

REVEAL THE DIVINE

"IF YOU ASK, I WILL"



The accurate account of my Divine Presence encounters
Robert "Bodhi" Bigelow

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The Autobiography of
Robert Bigelow

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Artwork by Robert Bigelow

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Be kind with any mistakes and feel free to report them.

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Reveal The Divine

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Introduction

*This is the accurate account of my Divine Presence encounters.
Suspend Disbelief like watching a movie.*

Removing the human veil at the age of eleven, Divine presence revealed itself to me for the first time as a being of white-light. This being's presence fulfilled me as my very life-force, which I felt as love in a very personal way. "Return to me." was the heart's desire placed in me.

"Come to me!" repeatedly drew me into a church a few times per week. Divine presence, appearing behind a mirage-like energy, flowing love between us as a form of language. Living a seemingly normal life of a young boy, I silently lived within the bliss of this bubble of Divine love. Appearing to me within an egg-shell of light, people were beautifully designed and only the purity of love entered my mind toward them.

But the veil returned. Descending upon me like a shadow, entering me from the left like black ink dropping into a glass of water. Merging with the human part of me, I became normal again. No longer feeling the presence, the light I saw within myself and others vanished. The excruciating pain of being cut off swelled as the darkness sent me into a downward spiral through high school, plunging me into the depths of alcohol and drugs. The manifestations of the shadow's character defects became my hurdles back to the Divine.

Living my life from one Divine presence encounter to the next, digging deep became a way of life as each layer of human desire, emotional pain and false perception were discovered and dissolved. With each passing

Introduction

layer, Divine visitations were increasingly detailed including, revealing my own human spirit, crossing the chasm of death and experiencing the holographic nature of the physical realm.

All this carrying the same message to me personally, how mankind will evolve back to the Divine – “If you ask, I will reveal myself to you.”

This secret, proving itself true over ten times, happens when my desire to see the Divine rises up through my hierarchy of desires until I could genuinely say, there is nothing I desire more than you. This is the key.

But therein lies the rub. Sustaining this level can be a monumental task because of so many desires and endeavors to pursue in life. But when I do for at least two weeks, which seems to be the magical time frame, it works 100% of the time. When I can't sustain, it never works.

Why these Divine presence encounters have come to me, I truly don't know. For decades I felt that if just for me, what a waste, so I shared. But only a dozen I know experienced the undeniable lifting of the human veil in order to see Divine presence, each in their own personally crafted experience.

Nearing the completion of my life, I wish to leave behind the record of my experiences, documenting a message – that if we ask, with all our heart, the result will Reveal the Divine.

The words I hope everyone hears are...

“SHHH... I AM HERE.”

Robert “Bodhi” Bigelow

*Divine presence is the message. I am the jar of clay.
Please don't confuse the two.*

My Definitions:

Every conversation uses language. Every word symbolizes one or more meanings. Every person is free to have their own definitions. In order to avoid misunderstandings between meanings, these are mine.

SPIRITUAL [SPIR-I-CHOO-UIHL] ADJECTIVE

Relating to, or consisting of spirit; incorporeal; of or relating to the spirit or soul, as distinguished from the physical nature. Not referring to moral, ethical human values or behavior. Not referring to the inner state of mind achieved by many during meditation. I am using the word in its purest meaning, the non-physical, non-emotional, non-human realm, beyond the human veil from which the soul and Divine presence exists.

DIVINE [DIH-VAHYN] ADJECTIVE

Pre-physical realm; pre-time and space. An eternal being, the source and life-force of our existence. Beyond our comprehension, names and religions. Personally experienced through the conduit of The Soul and filtered into human consciousness as the prism of fifty shades (degrees) of light and love.

SOUL [SOHL] NOUN

The merging of the unique human personality and Divine light to form an entity that survives physical death. Exists within the spiritual realm but can evolve through all realms back to full Divine presence.

My Definitions:

HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS [HYOO-MUHN] [KON-SHUIHS-NIS]

The observer, Pre-Human Mind. The inner awareness of one's existence beyond cerebral thought and interpretation. Existing behind the human veil between Soul and Human Mind, yet referenced by different terminology and varying concepts. Easily mistaken for Soul awareness. Potential to be spiritualized. Only truly perceived from outside itself, from the Soul's view.

For purposes of discussion, can be categorized into three segments: Lower Self, Normal Self and Higher Self, each perceiving from its own relative vantage point. Containing levels of thought depending upon the amount of Divine light flowing into it. (See Consciousness Slider)

HUMAN MIND [HYOO-MUHN] [MAYHND] (OR PSYCHE)

Post-Human Consciousness; where most of us center our consciousness. Bound to biological systems, does not survive physical death. Includes emotional, cognitive, rational and analytical processes, using the five senses as the primary source of information, therefore limited to its own relative existence. Capable of functioning strictly as a biological entity without spirit infusion. Inability to spiritualize itself, but can include the enlightenment through spiritualizing human consciousness.

HUMAN THOUGHT [HYOO-MUHN] [THAWT]

The mind's way of translating energy into imagery, then into language. Not necessarily reality; always relative truth due to the limited nature of the mind.

Early Years

THE CHARCOAL WOMAN - 1960

“Bobby! Why don't you go out and play with the other kids? You've been looking at that picture and playing that record for hours. Why? What is so fascinating?” my mother encouragingly said.



My mom and dad were wonderful, the difference between them and my friend's parents was noticeable. Their discipline was always delivered with love. Even the spankings from my dad, while hurting, were done

Early Years

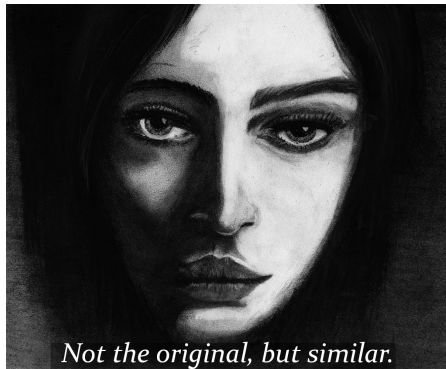
compassionately. As I grew older, I was never able to blame any of my drug use or issues in life on them, it was all on me, my pain was my own... “My Bad.”

Remaining silent as if in a trance, the picture of a dark-haired woman transported my memory beyond my little life. The comforting presence of my mother in the kitchen faded into oblivion as love and sorrow engulfed my memory. But how could a six-year-old articulate such profound feelings of loss and love, so nobody knew.

