; attempting to keep up with the data stream of consciousness at these levels was pretty intense to say the least. I reflected on reiterations and resistance of others.

I paused in my thoughts and became silent again, noticing the movement of energy up through my thighs and into my hips. I asked about my family and how I would be able to continue to live in the dichotomy with my wife, knowing my children were already showing signs of advanced awareness. I didn't like the answer I got.

They told me this path, like I'd been told before, is full of trials and tribulations. I may not be able to bridge the worlds with her and be together as a family. I needed to be aware of that now and prepare for the possibility. I was stubborn and refused to think I could not work things out. I paused to feel the sense of deep connection.

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Then, as if to cause the complete opposite, they asked me to get up and kiss the amethyst that I had placed in the center of the star Christine and I had made earlier. I refused. I wasn't about to get out of my comfortable sleeping bag to appease some distant voice. I was being a jerk and met the challenge with great reluctance.

The amethyst was some 15 meters away and it was quite chilly by that time at that altitude. I felt the snap back into my body as I looked around in the dark, faced with either accepting this as reality or believing it to be just a wild trip from the mushrooms - all my imagination. NOT!

I have to admit I was sort of hoping for the latter, it sure would make it easier to completely dismiss if it was all just my imagination. My life was challenging enough and yet, I knew I had to demonstrate my commitment. I also knew that in such states other worlds open for experience. I'd experienced, read and studied shamanic practices enough to know special events can happen.

We were converts to the Mormon Church at the time; recently demonstrating our 'worthiness,' resulting in getting 'married and sealed' in the Temple in Mesa, Arizona. I had on my garments, but it was more than chilly in the mountain air

and I was not about to get out of my nice warm sleeping bag for some etheric voices, no matter how cool they seemed.

They withdrew their energy completely; like a vacuum just sucked it away in an instant... nothing but emptiness is what I felt then. It was a complete absence of the deep connection I'd been feeling since awakening in this experience. I could not deny the difference in sensation their absence produced as I laid there a moment and considered my options and position. It was easier to believe it was my imagination to a degree, but I could not at all rationalize the change of sensation.

I was processing so much so quick that it felt more like I was in an accelerated learning curve rather than an imaginary tale. I still wasn't sure it was all real, but just in case I got up to do what they asked. Getting up and making the effort to test the truth of what was happening seemed to be more important than my selfishness.

I got up and walked over to the circle, knelt and kissed the amethyst with as much reverence as I could bring forth in my being. In that moment my prayer was to know truth once again, regardless of the impact on my life. I knew I risked it all... *everything...* by doing so.

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As soon as I was back in my sleeping bag and took a few moments to get silent, they were back again instantly. Even in my current state, I could tell the difference in sensation and was glad I had gotten over myself. My thoughts drifted to the energy once again as it moved up to my lower abdomen and solar plexus.

They began to explain about the energy they were sending through me. They told me that this energy was part of everything, of creation, and flowed like water throughout all things when one becomes aware. It was a science that was not developed yet on our planet and it was time to awaken its reality. I was one of the few being awakened to this level of awareness now.

I flashed on explaining it to others for a moment. Not a pretty picture based on my experiences to date. I sure didn't like being called 'full of Satan' and I damn sure didn't like the hospital incarceration. I also didn't want anything to do with creating something for people to attach allegiance; there were too many gurus already.

My visitors explained that sending this energy through my body into the earth would help connect many to a deeper feeling of communion as well as help to understand the process of what

José had called 'the ascension.' It was a rising of consciousness within humanity.

They explained it was more of a process of raising awareness about celestial consciousness than humans had known yet. This level of awareness in consciousness permeates creation, but humans were still entertaining their free will and satiating their physical senses to become aware just yet.

According to them, this would facilitate a greater connection with the Earth and her people for me, so that I would be connected at energetic levels to the consciousness that pervades the Universe.

I understood deep within, but I was sure I could not put it into words if asked at the time. It was more of a sense of knowing. I hadn't tried to discuss any of my experiences with others for years, so I knew I'd be challenged to do so now.

They told me all would happen in time. I would eventually be able to articulate clearly and help make sense common to all. I mused on the flip of common sense and the comedic remark. I thought that was pretty humorous in such a serious conversation.

I acknowledged that it would be an honor to live in such close connection with our Mother Earth

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and that I would serve her to the best of my ability. They explained that as a result of this process she [Mother Earth] would be speaking through me to many and that I would lead this group as I had led in the past.

"I led in the past?" I thought.

I returned the vision of being surrounded by the points of light. I questioned the progress toward completing my mission; the marching orders I'd received during the experience of going through the white light and being told I was here to work with others in order to facilitate a 'new world order.' I was still a bit unclear how such a 'charged' term could work.

They expressed that they were here now as part of the 'help' that was promised. They were here to assist me in making some adjustments to further align with my mission and that I had been doing very well so far. I took a deep breath of relief and just let go again. I noticed the energy moving up into my heart and chest area.

I was being 'tuned in' to the planetary grid system as part of my preparation now. I had no idea what the 'planetary grid' was but being a brainiac I figured it was how everything was

connected energetically on the planet. I had a sense of what that meant, but I knew the grid was much more to be experienced.

I wanted to know about our heritage, where we began and how we gain knowledge of harmony among people and planet. The story that unfolded had me mesmerized for hours. It began through a vision of light condensing into form, something that completely caught me off guard and yet made me even more curious.

The imagery was spectacular, a rainbow-sparkled ball of light streaking across the universe and descending toward a lush green planet. When it reached the planet there was a flash as though the whole planet lit up for an instant, and then it was gone. The planet remained and I got the sense that a union had been created, between the light and the planet.

Then I saw a series of scenes with a variety of creatures that all behaved like tribes, working together in various ways to support their community. I saw cities and countryside that looked straight out of some science fiction movie with multiple suns and moons, flora and fauna from desert to tropical rain forests and gorgeous colors that were so vibrant they seemed alive.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

I was so in awe that I wasn't sure where I was at – in body, out of body or seeing it in person as I was so absorbed by the events. I felt like I was actually visiting these various places and even the residents were responding to my gaze with a quick glance my way on a couple of occasions.

The beings in each location were different, mirroring many of the life forms on earth yet displaying complete sentience and organization representative of civilization. The styles and types of buildings, although different in materials, all seemed to reflect elegant architecture combined with geometric shapes that appeared organic, malleable yet resilient and strong.

The cities had the feel of concentric circles for the most part, but then some of them actually lifted off the surface of the planets. The 'countryside' had such beauty in the integration of architectural structures that they were nearly invisible as habitations amongst the terrain.

The scenery passed by quickly, but I could identify many of the kinds of extraterrestrial beings I'd seen from drawings and dreams I'd had since childhood. There seemed to be dozens of worlds in all, each with a slightly different planetary landscape. Each world had completely

different beings or bodies and all bi-pedal, or at least upright locomotion.

Even though I was in another world, or many, I still had the capability of critical thinking. I questioned the reason I was being shown all of this spectacular scenery and acknowledged my complete submission to whatever the narrators had in store. I felt eternal in those moments, alive and free of any constraints of consciousness.

I was told these were our ancestors, our brothers and sisters in the universe and that each had reached a state of consciousness where they were all connected to a universal mind, naturally in harmony with their surroundings. It took many hundreds of thousands of years for this to happen on each planet. Ours was ready for an evo-leap.

It took thousands of years just to accomplish the idea of 'soul' that we humans have developed. The consciousness transfers from one body to the next, semi-unconsciously, until that 'eternal' connection is made. It is a natural process of the evolution of consciousness that has condensed into a physical form. For most it happened as the lifespan increased to hundreds of years.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

The density constrains the stream of human consciousness for a time while the physical being matures, often taking many incarnations. Our planet had been in such a state long ago. I started to ask how it changed, but the thought seemed unimportant and I dismissed it. We were here now and the past was the past. If I needed to know more, it would be presented at some point when appropriate.

The substance of the body is from each planet and returns to it until the consciousness opens the gate, like a computer program that has to run subroutines in the boot up process. Only the completed program just launches another set of subroutines until the link between the intellect and the soul is completely open. Then the bodies converge into one operating platform.

We might see it as God dwelling in man again; celestial consciousness condensed into form.

The result, according to the narrator, is a sense of oneness and willingness to operate free from intellectual pursuits driven by the desire to dominate the environment. Each individual soul has purpose, like a thread in the tapestry of life that is just as important as any other thread. The

beauty of the tapestry is dependent on the threads, no matter the color, diameter or length.

When all the threads become aware of the tapestry, it becomes alive and whole – able to be viewed. Individuals are like fractals of the tapestry, able to contain the original yet finding form, fit and function within it as their own filaments combine to form the whole.

It was then that I was shown spaceships of various designs and shapes; saucer-shaped, cigar-shaped, triangular-shaped, and sphere-shaped of various sizes. They all seemed to pulse with some kind of energy, like they were connected to a heart-beat of some kind.

It reminded me of the pulse I felt during an out of body experience while traveling through what seemed to be a wormhole. When I was completely silent, I could feel/hear this pulse that seemed bio-mechanical at the time based on the sound.

I noticed the pulse as the foundation of the experience, even though I was able to argue points of order. I asked for clarification on many apparent miscommunications between the 'wise' and the 'minions' over time.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

There was too much dualism in the human models and I wanted to understand the One's unifying perspective. I felt like it was already a part of me, but I needed further enlightenment.

I got a telepathic narration that informed me that many of these races had advanced to the understanding that Jesus demonstrated, able to take their bodies with them. This did not, in some cases, inhibit further incarnations.

As their body consciousness continued to develop, those who demonstrated a certain discipline were allowed greater integration with greater cosmic consciousness and, therefore, given even more responsibility in cosmic affairs. It all seemed so logical and pure.

They eventually learned how to incarnate in other planetary forms, consistent with each planet, in order to assist other planetary civilizations during epochal changes, both in consciousness and planetary evolution. The scenes revealed what appeared to be catastrophic events, yet there was complete serenity in the transitions.

It really felt strange to observe and feel the sensations beyond emotions, like I was seeing

through the eyes of God. It was amazing. I felt like 'I' completely disappeared, too.

I understood the process of gaining awareness and self-actualization was the same for all beings, to a point. Like divisions of labor, those who had greater purpose garnered awareness of greater principles and universal understanding at a young age, far beyond the planetary civilization's ability to comprehend in most cases.

That is, until the critical mass was effectively 'seeded' enough for the conversation to take on a new level. That level was what I was being prepared for here on Earth. In that space and time it all made perfect sense and I felt like I was ready for anything. Let's rock!

The sensations that accompanied this experience were amazingly scintillating, like I was completely free of any attachment to judging what was happening. Part of me knew that I was like a speck in the cosmos at the mercy of something way beyond anything I could comprehend in that moment, but another part of me was perfectly comfortable with what was happening, almost like it was more real than anything I'd ever known in my life. I mused at the paradox.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

I let go and trusted, just as I had when I was asked if I was willing to die for what I believed in nearly half my life ago. Real or not, I became a better person because of it. But I digress...

When I cycled back to the energy running through my body, I could feel it in my upper chest and throat now. They told me that there was a pair of shoes ready for me to step into if I was ready.

Without hesitation, I pictured my purple Converse All-Star's in their worn and tattered state; my favorite shoes for many years. I verified that they would provide all the tools and they would be there at the appropriate time just as had been promised to me in the beginning. It was risky, but I felt sort of comfortable with the decision.

I got the feeling of confirmation deep inside me, so I loosened up a bit more and allowed the energy to flow completely unimpeded by my body and mind once again. It felt like I was catapulted through the stars while simultaneously expanding to encompass them. I felt really big, yet invisible and unimportant at the time.

With the previous event's understanding reaffirmed, I agreed to step into the shoes. As

soon as I did, it felt like every bit of tension that I apparently wasn't aware of was now gone.

I felt free of *everything*.

Noting the difference in the sense of focus in the outer world in everyday living, it was so real and extraordinary to feel that sensation. I felt huge now, like I was the universe for a moment.

I was completely in awe at how this would all play out but the power of the moment was intimately unmistakable so I just listened intently. As I did, they told me part of a story about my life that seemed like I was in a fantasy world akin to some sci-fi adventure. It sure made me feel humble to say the least. I wondered if any of this would ever truly come to pass. Time alone would tell.

I was not alone here, they said. There are others like me in various states of consciousness, the points of light I'd seen before and even among the group I was witnessing now. We all have specific duties and responsibilities; mine was to consciously facilitate the reunion.

The reunion was not at all like I thought; each comes together in the thoughtmosphere with their particular skill set being applied to the collective. Indeed it was like a collective messiah; free of

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

any singular focus, as with Jesus, yet manifesting Christ Consciousness throughout. I felt relieved.

Another question surfaced, "If God made us, who made God?" The immediate and only answer came in the form of the symbol that José had mentioned in the interview, a rotating white feathered serpent medicine wheel. It was huge, taking up nearly a third of the sky and way off in the distance. It was positioned in the sky rotating above Sedona. I mused over José's words.

My line of sight happened to be in position with Sedona as I lay in the sleeping bag under the stars. The spin was a slow clockwise rotation and I just starred empty-minded at this beautiful image, letting it soak in. I knew I didn't understand, but it didn't matter. I let go again.

I knew then that there indeed was an answer in this rotating wheel, even though my human consciousness was not able to comprehend it yet. I knew that in time I would and they affirmed my feelings as well, noting that it would take some time for this entire experience to unfold completely in my consciousness and life.

What I did feel was imparted to me in that vision was that spin, the cycle, and that like José had

said, we are in the beginning of a 50-year cycle, with 2012 as the midpoint. 2012 was the tipping point where the momentum of the rising of consciousness in humanity would finally be recognized globally and a new living awareness emerges as a result.

I returned to the silence again and felt the energy move into my third eye and crown area. My head was abuzz to say the least. I noticed that it felt and sounded like what I hear when completely quiet and the environment is silent as well. It's a high-pitched whine that carries a slight oscillation.

The next question addressed something that I was resistant to exploring even though I'd been mentored regarding it since childhood. "Am I the Rider of the White Horse?" I asked, almost ashamed for even bringing it up. I had this weird sense that I had something to do with it but I did more to dismiss the feeling than accept it for all of my life. I thought it was too self-aggrandizing to even consider it as a possibility, yet I cannot deny that the thoughts were there. What happened next was quite unexpected and totally cool.

I was immediately attracted to the lower right of my field of vision. As I looked over I saw a beautiful white horse, a quarter of the size of the

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

area my field of vision as it came into view. It moved in a slow-motion gallop across the sky.

I was completely engrossed in the view. As it reached the center of my vision, it turned and came straight toward me. I didn't know what to think. My heart leapt and I felt like crying in joy, but it came from a place I'd never known within.

It was so beautiful that I got lost in the awe and forgot about my question because I was so absorbed in its grandeur. As it turned toward me I remembered I had asked the question. I felt so small and insignificant in that moment.

Still in awe I meekly inquired, "Am I?" As it came closer I felt even more humble and thought, "Am I?" like a child getting a gift he'd never thought possible. Then, as it reached the point of being right in front of me I accepted and acknowledged, "I AM!" It just felt right no matter my resistance.

As this magnificent being passed slightly to my right I reached my arm out to grab its neck as it came by and swung myself up to sit on its majestic back. It happened so quickly that I just responded without a second thought and found myself accordingly suspended above its back. An eternity seemed to pass in that moment.

The instant I touched its back I heard a trumpet echo in the woods all around us. Instantly I was completely awake, noticing the sunlight was just beginning to offer a peak at the surrounding trees. I must've had my eyes closed for a while.

I knew I heard the trumpet with my physical ears and sat straight up in my sleeping bag, looking around for the trumpeter as if I'd see them somewhere close. I just knew I would. Alas, there was no one in sight, but I could hear others in the campground beginning to stir.

With tears streaming down my face I gently nudged my wife to share with her what had happened, hoping she would feel the same excitement. As she opened her eyes and I began to express, she blurted out, "I thought you weren't going to do any mushrooms." My heart was crushed in an instant and I became completely silent and withdrawn.

She did not know I even had them. But her first response flattened my excitement like a smashed bug on a windshield. I felt disappointed and destitute, hopeless and completely alone. I let go of my expectations and hurt as best I could, but the experience (both pain and pleasure) was undeniably real in oh, so many ways.

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I had said nothing about the mushrooms, but she cut me down to size nonetheless. My heart broke in two as she turned the proverbial fire hose on me. I was speechless. I felt the distance between us ever so deeply in that moment.

I could tell something was about to change drastically. We had worked through one affair already after her accident and the connection I hoped would develop felt like it was slipping away as part of the process I had to endure.

I could not deny what had happened, even under the influence of the mushrooms. It was too real and validated by the actions I was asked to take during the conversation and the interaction with the group of beings, whatever they were.

I've got a good imagination, but it seemed to take me back to a previous profound position among the points of light as a teen. The strange thing was that they felt like they were part of a family I belonged to somehow, much the same as the previous encounter. The latter was after being asked if I was willing to die for what I believed in. There are many ways of dying, I found out.

I felt more connected to those points of light than any person, even my children. I only wish

everyone could feel that sense of family unity and connection, beyond anything imaginable on Earth, like nothing else I've ever felt. The experience strengthened the awareness of responsibility I have toward my life and mission, beyond anything.

The following week I changed my business research project for my bachelor's degree from a business case solution at work to the first writing of a project plan for a model community, then simply called an international cultural center. I didn't have statistics to back up my plan, so it affected my grade tremendously.

I did have an interesting experience while doing some research at a large new age expo at the Phoenix Civic Center. I went there to see if there were any people presenting on community building, either lectures or vendors. The expo was called 'Focus on You' and it seemed more like it was geared toward new age products and services rather than community development.

I took my son with me so we could have some time together and introduce him to things beyond our everyday lives. I was dressed in lavender slacks, a purple pull-over, purple/lavender plaid cap I'd nearly worn out golfing and my trusty

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purple Converse All Stars. Michael, also clad in a purple ensemble, strode around the event as proud as his father.

We stopped just after turning a corner and watched as a gentleman demonstrated sending energy through a single-terminated quartz crystal about 4 inches in diameter. He was standing just outside his booth where there were two huge amethyst geodes from Brazil, nearly 3 foot in diameter and 10 foot long with sections removed and lights accenting the interior.

As he was completing his demonstration, I caught his eye and held up my hand. He mirrored my action and I sent a pulse of energy from my hand to his, or at least I imagined doing so. His eyes lit up, evidently feeling the pulse, and he walked quickly over to me. He looked deeply into my eyes and asked, "Are you Saint Germaine? I've been waiting for you." I didn't know what to say, so I just gazed back and remained silent.

I thought to myself that I really don't know who I am yet. My adoption and birth record, or lack of them, along with the recent experiences gave me cause for concern. I was completely taken by surprise with his question and comment. I quickly turned the conversation toward the beauty of the

amethyst geodes and my son's fascination with them. I dismissed the event as being a random perception and just left it alone.

Over the years I've found that identity can be somewhat illusive at best, especially in the kinds of situations that come up out of the blue. Whenever others recognize me as this person or that person, according to their perception, it gives me the opportunity to detach and recognize that I can often be whoever the person needs me to be in that moment. I am able to remain detached as a matter of personal sanity. It doesn't matter.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

## Harmonic Convergence

## **Converging ?**

After an experience like I had, the return to normal life was just as challenging, preparing for the next steps and doing the internal work no one ever knows about, except if they are doing it too. The real-world activities kept me focused on church, family and job for the time being.

I spent several weeks completely re-writing my business research project for school. I started with the premise that one could create an environment where cultural history, religious studies and community development could work as one. At the time the best name I could determine was an international cultural center.

I researched intentional communities and looked for any kind of existing communities that I could use as starting points, hoping I could find statistics for business development and financial sustainability. I did not find much information at the time, but I was able to craft an overview of the type of community I envisioned.

It was a fairly elaborate plan that included research of cultural and historic documents; cross-referencing of texts that might show a consistent pattern of information that could be

used to overcome the apparent differences that may have spawned the various religions. At the time I felt this would lead to an ability to bridge the separative qualities within each.

I began with the concept that such a community could be self-sustaining including energy and food production. Building construction would use new materials specifically designed to be energy efficient and environmentally supportive. The latter came in the types of construction that could be easily integrated into existing landscapes.

I was under a deadline so I spent many long nights typing up the plan. We didn't have personal computers at the time, so it was really tedious work. I finished the plan with minimal financial information and suffered a much lower grade because of it. I was happy that I at least had a working document.

A few weeks later I picked up a Phoenix New Times that had a cover story about a guy named Carl Bimson. He was one of the founders of the Valley National Bank in Arizona. At 91, he still had an office in the VNB building in downtown Phoenix. He was quoted in the article, "I'm just here to help people." So that is what I did.

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I called his office and made an appointment. I donned one of my favorite suits, a blue and white seersucker, and went to meet with him to discuss my concept. I figured that his business experience and wisdom would be invaluable. I also thought he could tell me if my plan was realistic.

His office was on the 9<sup>th</sup> floor of the building and one of the largest I had ever been in yet. He was a very kind man who shared some business and relationship wisdom on par with Zig Ziglar. After some time we began discussing the idea of the international cultural center. His eyes lit up. I didn't expect that.

It took me at least a half an hour to get the full concept out as he had some questions along the way that allowed us to discuss some very significant spiritual points of order, if you will. I felt like he was more open for some reason, so I shared some of the events I'd experienced and how I was concerned about fulfilling the mission marching orders I'd received in college.

He only deepened his conversation with me after sharing details I thought would be safe. He spoke to me about his wife's near obsession with astrology and tarot cards. I never in a million years would have guessed that he also had a

fascination with the accuracy of information and help he received in his business dealings.

After I finished with my presentation, he took a moment and reflected before he said anything. He began by complimenting me on such a large undertaking. I thought he was getting ready to let me down easy, but he actually seemed interested in helping me to move forward.

His best advice was to break it down into the components that created more of a systems approach, being able to define each more clearly and how they integrated into the whole. He also suggested that I look for the material resources so that I could determine a budget. He thought I would enjoy researching the people who were doing similar work toward creating harmony.

I left his office feeling like I had something worthy of pursuing. I knew the concept was sound, but after the miserable grade I'd received I wasn't sure just how viable a project it was. Now I felt like it was possible to achieve, no matter how much time or work it may take.

Unfortunately I wasn't able to pursue the dream at the time because my work hours increased dramatically, sometimes nearly 80 hours a week

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

during month-end. Between church, school and work I barely had enough time to spend with the children. Things were getting worse with the wife, too, so the plan had to be put on hold.

A few months later after we had moved, I had a dream about a feminine energy named Sarah. I never saw her specifically, but I was being escorted from place to place by what felt like a woman. I had a conversation with her during the dream and at one point asked her name.

The dream coincided with the idea of the international cultural center and I was being shown various types of environments that were conducive to creating bridges between worlds. The dreamtime environments all had special materials and structures that almost shimmered. They each had unique architecture, from domes to multi-sided buildings. The formations seemed to be in geometric patterns, too, with gardens interspersed and large central growing areas.

A few days later I read an article in a local metaphysical paper about a Church of the New Age Spiritual Revolution in America that was on my side of the valley. I had one of those odd feelings that this could be important. I called the

number and a man named George Labeau answered the phone.

George turned out to be a good friend in my transition period. I'd rented a two story house with a guest house and he soon became a renter. The girls wanted an upstairs bedroom and the house happened to have it, but just one room. It was a surprise they really enjoyed.

I knew they felt the tension, though, and it broke my heart for them to have to experience this mess, regardless of any previous karmic hoopla. We were in a new ward of the LDS Church, too.

I didn't realize at the time how well I manifested exactly what I needed to meet the requirements of the girls *and* give me an alternative dwelling in case things became intolerable living together. I suspected it would happen sooner than later, although I remained hopeful that she would find a better path and stay.

It wasn't long before she filed for divorce and surreptitiously confided in the church leadership, but meanwhile George offered some extra cash toward our rent and he was someone that I could talk with about my own experience.

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I didn't completely open up to him about the core experience in the non-linear sense, but I was able to talk to him about my rather fringe thoughts and feelings. He listened, reflected his own understanding and asked questions that led us both to explore possibilities.

My work and school schedule didn't allow me much spare time. I made sure we still took weekend trips when possible, so we could have some family time together even if there was tension between us. The kids didn't deserve to suffer just because we couldn't get along. We did have a scare when Michael took off one day and we didn't notice it for a few minutes.

We searched the neighborhood for about twenty minutes before finding him at the neighbor's around the corner. He was only five at the time and he'd gone there to visit one of his playmates.

It reminded me of the time I walked to Pappy's with a baseball glove and bat, looking for some friends to play baseball. That was a little further walk, though, and in a time when there were no causes for alarm in our small town. Not knowing where Michael was invited a scary moment nonetheless, but it was all for nothing really.

Unbeknownst to me, Leeann was getting ready to file for divorce. Before long the bishopric (bishop and two councilors) came to visit. They requested to meet with me, but I wasn't sure why until they questioned my involvement with the 'New Age Alliance,' a group I'd joined after attending a meeting with George.

CNASRA was already a member and he asked me to come along as a newly ordained Director.

My conversation with the bishopric was interesting to say the least. Instead of feeling adversarial or defensive I sincerely felt I was following the edicts of the church and noted references from a variety of 'approved' sources. I could tell they weren't comfortable with my responses, but they could not argue with how they were crafted. They left with a not-so-evident stamp of approval.

Later that summer, just before my birthday, George and I went to a full moon meditation in Fountain Hills, about a half-hour away. They were a regular occurrence that began with a vegetarian potluck dinner and friendly conversation.

The meditation was next, guided by the woman of the house, Yoshi, and accompanied by two folks who played Tibetan bowls. If you've never

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experienced the pulsing vibrations from the bowls they can put you into an altered state of consciousness just on their own. The tones went from very high pitched and piercing to a very low pulse that could take one into a deep trance.

They had a dozen or so each, so the range of tones was able to take people through an array of sensory stimulation. The addition of a gentle guide with spoken word offered a trip down the rabbit hole once the eyes were closed. It felt absolutely bliss full.

We returned home later and spent a couple of hours talking about the upcoming conference and other things relative to CNASRA, the New Age Alliance and how our paths fit the scenario. We reached a lull in the conversation, probably around 2 am or so, and I closed my eyes for a moment with the intent of a moment of gratitude and prayer for more understanding.

I took a couple of deep breaths and just relaxed, then without really concentrating on anything the question, "Who Am I?" arose in my mind.

Almost immediately, I heard George's chair move like he was shifting his weight around. I opened my eyes and turned to look at him. As I locked on

his eyes the first words out of his mouth were, "You are Zendor." wtf? What now?

My 'second sight' turned on as I heard the words, with my eyes wide open. I saw a star scape with a huge stone-arched doorway cast in the center of it. In the middle of the wall was a large, thick wooden door slowly opening toward me. As I watched I heard a voice say, "Door to what is." I didn't know what to do so I just sat there silently for a few minutes. George didn't have anything else to say in the moment either.

I felt a very deep sense of awe, expanded consciousness and overwhelming skepticism for what I'd just witnessed. For those few moments I wasn't sure if I was in my body or not. I certainly never had anything like that happen yet. I had a real hard time accepting that my internal question was answered so synchronistically *out of his mouth*. Then the vision just happened?

We sat there silently for quite a while before I finally spoke up and said, "That was f...g weird!" George just laughed deeply and smiled.

I didn't say anything to another soul for quite some time. What the heck could I say? It seemed like I was not living on the fringe, I was living IN

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it and beyond. I'd never heard of anyone having these kinds of themed events.

If I was going to speak about them I was going to have a real hard time explaining my perspective at all. I understood why the Ascended Masters said, "to dare, to know, to do and to be silent."

I had no idea why George had spoken out at that moment in answer to the question. I couldn't deny it happened, though. I asked him why he spoke out like that. He could not say, but he knew had spoken the words. Damn...

Still, I had to admit that Zendor was a pretty cool name regardless. It very much had the tone of a 'Zendor the Barbarian' kinda thing; warrior of light and truth, or commander of some star ship. At worst it would make a good story someday. I wondered why it happened and who this 'Zendor' was really, especially since it had something to do with me. I decided it was best to remain quiet for now and see what plays out over time.

Back to the daily routine and a month or so later I made the transition back to second shift when I got demoted at work. The demotion seemed really odd because I had been performing beyond expectations. I learned later that I had threatened

the status quo when asked to find a consultant to help the department with interpersonal skills.

I didn't spend much time with the kids except for a brief time after school. They would wake me up on weekends, though, and it was such a joy to have them bouncing around on top of me.

About a month later I published an article in the Arizona Light, a fairly new metaphysical newspaper published in Scottsdale. It was about the extraterrestrial presence and what it might mean for the development of a new world order with their help. I presented several questions and explored a variety of circumstances that might affect the outcome for our planet.

I picked up a copy at a nearby metaphysical store in Tempe aptly named Chakra, and noticed a display advertisement right below my article.

This location would have great significance over the next decade, transforming from Chakra to Everything Earthly over time.

The display ad stated that two people, Steven and April White, were going to be at the Metro-center Roadway Inn on August 17th channeling Ashtar and Athena. Hmmm...

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I felt like I was in between worlds for a moment, conflicted by asking for truth and having it show up in undeniable ways. It was also the anniversary of the Harmonic Convergence so the synchronicity turned serendipitous.

The string of events over the last few months continued to unveil what appeared to be a serendipitous vein of truth in my life. So my curiosity got the better of my fear of knowing the truth. Trust me, when you've got this self-discovery process going on for your entire life it can be excruciatingly fun.

I have to be willing to suspend my beliefs in a given moment and, despite knowing it always turns out okay, it is still as intimidating as facing your worst fears. I went beyond my reluctance to inquire further and showed up at the meeting. After all, I had committed to the process of knowing truth and fulfilling whatever 'mission' I'd been given initially.

I showed up at the hotel a half hour early so I could hang out and just observe who was showing up, wondering if I'd recognize anyone. I had only recently entered the metaphysical community in the Valley and I didn't know that many people.

I have no trouble engaging people I don't know. It's like having a friend you haven't met yet. I did meet quite a few new people that evening. They all seemed somewhat normal, even though some of them dressed funny. I'd meet some of them again later, some sooner than later.

The room held about 150 people and it was maybe two-thirds full at \$20 each. I thought I'd seen a couple of folks around, but didn't know anyone personally yet.

I said nothing about my reason for being there and sat over next to the wall. I hoped I could remain anonymous, but I had a feeling it might turn out differently.

I was surprised that so many people were there. I had done some minor research and only knew that these two, Ashtar and Athena, were supposed to be the local representatives of something called the Galactic Federation.

By 'local' I meant for this region of space, extending beyond our solar system and encompassing some others. I knew nothing of the so-called Ashtar Command then, let alone what my future relationship would evolve to be over

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the next decade. I certainly wasn't prepared for their message that night.

Steve and April were absolutely gorgeous people, both over 6 feet with long blonde hair and bright blue eyes; magnetic personalities that appeared warm and loving beyond most people I'd known to date. I thought of introducing myself but decided it was best if I didn't just yet. I thought remaining anonymous would be best for now.

We did manage to meet eyes and nod before their presentation, although there was no verbal exchange. They felt strangely familiar, but I knew I'd never met them before this evening event. I was rather taken aback by what happened next.

Steve and April asked everyone to please be seated and that they were going to begin. They explained a little about what they were doing, who Ashtar and Athena are, and what their purpose is at this time. It was interesting to say the least. I knew a little from research.

According to them Ashtar and Athena were 5<sup>th</sup> dimensional beings responsible for managing and monitoring the fulfillment of soul contracts. In other words, to make sure certain individuals who incarnated on various planets followed through on

their missions, completing them as per their created and/or volunteer contracts.

It sounded like another spin on following divine will, only there were administrators to make sure everything ran smoothly. Somehow that made sense to me then, even more so now. It followed the story of the Bible, too, so I thought.

When Steve went into his channeling mode, his eyes were closed and he remained seated on a stool for five minutes or so, gradually standing up and addressing the group. He continued to keep his eyes closed. I hadn't seen this before.

After going on for a bit about the Galactic Federation and its purpose, he began talking about the administration of the Federation and what his [Ashtar] role was in it. At this point Steve, still with eyes closed, appeared to be looking straight at me.

To remove any doubt and as soon as I noticed what I thought was more focus on me than the rest of the group, he opened his eyes and continued to look at me without moving his gaze for several minutes. Images and thoughts cascaded in my mind, vacillating between understandings beyond the words coming out of

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

his mouth and questioning what the hell was going on here. I was getting a download.

I was beginning to feel a bit 'on the spot' in front of the small crowd of people in the room. I was thankful no one knew me well. I was afraid of being asked why he was focusing on me. He would address the group for a few minutes and then come back to me as though his message was important for me to hear.

I have to say that I understood his explanations of the administration to a great degree. The protocols and processes sounded very familiar for some reason. He brought his talk to a close and April began to speak.

Athena appeared to have just as much interest in me, although she did look around the room a bit more than Ashtar had. She explained what the feminine aspect of their co-commandry was in relation to the care-giving toward humanity and especially those who were part of the Galactic Federation that had incarnated into physical bodies at this time.

There was never any direct mention of me specifically; although she did speak of some 'experiments' that would seem very difficult for

people of earth to understand just yet. Something made me think I was one of those experiments, though. I felt like a universe test tube baby.

I wasn't sure what that was about, even though part of me felt that I understood what she meant. I have to say that I was more interested in the explanations of the inner workings of the administration, yet it felt that her explanations were also just as important although they were more intuitive in nature. I was very much in my head at the time; a voracious investigator and curious intellect with a need to know.

After the channeling came to a close I waited until everyone had done their thing with the two of them, like hugs or brief discussions and what not. When I finally had the chance to speak to them privately, I asked them if they were aware of staring at me quite often during their channeling.

They looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders in unison. They were not aware of what they did during the channeling as they are 'off somewhere else' when Ashtar and Athena were present in their bodies.