Her face, known to me as absolute beauty. Her hair, distinctly charcoal, resembling burnt wood in a campfire. Her lips, the embrace comforting my soul, filling mine to completeness. Quietly, accompanying her gaze, the ever flowing sadness from the loss of love permeating my memory.

As she sketched with charcoal one day, I couldn't help but notice the textured paper. The brittleness of the charcoal left on the paper were like the shards of my memory.

Myopically focused on moving the sticks over the paper's minuscule cliffs and valleys, I was too close to recognize the emerging figure.



Beaming with pride at her possibly gifted son, she smiled with maternal joy. There she was, the woman from my memory, beautifully rendered from the burnt remnants of my memory. The bittersweet aroma of burnt wood carried the bittersweet memory of a beautiful love.

Then it began. My secret quest to rediscover our love. Not only to feel whole again but to fulfill my promise to a dying friend to keep her safe.

Throughout the months, eager about the potential of a young artist, she placed paintbrushes in my hands. Urging me to try something different from the woman's face, my efforts merely showed my lack of artistic ability. She was dismayed and I had no interest in painting, I returned to charcoal. The beautiful woman flowed out of my heart into sketch after sketch. Hundreds of the same drawings filled my sketch book over the years.

Entering 9th grade, the hippie movement was in full swing, and I was all in. The 10th grade flourished a fascination with LSD, sketching her through the night transported my mind to into the unfettered memories of her love.

My sketch book was only seen by my parents and no one else as I held it close to my heart. My drug use progressed through high-school into substances that numbed my mind instead of expanding it. I never sketched her after that.

During the separation with my wife in 1994, Ashtyn, Chris and I visited the large storage unit, holding the remainder of belongings left over from our divorce. Ashtyn uncovered my sketch pad, opened it saying, "Did you draw this dad?" It was my last sketch book and I had forgotten I still had it. It stayed with me through all my journeys until 2011 when it magically disappeared after meeting Lily.

THE ART OF THE STEAL

My grandfather, a kind man, was the president of the Aircraft Fitting Co. in Dania Beach, FL. They made wiring for aircraft and the Saturn rockets. His children were employed by the company until it was sold to Teledyne in 1963. The large amount of stock they received propelled the family into the stock market. I remember my dad taking me to the brokerage firm on Sunrise Blvd. Into a corner office with the family sitting around having fun.



My father, an engineer by trade and a hobbyist for fun, loved small electronics and fabricated all sorts of projects, including a one-man helicopter, of which my mom never let him test.

Next to his bed was a hand-made box he attached to the side of his night stand which held an entire carton of cigarettes. This made it easy for me to take a few without notice. Later in life he informed me he knew I was smoking because of the amount of mouthwash I was going through. He was a smart and a good man.

This began my journey into what I called, “The art of the steal.”

Early Years

As an eleven year old boy, I was enthralled with mastering the stealth of the Ninja. Sneaking out at night, moving through the shadows cloaked in my black clothes and secret gloves, hidden from my parents. I was never detected during any of my night escapades for years. In and out of neighbor's houses and enjoying short joy rides in their cars, I would return unnoticed, keeping it all a secret from everyone. For I knew revealing it to anyone would be my downfall. My duality formed; one image for others and a secret image for myself.

The art of the steal emerged with passion when I began watching the TV series, "It takes a Thief." Learning the misdirection tricks of magicians and using them to swipe candy or twenties from the register, I loved the game. The payoff was secondary.

The character Simon Templar on the TV series "The Saint" with Roger Moore (1962 – 1969) fascinated me and I began learning slight of hand techniques. Practicing in my bedroom, I honed my pickpocket abilities and diverting the attention of someone in the opposite direction in order to reach into an open cash register and palm a \$20. Those days, people were more trusting and did not lock everything up like today.

Duck hunting in Lake Okeechobee was popular amongst my father's family, friends and associates. At a young age, I showed a proclivity to perfecting the knife throw, bow and arrow and received an award as an expert marksman at an early age. For each of us four boys, my father found one thing we were interested in a fostered personal support and involvement. Mine was hunting and camping.

As my pilfered cash intake rapidly increased beyond my ability to spend without notice, I got the idea to stuff the money into used shotgun shells. Hiding them in plain sight in my gun cabinet, bills smelled like gunpowder and I became concerned the aroma would expose me. So, when there were too many to fit, I started filling up cigar boxes, burying them in our back yard. This was my daytime job.

My nighttime job was the real thrill because the art of moving through the shadows undetected could be played out. Stealing a very expensive set of thin, dark brown leather gloves and dark pullover cap, I was all set. I traversed the entire neighborhood undetected.

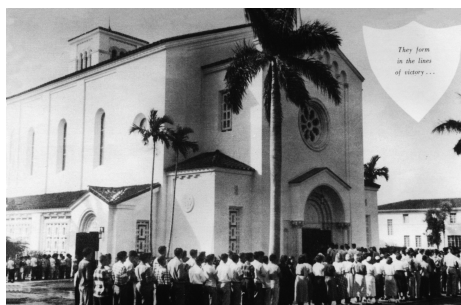
When Johnny Carson went off the air in my parent's bedroom, I knew soon my dad would be asleep. Slipping out the back door, moving between the shadows, I snuck through house after house, lifting small amounts of money and cigarettes so as not to be noticeable. I was very disciplined at this.

Then, a set of car keys sparked temptation, so I watched late into the night and planned for a week. Pushing the car into the street before starting the engine, I drove around the block, peering down the street to see if any lights came on in the house. Nope. If lights did come on, I had planned to drive to a specific place in the neighborhood which would give me a clean path home. But this never happened, even after 20+ cars. My favorite was Bunny Scott's father's Cougar XR7. Sorry Bunny.

THE WHITE LIGHT - DIVINE PRESENCE #1

1965

Finding it easy to disappear from from Saint Anthony's Catholic School playground, I would walk through the New River Tunnel in Fort Lauderdale, abscond a candy bar from the 7/11, returning unnoticed. The last time is when my first white light experience happened. A bit ironic against religious beliefs.



Leaving the store and entering the tunnel, a shadow surrounding my body, was pulled off like a sheet. Pulled up into a tunnel of light, I soared upward until I was engulfed in a brilliant white light echoing the sound of eternity. A being as distinct as divine presence energized me with love. The existence of eternity, outside of time, permeated me. I was home, returned to where I began.



Basking in this presence, the white light slowly faded as the classroom came into view. Without the memory of walking back, I was sitting up

Early Years

straight with my hands folded on my desk. Kids returning from recess filled the classroom with chatter and I felt love for them all. My heart ached with compassion for Ronald Gerard, the unfortunate target of everyone's taunts. From that day forward, I refused to be a part of it.