I left feeling a bit more aware and conscious of some of the things I had questioned, but it still

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

felt so surrealistic that I knew better than to speak openly of how I was feeling or thinking. I certainly hadn't had the experience of 'channeling' myself, so I was unaware of what people go through in their own process of doing so.

It certainly left me with more questions than answers then. I figured that, in time, all my questions would be answered. I knew that as more answers came, more questions would evolve as a result and the never-ending process of learning would continue. I have the sense that it is a life-long process and, even after transition, there will be questions on the other side.

Awareness seems to grow from asking better questions, regardless of the subject material or topic one engages. I find learning fascinating and for that reason consider that I am an eduholic.

Converging...?

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## **The New Age Alliance**

The Alliance was made up of about 30 member groups; various new age business, study groups, churches, and organizations. The Alliance's mission was to present a consistent message about what the 'new age' was really about in terms of accountability and responsibility of self toward others and the planet.

The mission seemed congruent with my own, so it was easy to get involved. I'm a sucker for getting involved with curious and intriguing things.

I was then a Director of the Church of New Age Spiritual Revolution of America. The Church is now defunct, although I have fond memories of our meetings. My introduction to CNASRA began with a dream and continued with delight.

I had rented a property with a guest house as I thought I might need it soon, given the trend of my marriage. I was looking for a renter, too.

The precursive dream was an elaborate scenario that began with an off-planet civilization that apparently I was visiting. The people were human-looking, yet possessed a certain energy that I could feel, like their feelings and thoughts

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were completely available as a sensation they emitted or rather *exuded*.

It seemed to bond everyone together so that few words necessary, like they had mastered telepathy way beyond any human capacity. It was quite comfortable and even serene.

I was being escorted around to various groups and at times it seemed like we leapt across some distance without effort. As I became more familiar with the area, my escort allowed me to determine the destination of our journey. I explored some of the architectural developments that had symbolic designs incorporated in their structure.

It felt very freeing and there was a sense of 'love' that permeated the atmosphere. After some time of bounding around from place to place, like a student that had just learned how to fly, it came time for me to depart. The one thing that stuck in my mind was the escort's name... Sara.

A few days later I was reading a metaphysical newspaper and found an article about a church called The New Age Spiritual Revolution of America. I was intrigued by the article's message and author, calling for an open inclusion of all

spiritual paths as a way to generate a more complete experience of life.

I had one of those promptings that you just have to follow, so I called the number listed in the article. That's how I met George Labeau.

During the conversation he referred to the church as 'CNASRA,' which made me think it could be related to my dream somehow. Then I wondered if it would be more like a can of worms. I proceeded to set up a time to meet.

I liked his model of consciousness and a document he'd written called Three Peaks which outlined a model for understanding truth based on two paths, mind and experience which led to belief and awareness respectively.

I was invited to step into a leadership role by the end of our conversation. I told him I would consider it but needed more information about his intentions and the tenets of the church.

George was slightly shorter than me and at 5'8" not too many guys were shorter. He had dark and mysterious yet warm eyes with short wavy dark brown hair. He looked like he had been athletic at one time, a bit stocky and in good shape.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

He had been a photographer and writer by profession until recently, noting that his arthritis was making both vocations painfully difficult to perform. He had still managed to pound out numerous articles and a few books. He had his 'church' in a small multi-office complex in a low rent area off the main drag in Apache Junction.

So with a little persuasion I became a Director of CNASRA as he had just recently founded the church and was building capacity. The deep conversations and explorations were more to my liking than my Mormon ones, yet I remained committed to the LDS duties I was expected to perform as an elder.

My goal was still to seek truth, where ever it may be found. I couldn't deny the feeling of flow that was present here with CNASRA. The Bishopric didn't appreciate it, though. They came over to question me about the discussion group I had started. Seemed my wife was at work again.

Apparently the bishopric was at least tolerating my efforts as I was able to reference materials they could not deny. It may have irritated them, but I was well within the 'letter' of the preferred path. I felt solid in the process. That was all that mattered to me at the time.

## The New Age Alliance

George invited me to attend a meeting of the New Age Alliance, a newly formed group that was seeking to build membership through member groups. It was a collaborative of leaders from various new age groups around the valley.

Their intention was to present a common sense view of what the 'new age' was all about... accountability and responsibility on personal and planetary levels. In that way we would be able to make sense common to each other and the public at large as we continued to move forward.

I was excited that such a group existed and gladly accepted the invitation. He said they were beginning to plan an event for the fall and thought my organizational skills might come in handy. They did indeed.

Their mission and the opportunity to help put on an event were attractive. The purpose was congruent with my own knowing so I gladly went along for the ride. George told me that they were working on putting together a large event to be held at the Biltmore Hotel in Phoenix, a high class older establishment with a great history of prominent people filtering through for decades.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

I had been running a discussion group already and thought I might be able to help with the event production. Regardless, I wanted to check out how the group felt and responded to each other as they were developing their organization.

I'd previously been in charge of an emergency response team at the aerospace company and then facilitated a commercial spares production desk that shipped over \$7 million in parts every month. I had the run of the plant for both and excelled in the latter. Project management was a natural progression of my personal development.

At the aerospace company I was constantly soliciting the collaboration of others without direct command authority and surpassing monthly goals for the year and a half I was on the desk. My superiors were so impressed they asked me what my secret sauce was to get the job done.

Then I went to the military spares desk as part of a special team to reduce delinquent shipments where I brought the same interpersonal skillset that had proven so effective. I had a knack for helping people naturally and it seemed I garnered their respect by doing so; removing many hoops normally in place if I needed something prioritized. I had a great reputation as a result.

There were 35 people in the department, each with a top priority attitude that often demanded compliance rather than use a softer touch.

Before I left I had the opportunity to bring in a consultant for team building and interpersonal skills. Well, at least for the discussion with my general supervisor. I got demoted three weeks later, though. I wonder why.

I found out my stats were at the top of the department's shipment records nearly every month. I didn't understand corporate culture at the time and thought my intentions would be seen for what they were, genuine and sincere.

Unfortunately, the obvious success became a threat to the status quo that used the fear of reprisal for their command and control methodology to get the job done.

By the time the demotion came, I was in the throes of a divorce as well, so why not get both cheeks smacked and a kick in the ass to boot.

Did I remember something about trials and tribulations in my life? I had never imagined what that kind of betrayal felt like, giving my best in both worlds and it not *be* enough. I learned a tough lesson even though it was quite painful.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

Here I was in a different environment, but there by choice and likely not to get the same treatment I'd received a few months prior, hopefully. Surprisingly, though, during the meeting there were egos flaring and an argument ensued between one of the members and the chairman. The member left in a huff.

I thought the behavior was very unprofessional, even childish, yet I kept my mouth shut and just focused on calming my own energy. My first instinct was to speak up and determine what the real issues were, but this was my first meeting and I wasn't sure it would be appropriate, so I remained silent.

I'd brought a purple folder with our CNASRA application for membership and during the bantering I simply held it between my fingertips of both hands, closed my eyes, and breathed slowly and deeply to center myself so as not to be pulled into the energy.

I did not think it was so obvious, yet after the meeting a bright and bubbly blue-eyed elder woman much shorter and looking like a Pillsbury commercial came over to me, looked me straight in the eyes and said, "I know you from long ago

and I like what you are doing.” I liked that and her instantly. Ruth Furden was cool.

I asked what she meant and she related that she had been watching me from the other side of the circle during the argument. She said she could see the light around me and how I moved it around the room through my breath. I hadn't had anyone approach me like that, let alone explain what they could 'see.' I didn't know exactly what I was doing, only that I followed my feeling.

I flashed on Gary Thomas and me taking turns watching each other leaving our bodies back in college. I remembered how odd it felt, yet it was a reality we tested and found true. I suppose others could have similar abilities. I had felt like there was more going on energetically than most were aware and told her so. Something inside me was activated and I just followed the flow, sending out the energy to harmonize the scene.

It felt nice to be recognized for my efforts even though I was just following my heart-felt desire to calm the energy in the room. I'd felt that kind of energy on many occasions at the aerospace company in the production meetings. It felt really uncomfortable, almost debilitating.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

I dared not speak up there for fear of reprisal in such an environment. But there it seemed more fitting because of the type of leadership in place – command and control. Nobody felt safe.

This group of metaphysicians was supposed to be different, more open and respectful. I guess human emotions show up the same everywhere. Nevertheless, I was compelled to center and share from that place, moving shareable energy through the room and the people in it.

I got more involved with the group over the next couple of months and became the advertising chairman for the conference, which was now called 'A Metaphysical Coming Together.'

I met with several smaller groups to put together the agenda and help design the program. I was having fun and enjoyed the challenge. It kept me from feeling the depression of a marriage heading for the train wreck.

I met with Norma Graham, one of the event coordinators, one evening at a Village Inn to discuss some special sessions for the event. She worked as an office manager in real life, was about at least 20 years older and our relationship

was sort of like a great aunt that was hip to all the weird stuff too.

While we were sitting at the booth, she began staring at my forehead. I could tell something else was going on, but wasn't sure just what yet.

In a few moments she grabbed a napkin and started drawing on it. When she was done she had drawn a hexagram with a circle and dot inside the center with wings coming off the top two triangles. I know I had to have looked really confused in that moment.

I asked her what the heck was going on. She told me that she saw the image in the middle of my forehead and wanted to draw it before it disappeared. She told me it was a symbol of the Ashtar Command and she had never seen it on someone's forehead before now. Oh shit...

I figured it was time I told her what had happened with George and the name 'Zendor' as well as what happened at the channeling I'd attended recently with the Whites. She listened intently and asked what impressions I got from these events. I couldn't believe how open she was being in our discussion.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

I told her I wasn't sure what was going on, but it seemed to have something to do with a deeper part of me that I was having a real difficult time understanding. She had no more information at the time, so we shifted our attention to the duties of the conference and details we needed help with from the other members of our event team. The event was just over a month away and we had a list of potential advertisers to contact.

A couple of weeks later I got a call from her to let me know she had been contacted by KTAR and they were looking for someone to interview. They had the date and mid-afternoon time already set up. No one else was available or willing to go on the radio. So, she thought maybe I might be willing. I was excited with the opportunity.

As the date got closer I became more anxious. I wanted to present the best image possible and I knew that KTAR was more of a conservative station, the largest AM station in the Southwest at the time. I set aside the insecurity and stepped into the booth. It was better than I expected, at least for a little while.

Mel Young was the interviewer. I couldn't have asked for a better or more considerate and knowledgeable gentleman. We started off the

interview discussing some of the more obvious interests in the new age movement including crystals, esoteric philosophy and the quest for understanding spirituality beyond organized religion filled with dogma. He mentioned that his wife had some crystals at home, so he was at least familiar with how they supposedly worked.

Our theme for the conference was to explore ethics and responsibilities for the new age. I went through a short list of speakers and topics and talked about the musicians that would be providing entertainment. I felt comfortable and was enjoying the discussion until he opened up the phone lines. That's when the shock came.

I thought it was the perfect place to go into the public mainstream with the information about awareness and ethical behavior compelled by the depth of the extraterrestrial and spiritual themes expressed throughout the membership of the New Age Alliance. I was soon to learn how challenging it would be just to speak without pot shots.

I think Mel was even a bit surprised with the callers. We got more angry folks asking what gave me the right to determine what God's message was for people than questions about the conference. I even recognized one of the callers

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

as a guy who was a member of our ward in Tempe, married with children and had made several advances toward my wife.

I was tempted to expose him on the air but thought better of it. Looking back, I wish I had. Mel deflected some of the overly aggressive callers with a great sense of humor, redirecting the focus back to the discussion about the conference and that we weren't there to discuss my personal belief system. I thought people would be more open, but I was wrong.

I must have been very naïve to think that KTAR listeners would be more open-minded. After all, Arizona is a Red State and filled with conservative rednecks for the most part. I know that might seem a little judgmental, but after so many years of living here I might as well call a spade a spade.

My challenge has always been that I tend to believe people are more intelligent and better behaved. Sometimes I've been proven right. Unfortunately it has been my experience that even in places where one would expect a certain higher level of behavior, it just doesn't happen.

## The New Age Alliance

## **Jabar**

After joining the New Age Alliance I had volunteered to be an 'investigator' of organizations that were applying for membership. One of my assignments was to investigate a group that had formed around a channel for an entity named Jabar. Lauren Schmidt was the 'channel' and his townhouse was used as their regular meeting place.

My oldest daughter had continued to show deeper connections and I enjoyed the curiosity she had toward them. I decided to take her with me to visit Lauren's group. We left home for a little father/daughter time but weren't specific as to where we were going or what we would be doing. It was better that way.

My background with channels was a bit skewed as I'd found most of them to be skilled manipulators that were more about power than perfection. I knew enough from all the reading I had done that information was available and could be easily promoted as though it was being 'channeled.' I'd met some folks that 'felt' much different, though, like Steve and April.

I had introduced myself and my daughter upon arrival and that I was there on Alliance business. He was a pleasant man to converse with, showing no signs of being interested in his own profit, although there was a charge. There were about 30 or so people there and we all sat around the living room of the townhouse. Some chairs were provided, but most of us sat on the floor. Christine and I sat to the side against the wall.

We talked for a moment while the other guests were arriving. I related that I would let him know of the status of their membership submission after reporting back to the New Age Alliance membership committee. I liked what I'd found so far and told him so.

Just prior to the group session he had changed into a shiny emerald green floor-length robe, appearing very regal if I might add. My daughter and I sat on the floor in the back of three rows of people, leaning on the wall next to the arcadia door. I thought this would be a good vantage point to view the show. I also like that we had something to lean against.

Lauren sat down and explained what was about to happen, invited us to have a short meditation, and went into his 'channeling' mode. I watched as

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

he went through a process of preparation in order to channel. I felt more open as well.

His energy changed dramatically and he appeared to physically become more centered and upright, like his body was being straightened by a posture coach. I could sense another presence, too.

He was a bit different than most I'd witnessed in that he stood and walked around with his eyes wide open. He addressed several people with questions and answers and then turned his eyes on me with a little more of an intense gaze.

At first I thought, okay... here it comes. I looked into his eyes wondering what was going to come out of his mouth.

Then he said, 'You are still looking for your parents, aren't you?' Wow, that was totally unexpected. How did he know?

I had said nothing of my adoption or quest for finding my biological parents, let alone celestial parents. Immediately I knew something was up and he had some connection beyond the manipulators. I relaxed as much as I could.

So I answered, "Yes, but I'm not so interested in the terrestrial lineage as much as I am the

celestial lineage now." I had longed for some kind of terrestrial connection for most of my life, but had recently realized I needed to move beyond it.

"That's good," he replied, "'but you'd still like to know who they are wouldn't you?" I replied, "Of course," not knowing what was about to come.

"Would you like to know their names?" he asked and I said, "Absolutely!" All I heard was, "They are A... and A..." I blocked out his words for some reason, like I was not willing to listen. It was odd because he spoke quite loudly and was easy to hear otherwise. 'Odd,' I thought, then, 'shit, I missed a golden opportunity.'

Since I did not hear the names I had no knowledge of who they were yet, but I knew he'd given actual names even though all I heard were the first letters. I sat there for a moment, puzzled and not wanting to appear like I wasn't listening. I had a moment of extreme depression having missed the names. I had a thought...

I turned and asked my daughter what he'd said, not knowing if she would recall. She replied, 'Ashtar and Athena.' I knew who they were and said, "Thank you," to Lauren/Jabar. My mind was conflicted and confused, but I held on.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

Although I was familiar with Ashtar and Athena by now, hearing Jabar's answer sent me reeling. What the heck is going on? I want to make sense of all this, but it was beyond my ability to create some kind of logical explanation. Part of me wanted to know more and another part of me was afraid to ask. I'm sure you might be a little concerned if you were in my shoes, too.

My daughter was full of questions on the way home. She wanted to know who Ashtar and Athena were because she knew Nanna and Pawpaw were Daddy's parents. We had no conversations about my adoption yet, and I wasn't sure how to answer her.

In doing so, I framed it like a fairy tale where Daddy was a lost boy who had been raised by adoptive parents who had come to his rescue. He had known this was true early on, and still grew up like they were his real parents. He started his own family, but he was still looking for his real parents so he could rejoin his own family. It was hard to separate myself from the story, but by telling her that way it seemed to give me some distance that felt healthy.



## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

## **Random thoughts...**

A few months earlier I was given the name 'Zendor' by George after asking the question, "Who am I?" internally. I had never had anyone answer a question I'd asked in silence. Now here was some guy I didn't know channeling an entity I'd never heard of telling me that my parents are Ashtar and Athena, which I knew were supposed to be some cosmic divine couple in charge of soul contract management as part of some Galactic Federation. It was enough to drive me nuts.

I was finding it real hard to believe that this didn't have something to do with that visit back on the Convergence and into the White Light as a teenager in college. I wonder... what's next?

Meanwhile, I was still reeling with the implications of whom or what I was from a variety of psychics I'd met around the state while delivering the Arizona Light newspaper. I'd taken the job just after moving out of the guesthouse shortly after my ex and children moved back East.