Entering the classroom, black and white gown flowing, Sister Margarita Maria began clapping her hands and hailing "Take your seats." Turning her gaze toward me, her eyes filling with astonishment and covering her mouth, she sat down in her chair, tearing up. She never spoke to me about it, but I always felt a strong love from her after that and the only nun I really remember from my 8 years in Catholic school.

When class was over, I handed my childhood crush the candy bar, saying "Happy Valentines Day." She sparked a distant memory of a once great love for a woman.

A few days later playing baseball in the open field next to St. Sebastian church, I heard a voice, "Come to me."

Frozen stiff, my glove slipping from my hand, the crack of the bat echoed as the ball rolled right past me. Walking off the field in a trance-like state, no longer controlling my movements, I was drawn into the church. Sitting in the 2nd pew from the front on the right side, my back straightened as my hands folded into my lap. My eyes shifted slightly upward and froze, gazing straight ahead past the alter. My mind went silent as my body was completely released from movement.



A mirage-like energy appeared in my peripheral vision near the candle-lit alcove to my right, but I couldn't move to look directly at it. Divine love from the white-light flooded me, flowing between us like a dance.

Leaving the church, the kids were gone and the evening was coming. Walking home, I was in a bubble of love. This happened a few times per week over the next month, leaving me in a state of purity of heart and mind. All my stealing and escapades stopped.

“This must be what priests mean by their calling.” I falsely concluded. Silently devoting myself to becoming a priest, I served the priests and learned the entire Latin mass by heart. This became my dance of love with the Divine. Walking the earth, encapsulated within a quiet bubble, Divine love filling me completely. Outside looking in, I appeared as a normal 12 year old boy, revealing it to no one. But inside looking out, the world was perfectly in its place with Divine energy flowing through it all.

The energetic presence of light within me is when I first recognized the existence of my soul, a higher consciousness than my normal self, which seemed to be the union between me and the Divine. After that, it never felt as if my soul was in jeopardy of hell, even in my darkest hour.

Only pure thoughts and perceptions originating from my soul entered my mind. The vague illumination of the wonderfully crafted soul within us made everyone appear so beautiful with their own inner light.

“The Divine in me honors the Divine in you”

THE SHADOW

Unaware that my spiritual bubble was slowly dissipating, I served as an alter boy over the next year, aspiring to become a priest. Believing they were called to priesthood through the same experiences, I revered them as inspiration. They never spoke of their encounters, neither did I.

After finishing mass, Father Rocko would retire behind the alter to his golden strewn red velvet chair, that resembled a throne.

“Bobby... More wine!” would echo. With the heart of a servant, I filled the crystal decanter, pouring it into the golden chalice. Bending over to pick up his robe, I heard “More wine Bobby!” for the last time.

I felt it before I saw it—a sudden presence that made my head snap to the left. A dark shadow loomed, seemingly piercing through the roof as it surged straight at me. Fear surged through my body for the first time in a year, and my gaze locked onto the advancing cloud of darkness. It entered me!

Straightening my body, I was me again. I had forgotten this version of the boy called Bobby.



Early Years

Dismayed, I turned to Father Rocko for help. He appeared changed, now an overweight drunkard with a bulbous nose, hiding behind a facade of religious piety. Disgust and the sting of betrayal consumed me. Feeling utterly abandoned, the presence of the Divine within me was dying, fading into the background behind some dark obstruction. The reality of lightness turned into a dense heavy illusion, stripped of Divine energy.

“This is not real. Where are you? What's happening?” I cried out.

Turning away from the grotesque sight of him, I saw myself in a full-length mirror. My light was gone. Just like the priest, I was adorned with the external robe of religious piety. There was nothing under the robe but a boy with the absence of light. Holding myself in disgust...

“I hate you!” and my self-loathing began. “God left me because this is who I really am.” I blamed myself for his leaving.

Ripping my religious veneer from the top down, the buttons popped off as tears poured from my eyes. Father Rocko had fallen into his normal drunken stupor, which I previously mistook for a nap.

Angry, bitter, sad, lonely, alone and fearful, I raged out of the church, stealing the money from the collection box on the way out. I returned to the thief with a vengeance, no longer just a game, but me striking back. Wanting to hurt, I began fighting.

The energy inside me turned from purity of heart and mind into wanting to hurt. Beginning my few short years of fighting, I turned into one of the most mischievous boys in the neighborhood. But to the parents, still one of the good kids. Even though I continued in Catholic school, my heart was no longer desiring to become a priest. Slowly pulling back from religious activities, I was no longer inspired by priests nor believed people who claimed to know God, because I could see they didn't, just like myself now.

Through the years, Divine presence became a distant memory. I became like the other kids, only a lot worse. I became the chief of sinners because I had known differently. The other kids simply didn't know any better. My behaviors quickly turned into the opposite of light and love. I found alcohol, or should I say it began having its way with me. I was now fully undeserving of Divine presence.

The darkness overwhelmed me, as an intense duality formed, swinging the pendulum of morality with an equal and opposite force.

I was utterly alone.

“The Shadow in me honors the Shadow in you”

High School Years

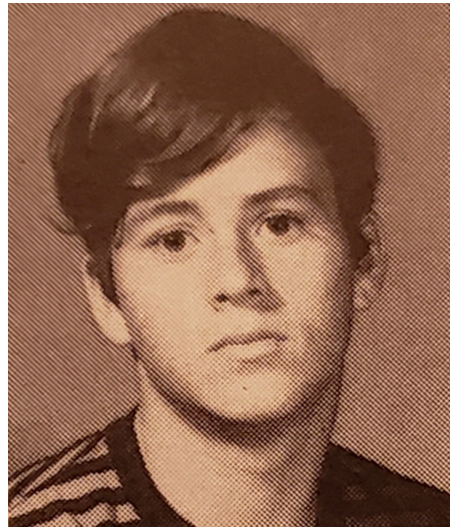
YOU CAN TAKE ME NOW - DIVINE PRESENCE #2

1968

As an eighth grader, I saw the high-schoolers guzzling beer. Jumping on the bandwagon with ferocity, I began sneaking out at night to hang out with them. Guzzling contests began with beer, morphed quickly into scotch and whiskey.

The neighborhood liquor cabinets provided me with good source booze. I could drink all night, clean myself up and be ready for school the next day. My duality increased.