Apparently Zendor is a commander of a mothership according to every psychic that I asked about the name. It was too much not to pay attention. I still groped for understanding.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

As I ventured around the state, I got the opportunity to meet many psychics. I continued my method of making sure that my questions were not associated with any prior information shared, so I kept my mouth shut regarding the name having anything to do with me.

In conversation I would engage them by talking about all the names I hear people taking on and simply wait until an appropriate moment and ask, 'Hey, btw... what do you get from the name Zendor?' Then I'd shut up and wait for response.

At that point they all did their little 'check-in' routine and then answer. Watching the 'check-in' process was intriguing. I could see they would visibly take a moment and go deep inside. Invariably the consistent answer was "Oh, he's the commander of a Mothership."

I kept thinking, this is useless information, but why is it always the same? If it *is* true, then I wonder what the name of the ship is?

A couple of months went by and I got my answer. A woman came up to me after a UFO study group I facilitated at Peter Teekamp's art gallery and studio in Apache Junction. She'd introduced

herself as a practicing psychic at the beginning of the discussion. I wondered if she would repeat.

After the group finished we had a few minutes conversation about some of our common beliefs. She asked if we could meet for lunch the following week. We made plans to meet the following Tuesday in downtown Mesa.

During our lunch I asked her the same question about Zendor, not giving any other information that might taint her response. She immediately replied the same as the others had and told me she knew which one. I'll keep that quiet for now.

I still don't know what the heck it all means, but it is consistent with the experience I had during the Harmonic Convergence. Those 'shoes' were showing up again as I continued to test the waters of life and reality I'd grown to know was far more intriguing than one could imagine.

If I were to adhere to the answer to my question of, "Who am I?" then accordingly the soular signature of my finite self is known as 'Zendor.' I have to say these perceptions were a bit overwhelming at times because it set me apart from the crowd. I guess that is by design, eh?

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

Knowing that I came from another world of experience and learning how to negotiate this world gave me a lot of opportunity to check my understanding. It also raised eyebrows when I asked questions that seemed like I wasn't well-grounded in this world at all. I'd had a couple of very different experiences with psychiatrists to date, from opposite ends of the spectrum.

One had the awareness to know that something was different with me yet had the presence of awareness to explore the possibilities with an open mind. The other was quite the opposite, assessing my discussions and openness from a very 'clinical' perspective straight out of the DSM IV, used to properly label psychological issues.

The former encouraged me to continue discovering who I am with some caution in regard to sharing what I knew openly. The latter simply didn't want to hear anything outside his frame of reference. I have to say the discernment filters hadn't developed yet as I was still naïve, thinking everyone would be open to exploring reality.

I had experienced the dichotomy first hand, from Christians and psychiatric worlds alike. After sharing my experience, which of course I could only speak from first person, those who had been

steeped in confining belief systems saw me as a threat to their safety and security.

Their knowledge could not provide the framework from which to listen without bias or prejudice.

This is a dilemma the One still faces in each individual, yet can only be shifted through a personal experience.

Once the question is presented – are we one? – Individuated consciousness opens to aspects beyond the current experience level of the individual, often throwing them into a spin cycle of cognitive dissonance.

Gives new meaning to having a Mobius operandi, huh? Such is the nature of 'spooky action at a distance' from Einstein's consideration of quantum entanglement... non-linear reality beyond our physical world. I think it's called multidimensional.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

## **The Starting Point...**

What is truth?

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

Does it apply even when we deny it?

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

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

How about cosmic truth?

Are we alone or preparing for a family reunion?

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

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

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

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

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

It was more of a relief to know that I had some significant differences from my fellow human beings, even if it did go to my head for a while. How could it not? So many things made sense as I grew to know the secrets of personal growth and cosmic connections.

I still felt a gap, though. I had some unanswered questions that I was still formulating as my experiential data base grew.

I've followed the science track for investigating consciousness for most of my life. It seems I am an eduholic, looking for satiation in discovery. Neuroscience and psychospiritual technologies have fascinated me for most of my life, but to speak of either in most company draws the shades. I've met and had lengthy conversations with some very interesting people along the way,

though, some of them quite renowned in their various career fields and areas of study.

Name dropping just doesn't seem appropriate.

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

A phenomenon is most often a mental distraction, like the smoke and mirrors to hide the trickery of a magician. We get stuck trying to figure it out instead of stepping back and observing how it works. [It] references any manifestation of the moment, serendipitous synchronicities of feeling, thought and spooky action, however bizarre or incredulous [it] may seem. Our vision is clouded by the preoccupation with the external; what we can determine is real with our five senses.

For an increasing number, the internal senses are becoming their guide in both personal and professional realms. From that internal perspective, the recognition of 'connection' to a much larger reality is quite obvious. Dudley Lynch includes the spiritual component in corporate

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

organizational development surveys since the 1980s and has had tremendous success with it. He used the Graves spiral values development theory, which essentially says: "The kind of values your brain chooses for itself *depends on how it is currently wired!* But it doesn't necessarily always stay wired that way."

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

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

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

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

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

When one can learn to be in the present moment without attachments to the past or future, the perception of a holistic reality begins to emerge. The notion of duality may even disappear, revealing more questions about the paradoxes. Balance, in this way, means one is positioned to perceive rather than project a belief system onto an experience in order to try and make sense out of it. The observer witnesses all and, when the participant patiently waits for metacognition, reveals the moment's natural form, fit and function. A noticeable shift in awareness occurs.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

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

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

What do I mean by that?

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

Did you notice how your energy just changed at the mere mention of the latter? Imagine that

magnified a billion or so times. Those thoughts are a mental and spiritual trap.

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

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

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

We learn to ask better questions as a result.

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

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

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

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

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

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

## The Starting Point...

This is a challenge for even the most conscious of beings coming to the planet surface. We all have to go through the integration of the complete body/mind/spirit/soul complex. Some actually accomplish it, although not without crisis. It is the process of chaos to order that allows us to finally become aware and grow accordingly. We attempt to control what we do not understand and chaos ensues. When we seek natural order, it appears.

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

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

Consequently, I spent a lot of time in contemplation internally. Nearly all my friends thought I was insane for putting up with her behavior. All I knew was that I could only

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

demonstrate love and oneness by example; a willingness to work through anything that presented challenge, including infidelity as an unconscious patterned response.

My dreamscape became surrealistic, with segues from waking consciousness to dreamtime and back- seamless on many occasions. I knew it was natural and part of my gestation, yet talking about it with anyone at the time would have given cause for careful consideration of my sanity. I'd been through that already.

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

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

Our energy was so finely tuned that it seemed we began merging as soon as I walked through the door. It felt like I hadn't been with her for some time. We embraced for a long time, allowing our

## The Starting Point...

energy to swirl around us like I've never felt before. Dream or not, this was awesome!

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

At the moment of climax it felt like we became one. The experience was so powerful that it filtered down to the physical level and I had an orgasm in my 'sleep.' I awoke with a start, embarrassed that I needed to clean up.

I had never had that type of experience even in my adolescence. What was that all about?

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

My expenses were nearly \$1300 for the latter alone. I had been paying it since the divorce and continued to pay for groceries, rent and utilities since they were still living in the main house. It

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

only left me about \$400 to cover my own expenses, so I lived a very frugal life. It all changed shortly.

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

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

I assured them I was, quoting several sources acknowledged as authority within the church in regard to seeking truth. That is all I was doing and I created a group to discuss all matter of esoteric experience to do so. I figured it was easier to facilitate discussions than confer with books and materials that were inanimate at best.

People were the vessels of truth and I was determined to explore my options. I felt it was completely congruent with church doctrine and challenged them to show me otherwise. They

could not, so I was comfortable with the continuance of my search.

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

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

I wasn't raised with values that took commitment lightly. I maintained integrity even if she did not.

At any rate, he showed no compassion for me whatsoever and when I told him I had no 'relations' *before* the divorce but did have a couple *after* the divorce he thought I should be excommunicated. I just did not understand how he thought I deserved such harsh treatment.

Later I suspected that he thought I was a liar. I reflected on the times in my life when I fell prey

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

to those who weren't above telling lies to get their way or avoid detection of responsibility.

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

So yet another slap in the face came when the bishop continued to push for some kind of punishment even when his superior did not think it warranted any action. Sure didn't help my depression, though. I accepted the term of disfellowshipment, took a year to 'repent' and then rejoined the church only to walk out on my own accord.

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

I caught him a bit off guard with the immediate response, but clarified that I was willing to move in and help out. I needed to move and I just felt it was the right thing to do. It was two months after

## The Starting Point...

my ex-wife moved back to Indiana and another family had already moved into the main house. The guest house wasn't comfortable any more.

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

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

The street was on the other side of a drainage ditch on the western edge of the property and to the east was the Phoenix Mountain Preserve. I was in heaven, or as nearly as I could be then.

The house had been used for metaphysical meetings, mostly based on the work of Ray Stanford and William Swygart. The group was called the Association for the Unfoldment in Man, AUM for short. They believed in aliens,

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channeling, multiple dimensions and our ability to access them through practice and process.

I'd been in many organized religions, including a 7-year period in the Mormon Church. I was married and sealed in the temple with my family, so releasing them was pretty traumatic regardless of how detached I was in my own emotional/spiritual progression.

Still, there were many discussions I'd attempted to start; only to find out the doors weren't open.

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

I've got to tell you that to have the span of experience like my life provided; it was intensely challenging to remain appreciative at times.

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

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

Did I mention trials and tribulations earlier?

I did walk away with the understanding that the reason, primarily, that I was introduced to and felt the urge to merge with the Church was to get the physical bestowal of the Melchizedek Priesthood. I couldn't get it in that way anywhere else on the planet. I'm okay with that and it was worth all the pain and suffering.

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

I woke up one morning with the undeniable impression that I must communicate with the

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President of the Church. I wrote the President that day, saying that if [these] things were true, then he knew I was here. I still wasn't sure what that meant, but I was following the prompting as directed. I figured it would make sense soon.

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

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

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

A more pleasant call was received from a woman who lived less than a mile away, across a

mountain. She asked a few questions about the subject nature of our discussions and, after vetting the answers, asked for directions to the next meeting. She sounded intriguing.

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

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

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

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

A few weeks later, their ranch hand brought Anna's daughter over to the house where I was staying. When they arrived, she stepped out of the mini-pickup and I recognized her immediately from the ship in my dream. Apparently she recognized me too, because she nearly ran right over to me and gave me a hug and kiss that felt oh, so familiar. We made love that night.

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

We were inseparable for a couple of months from then. We journeyed together on several occasions and I felt the energetic connection from the base level through the crown several times, even when we weren't physically intertwined.

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

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

We had a campsite nestled in a small cove in the desert cliffs, with a small cave a few meters above that housed a golden owl family. There was a row of oleanders in front of us with a small opening that led to the shore and a large area of river rock next to a deep and fast flowing area of the river. We had a wonderful gift later that night.

Around midnight or so we heard horses' hooves clamoring about on the river rock downriver from our campsite. As we listen in silence they got closer and closer and I told her that they were wild Mustangs from the reservation on the other side of the river.

I was confident in saying that we'd soon see them come through the opening in the oleanders, which they did. Several came through, just a few meters away, and continued down the path that passed just in front of our campsite.

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The last two, a chocolate and white one, came and stood just few feet away from our campfire, looking at us with investigative eyes. I could see the campfire's reflection glistening in their eyes as they moved their head back and forth to take us in. A few times they both jerked their heads up as if to notify us that they were considering whether or not our presence was okay with them or not.

She wanted to get up and pet them. I told her to remain still and that if she moved at all that she'd spook them and they would run off. She still wanted to try and, as I suspected, they ran off instantly. She seemed irritated with me.

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

I shivered from the river water and couldn't wait to get out, even though I pretended to be fine with it. It was still too early in the year. We got out of the water and there was a complete flip in her personality. It was really bizarre.

Suddenly, I became the devil incarnate and she could not say enough negative things to me. The

flip was rather devastating to the moment, if you know what I mean. I have to admit I didn't know how she truly felt about me even though our interactions had been powerful. I felt like she had a psychotic break or something.

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

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

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

The Starting Point...

## **Phoenix Long Ago?**

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

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

On the other hand, I've desired to understand the development of our Soul, which has led me full circle back to the progression of personality through time, past lives having a great part in construction of our present day experience.

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

For a time I studied with a group at the house that used William Swygard's methods for regression into past lives. This particular technique was called Multi-level Awareness in his book (published in 1957). It uses a facilitator and specific process to access time lines, akashic

records, spirit guides, chakra balancing, and some other nifty things.

I had been contemplating past lives for some years and recall that I did request to know what was important for my own progress here now. I still had some resistance, though.

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

I'll leave out the preparation and prayer before moving into the actual experience. The time became approximately 26,000 years ago, offered by the prevailing consciousness in the moment. As I waited for the scenery to evolve on my internal video screen, my mind was inactive and observant. The silence was golden.

The first scene I witnessed was looking through the eyes of one clad in a tunic, leather breastplate, and leather sandals that wrapped up my calves to just below my knees. There was a

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

large group of people around me as we walked through lush green landscape. I'm not sure just how many as there were approximately 20 or so in my immediate sight.

I recognized my current son striding alongside me as a teenager, only shorter than he is now. I could look down into his eyes. My son now is nearly 5 inches taller. We were walking into a valley, thick with vegetation, surrounded by a mountain range, broken in places and not too overwhelmingly high. It was evident that there was plenty of water, plants, trees and other natural resources.

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

There was a festival happening, honoring our accomplishment. It was full of joy and song, with children actively engaged in games with each other. Adults were also enjoying various activities around the base of the platform where I sat.

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

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

It was quite the feeling of accomplishment, humility, and unconditional love for everyone and everything. The chair reminded me of Lily Tomlin's big rocker, dwarfing my body. It was a work of the most ornate carving that I have seen.

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

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

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

What he said was of immediate importance, though. He told me there was going to be a huge tidal wave come through the area and that time was of the utmost importance now. We had to evacuate everyone, immediately.

I told him I understood and thanked him for letting me know. He again stressed the importance of immediate action.

The next scene was seemingly chaotic with many ships in the sky darting about, moving from place to place. I watched for a few moments as the evacuation was being carried out with focus and precision. There was no fear or concern for leaving the city behind. The people were safe and that is all that mattered.

Then, almost instantly as the last of the ships left I witnessed a wall of water that looked to be at least a mile high, come crashing through the entire area. I felt a bit of sadness even though I

knew that everyone had been accounted for and was all safe. I felt relieved and instantly went to the next scene.

I watched as a very handsome and dynamic looking man lying in a chase lounge chair of sorts became apparent. He was accompanied by a young woman holding a palm frawn, waving it gently over him. They were atop a small flat-topped pyramid that had been constructed in a cave that had water in front of it, like a lake or an ocean. He looked young, still, but his eyes were tired though. He seemed relaxed and serene.

As I moved closer I became him, shifting my perspective and seeing through his eyes now. They closed and the sky opened. I could see five points of light, like an inverted pyramid, directly in front of me yet the center point was a long way off. I began to feel movement toward them. It increased as I came closer until I went into the center point, some distance beyond the four corners. I had felt like I had transcended into another world.

The screen shut off at that point, so I assumed the movie was over. I opened my eyes and discussed the experience with the facilitator. I

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

wondered if it was all real, even though I felt like it was. There was a 'knowing' beyond thinking.

A few weeks later I was with a good friend and her son in Sedona. She also has a doctorate in parapsychology so at least there was a certain openness she had to a variety of experiences, including her own as a practicing psychic. I'd met her almost a year before.

I had been producing and hosting a television show about spiritual growth in personal and professional environments for about a year and a half by then. She was recommended by a guest and after several conversations by phone, we agreed to meet.

Little did I know that I had seen her in a dream just a few weeks before our meeting. I knew our time together was going to be interesting to say the least. I liked her personality right away, although I didn't anticipate being in any kind of relationship with her in the near future.

We were in Sedona to promote a project we were working on, Earth Concert 1989, although we took some time to visit a favorite site - a huge medicine wheel at the entrance to one of the canyons north west of town.

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

As I spoke I went deeper into the 'presence' within each of us. It was an overcast day (rare enough in the desert) and the weather intensified as I spoke. Soon there was lightning, thunder, and rain that seemed quite synchronistic to my spoken prayers. It was beyond words in the moment with the environmental punctuation.

Afterward my friend said that she saw some really bizarre imagery as I was offering the prayers and asked me if I would like to know what they were. Always curious about correlations and confirmations I invited her to expound. The most significant imagery involved witnessing me standing on a large rock just a short distance down a small hill from where a craft had landed.

The craft itself was about a hundred meters in diameter and a line of folks that were boarding came down the hill and past where I was standing. She said it appeared as though I was part of the pick-up process, standing there in a

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

long shiny white robe with a staff in hand. This seemed a bit too close to the recent viewing during my multi-level past life experience.

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

One day before attending a breakfast with a Hopi Elder in Sedona, she told me I'd be taken up to a ship while totally conscious. 'They' needed me to have the experience during the breakfast in order to perform some task that took longer to explain they then had time at the moment.

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

The elder seemed to crack a smile for a split second and then returned to his stoic appearance as he delivered his talk to the group.