In 9th grade, smoking pot became cool, but it scared me. I finally tried it one day with my best friends James Cayia and Billy Greason. Cruising in Billy's Boston Whaler down the Dania cutoff toward the everglades, I lit up for the first time. Nothing the next three times... and then it hit. I loved the effect.



High School Years

“Have you ever been experienced? Well, I have...” Three ninth graders were singing along with Jimi Hendrix in a bedroom lit up with black-light posters. Long drawn out gurgling sounds emanated from a didgeridoo looking bamboo bong lined with cherry wax and filled with ice cubes to cool down the smoke. It was the creation of my best friend, James Cayia.

We had a system. One packs the bowl, one lights it up, another takes a big long drawn out toke, filling the shaft with smoke. Then exhale, remove the bowl, suck out all the chilled smoke and sit back and enjoy the ride. “Far out”, I was on my way to becoming a hippie.

“Been dazed and confused for so long it's not true...” Led Zeppelin's 1st album setup my love for the band that lasts today. I truly enjoyed this era in my life.

Sitting underneath a glowing Jimi Hendrix poster feeling the pot, pain and fear ripped through the pit of my stomach, throwing my back against the wall.

“Tommy!” blurted from my mouth. Jumping to my feet, I ran 6 miles from James Cayia's house, through the New River Tunnel and paused, recalling my experience years ago. A vision of my younger brother Tommy in great pain quickened my pace.

Crossing the 17th Street Causeway bridge, Pier 66 came into view. I was almost home. The house was empty. Hearing my yelling next door, Mrs. Snow took me to the hospital telling me Tommy was run over by a mail truck while riding his bike in front of our house. The handlebar of his bike punctured his stomach as he was dragged along the pavement.

Arriving at the hospital, Tommy was in ICU, unconscious with seven tubes coming out of him. Overhearing the doctor privately speak to my parents, he was not expected to live through the night. I cried.



Sneaking into Tommy's room after everyone was asleep, tears began pouring from my eyes for Tommy. Believing he was going to die, I asked God to take my life in exchange of his.

Immediately, a wind filled the room. Whether physically or ethereally, did not enter my mind at the time, so I really don't know. I vaguely remember the curtains moving but I can't say for sure.

“He will be all right” rang through the room and filled me with peace and elation. God had returned.

Running excitedly into my dad's bedroom, I kept repeating, “He's going to be alright. He's going to be alright.” Johnny Carson's laughter was a stark contrast to the sadness in my father's face. “Yes Bobby, everything's going to be OK.” he kept assuring unconvincingly. He walked me back to bed and I fell into a blissful sleep.

Arriving at Broward General the next day, Tommy had been moved out of critical care during the night. I remember walking up the stairs then entering his new room to see him sitting up eating jello, smiling, with tubes and bandages attached to his body.

Relief overwhelmed me. Slowly backing away from everyone, I looked out the window up at the clouds and said:

“You can take me now.” So I quietly waited to die.

THE HIPPIE

In 10th grade I tried LSD-25 and for me, it was incredible. It felt like it brought me closer to the feeling I had while experiencing Divine presence, but it was fundamentally different. Still, I wanted more.

Finding a dealer outside of Lum's on A1A near Las Olas Blvd. in Ft. Lauderdale, I bought my first sheet of blotter acid for \$33 with the money I had been stealing and began supplying the neighborhood. None of my family knew, not even my brothers, even while tripping through family dinners.

At the end of 10th grade, drug use among my friends became evident because they could not maintain, as we called it. Suspecting, my father began looking more closely at me and asked, but I lied. My parents made the decision to move to Conroe, TX during that summer to get away from the growing drug concern. Unsuspectingly they were throwing me out of the pan and into the fire.

My father became a home builder in River Plantation, the subdivision where we moved, just south of Conroe. It didn't take me long to find the other pot smokers, so I was able to quickly get some.

However, amphetamines and barbiturates were prevalent out here and I enjoyed them as well. My usage quickly escalated in my senior year as I began injecting heroin, buying it from a Mexican cartel in Nuevo Laredo with my best friend Phillip.

High School Years

The following incident happened at the end of my senior year, where I almost lost my life. This ended my addiction to heroin.

A pale green, surfer van whips around the dimly lit corner, fishtailing on its jacked-up wide back tires. Seven hippies are freaking out.

“Man, he's going to OD unless we get him to a hospital!” Phillip yelled.

The driver Steve, calmer than the others... “NO! We're gonna get busted. He's not foaming at the mouth yet, he still has time. His dad will take him.”

The van pulls up, side door opens. With long straight hair, a hulk of a man jumps out, landing on both feet, turns around, scoops up Bob as if he was light as a feather. A brick house with a gentle soul, his eyes fill with compassion. Laying Bobby on the doormat he says “Come on man... You can't die now... Not after all the shit we've been through.”



Nearing high school graduation in 1972, it was just a few months ago when Bobby's life was threatened, but this wasn't the first time that Phillip protected him. It was only a few months prior when...

Squealing tires outside a convenience store caused Phillip to turn his head and see a redneck truck with stupid looking bull horns on the hood, whipping into the parking lot, skidding on the gravel. Four cowboys jump out in standard formation, striding with hateful intent toward Bobby pumping gas into his yellow and black Mustang Grande with jacked-up wide rear racing tires.

Phillip drops the beer and darts for the door as the first redneck raises a 12 gauge shotgun, pumps one into the chamber.

“Fucking Longhairs! I should blow you a new hole, you God Damn piece of shit.”

Phillip jumps in front of Bobby, grabs the barrel and sticks it to his own stomach. Towering over the man without fear, pushing the redneck back through the force of his stomach.

“Come on Rodney! Do it you chicken shit!”

Backing down, “I don't want no trouble with you or your brother.”

Snatching the shotgun, pumping all the shells to the ground and throwing it back to Rodney, “Nobody touches him! Got it?”

Tails between their legs, they speed away.

Turning around, Phillip laughingly puts his muscular arm around Bobby, “I grew up with that asshole. Nobody will fuck with you now. Come on, let's party! Oh, the beer!”

Jumping back into the mustang they light up an Esmeralda rolled joint and pop a beer. Taking a big hit, Bobby blasts the Allman Brothers and squeals off the concrete.

Phillip, reminiscent, exhales, turning down the music...

“I never told anybody this. But remember the night we met?”

High School Years

“Yeah man, at the lake. I out guzzled you.”

“For you're size, you can drink and drug more than anyone I know.”

Both laughing, Phillip passes the joint.

“Well, when you were puking in the lake, you're whole body lit up in the water. I thought I was having a flashback. Oh hey, you got more acid?”

Smiling, Bobby holds up two fingers.

“Well... I don't know how to say it but you looked like an oval angel or something trapped in a fucked-up body. Since that night I've felt like I need to protect you. I'd give my life for you bother.”

“Thanks man for what you did back there.” Quietly remembering his white-light experience.

Ringling the bell at the front door, Phillip jumps back into the van and watches Bobby as the van rushes off.

Opening the door, his dad sees Bobby on the ground as the van speeds away down their horseshoe driveway.

They lay him down on the couch. Bobby's eyes open. He coughs, sitting up, he slurs with his eyes closing as his head nods up and down.

His father calls their doctor who comes right away.

Detoxing from heroin, Bobby is sick, sweating and shaking for the next four days. On the last day, there is a banging on the front door. It's the redneck Sheriff of Conroe Texas holding up an arrest warrant.

“I'm Sheriff Ben Dover with a warrant for the arrest of Robert Bigelow for selling narcotics. Is he here?”

“For doing what? Let me see that.” He reads the warrant. Angry but protective, he lies.

“He's been nothing but trouble since we moved here. I kicked him out of the house yesterday. He's gone. I don't know where he went.”

“If we find him, he will be thrown in jail. We have already arrested over 30 of his friends in the past three days for the sale and use of narcotics. We have signed affidavits stating he sold drugs.” Poking his head around the door and looks into the house, seeing the mother in the background.

“You'll let us know if he comes back, won't you?”

“Of course. Maybe jail will straighten him up.”

Closing the door, he peers out the peephole when Bobby comes around the corner.

“Oh Bobby!” with the sound of loving disappointment, his mom embraces him.

“Quick, get up in the attic. They're still outside talking. I don't know if they believed me. They might come back and search the house. Don't come down until I tell you it's OK.”

The police linger, talking, then drive away.

“What are we going to do? We can't let him go to jail. They'll hurt him. I've heard stories.” Mom said

“Me too. Don't worry, no son of mine will die in jail like that other kid who supposedly hung himself. That's why they call Judge Coker the hanging judge. It'll be dark soon. I'll drive to the store and see if we're being watched. But he has to leave or he'll go to jail.”

High School Years

At twilight, they close all the curtains and Bobby comes down. Mom is sad and quiet on the living room couch.

“We love you and don't understand why you're doing drugs, but you can't stay here, you'll be arrested. You have to leave the state right away. I lied to that redneck Sheriff but I'm not sure he believed me. If he catches you, he's going to put you away. He said over 30 of your friends have been arrested. Have you heard from anything about this?”

“I talked to Phillip, he says almost everyone's been arrested except him and me... They arrested his brother this morning.”

“Who's Phillip?”

“He's the big guy that rang the doorbell. He told me what happened. He's actually a really good guy and has protected me.”

Mom Distraught “Oh, Bobby, how can he be a good guy? He's been selling drugs. Have you been doing it also like they said?”

Flashing back to the last time they bought heroin from Rosie, a Mexican cartel family.

Bob's 1971 Yellow and black Mustang Grande pulls up to a large stucco hacienda. Four men with guns, guarding the front door. Phillip (24) and his brother (25), dust kicking up from their boots, approach the the Mexican in black leather as they raise their guns.

Mikey! Felipe! ¿Qué pasó, mi amigo? They do the macho embrace.

“Who's the kid?”

“He's cool, I vouch for him.”

“It's on you then. Come on in, we'll take care of you.”

Entering through the huge wooden front doors, a wall of guns spans the back wall. Taken out back, wads of money exchange hands for a brick of Mexican brown heroin.

Leaving the compound, they pull off out of site, hide the dope in a wheel well and drive toward the border. At the border, tension is high but the car passes. Driving until they feel confident no body is following, they pull of, get the dope and start shooting up, rotating turns driving.

“Bobby, did you hear me?”

“I've been doing heroin but the rest they're making it up, just like the last time with the fake affidavit. They're just arresting everyone with long hair because they hate us. But I don't know what to do. Should I go back to Lauderdale for the summer? I can't get into the dorms until September.”

“I called Mr. Heinitsh to see if you can stay with them in Toxaway. After graduation, Johnny is going to live on their houseboat docked near Hilton Head and work for the summer. You two can live on the boat, work for the summer, then go right to Santa Fe. But you can't come back to Conroe.

“OK. I'll go stay with Johnny. I don't want to do drugs anymore and Johnny is straight.”

“What does straight mean?” Mom asked

“It means you don't do drugs.”

“Go pack your car. Leave it in the garage until I return. I'm going to see if the coast is clear from here to the freeway. Once you're out of the area, you should be fine. Just don't get pulled over, watch you speed.”

High School Years

Gathering my stuff... Guitar, clothes. Glancing through my sketchbook containing charcoal drawings of her face, I decidedly pack everything and was ready when my dad returned.

“The coast is clear. You'll have to go by the club house where the security guard usually parks. But I think you can make it. He wasn't there on my way back.”

“I'm so sorry for everything and that I'm such a disappointment, I didn't mean to cause so much pain. I love you.”

We hugged and I felt loved in spite of my horrible self.

Winding through River Plantation's streets, I pass the guard at the clubhouse and look in my rear-view. “Oh, crap... No... No...” He pulls out, behind me ¼ mile. The old wooden bridge with a red roof just ahead. The freeway on the other side. He's gaining... “Keep cool... Don't speed...”

Passing the bridge, the train tracks goes down. “Shit. I'm screwed.”

Through the rear-view, the guard approaches... He pulls off into his little spot and parks on the other side of the bridge from me. Huge sigh of relief as I wait for the longest train ever to pass.

Driving down the freeway a few miles, making sure I'm not being followed, Allman Brothers Ramblin' Man starts playing and I yell a big victory “Wooooooh!”

I was excited to drive to the East Coast to meet up with my good friend John Heinitsh and celebrate High-School graduation with him in Myrtle Beach, SC. And then spend the summer on a houseboat in Hilton Head.

College Years - Santa Fe

MARTIAL ARTS

It was fall semester of 1972 at Saint Michael's College in Santa Fe. Setting my class schedule around snow skiing, Taekwondo was the only class I was excited to enroll in and was in the evening. Setting up my class schedule to finish by noon, made it possible to hit the Santa Fe ski slope by 12:30.



If the college graded snow skiing, I would have graduated with a 4.0. But alas, with such focus and interest on skiing and exploring the Rockies, I ended up with a 1.2 GPA. Hey, at least I didn't fail.