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

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

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

I've learned that the timing of things isn't always when you expect. There can be years of drought that are replaced by an overabundance of stimuli in a matter of days.

The period of reconnection to my spiritual path, after my divorce and separation from the corporate world, was pretty intense with the variety of experiences that were presented to me. I learned that the most valuable lessons were often the most painful, but they didn't necessarily have to be so. The pain was usually because of not paying attention to the subtle signs offered through intuition and recognizing patterns of behavior.

I again found myself wondering just how all this would eventually make sense and fall into some kind of order that would allow me to find a place in the world and be completely function in it.

Three Suns as ONE

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

## **Three Suns as ONE**

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

Is our central sun actually three suns reflecting the 'trinity' throughout all the major religions?

In the summer of 1989, while learning the techniques developed by William Swygard, I was privileged to enjoy some interesting explorations in the dynamics of human consciousness.

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

These processes, although facilitated by a trained guide, allowed deeper individual experiences to evolve within the framework of the process.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

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

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

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

Among them are Alain Aspect, David Bohm, Karl Pribram, and Karl Lashley. Complexologists at the Sante Fe Institute have created yet another theory that the Universe actually seeks to replicate itself, based on their study of the math, physics, and science surrounding cosmology,

quantum environments, and thermodynamics to name a few.

Striving to understand how our universe works leads us to better understand how the human enigma works in its interaction and living amongst the stars.

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

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

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

On this particular afternoon, I was in process of preparing for one of these multi-level awareness

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journeys. I began by doing some deep breathing relaxation to prepare for the process. I was feeling my body and mind relax when all of a sudden, Zephyr, a guide I'd known since my late teens, showed up and gave me that look.

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

I exited my body with such ease that I hardly felt the departure. Now the interesting thing is that by practicing this technique, I had the ability to describe what I was seeing and hearing along the way. As soon as Zephyr showed up, I was communicating my experience to the facilitator, who was now about to be tested in their ability to respond in a much different way. I'm sure it had to have been pretty weird sitting in the chair next to me that day! I had to explain who Zephyr was later, so let me do so now.

I'd met Zephyr while studying metaphysics with a small group of explorers in college in my late teens. We all read many books as well and I was in process of reading Carlos Castaneda's works. I think I was on Journey to Ixtlan at the time. I

remember one of the consistent threads of other spiritual works being the existence of spirit guides or allies, as he called them.

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

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

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

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

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

This bantering lasted for about eight minutes, according to the facilitator, as the arrival at our destination brought it to an abrupt close. I suppose that the constant recounting of conversation helped to anchor congruent patterns of thought and holographic reality at that point. It was very humbling, nonetheless.

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

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

We had stopped outside the perimeter of the largest orbit of some bright green planets that revolved around three huge suns that appeared so white yet shimmered with rainbow sparkles. They appeared to be equidistant in the center of this system with nine planets around them.

Again, the sight of this brought up the feeling of awe that came from such an indescribably beautiful display, much like the movie 'Contact,' only this was nearly a decade before its making. I felt huge in that moment.

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

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

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

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

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

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

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

This would indicate that it was indeed a journey that crossed some major distance at the speed of thought or something similar yet to be measured by modern science.

Just how the actual vehicles became 'real' or the method of travel used was something I didn't

understand as a repeatable process. I did feel an unusually high resonance with the idea of these suns being the foundation of our Trinity.

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

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

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

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

Quantum physics and complexologists are moving closer to explaining the next levels of garnering

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

consciousness in mathematical terms that result in patterns encountered in inner space.

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

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

## **The Ultimate Encounter**

I love to share stories as you might have guessed, especially about encounters with spiritual beings that we all are familiar with yet distant in personal experience. Whether you believe in them or not is no matter.

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

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

Sometimes it is more than just imagination.

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

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

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

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

One of three houses on the 1/8 mile slope, with the Phoenix Mountain Preserve as the property boundary to the east and a street nearly 50 meters to the west. This was the middle house on the hill, with all the desert landscaping and wildlife to go with it.

I had been asked to join the group on a week end retreat, staying in a cabin in a town called Christopher Creek. Once unpacked, we journeyed to Woods Canyon Lake for an afternoon program of discussion and exploration of spiritual content.

We were sitting on the side of a hill in an ellipse with the leader of the group on a stump, the rest

## The Ultimate Encounter

on a log extending from a few feet away from the stump toward the lake, and myself on a rock facing the stump at the end of the log. The log was nearly parallel to the water's edge and we all had a wonderful view, the group overlooking the lake through the trees and I being able to see part of the lake extending into a small inlet. There was a light breeze with the smell of pine wafting through the air.

Ed (the elder) had just asked us to 'act as if' Jesus was in our presence. Interesting tactic, eh? It was surprising to me that everyone had difficulty acting as if and asked him questions about how to do it. He would refer them back to their own devices for acting.

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

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

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

act out their willingness to receive Jesus amongst their company.

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

As the bread was broken my sight was attracted upward at about a 45 degree angle. There was a brilliant light coming from above me that I did not know who or what was producing it, so I looked up to see a most magnificent sight. With my eyes closed still, I looked up to see Jesus just a few meters away, about 5 meters off the ground in front of the group. I was in complete awe with no thoughts for a moment.

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

similar things know what that feeling is like... undeniable by any means of logic or reason.

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

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

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

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

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

feels slighted. So I immediately asked what he meant by that?

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

He went through several examples of situations that he had to move through only by relinquishing his fear to the Father. What that meant was that He had to completely let go and trust in All That Is... totally free of emotional or mental attachments to outcomes. He managed to do a pretty good job I'd say.

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

The war, if there is one, is with the mind as a master vs. servant. Fear enslaves the mind. Love frees it to act with and in the realms of heart-

## The Ultimate Encounter

space, of heart consciousness, said to be over 60% of our total 'consciousness' in these bodies. Faith in things unseen...

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

All I could do was breathe and hum... the dynamic hum of one in total bliss. I found out later that 3 others had actually seen Jesus in exactly the way I experienced with the rays of light from him to me. The elder has since passed and joined my 'dead council' from time to time.

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

Wow, what a trip...

It is for reasons like this that I live, breath, eat, sleep, dream, and awake with the connection with ALL THAT IS in the deepest essence of my being.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

I have continued my path in various vocations and working relationships for the sustenance of this human form.

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

Everyone has the opportunity to connect with their inner nature, as naturally resident in their world as the earth and sky. Although we often incorporate 'victim' mentalities in our daily living, it is for everyone to ascend to the next level of living experience.

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

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

## Probing Questions

In bed one night a couple of years later I became aware of a lucid dream, or so I thought it was, until physical sensations bridged worlds. I woke up on a table, like stainless steel, with several Zeta-looking individuals (Verdants are also of the same look I'm told) at the end of the table, having stepped back as I awoke.

How I awoke was interesting... laughing and joking with them as I began pulling electrodes the size of acupuncture needles out of my sphincter. I had a shirt on and was unclothed otherwise. I said something like, "C'mon guys, this is a bit embarrassing you know." It seemed they were pinned up against the wall pushed there from the uncontrollable laughter I presented instead of the normal fear that could be managed.

As they watched me continue pulling the electrodes out, I was having no sensation until one of them felt like I'd pulled out a pubic hair. You know those things sting...lol. (Sorry for getting so graphic) At any rate, I instantly awoke in my bed as a result.

I was baffled at how I could be there one moment and instantly return to my bed. I hadn't really

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

understood non-linear time yet, let alone the aspect of multiple dimensions, even though I'd experienced moments of them.

My immediate thoughts went to a recent library scene. My partner/love and I had been doing some research on the perineum nerve. She was training as a message therapist and needed to do the research for her anatomy class.

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

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

I closed my eyes again, hoping to find a way back to the table, or at least the same room. As I let go of physical boundaries, I found myself talking to a rather androgynous looking humanoid figure that appeared to be in a shimmering white robe of some kind, he rather glowed in the darkness.

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

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

When you let go of ego and surrender, Divine Order is all that is left. I haven't had that type of experience again until recently, although there have been many more.

This experience happened in 1991 and since that time the levels of communication have indeed become more fluent. Beyond my beliefs, I've shown up at places and times and born witness to some amazing manifestations of Cosmic Consciousness. These are witnessings that I sense are important to ALL THAT IS or I would not be having them.

As I bear witness to my own experience, I testify to the reality of Christ Consciousness and the

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

Kingdom of Heaven, for lack of a better. I chose to give my life in service and surrendered to God's Will or Truth as I had perceived it.

I have not only seen the Light, I have been inside it and beyond it. I even had an escort to meet the forefathers. I wondered about the foremothers, too. These things I live and breathe and have my being in...LOVE.

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

We are entering a truly blessed time in the history of our planet and Creation. Many vie for your attention outside of your heart. You know this to be true. It is evidence of the climax of human consciousness as it ascends into the next world.

The Hopis and the Mayans both have prophesied this movement, with the Aztecs revealing that it is the time where the devil takes off his mask to reveal the true god that he is. This is the polarity paradigm conclusion, ascending into ONEness.

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

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

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

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

As luck would have it, another event came to town not too long after my probing. It was called "A New Age and Alien Agenda Expo," put on by Tim Beckley. I was introduced to him by another

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

friend, Jerry Wills, who had also been a guest on One World the previous year. Jerry was a contactee since his early teens, growing up in rural Kentucky. He had just started going to South America to investigate shamans and UFO sightings there.

Jerry introduced me to Tim, thinking he'd make an interesting guest on the show since he was also in the middle of the 'phenomena' of agendas. I'm not that tall; Jerry towers over me at 6'8" and Tim was slightly shorter than me. After I was introduced I just gazed into Tim's eyes for a moment before saying a word. I spoke briefly about the show, but within moments he became visibly uncomfortable and with only a 'Gotta go...' he turned and nearly ran away. I was baffled.

Jerry had already left, so I just stood there a moment wondering what that heck that interaction was about because it felt rather rude to say the least. I went outside of the hotel meeting area and joined the group near the pool. It was late fall, so the weather was a bit cool and the sun was just setting. I was attracted to a good looking blonde with bright blue eyes and we struck up a conversation. She wanted to meet Jim Dilettoso specifically, so when she found out I knew him I couldn't refuse the introduction.

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

The next morning Susan and I were talking about the similar dreams we had about an open field with a short stone wall on one side. It had an opening in the middle of the wall and we described a very similar scene, so it seemed we had entered the twilight zone together. Jim must've been listening to our conversation because he entered the room with a question about a tree on the left of the scene that we both remembered. Evidently he was there, too.

The essence of the dream was about a group of human-looking ETs that had landed in the field. We both felt like they were part of an extended family and we were celebrating a reunion of sorts. She and I had been working in the ethers for years and just now reconnected on Earth, so there was cause for celebration. Susan became Jim's partner for several years afterward, even becoming the drummer for the UFAUX Band – a slot I was hoping to fill at the time.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

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

It seemed like I was getting downloads of information whenever I spoke with some of those folks. If you've ever witnessed a medium or a 'channeler' they often have visible shifts in their body and language. Sometimes the folks I talked with would exhibit these changes, speak to me about things no one else could possibly know, and then shift back to their normal demeanor without knowledge of what they had just said.

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

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

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

I slipped my hands underneath it and held it just above the table for a few moments with my eyes closed and my mind as open as possible... nothing. I thanked her and moved on so the next person could have their moment with her and the skull. I could not have imagined what would happen next.

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

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

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

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

The pulse of light might also have been experienced by others, so large as to have filled the room for an instant. After the meditation Brian spoke for about an hour so I had to wait to inquire of others about their experience.

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

How could you not think it was important? I was reminded almost instantly of how limited most people think. They just don't go deep or pay

attention to the most obvious of signs, let along the subtle signs. These always seemed to have the most importance and significance in my quest for understanding. It seems the quieter one is the louder the internal voice becomes.

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

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

## Probing Questions

## **Commander Hurley**

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

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

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

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

I went to their office on a gorgeous spring day. The temperature had already hit the 80s, normal

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

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

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

Now I don't normally 'see' things, but occasionally I do and even with a vivid imagination the visuals have a different 'sense' to them when my inner sight is activated. When they noted the 'block' in my knee I could see what appeared to be a swollen thigh, about twice the size of my left thigh. What happened next made me a believer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

She asked me if I would come over as soon as I could to help with the situation. For some reason

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she felt like he intended for her to contact me immediately after she saw him outside the doorway. She had seen ETs before but this was new for her, too, and I could tell she wasn't sure just what to do.

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

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

So, I began to loosen my skeptical spectacles.

What the heck could this be about?

Why was I called?

Are these guys really aware of who I AM?

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

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

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

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

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

This other-dimensional ET had shown up there appearing hurt and needing assistance. She said it took her a few moments to settle down as this was completely new to her. When she was able to communicate with him finally, he told her that she had done the right thing by calling me. He came there knowing that she would contact me.

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

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

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

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

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

By 'it' I mean 'him'... He was as tall as she'd said, with his feet hanging well over a foot beyond the end of the table. He was dressed in a uniform and looked like something of a ranking officer by the

tailoring of his uniform and its emblems, which I only remember vaguely now.

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

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

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

Some part of me knew that there was much more to this happening than we knew. These things happen like that... when you least expect it. The

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normal questions were asked.. Who are you? What are you doing here? Where did you come from? ..that sort of thing.

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

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

Hurley explained that at first they felt it as incongruent to them; this new sensation. They were logic-driven creatures with mission focus their only direction and task. They were basically devoid of emotions.

Their own natural process took over when they began questioning themselves about why we acted in such unconditional ways. It was

completely foreign to them. As they pondered, a spark began to burn in their hearts.

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

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

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

I found out years later that again, the axiom had applied. I assumed wrong. If he had shown himself in his true form, she would have not been able to deal with the situation as she was

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predisposed to the 'Dracs' as being a 'bad' race of beings to be treated with disdain and distrust.

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

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

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

As a member of the High Council, he was both feared and revered and the normal protocols of the facility were lessened at his approach. They had left quickly, destroying their communication

and tracking systems on board their ships so they could not be tracked.

Telepathy was used for ship-to-ship ongoing communication. They proceeded to our location in order to carry out his next intentional move that had been prompted by their heart-awakening.

He had his own internal realizations and transformations that he knew to be connected with something far greater than he. It took him several years of observation, and even attempted interventions, before his observations changed his previous thinking and mental constructs of his cultural upbringing.

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

Mary-Margareht was the solution because of her openness to the next level of hearing and sight.

According to Hurley, they came straight here to contact me and ask for permission to board the New Jerusalem and join the Federation. He said I was the only one that could grant them that

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permission. He knew it would be the beginning of massive changes within their domain.

The whole thing made my head spin. Knowing of my celestial heritage did not make it any easier to manage on a conscious level. I wouldn't have dreamed this scenario in a thousand years, yet here it was in my face.

So, I did what I felt anyone perceived to have that authority would do... I gave permission, with stipulations. It was time to bring the regions of time and space together as ONE. By this time I had been engaged in this conversation for nearly an hour.

The whole time I had Mary stand at his feet and redirect the energy from his feet into the ground as I sat at his head and sent energy through his crown, into his body and out his feet in order to stabilize his condition.

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

It was the middle of the afternoon!

A couple of hours later she called again, relating that she was able to see nearly a hundred more of

them at first, in between the office and the back of the bleachers. They gradually disappeared in small groups and the last were about to leave.

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

*YO...DA!*

Some weeks later, I called out to Hurley just to see if the connection was still there. I was meditating just before falling asleep, pondering recent interactions that could be deemed out of integrity in human behavior, yet seemingly in alignment with soular re-encounters.

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

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

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

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

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

At any rate, once I cleared my thoughts, Hurley's communication was available. He informed me

that things were well underway in the current negotiations to bring their race into harmony with the ONE and aligned with the Federation.

He stated that in every progression of time and space, there comes a time when all things must honor their uniqueness and sameness within the construct of consciousness simultaneously, establishing an 'order' of coexistence, collaboration, cooperation and most of all... *communion*.

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

Either you believe it or you don't. I grow tired of those who constantly look for deceit and dissention. Hopefully this story will help to align your heart and mind with the ONE.

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## **A Surprise Visit**

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

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

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

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

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process and I felt it to be intolerable, although possible results.

Many new authors were writing apocalyptic tales weaving ETs and government cover-ups together to get better 'ratings' on the book sales it seemed. It surely wasn't my experience, but that doesn't mean it wasn't happening. Since childhood, I have been aware of the process of prayer being very powerful in such regard.

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

In some circles it is well-known that I am the son of Ashtar and Athena, come to unite the Ground Crew of the Ashtar Command in a Mission of Unity for the people and planet Earth. The following happened long before I took the 'stage' in the process of fulfilling something I didn't quite understand, let alone feel like I was prepared to do. That seemed to keep me humble and present.

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

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

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

Even so, I watched as a small round table appeared next to the foot of my bed. Sitting on the other side of it were two pairs of small beings, male and female of each. My eyes were closed yet

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it was as though they were wide open. I could see everything around me... AND them.

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

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

The two were obviously from different origins yet seemed to be there for the same purpose. As I was mulling the scene over in my mind I would imagine they were wondering when I'd stop thinking and start asking questions. After some time of studying them, the male mantis spoke. He said they were reporting in as requested and wanted to bring me up to speed on the current happenings of the 'Work' at this time.