The Taekwondo instructor was a cool looking 5'4 man wearing a black Karate Gi and black belt with a few red stripes. Mutton chops framed his chiseled face and his stance was on firm bowed legs. His class introduction was a demonstration, not a talk.

Having us line up uniformly, he picked out the prettiest girl in the room and had her come forward. Pia was from the Netherlands and had a soft, peaceful and friendly demeanor, characteristic of that region of the

College Years - Santa Fe

world. Showing off a few techniques, it became obvious to the class he was trying to flirt with her.

A few more students came forward, then me. He wanted to demonstrate how to flip someone, so he positioned me just so, moved in and over his body I went. Having been a self-taught gymnast of sorts, my reflex reaction to catch myself accidentally grabbed the back of his Gi.

The weight and force of him throwing me as I latched on to him caused him to lose balance and over me he went. His counter move was to roll on top of me and punch me in the stomach, hard. I lost my breath.

It appeared to the class, and Pia, that I flipped him on purpose, but it was completely instinctual. It was easy to see his bruised ego exerting itself. After that incident, I became the person of interest when he wanted to demonstrate a hard punch or kick. After two years of this, I learned and moved through my belts more quickly than the others.

Pia and I became friends, even though I wanted more. We sat next to each other in class and she would share how he creeped her out. He always tried to split us up in class. I had found out that he would go out with a black-belt buddy to red-neck bars and start fights.

In 1974, my second year, a drunk driver crossed the median and totaled my yellow and black Mustang Grande, slamming mine and my girlfriend's head into the windshield. I received 13 stitches and her face was extremely bruised.



She was a model, who just moved from Japan, so she was scared it would leave permanent scars on her face, but it didn't. Her nationality was half Japanese and half American. When I first saw her, a few days after she arrived at school, she was surrounded by a bunch of guys drooling over her. As I passed by and as I was walking up the stairs I looked back with kind of a disgusting face toward the guys. Well, I guess she took it to heart and began approaching me over the next few days.

Of course, we got together quickly and by the end of the semester, she had slept with a few other guys behind my back. I was the only one on campus who didn't know. I felt like such the fool. But I digress...

When it came time, I passed my black belt test but left the money for my belt back in my dorm room. "It's in my room, I'll be back in two minutes." Mr. Mutton Chops said no and denied me my belt. It was my last semester at the college.

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION

During my second semester at Saint Michael's College, I met a guy who seemed quite peaceful. Introducing me to Transcendental Meditation, my first meeting intrigued me and after a few times, I was given a Mantra and told not to share it with anyone. I guess this made it special to me.

Repeating the Mantra, slowly, over and over would cause my mind to settle down, stilling the inner dialog. Experiencing myself without the chatter felt great, I wanted more.

Two 45 minute sessions per day, one in the morning and in the evening became my practice. After a week, a white-light appeared off in the distance of my inner mind. It startled me. Jolting me out of a rem state, my eyes opened as my heart beat faster. This light carried with it the energy of Divine Love I knew from my white-light experience.

The light was ever so slowly coming toward me and continued drawing closer as the months went on but never arrived. During this time I did not drink any alcoholic beverages nor did I smoke any pot.

After 6 months the semester was nearing a close and as I moved to NYC to dance, the light faded and I stopped meditating.

The Dancer

GUYS & DOLLS - 1974

During my last semester in spring of 1974, I danced in a play, “Guys & Dolls” at the Greer Garson Theatre on campus. After audition, I was given four different dance parts. But no talking parts???

Karate gave me a good foundation to follow the choreographed moves. It felt very natural and was a lot of fun. We rehearsed for weeks. It was my first glimpse of the behind the scenes of a production and showed me how much effort went into it.

Closing night of the play, the visiting choreographer, Ms. Rice, invited me to come to NYC where she would train me to dance professionally. It was not a serious consideration for me as I did not identify as a dancer or a theater person.

But the end of the spring semester came and because I was not planning on continuing at the college next year, I could not stay at the dorm through the summer. But where to go and what to do? Not wanting to go back to Ft. Lauderdale, I began thinking...

“What a cool adventure to dance in NYC.” That was it. That's all it took and packing my bags, off I went to New York City in my new hatch-back Vega that replaced my totaled Mustang Grande a few months earlier. The idea things would not work out never crossed my mind.

Friendly



Members of the "Friendly" group are shown in a photograph taken during a recent meeting. The group is composed of several individuals, some of whom are wearing hats and coats, suggesting an indoor or sheltered environment.

**Ann Lawless
Back again to be
a real Aidan**

Ann Lawless, a well-known figure in the community, has returned to her home in Aidan. She has been away for some time, but is now back and ready to resume her activities. Her return is a source of joy for many of her friends and family members. She is expected to be a real Aidan once again.



A young boy is seen sitting at a table, possibly engaged in a school activity or a hobby. He is wearing a plaid shirt and appears to be focused on his work.



A young girl is standing in a doorway, looking towards the camera. She is wearing a light-colored dress and has a pleasant expression.



A young boy is sitting on the ground, possibly playing with a dog or a toy. He is wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants.

**Miss Susan Martineau
In medical, Glee and Dala**

Miss Susan Martineau is a well-known figure in the community. She is currently in medical, Glee, and Dala. Her work is highly regarded and she is a source of inspiration for many. She is expected to continue her work for some time.

Calendar of events

Calendar of events listing various community activities and dates. The text is small and difficult to read, but it appears to be a standard community calendar.

LEAFING HOME
DEVID I AND OTHERS
SALES...
A small advertisement or notice with a drawing of a person standing next to a dog. The text is partially obscured and difficult to read.

DRY CLEANING
SPECIAL
DITCHER OR BATH
WIND 2.0000
WIND 2.0000
WIND 2.0000
AND
LARGE
PART 2.0000
MON.-TUES.-WED.-THUR.
SERVICES
A large advertisement for dry cleaning services, featuring bold text and a list of services.

NEW YORK CITY

For the first two weeks I called the choreographer, Ms. Rice, each day but the phone just rang without any answer. Deciding to begin dance classes, I drove to Princeton, walked into a dance studio where Imogen Stooke Wheeler came out from teaching a ballet class of teenage girls.



“I moved here to dance full time and want to be trained”, I said. She was floored and after talking, she told me to get my things and I could

The Dancer

sleep in the loft upstairs tonight. The next day I moved in and bought my first set of tights, which felt a bit weird.

Beginning my training in Cecchetti ballet and modern dance, she sent me to all the major studios in NYC. Completely absorbed in my new life, I danced between 10-12 hours a day, spending my off-time alone on the dance floor moving to my favorite music. From Soho to Central Park and back, I would run and dance the streets of Manhattan.

But discomfort is a prelude to change. Silently, yearning for the mountains and the spiritual began to grow inside.

Being Danny Brubeck's girlfriend at the time, my dance partner, Laura Gates, and I were invited to perform at a variety of functions, ranging from birthdays to concerts. Creating a performance space in Soho called "Environ," Danny and Darius Brubeck provided a stage for musicians with a professional dance floor, surrounded by an art gallery. Laura and I would often improvise a dance to the rhythms of jazz music.



Being surrounded by professional dancers all the time who lived and breathed dance, both on and off-stage, caused me to become unbalanced spiritually. Yearning for the peace of the mountains and the Divine, NYC became an adversary for me. Once exhilarating, the city became a place of discontentment, until I could not longer take it. My enjoyment of the dance life was just another adventure, not a passionate love like my peers. Beginning to talk to Imogen about this for months, my words fell on deaf ears because she was grooming me for her success.

Surpassing my peers technically, my stage presence also embodied the quality of emotional expression, bringing my dance alive, a quality I valued on other dancers. Dancing came naturally to me as something I enjoyed, but not a career. I was an adventurer and an explorer by nature and heart. Dancing was simply an extension of this. My greatest love was for the Divine presence and the inner exploration of self-discovery. I was driven since the white-light experience to return to it and my yearning for it once again surfaced.

Finally, I told her I was leaving and just could not stay any longer. It really hurt her since she had such hopes for me. She became very angry and since all my possession were stored at her place, she denied me access to them unless I continued to dance. The next day I left without my belongings. My skis and fly-boy jacket I missed most.

THE LAST DANCE

CSU - FT. COLLINS, CO

Leaving New York, I decompressed at our home in Lake Toxaway for the summer. Becoming a bar tender at the club, my summer was filled with laughter and fun. But the majesty of the Rockies were calling once again.

Moving to Fort Collins, CO, I immediately went to CSU and began taking dance classes. Not my intention, but after my classmates found out I danced in NYC, they whisked me onto a pedestal as an extension of their hopes. In their eyes, I had lived their dream. Not even enrolled as a student, the dance department invited me to perform a solo during graduation week as a guest dancer from New York. So I did.

As the curtain rose, the song Magnolia by J.J. Cale began to play. An eternal Divine energy electrified my body as my mind turned ethereal. I was dancing a dance of love the eternal now. Moving across the stage without notion of the next step, I had become one with the music. My heart welling up with the elation of love, the sensation of gliding moved me, losing myself in Divine presence.

As the final notes dissolved into the air, I sank to one knee, overcome with profound thankfulness. Bowing my head with the humblest spirit of honoring the exuberance of my short lived dance life, my dancing had merged with my eternal dance with the Divine.

The Dancer

It is done. The essence of dance has been realized, and this performance would be my final act.

Becoming aware of my surroundings as if awakening from a dream, dead silence filled the theater. No clapping. No praises. No whistling. Not knowing how I appeared, “Nobody liked my dance!”

As my eyes raised, the entire auditorium erupted as the crowd stood up, clapping and yelling. Motionless, absorbing the incredible energy from the audience, I teared as my soul felt exposed for all to see. Feeling completely transparent to my soul, I was done, this was my final dance. It was my silent tribute to a life dancing with with Divine presence.

The Metaphysical Hitchhiker

From 1972 to 1978, I hitchhiked more than 30,000 miles across the United States. There was a thrill in strapping on my backpack and embarking on a journey with no set destination. Often, I would step outside and flip a coin—heads meant heading west, tails meant east. Traveling this way immersed me in a perpetual present, with no past or future. However, the true story behind these adventures has been shared with only a few close friends.

What was the real purpose behind my hitchhiking journeys? I was seeking metaphysical truth and understanding, not matter what may appear.

Every time I entered the freeway, I started with a 45-minute session of Transcendental Meditation in a quiet area close to the on-ramp. Upon reaching a deep state, I set would visualize the type of ride I wanted.

In the beginning it was just the idea of getting a ride all the way to my destination. One time, I bet a friend \$50 that I could get from Denver to Asheville before he could get to his destination, roughly the same distance. He was driving a car and I was hitchhiking.

He dropped me off on I-70 outside of Denver and we both headed east. I went into meditation behind some bushes and intended for a trucker bee-lining it all the way to Asheville. Within minutes of sticking my thumb out, a trucker pulled over. Turns out he was going through Asheville on his way to Raleigh. Winning the bet, I collected \$50.

There were many such events like this, but to me this level of intending had quickly become rudimentary. So, I began adding various conditions such as meeting people who would invite me to stay with them for a day or two. Then, I was picked up by a beautiful woman who invited me into her home and a whirlwind romance ignited. Maybe knowing it was only for a few days, we gave ourselves to each other in transparency without judgment, the closeness we shared was sublime. This gave birth to a new type of intention, maybe you can guess what it was.

Remember, it was the 70's and I was a hippie at heart. Throughout my thumbing career, dozens of such encounters happened. All the women who invited me to stay with them were single adults with the desire to be with me romantically, which included sexuality. Sometimes I would just go hitchhike a few days just for the romantic encounter.

But I began to wonder how much influence my intending was having over them. I never really knew if I was making things happen or just picking up on the possibilities that existed. But there were too many to simply be coincidence.

Up until now I was just having a great time with it all and was not really enamored with the idea of being able to do such a thing, it all seemed quite natural for me. I told nobody what I was doing, for no other reason than I didn't think to speak about it.

Realizing I was just fulfilling my own desires, my mind opened, and those desires transformed into a yearning to inspire others toward spirituality. Intending to meet someone to share a heartfelt openness centered on the spiritual, these types of encounters happened dozens of times. This began satisfying me more than the romances.

My last journey was in 1977 while in a casual relationship in Santa Fe. I wanted to hitchhike to Seattle to work on a fishing boat in the Gulf of Alaska for a few months, hopefully making \$30,000. She wanted to come with me, then fly back.

Wanting to see Sedona first and then a casino to pick up some extra money, I intended for a ride to both. We were first picked up right in Santa Fe by a van with 4-5 college students drinking beer and smoking pot. We joined in the festivities until outside of Flagstaff when they flipped the van on it's side into a ditch and dozens of beer cans went flying out the back. Grabbing our backpacks, we hit the road, catching the next ride to Las Vegas, we decided to forego Sedona.