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

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

The disturbance could be dealt with unceremoniously or these folks could be allowed to move forward and potentially harm many. No decision had been made as to the actions that would be taken.

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

'Our' part was the key issue as we have a 'prime directive' of non-interference, yet some help can be offered. We were here to facilitate a new world order of harmony among people and planet

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through natural processes and systems. That was our mission and it was imperative that we kept integrity as our highest ethical standard. They agreed; vowed allegiance once again, and our meeting was adjourned. They faded from view.

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

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

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

Every end precipitates a new beginning does it not? If there were a much greater aspect to the Nature of Reality than we ever dreamed possible, what might it be?

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

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

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

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

What have you found lately?

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

Well, my hair stylist was also a metaphysical woman and during a visit she handed me this book and told me she felt I was supposed to have it. As I read it became obvious that it was for me in that moment, a comedic look at the process of understanding extraterrestrial connections and the 'work' of being a contactee.

A few days later I was driving down Indian School Road and a brilliant idea came to mind, something that would allow me to present my story in a non-

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threatening and rather comedic fashion. I called it a live metaphor for transformation. Louis had introduced me at one of his public meetings as 'The Stripper.'

I used a three-piece suit as a metaphor for transformation, removing each article of clothing with a one-liner like, 'removing the coat of armor,' or 'divesting ourselves,' or giving the shirt off our back.' It got great reviews and lots of laughs.

Louis had regular meetings in a hotel meeting rooms in conjunction with his radio show, with speakers and demonstrations of psychic awareness. I remember one meeting where he had a bunch of different books, newspapers and periodicals in the back of the room. That seemed a bit odd, but what happened next was cool.

He had people write down questions and seal them in envelopes. He asked people to go pick up one of the articles and bring it back to their seat. Each question was introduced, and then he asked those with articles to open them and put their finger on something without looking.

The questions were opened and read aloud, followed by each person reading what they had put their finger on previously. It was uncanny how

in some way the questions were answered be each of the 'readings.'

One night after a meeting I came home and, as was customary at the time, I thanked the four directions, father sky and mother earth for the day. This time I sat down on the couch and closed my eyes as I took a few deep breaths just to begin a short meditation.

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

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

I couldn't imagine what he was preparing me for now, but the feeling was as sacred as any moment I've ever experienced with him. I took another deep breath and relaxed as he asked me to stand. I felt him place something on my head and almost immediately I was looking from deep

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

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

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

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

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

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## A Surprise Visit

## **Bridging the Normal Life**

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

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

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

I had three hours of studio time twice a month and, after some getting used to the 'live' to tape process, we were able to tape three shows at a

time, complete with change of clothes in between. It was one of the best educations one could ever have in learning how people dealt with their fears.

One of my guests was a guy named Tom, who came into view through an old friend, Linnea Reid. Linnea was then the president of Light and Sound Research. I'd been in her office and was amazed at the amount of honorary doctorates she had from all over the world. She reported that sometimes the 'galactic beings' would just beam into her office and have chats with her.

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

I called Tom and set up a meeting at his cousin's office in Scottsdale. I had a house guest at the time, a gifted psychic, and asked her to come with me to observe and report her impressions.

We sat down with Tom and I locked eyes with him as he began explaining why Linnea thought he would be a great guest. He had contactee

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experiences throughout his life. As we were talking I continued to focus on his eyes.

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

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

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

When he regained his composure he continued on down the hill and was greeted by a humanoid that stated they were from what we would call the Pleiades system. He was taken on board and, long

story short, given a quick tour of their planet. The speed at which they traveled was incredible and he was able to watch Earth disappear through what seemed to be a transparent wall on the side of the ship. He related that their civilization had no sense of ownership and was what we might term an 'open' society- no 'coupling' per se.

After a brief visit and some explanation of their way of life he was returned. He was in his youth and soon went into the Navy, became a Seal after a few years and kept his mouth shut about his experience. He thought it was time to begin to talk about it and, after a discussion with Linnea, apparently this was a way for him to do so.

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

A couple weeks later I called Tom and went to meet with him at his cousin's home. We were outside and while we were talking he was cleaning

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leaves out of the pool with a long-handled net. I didn't waste any time in asking him about his eyes. He asked me what I meant by that, to which I told him he knew exactly what I was talking about and I shut up.

He took a deep breath and told me he wondered about what people saw, but no one had ever had the balls enough to ask him – in his terms. He went on to explain that his mother was abducted and impregnated; he was a hybrid. He'd known it most of his life and was aware that he was being monitored by both the impregnators and our government, hence his stint in the Navy as a Seal and his unique abilities as such.

We didn't get into his unique abilities because he thought that was enough of an 'opening' for him. We did the interview with another guest accompanying him. I used two guests of divergent background so we could explore the similarities in the process of moving through fear, even though different experiences took place.

Different words were used to describe the process as well and I used some time during the show to draw comparative and similar emotional processes out even though they were explained in different terminology in most cases.

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

A couple of days later he arrived and after we got back to my guest house he said he had something to show me. He unbuttoned his shirt and I saw staple marks covering his entire sternum. He also had what looked like a wallet under his skin in his lower left abdomen. It was obvious something serious had happened.

He explained that he was no longer obligated to keep his mouth shut and he needed to share some of what his life had entailed. It had nothing to do with the previous conversations. He had been recruited out of the Seals by the part of our government that is kept under complete secrecy. He had worked as an assassin, taking out the unsavory characters that didn't want to play nice.

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He told me about his last mission and how he ended up with a defibrillator in his abdomen with two platinum paddles corkscrewed into his heart.

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

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

A couple of months before Tom's call I had another 'out of this world' experience with one of my first guests on the show, Khiegh Dheigh. He was an actor and rector for a Taoist sanctuary in Tempe. He had passed a few weeks prior and one morning while working at my desk, not thinking of him in particular, I paused for a moment.

I put my hands together with fingers interlocked, elbows on my desk and rested my chin on my hands as I closed my eyes. Almost instantly I found myself in a conversation with him about the concept of world citizenship. This had been one of the main points of conversation in our friendship over the last couple of years, and featured on One World as a starting point to build harmony among people and planet.

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

I saw her vacuuming the room and opened the door to ask her if anything had happened – furniture falling or whatever. She hadn't felt a thing, but she'd been vacuuming and moving around. Her response was rather comforting, 'when the masters want to move, they move.'

The following Thursday I was at my girlfriend's house in Scottsdale, sitting in her kitchen. A copy of The Scottsdale Progress newspaper was on the

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

table and I opened it up just to peruse it while I was waiting on her. My eyes were drawn to a heading, 'FAA Announces Sonic Boom.'

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

So, the FAA had announced there was a sonic boom. However, the article went on to state, Sky Harbor, Luke Air Force Base and Williams Air Force Base could not identify its source. Hmm...

When Kim came into the kitchen I showed her the article and told her the story of my conversation with Khiegh followed by the house shaking. It was obvious there was a connection, but what?



## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

## **Real Jobs and Hopi-ness...**

I bounced around different jobs for a few years as I continued to get my feet back on the ground after my divorce. I had an opportunity to do a commercial television project about community activism through one of my guests on One World. He'd founded a homeless transitional facility in Phoenix and liked what I was doing.

We purchased a half hour of prime time for the entire week on a local channel that promised Valley-wide coverage. We determined that we could sell four of the days and I quickly became a producer for five shows.

I took care of all the studio time and talent development, but alas it all came to a halt when the station was unable to meet their commitment.

Meanwhile I had produced two week's worth of shows and spent hundreds of hours getting things ready to broadcast. We took the station to court and recouped our production costs but I had lost the passion for continuing the work by that time.

I needed an income and I turned to finding a real job for a while. I went into sales again and found I didn't care for the kind of ethical behaviors I found in the various industries I explored.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

I decided to go back to school for a master's degree in business administration. School loans were available and they provided some additional funds for living expenses. In a short time, though I met a controller for a health club management company and she asked me to come to work for them. It provided great benefits, too, although all I took advantage of was the racquetball court.

A couple of times a year, since 1990, I worked as a coordinator for a large arts and crafts festival that drew nearly a quarter million patrons over the weekend event. I also was part of a team that did the same for the Fiesta Bowl Block Party which brought the same number, only in one night. I seemed to enjoy stepping into the middle of chaos and producing order beyond the expectations of others.

My eldest came to live with me for a year during this time and I was ever-so-thankful to have the time with her. She was a bit out of control and her mother could no longer deal with her defiance and typical teenage behavior. We were able to do a lot of things together and deepen our lives with the conversations beyond the typical family ties.

She befriended a Hopi girl that lived in the same complex and before too long they conspired to get

me and her mother together. They introduced us, not knowing what to expect and hoped we'd find some attraction beyond just friendship. We did.

Edie was the daughter of an elder, a past president of the tribe who was in declining health now. I didn't know how deeply she practiced their tradition, but I felt honored to have such an opportunity to learn more about their way of life. She had separated from the tribe some years ago, but my insistence on learning more seemed to nudge her back toward the fold.

Back when I first drew the symbol from Zephyr I had a strong feeling that it had something to do with the Hopis, too. The swastika was a key symbol in their development and prophecies. I understood that during this period, according to their prophecy:

"The Fourth World shall end soon, and the Fifth World will begin. This, the elders everywhere know. The Signs over many years have been fulfilled, and so few are left.

This is the First Sign: We are told of the coming of the white-skinned men, like Pahana, but not living like Pahana men who took the land that was not

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theirs. And men who struck their enemies with thunder.

This is the Second Sign: Our lands will see the coming of spinning wheels filled with voices.

This is the Third Sign: A strange beast like a buffalo but with great long horns will overrun the land in large numbers.

This is the Fourth Sign: The land will be crossed by snakes of iron.

This is the Fifth Sign: The land shall be crisscrossed by a giant spider's web.

This is the Sixth sign: The land shall be crisscrossed with rivers of stone that make pictures in the sun.

This is the Seventh Sign: You will hear of the sea turning black, and many living things dying because of it.

This is the Eight Sign: You will see many youth, who wear their hair long like my people, come and join the tribal nations, to learn their ways and wisdom.

And this is the Ninth and Last Sign: You will hear of a dwelling-place in the heavens, above the

earth, that shall fall with a great crash. It will appear as a blue star. Very soon after this, the ceremonies of my people will cease.

Many of my people, understanding the prophecies, shall be safe. Those who stay and live in the places of my people also shall be safe. Then there will be much to rebuild. And soon -- very soon afterward -- Pahana will return.

He shall bring with him the dawn of the Fifth World. He shall plant the seeds of his wisdom in their hearts. Even now the seeds are being planted. These shall smooth the way to the Emergence into the Fifth World.

Edie took me to Prophecy Rock and I observed the area where once a flowing spring had been was now only a moist area of dirt, the spring had been filled with blow dirt from the desert. I was saddened at the state of the land but the look in the eyes of the Hopi elders I met was resilient.

Her son was invited to take part in the planting dance one spring and I was asked to come along. I had only heard of the Kachina dances and knew that very few white folks were ever invited, let alone actually made it there to watch.

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When we arrived, her son had already been there a few days in preparation for the dance. As we walked toward the plaza I could feel the pulse of the dancers through the earth. We were several hundred feet away still, but the pulse was obvious already. I was deeply moved and humbled.

We entered the back of a house on the plaza in the center of Kykotsmovi. She introduced me to various cousins, but I was already attracted to the hundred or so dancers just outside their window. The plaza itself was a couple hundred feet long and about a hundred feet wide.

As I stood on the porch outside, the feeling of sacredness filled the air. A very small and obviously old man sat inside the entrance to the porch, puffing on a pipe that smelled horrible. We only had a moment's glance and I bowed my head to him as soon as our eyes met. He was the eldest of the Bear Clan and I was in his home.

The dance was in several sessions and the clowns, dressed in black and white clothing looking like jailbirds came out in between each session. In one break, they went around and grabbed all the white people in attendance; me included, and put us all in the center of the plaza without a word.

They split up into two groups with the non-Indians in the center. One group grabbed 5 gallon buckets of water and long reeds that looked like whips then descended on the other group in a vicious attack. This 'war' was soon all around us and I noticed the people with me looking rather frightened and wondering what to do.

The battle was ferocious with one group completely defenseless and the other beating up on them with the switches and throwing water on them continuously.

Instinctively I knew this was there way of showing us how it felt to be victimized by a marauding factor, white or otherwise, and the sensation was certainly driving home the point. I felt ashamed. I also felt a great strength in acknowledging internally that we were there together now.

This attack went on for some time, at least 10 or 15 minutes. That doesn't seem long, but try standing in the middle of something like that and see how it feels to be out of control of your surroundings with few options for escape.

I got the attention of the others in our circle after a while and, without a word, motioned with my head toward the alley way where the dances

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entered and exited. I began to back out of the plaza and the rest of the group followed.

To this day I do not know if that was appropriate or not, but there was no nasty looks afterward. I walked back around to the Bear Clan house and wandered inside. Edie saw me and began laughing so hard she nearly doubled over.

She asked me how it felt to be in the middle of a war as she gave me a comforting hug. It was an extraordinary experience for me that I will always hold sacred in my heart.

As soon as I finished the degree the company folded and I decided to get a secondary teaching certification. I thought maybe I could be of some worth in the school systems, sharing the types of communication and negotiation skills necessary to survive and thrive in business environments.

I also landed a job that flew me all over the country on weekends, running a scoring system for corporate fundraising go-cart races. I met a gentleman that, when he found out I was working on my teaching certification, offered me a long-term substitute position at a local inner-city high school. Everything seemed to be working out fine.

The position I was substituting for at the school was for an English teacher who also had charge of the school newspaper. I really enjoyed the students and called them to task in the two Journalism classes that included feature article writing and the production of the newspaper.

I was surprised to learn from the printer that her classes had only produced two papers per year for several years and, according to him, the paper we produced was far superior. I had expectations of completing the paper and did so in the final quarter of the year, from start to finish.

It wasn't easy, though, as these students weren't used to being pushed to perform. I learned more over the next year there and in another district school, getting an emergency certification to teach in the special education department. I had high expectations for the students, higher than other teachers thought could be accomplished.

I took a freshman English class through the process of writing a research paper and, although several nearly came to tears for fear they could not complete the project, all of them had done something by the end of the class. To see the look in their eyes when they did more than they thought possible was truly a gift beyond measure.

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Our relationship didn't last. She had substance abuse problems that took her down a road I didn't want to travel, even though I attempted to get her to find some help. Christine flew back to visit her mother and siblings. I warned her to be careful, especially since she had found new confidence in her life. She challenged her mother, though; called me from a detention center to let me know she would not be returning soon.

There wasn't anything I could do, so I turned my focus on completing my MBA. I went on to the Teacher Education program in hopes of getting a secondary teaching certification. I thought I could turn my misfortune to sharing wisdom in the classroom and helping students for the future.

Early on in the program I met another young woman and soon found myself in a live-in situation, seriously considering marriage again. I also had the opportunity to help produce Arizona's first Bike Week at Speed World one weekend and, complete with the Broken Spoke Saloon in Tolleson, Arizona the next.

I really enjoyed the chaos of large events, not knowing exactly what was going to happen yet completely confident in being able to get the job done. I got a brief glimpse of Bruce Willis while

directing the parking for a 10,000 bike run on one of the days. He was camouflaged well, but I recognized the countenance and gate after he got off his bike. He caught me staring at him, pulled down his sunglasses, winked and went on about his business. There were only five of us that managed all the logistics.

I didn't think about the comfortability until I began to analyze the process that was evolving inside of me as a result of my path. I still am not quite sure what my path is, only that I do experience one that seems to be developing a particular skills set. Being able to not just jump, but *leap* into the middle of chaos and create order seemed more natural than not to me. I used to think everyone was like that growing up.

I knew I was not comfortable with the corporate culture of manipulation and misuse, in most cases, of human and material resources. It also seemed that most of my interactions with people, places and things were under a subtle, yet obvious directive I kept adhering to no matter what the outcome. I wondered if humanity would ever be open to the awareness and creative knack for getting people to enjoy life, the results of which would automatically better the world.

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

## **The Prophets Conference**

As if on cue after the Phoenix Lights in March of 1997, the Prophets Conference came to Phoenix for a spiritual screening and showing of premature conflagration. You will see how that relates in a bit for sure. Suffice it to say, I got burned.

I had just moved into a home owned by a retired fireman who loved to surround himself with musical instruments, his walls filled with many that could be played, in need of repair or even completely broken in some cases. I loved that each wall was a different color in the two rooms I enjoyed, an office space and a bedroom.

I had also just entered the teacher education program on the way to a secondary certification. I was working for a health club conglomerate, in charge of grading paper; contracts were solid or back they went for rewrite or withdrawal.

A couple of weekends a month I'd fly out to run a scoring system for a fundraising company that ran corporate go-kart races. One day that fall the health club management company closed its doors, evidently the sales numbers didn't support the association. I wondered what was next.

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During a break in my teacher education program about a month later, I was approached by an old friend to manage an event. A group of promoters were coming to town to put on a conference and needed someone to run all the logistics for the event. It was called The Prophets Conference and included a number of well-known speakers; Dr. Edgar Mitchell, José Arguelles, Drunvalo Melchizedek, Zacharia Sitchin, David Icke, Dr. Steven Greer and more.

An old friend who was associated with the event recommended me so I got hired on the spot, with only three days to put together the necessary logistical details. We needed several large tents, chairs, vendor booths, port-a-johns and a couple of large generators at a bare minimum, plus traffic cops and volunteers to do grounds, security and as speaker area attendants.

As the event manager I had the opportunity to meet people on a completely different level than just being an attendee. Frankly, I've never paid admission to events like this because either I was part of putting them on or knew those who were and got complimentary entrance. I've been blessed with some very interesting acquaintances and friends over the years.

I met two of the most brilliant and fun people I've ever known, José and Lloydine Arguelles, and that alone was worth the effort. We had wonderful discussions about their work; the Law of Time, the Planet Art Network and the 13-moon calendar movement they had been promoting for years.

They gave me a piece of software later, called the Dreamspell Calendar, which calculates an individual's relationship with the Tzolkin among other things. My particular glyph is the White Cosmic Self-Existing Mirror and its baseline relationship is: *I define in order to reflect measuring order. I seal the matrix of endlessness with the self-existing tone of form. I am guided by the power of timelessness.*

The sense of using natural rhythms and cycles for time seemed to ignite something inside of those who were more earth-conscious and human endearing. They appear to be much more playful in the seriousness of life and living, which tends to allow the creative spark in us all to grow.

José was kind enough to sign my event journal with, "The Galactic Federations looks forward to the New Time!! Zen of the Clean Wave Form – Harmony of the One Mind."

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I got to know his South American coordinator well during the weekend as he was in charge of the Planet Art Network booth on the lawn, among the other 119 vendors, each with their own 10x10 tent laid out on a two-acre parcel amidst a few trees and a couple of authentic Indian lodges.

I got to know Dr. Mitchell fairly well too, as we had several conversations in our 'green room' area just outside the main hall. I was feeling open enough to share some of my experiences and listened to his sharing, both arriving at the knowledge of a shift in the works, beginning with the more intimate awareness of extraterrestrial consciousness, our own and their cosmic link.

Being able to discuss my life's work and passion with others of the same ilk was very refreshing. I don't get to converse on those levels often enough. I had my suspicions that the level of interaction I had with the 'cosmic conundrum' was still beyond the experiential level of most folks. I was hoping to find some congruence and/or others who had similar understanding. The logic paths were there, leading the way to the possibility of deeper involvement with extraterrestrials, for lack of a better name, but the experiential foundation was still missing.

It is funny how looking someone in the eyes reveals more than you would like at times. I just never felt real comfortable with Dr. Greer, Mr. Icke or Mr. Sitchin. I'm not sure what the disturbance is or was, but something just didn't pass the filters of my sensory array. I've learned to trust those senses, but I couldn't tell you what triggers them other than a feeling of cognitive dissonance, incongruence in energy or something not being in complete alignment.

The event itself went off without a hitch, with a festival atmosphere provided by musicians and activities amongst the multiple speaker venues. We even had an elaborate laser-light show accompanied by Pink Floyd and Tangerine Dream music and a live concert by the UFAUX band.

We estimated about 5,000 people came for the event over the entire weekend. Our 50 volunteers and security team got rave reviews from the patrons and participants. Some of those volunteers traveled across the country to be part of the festivities. The only drawback came at its close, with the promoters leaving town without paying me or the outstanding bills, leaving me to make good. I was still thankful for the experience.

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The following spring I went to work teaching high school, starting as a long-term substitute for an English teacher and then getting an emergency certification in special education to fill a vacancy that the assistant principal thought appropriate. Dealing with the spectrum of students' abilities was a great challenge, one that seemed equally as rewarding as I saw the students grow.

Some years later I went on to become the lead teacher for a K-12 charter school in 2000, thinking there would be other teachers with me. I had full charge of the high school curriculum and students. The enjoyment for me, beyond the challenges of the charter school population, was creating multiple intelligence learning centers that got the praise of the president of the Arizona Charter School Association that year.

Alas, I had a problem student that just made the classroom environment nearly impossible for any learning to occur when she decided to challenge me. It wasn't that she was belligerent, but she would continually banter with me even after I'd given instructions and asked for her cooperation.

After several weeks of dealing with this behavior on a semi-regular basis, I called her parents. I was not too surprised when her parents exhibited

the same kind of behavior toward each other. I tried to be as gentle as possible, but I told them that their daughter was behaving just like them in the classroom and it wasn't conducive to learning.

Well, needless to say they complained to the principal and within a few days I was asked to leave. The problem with charter schools and behavior modification in general is that it is more important to the owner to have students in the seats that it is to maintain order. The dollars per student were much lower than traditional public schools and every dollar matters, so when parents threatened to remove their child...

I wondered how our educational system was going to do any good for students if they were not being held accountable and appropriate classroom management was not supported by school administration. I hoped someday I could make a difference, but I wasn't sure just how I could.

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## **Gathering of Souls**

In the fall of 2000 I was contacted by a member of the Galactic Federation ground crew regarding a conference to be held at the end of September near Sedona, Arizona.

The post, an email from someone I'd never heard from before, Bill Spewler, referenced the 13<sup>th</sup> Tribe group I had engaged online a couple of years previous. He felt it was important for me to connect with a group in the Village of Oak Creek.

Again, it was one of those synchronicities that led me to the group and I found many others who were also in process of learning more about the nature and substance of their contactee experiences. Bill's post encouraged me to contact the folks putting on the conference, so I did.

I wasn't sure just how or what I could do to help them, but I proceeded with contact in order to offer my event production expertise. In the back of my mind I hoped that I might be able to find a speaking opportunity, but I was going to just be of service regardless. After a few posts and some conversation with the coordinators, two women whom I felt instantly connected with, I made a

journey to their home in the outskirts of the Village of Oak Creek, just south of Sedona.

They had opened a slot for me to speak after hearing about my live metaphor about human transformation, I thought. We had a conversation that was both hilarious, making fun of experiences and the ignorant humans, and poignant in the progression of those who were reluctant to speak about their experiences.

It wasn't long after I arrived at their home that I was informed that they had known of me for some time, through their channelings of Ashtar and Athena. When we began corresponding there was a certain energy that piqued their curiosity and their channelings bore witness to my arrival.

I wasn't taking it all too seriously because I had my own experience, yet the fact that Ashtar and Athena had been speaking through them about me was intriguing to say the least.

Even though there was no doubt in my mind about my heritage at that time, I wasn't prepared to openly admit it to others. I soon got over it with these two and a few others who were helping to organize the conference – The Gathering of Souls. It was going to be a wild ride.

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Now these two were very interesting women. One looked identical to Madame Blavatsky complete with the intense glare and no-bullshit attitude one would expect and the other had the features of a lioness, especially with the energy in her eyes of a soft yet powerful presence. They had been working with a group of folks for a number of years, teaching ascension and spiritual mastery classes based on the channelings they had produced over several years.

The material was quite good and had helped many to grow to know themselves much better, but it had not addressed anything of First Contact or much at all in the way of the Galactic Federation beyond noting that Jesus and all the ascended masters were affiliated with the organization.

Now being around sensitives is quite different than being around the general public. They see and hear much more than normal, often bridging worlds in the process. The more time I spent with them, the thinner my own perception became.

I had made a choice as a teenager to limit my scope of seeing and hearing, too much input for me to handle and remain capable of managing my daily details. Regardless of the communications

and sensations, I still had to operate in the world of others. I'd learned all too well that loose lips can indeed sink ships. I wasn't about to lose my freedom again.

So being around people who accepted and even invited the other worlds to merge into one experience was refreshing. I began to loosen up my sensory filters and immediately found some old friends that had been waiting for me to welcome them back into my sphere of consciousness. Zephyr was the most notable.

I had been a warrior for many years, wielding the sword of truth and whacking away at anything I felt was out of sync with the inner reflector. I hadn't made a lot of friends that way, but I knew the ones I'd made I could trust.

I was prepared to do the same thing with this group, but it felt like I could trust them a bit more than others. At least they were more open to bridging worlds than I'd experienced to date. I still had a slight challenge, but I figured it would all work out soon.

So it wasn't long before my dream state become more active and participative in universe affairs. I was aware of council meetings with various

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beings. We met on board various star ships and on myriads of planets over the couple of months prior to the conference.

The scenes were magnificent in scope, with worlds far superior to Earth and environments specially designed for inter-dimensional communication, or at least that is how they felt at a deep level within. Experiences in those places often defied description still.

I began to notice similar events here, too, facilitated by meditating to various pieces of music and especially with some of the music I had helped to produce. Evidently I really am that drummer that plays to a different beat.

I was also teaching at the time. I had full-charge of a charter school curriculum and its high school students. I was enjoying the opportunity to completely immerse the students in multiple intelligence learning centers. It was working so well that the owner of the school, then Chair of the AZ Association of Charter Schools, praised my work to the school's Board of Directors.

I was able to engage the students on relevant topics and assist their understanding of learning on a much deeper level. Still, I had to focus on

State Standards so the more esoteric conversations were absent from the classroom.

One evening I was rehearsing my presentation in my head, complete with visualizing all my slides and the salient points of my act. I'd developed it nearly a decade prior after asking how I could share my experience and make it enjoyable for others. A pseudo-stand-up routine evolved.

I get bored with stories easily, unless the storyteller is able to create an atmosphere of total immersion with vibrant detail. I've met few master storytellers to date. My presentation included removing my clothes as examples of barriers and boundaries humans create to protect themselves from emotional and/or physical harm.

I started off reciting my story, from early adoption to contactee experiences as an 8 year old and so on until just after my divorce and reflection of life to date. As I proceeded I began by acknowledging my 'coat of armor,' then removing it and continued through all the items of my 3-piece suit and shoes.

I had some encouragement to do the full-monty thing, but I liked using another layer that portrayed a more colorful self. I finished with

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donning a marbled tuxedo with the idea of 'suits up and showing up.' I was closing up my notes when a figure approached me from the audience. I sensed a familiarity.

Her hair was golden blonde and so curly I wondered if it was natural or a perm. She had it pulled back at the top, just above her ears with some kind of clasp in the back. Her body was thin and sculpted in all the right places as I watched her walking toward me.

The odd thing was that her face was blank... featureless. As I gazed into this featureless face I heard her voice, like one I'd known for a long, long time. She simply said, "Okay, are you ready to get to work?"

Well, I'm all about The Work so without hesitation I slammed my notebook shut, stuck it under my left arm and held out my right arm toward her. She looped her arm inside my elbow and we walked away toward the audience, which had since disappeared from my vision.

Now this last portion of my 'rehearsal' was totally unexpected and left me with a feeling of imminent connection to someone I'd been looking for all my life, thinking I'd found it in a few others but

obviously being mistaken to date. I will say that women have been the greatest teachers for me. I've learned much about the emotional nature of humans from them.

So now I'm looking for this woman to show up at the event and I am preoccupied with the possibility. Fortunately, I had my slides and presentation notes in order and all I needed to do was show up. I got a phone call from the coordinators just a few days before the event asking me to bring my drums, too.

There were a couple of other guys bringing their guitars and a bass and were hoping for a drummer so we could have live music for dancing on Friday and Saturday nights. I got even more excited about the event. So I showed up late Thursday afternoon at the Cliff Castle Conference Center ready to rock.

An unexpected spin....

The main room was set up for several hundred people with a vendor area in a room of equal size. I walked the area quietly, looking into the eyes of those setting up and greeting them with a bow and clasped hands; a silent 'namaste.' I had met a select few in the weeks prior to the event, but

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the majority of the people I had not met directly in this lifetime, although nearly everyone felt as though I knew them already somehow.

Throughout the introductions I was looking for this curly blonde. She never showed up, unfortunately. However, there was one who arrived mid-morning. She attracted my attention the moment she walked through the door as my head turned without cause.

She didn't look anything like the woman in the vision. I watched her for a while, trying not to make it seem like I was staring at her, waiting for a moment to engage her somehow. It turned out to be quite simple and serene when we were introduced by one of the event organizers.

We bowed to each other and hugged for what seemed a long time, not wanting to let go and feeling a deep connection beyond any words. I was quite taken and evidently so was she. She had traveled from Chile to come to this event.

It felt like we both just 'emptied' into the other for that brief moment. We eventually separated and just stared into each other's eyes for few more moments. I have to admit it was quite

overwhelming, but I couldn't find words to express what was happening inside me then.

It seemed something similar was going on with her. I broke the silence with, "Namaste. Nice to be with you again." The words seemed empty compared to the energy of familiarity I felt. It seemed by the look in her eyes that she felt it too. I felt a bit mystified in the moment.

We slipped into a conversation about where she was from and what it was like. I wanted to know all about her, especially after that introduction. I'd had some strong sensations before, but never like this. This wasn't 'normal' for me and if it was for her I was in for a real challenge.

Our conversation was interrupted by one of the event coordinators who needed my help with a situation immediately. We parted for the time being, agreeing to meet up later knowing that timing would be perfect when we did.

Later in the evening the coordinators came to me asking for my assistance in helping with a sensitive matter. One of the patrons had been out walking, weaving back and forth across the road a short distance away. He was picked up by the Tribal Police and later they contacted the

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conference center after learning of the patron's reason for being there.

He had told the police about the conference and that he was out teaching God about wave form energy when they came upon him. They brought him back to the hotel in handcuffs. The gals knew he was bi-polar and was off his medication, confirmed it with the police and promised to watch after him if they would release him to us. My assignment, or request, was to assist him in managing his environment for the time being.

Marc was silent, his eyes darting around and looking for help. After his handcuffs were removed, we stepped to the side onto the lawn area in the front of the building. He was pacing in place and obviously his mind was racing beyond being able to speak.

I introduced myself, told him I could tell he was having challenges communicating and placed my hand on his chest. I stood with him for a few moments in silence and did my best to tune into his energy. It was manic to say the least.

I let him know that I could pick up on his general state, but I could not keep up with his thoughts. In order for me to be able to help him he needed

to slow down, open his mouth and talk to me. Instantly he stopped pacing, took a deep breath, turned to look at me directly (for the first time) and uttered, "Okay, I'm ready to go in now."

Evidently we had an audience. As we followed Marc into the building the gals and a few others commented on how I'd handled him, talked him through recentering and got him to respond. He was still quite the handful for us that weekend. He was brilliant, though, a software engineer that wrote code for encrypted data bases.

I found out a few years later he'd worked on an NSA project. He'd had numerous telepathic contact experiences and had come to find others like him, hopefully. There were several folks that volunteered to keep an eye on him, but he was one of the gentlest people I've ever met.

We got to know each other much better when I became his handler for the rest of the day. He had been up for a couple of days now and it was obvious he needed some sleep. I'm not a big advocate for medication, but sometimes people can live with greater ease with it.

It was a struggle for Marc to manage any kind of 'grounded' reality in order to converse with others

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about simple topics. He responded to every comment as though his life depended on it. I had to get comfortable with an excruciating process of compassionate communication.

Now here's where I had to part from traditional views on the subject of mental health. Marc was completely lucid and his topics of discussion reflected a perspective far beyond the scope of most humans I knew. I felt like I was in a conversation with a consciousness barely able to stay in body.

His point of view was from as high a spiritual place as I had experienced coming from a human being. I'd encountered these discussions in council and on board ship, but that could all be written off as a vivid imagination. Marc seemed to be the one to validate the conversations I'd been having on my own.

Marc's understanding of energy and waveforms was replete with knowledge of physics. His father has a doctorate in physics, so he had access to information throughout his life. He told me he felt like he was walking around on a ship and that I was the commander, checking in on his status for developing the technology to transfer data files into human consciousness.

As much as it sounded strange, there was a part of me that felt like this was a reality. The fact that we were in this place on a terrestrial plane seemed surreal, yet the sensations of some sort of bilocation happening were evident.

We were both sure that our conversation would probably not be understood by anyone else, at least for the time being. Still, the discussion about how to slow down the frequencies that carried this information was akin to discussing Einstein-Rosen bridges with quantum physicists.

He would explain a theory and his understanding of its application and I was able to cross-reference it with a direct experience; one of the many world-bridging moments from the journey of inquiry into the evolution of consciousness. It was peculiar to note the number of tones we each heard, inaudible to the other but apparently particular to our discussion.

These tones are something many contactees report, associating them as part of their contactee experience over time. It takes a bit of getting used to, I'll have to admit. When they first start, we usually don't have the presence of mind to make mention of them as part of the conversation. I have them a lot when

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encountering others, especially contactees that are comfortable with their experience.

Over the years I've noticed that they seem to carry not only information, but tend to set up a series of events to illustrate the demonstration of the information played out in the earth plane.

I really think there is an advanced set of senses that folks who have extraterrestrial heritage tend to develop over time. I'm sure there are other reasons, but again it seems to indicate an advancement of consciousness.

Later that evening I was playing music with the guys as part of the gathering, providing an atmosphere for conference attendees to get up and dance with each other. The two others had played together before so it wasn't a complete guess as to what I was going to play with them, but fortunately it was all cover tunes that I knew.

We were playing for a few dozen people who were thoroughly enjoying dancing to the music. While we were playing, though, it felt like someone was trying to knock the drumstick out of my right hand. I looked over to where the energy came from and guess who was sitting there smiling like

a Cheshire cat? Yep, it was Marc. I winked and continued playing.

Diana was there dancing, too. We'd had a little more time to talk earlier. Her English was good, but it was hard for her to translate conceptual ideas, I could tell she was starting with Spanish as she was thinking off the top of her head and then working to translate it to English.

I had this feeling of being intimately connected with her, something that went far beyond our current budding relationship.

I was so enjoying the thoughtmosphere that there was not a moment of distraction about my life back in the Valley of the Sun.

In this kind of environment I never know what people can see or how thin the veil is between worlds until something happens to demonstrate it. At one point several orbs became visible to a number of people, including me. One particularly large one, about a foot and a half in diameter, settled on top of the small amp I was using for my electronic drums.

It appeared translucent, but you could see some definite features in it, like a series of triangles with gaps between the outer perimeter and a solid

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circle in the center. A digital photo of me doing some 'energy' work on a woman revealed a crystal clear image with the exception of my hands, which were blurred as they moved from the top of her head to her elbows where she was sitting. It had some interesting implications.

We all knew this conference was set up as an opportunity not only to meet other contactees and experiencers from around the world, but to become available for other-dimensional communication as well. Many of us had individual direct experience, but never had gathered together in communion for such purposes. The next morning started early with only a few hours' sleep. We had played until midnight and talked amongst each other until nearly 3.

The night air was perfect, cool and full of the smells from the desert surrounding us. Diana had retired early, noting the jet lag from her 17 hour flight and 2 hour ride from Phoenix, arriving that morning. I thought that might have had an effect on our first meeting, too.

There were many other very interesting folks there from all over the world. Nearly without exception, they had some kind of contactee

experience, from the 1<sup>st</sup> to the 5<sup>th</sup> kind. I've learned there are 6 types of contact.

- Type 1 – a sighting of one or more UFOs.
- Type 2 – observation of effects – crop circles, ground disturbance, interference with devices, animal or human responses.
- Type 3 – appearance or observation of 'beings associated with a UFO.
- Type 4 – abduction without permission, markings on skin, missing time, etc.
- Type 5 – intentional interaction (telepathic, physical) on an ongoing basis with beneficial results.
- Type 6 – physical interaction that produces a hybrid (Star Child)

Now you may think that these kinds of folks are all a few French fries short of a happy meal. This group includes small business owners, corporate and independent professionals, doctors and even lawyers. As you might expect too, there were just as many on the fringes of society who have their own challenges yet obviously brilliant in their own right. Consciousness has such variety in expression. Just notice where your mind has gone reading this story.

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My presentation went as planned, even though there was no woman who walked up afterward. There were some anecdotal references that reflected in the audience with much laughter. I'm always aware that opportunities pop up during the program for some loose association that more often than not is right on cue with the natural thought process of the audience.

I've given the presentation on several occasions and laughter from the audience accompanied the silly human actions and thoughts one has in the daily activities that evolve on the fringe of a new living awareness.

During the conference the next day, Diana and I had the chance to talk more in depth. I was really curious about the sensation I had about her. As much as I knew, there was much more I didn't. I hoped that she would open up and share something that would indicate why. I was not disappointed, although I was quite surprised.

She related that I was introduced to her by Ashtar in a dream-vision she had about a week before coming to America for the event. It is rare that I have these experiences with such intensity and it was obvious to both of us that we have a much

greater mission together than our human understanding could comprehend at the time.

Nonetheless, our humanness and passion, both being Cancers, was quite lively and the urge to merge was overwhelming to say the least. We fell asleep in each other's arms the second night. It felt natural and serene just to hold each other. It was completely sensual, but not sexual in nature.

She knew me to be the son of Ashtar from her personal experience, so here I was faced with yet another hard to accept 'validation' of some kind.

The recognition at our initial physical encounter was more of a magnet than either one of us quite understood, yet denial was not an option. After a couple of days checking out Sedona and the surrounding area, she hoped a bus for Phoenix and I picked her up at the station.

We continued our discussions about our cosmic family and the 'missions' that we felt were a growing part of our lives now. We made love for the first time that night. The energy didn't swirl like it had with Monique a decade before, but it did feel like I was reuniting with a lost lover.

I was standing in the parking garage at Sky Harbor Airport watching her plane back away

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from the gate that a vision I had two years ago revisited me. I saw her. I knew it was her in an instant now. She was looking at me as though she was impatiently waiting for something very important to happen.

The last day of the conference something completely unanticipated or expected by anyone happened. During the closing ceremony the two coordinators asked me to join them on stage. I had no idea why, but I figured I'd find out. I felt like it was going to be something spectacular, but I had no idea of what they were going to do.

Before I knew it, they explained to the audience that Ashtar and Athena wanted them to publicly announce that I was their beloved son. Part of me wanted to completely withdraw and hide in a corner. The greater part of me knew it was time for me to stand up. I felt honored and scared at the same time. I didn't know how people would respond to this new information.

It seemed like they all knew it somehow, too, and my feeling of 'holy shit' went to 'it's okay' and finally to 'wow, I'm home.' I breathed a heavy sigh of relief I'm sure. But that wasn't all. They weren't done with their announcement yet.

## Gathering of Souls

Each took a position on either side of me and Rev Deb announced that Ashtar and Athena had requested that I, if willing, step up as the leader of the ground crew now. I was to help gather the crew around the world and prepare them to come together as one and fulfill our mission of unity.

It felt so right and yet so out of this world that I had quite the challenge as to how to integrate this experience in some kind of action that made sense. Well, the action they [Ashtar and Athena] chose was for me to be baptized as a symbol of my acceptance; in the conference center pool right after the completion of the ceremony.

In the days that followed the event, there was a great deal of activity. I returned to the home of the coordinators on numerous occasions to craft an action plan to carry out the mission callings. One of the first details was to craft a letter to the mailing list of subscribers that were following the events online. I'll share that correspondence...

*Released in October, 2000*

E-Release the week after the Gathering of Souls conference in Camp Verde, Arizona:

Dear Eagles and Members of the Ashtar Command,

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

It has been the honor and blessing of the two of us to have Ashtar's and Athena's son, Zendor, brought into our lives and work. We were asked to baptize him into his mission at the Gathering. During this baptism, on October 1, 2000 at 8:00 p.m. Pacific Time, in front of a quorum of witnesses, Zendor was formally introduced as Ashtar's and Athena's son, and he pledged his commitment to this mission.

At Athena's request, we are relating what was said to those witnesses. As Ashtar anchored into Debbie and Athena anchored into Janisel, 'they' faced the witnesses... Zendor standing between 'them.' Ashtar announced, "This is our son. We love him dearly." In essence, Zendor was baptized and accepted his mission.

The following is a letter to you from Zendor. Below his letter is a message from Ashtar and Athena that they asked be added at the end of Zendor's introduction. Please read carefully... and take to heart what he has to say.

Love and Blessings  
Janisel and Debbie  
Ashtar's Trinity

Just after his presentation at the Gathering of Souls and with trepidations still, my introductory letter went over like a lead balloon:

Who...? Hi, I'm Zendor and YES you have been expecting me! I'll be your guide as we peer into the depths of what keeps us afraid, angry, ignorant and immobile. Nah. I'd rather be your guide to fortuitous serendipitous synchronicity! Unfortunately the former is what needs to be dealt with first.

We have been called to serve with our lives so let's begin creating the lives we ARE. This rise in consciousness that includes a living awareness of multidimensional reality is about the collective messiah or 'body of Christ,' universe citizenry come to prepare for the ultimate family reunion.

I have been watching and waiting as I have prepared myself for this monumental macrocosmic mission. As we all are integrating our multidimensionality in this wonderful 3D time/space, it is imperative that we remain free of the temptations inherent within it, like thinking we can do it alone.

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The Galactic Fleet is a cooperative multi-race and multi-system collaboration that has been developed with the utmost care and concern for the elevation and demonstration of Unity! In other words - time to Rock-n-Roll...walk the talk...trust our connections.

Your mettle and mine are about to be tested and you can be assured that any deterrents to the harmony of a unified purpose, our collective efforts to move our beloved planet and her peoples into Universe status, will be removed. The comfort levels of this removal will be determined by your own willingness to serve this mission, should you decide to accept it.

To put it succinctly, the job is the boss and there is no room for those entertaining edification of their perceived positions or rank within the Command. Humility is key. It is time for the Commanders to lead by example. It is time to allow our higher integrated multi-sensory network to do its job. The Truth will set us all free! Truth is... all things connected... we are ONE.

We all know the importance of our individual efforts. It is the synergistic effects those efforts create that will determine the physical bestowal of inner and outer reality congruencies that lead to

the obvious heaven on earth. We are called to embody our highest selves at this time, thriving on the joy and celebration of our coming together as a unified planetary (or interplanetary as the case may be) family.

I beg of you to look within, shift into the true Center of your Heart of Hearts and release any attachments to control in ANY fashion. There will be a peace that surpasses understanding at first, then the understanding will come along with the prudent path opening in front of you.

Trust me; I've had to hold on nowhere to step forward now. Intuition and rationality are often seen as conflicting. Can you imagine what it is like to have a life full of 'experiences' that few seem to accept, let alone understand. This is not about control; it is about Flow.

Divine Flow, the Truth of which resides in your Center. Only those willing to release the final fetters of the subversive 'little ego' will be available to the Master Ego of Self individualized in our bodies. Let's celebrate being here now, as Baba Ram Das once said, and keep it light. Serious as the job is be playful in thought and action.

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The integration and implementation of our Divine Actions in Unity (warm fuzzies for everyone) will occupy much of this next year as I move into closer relationships with you all. An unprecedented need for physical involvement is at hand. This is all about bringing multidimensional consciousness to play in the 3-D environment in which we now live, move and have our Being.

I will be personally visiting the Command sites in the coming weeks and months. All I'm doing is beginning to connect all the dots as best I can. I encourage your willingness to play with me and to support our efforts through making preparations for these visits.

Janisel and Debbie are in charge of the scheduling and confirmation of venues. Hope there are some musicians among your groups.. drummer on the way! For the rational thinkers and skeptics a couple of master's degrees in Business as well.

With a warm heart and an unyielding Love, I look forward to our meeting.

Namasté,  
Zendor

Now just to keep things on the up and up, I happened to get a copy of a transcript from a channeling that came through immediately following the event.

*Friday, October 6, 2000*

Athena, through Janisel - Re: Zendor's mission

A: I anchor now so that you may fully hear what I have to say regarding our son. He has great work to do and the two of you are to be part of it. He will in no way replace the work you are currently doing, but will augment and complement it. The two missions will interact together. Do you understand?

J: Yes

A: He has much 'knowing' inside him, but needs to be guided in practical ways. This is where the two of you come in. No 'one' channel for us is 'perfect.' We are depending on the three of you to collectively use your discernment within the scope of your guidance. Do you understand?

J: Yes

A: As has been hinted to you, he has met his new mate. While this is yet new to him, he

## Zendor the Barbarian Part Deux

will, perhaps, become a bit self-absorbed in the discovery and exploration of this relationship. This is to be of no concern for, indeed, this bonding must take place. Do not become discouraged if things don't move as quickly as you think they should. In the interim, Ashtar and I would like for the two of you to lay some groundwork for our son's mission to formally begin.

He will, of course, need introduction. Now...while you are also introducing the new AC logo and the new use for the crystals.. would be an opportune and appropriate time. Please deliberate with him on the wording of his introduction and mission statement, as this is within his freewill choice. Ashtar and I would, however, ask that a short message of sanction be added to the end of his 'coming out' announcement. If you are ready, I will dictate to you what his father and I would like to say. Ashtar and I have discussed this between ourselves and agreed upon the following:

"We, Ashtar and Athena, come forth this day to herald the arrival to your world of our son Zendor, sent to awaken and unify those earth-based members and Commanders of the Galactic Fleets working under the auspices of the Ashtar Command. It is time for ego, pride, and separateness to be put aside. It is time for

Oneness and Unity among our Command, and for this purpose he comes. Our son speaks and acts with our authority. Hear ye him."...

#### Ashtar and Athena

You may also, if you wish, as part of your introduction, relate the baptism of our son of which you were a part. Ashtar and I would encourage you to include what was said to those witnesses gathered there that night so as to show the connections between Ashtar's Trinity and the mission our beloved Zendor is about to begin.

This will show to the world the solidarity and oneness which shall act as the foundation. You have gained great respect throughout the world for your integrity and the work that you do, and by the two of you being the ones to introduce him, align with him, and publicly show your support and oneness with him, it will act, hopefully, as the catalyst for bringing together, in oneness, our earth-based Commanders.

Ashtar and I applaud you for fanning the Flames which so gloriously leapt to the higher dimensions during your past few days. And we are deeply honored by the part you played in the baptism and introduction of our son. We are pleased by

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your acceptance and support of him. Let us go forth together now and bring unity to the ranks. It is time, and the opportunity is here. Thank you, my sister, for opening yourself for me to speak these words on behalf of Ashtar and myself. I bid you adieu.

*Saturday October 7, 2000*

OK Rosie... are you ready to type for me?

First of all, I want to congratulate you on the conference. The two of you did a better-than-hoped-for job given the time frame in which you had to work. I wish I could go into all the energetics that took place, but there is not time for that now. What I would like to do is prepare you for the energetics which are yet to take place.

Yes, much of this has to do with your work with my son. You will find the energy beginning to shift as he is with you more and more. As the three of you come together to work and plan, you will feel an energy shift which shall be unfamiliar to you. There is no need for concern, as it is merely the combining of the three energies into a more synergistic pattern. We have indicated to you before that between you and Debbie there has been what you might call another 'being' created.

This will be true also when the energies of the three merge... a new entity, of sorts, will come into being. The 'trick' is to hold and expand your own energy pattern while at the same time allowing your own energy to freely flow to the others.. thus, creating the fourth energy field. This is not something you need consciously focus on. If you stay within your center, it will be done automatically.

The biggest challenge in the three of you working together will of course, be ego. You are each my family...neither of you is what you would term 'better' or 'more advanced' that the other. You are each here, simply to do a different job. By working in tandem with each other, in love and harmony, your individual and collective jobs will get done to everyone's satisfaction.

I apologize for coming to you first thing in your morning in what you term my 'commander' mode, rather than the more playful mode we usually meet in. There are, however, pressing matters at hand which need to be addressed and this seemed to be the most expedient time to do so. Forewarned is forearmed, yes?

Please be keenly aware of your egos as you come together to do this work... for that is the very

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thing which Zendor's mission is honed to eradicate within the Command. It would serve no purpose for the three of you to get caught up in the same scenario. As I said, this is to be a group effort, a working together.. however, the prime motivator to remember is that this is Zendor's mission and you are aiding him in all his endeavors.

In the end, it is his freewill choice which must prevail. We have every confidence that the three of you will be able to work together in harmony, pooling your collective guidance and discernment. Were we to NOT have this, the job would have gone to others. We trust and know that it has been chosen by the 'right' combination. We watch not from afar, but close, and our love and guidance are with you in all you do Adonai, Ashtar

"We, Ashtar and Athena, come forth this day to herald the arrival to your world of our son Zendor, sent to awaken and unify those earth-based members and Commanders of the Galactic Fleets working under the auspices of the Ashtar Command.

It is time for ego, pride, and separateness to be put aside. It is time for Oneness and Unity among our Command, and for this purpose he comes.

Our son speaks and acts with our authority. Hear ye him."..

Ashtar and Athena.

So this is how I'll leave you for now. The story continues...

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### ***Bruce 'Zen' Benefiel, MA, MBA***

Zen's focus spans several areas of future development. He is a coach, thinker, presenter and writer about empowering individual and collaborative action. His passion is fulfilling present and future needs of personal and planetary development. His interests include economics, education, entrepreneurialism and esotericism that create a solid foundation for the 21<sup>st</sup> century.



His expertise as a facilitator has served various markets, from aerospace to transportation, aligning stakeholders to achieve project goals and objectives. Several of his project facilitations empowered the team to award-winning status, including the redevelopment of the Mather Point Lookout at the Grand Canyon.

He served as Web Director, Conference Chair and President-Elect for the Phoenix chapter of the American Society for Training and Development; Coordinator for the Phoenix Institute of Noetic Sciences community; and is a member of the American Counseling Association, International Association of Facilitators and World Futures Society.

He served as the liaison for the Phoenix Indian School Preservation Coalition, a First Nations coalition made up of representatives from 18 of the 21 tribes in Arizona, for the design/build process of Steele Indian School Park in Phoenix.

After teaching high school for nearly a decade, he wrote a business plan for an educational village that draws out the natural cycles, rhythms and yearnings of students absent from traditional institutions. It includes integration of green *and* psychospiritual technologies.

Zen received his MA in Organizational Management, MBA in project management, Secondary Teaching Certification and BS in Business Administration from the University of Phoenix. His student number was 671 (first 1,000 graduates) and he lays claim to the current marketing slogan, "I am a Phoenix."