Needing about \$100, I intended. Stopping gambling when the amount was reached, we left Las Vegas and we landed in San Fransisco. Passing Gold Gate Park, I was reminded how I spent a week there, your basic young hippie, smoking pot and throwing a Frisbee.

Just north of Sausalito on the 101, I became curious to see how specific my intending could be, so I set the following intention in my mind and heart during meditation. I was also curious to see if the presence of the woman would alter the effect. So, I envisioned a couple driving a yellow and black Monte Carlo who would offer to put us up for a few days when we got to Seattle. And also I wanted them to have some pot.

Without me saying anything about my intending, we began hitching when only a few moments after sticking out our thumbs, a yellow and black Monte Carlo pulled over and offered us a ride all the way to Seattle. We jumped in the back and they were very boisterous with some of my favorite classic rock playing. Of course, they lit up a joint and somewhere in Oregon invited us to stay with them in Seattle for a few days.



For a moment, I felt the purity of the energy of creation. Then, I felt the impurity of my own human desires wanting to fulfill its own desires. This scared me, so I stopped. I was satisfied knowing either I had the ability to manipulate the physical realm or I was picking up on the possibilities that already existed prior to intention. But either way, I

clearly saw I had the potential to abuse this gift to my own ends of self-gratification, as I did with my romantic encounters. I wondered how far I would take it if left unchecked. I stopped hitchhiking after this.

However, through my life I have used such intentional meditating to fulfill my basic life's needs such as vehicles, places to live, work clients and the like. Not to gratify sensuality or human desires.

But my desire for romantic interludes continued to be fueled by the karmic energy to find Claire. From time to time, when I wanted to meet a woman I would intend an hour before some event. When the intention was clear and strong enough and incorporated mutual spiritual growth, it would always happen. Some of the women include Alese, Martha, Lily and Debra written about in this paper.

I must admit, that on numerous occasions, I would intend for something like winning the lottery or even a duffle bag of cash to land at my feet after being thrown out of a plane being pursued by the DEA. These things never happened.

Many years later in 1999, feeling stirred to test my psychic connection with my son, he got three small items from his room and put them under a towel on the coffee table. I had no idea what they were. Then I began meditating as he focused on the first item in his mind. One by one as an image of each item appeared in my mind, I told him and was exactly right. For no specific reason, we never tried it again, it just seemed rudimentary to do such things.

The Mountain Man

1977

“There's a shadow in you.” said Herschal, igniting his hand-carved bone pipe and stroking his Gandalf like beard.

“A what?” Straightening my back, planting my hand-made moccasins in the red earth. My memory was awakened by his penetrating eyes.

“You know!” as if I was knowingly hiding something. Stirring the fire with his wide-brimmed hat glancing toward Obruni, he purposely shifted my gaze onto her glowing face. “Discover for yourself.” her calming voice guiding me to be still.

Closing my eyes, my memory jumped back to the day we met a year ago in a diner outside Santa Fe. There they were... Sitting side by side, with eyes, clear as crystals, watching me enter the diner. My focus zoomed in on them like an eagle. Their smiles, drawing me in like a moth to the flame.

“Join us.” they said together exuberantly, gesturing me to sit.

Herschal, a seasoned mountain man from head to toe, became my first spiritual mentor. A minister and student of many religions thirteen years prior, he left everything in search of... the way he put it, a genuine experience of the Tao. After 6 months living under a palm tree on a beach in Costa Rica, his search led him to La Cañon in the high desert outside Santa Fe and eventually... Obruni, the female version of himself.

The Mountain Man

The small community of people spread out through La Cañon, acting more like family, bartered with each other, often sharing dinners and enjoying campfire gatherings. There was much laughter.

Six stepping stones, spanning the Santa Fe river, put me on a trail to the base of a 1,000 foot mountain overshadowing their small octagon shape adobe style hogan, hand sculpted from the earth with a wood stove in the middle. Outside, a fire pit surrounded by natural earthen seating. An old wood fired oven that baked incredible bread, resting for the past 100 years against the adobe brick building used to dry fruits and spices that became my home. It was this adventurer's dream come true.

Obruni was natural beauty and radiated compassion. Long sandy blonde hair flowed from underneath her mountain hat, framing her soft milky-white face – A face that time and sun had very little power over. Her deliberate stride revealed hand-sewn moccasins underneath her long flowing hippie skirt. Obruni, meaning white-face in Twi, the native language of Ghana, became a term of endearment she adopted while in the Peace Corps.

Together, in that diner, they appeared as two halves of the same unique being when I met them in 1977. The depth of their wisdom, shrouded in genuine humility, sank beneath my awareness like a stone.

“We've been waiting for you.” her voice resonating a gentle strength.

“Yes... All day it appears.” Laughingly looking out the window bringing my attention to the shadow of the setting sun.

My inner dialog began... “Wow! That was fast. Should I tell them? If I do, they gonna think I'm crazy! Nobody believes me.” I took pause.

“We both had vivid dreams last night and a strong intuition guided us here this morning. We've been waiting in the mys... Hmm...” head tilting, eyebrows raising, slowly grinning and turning to Obruni...

“Mystery solved!” His great sense of humor, masterfully delivered with facial expressions let me know exactly what they were thinking.

Hesitant to share about my intention experiences while hitchhiking because of their possible response, I let go and told them some stories.

Then I explained “What became most precious was how I saw myself evolving, changing with each ride because I was one hundred percent present. This sparked the desire to focus on rides with a greater quality of connection and my awareness organically shifted. Finding myself being able to feel people's inmost emotions, I began watching them resolve an emotional pain and gain the inspiration moving them toward a loving path, all before the ride was complete.”

After a calm peaceful silence... “And there it is!” he said. I loved how Herschal smiled, as if he just humbly ate the cat of cosmic knowledge.

She turned to him and smiled. “Herschel has been intending to meet someone he could mentor in the way of what we call... white-magic, or the deep principles of Tao combined with other spiritual teachings. So... here we are.”

Reaching across the table, her hand gently covered mine then Herschel's hand covered hers. Our eyes locked and our hearts merged. “Beep... Beep. Beep!” pulled our attention outside to a 50's red truck. The man driving smiled in unison with the woman cuddled next to him.

“Hmm... Look at that... What timing... There's our ride. You're coming, right?” And off we went, like three old friends.

“Bob... You still with us?” waking me from my memory.

“Sorry, I was remembering when we first met.”

Obruni walks over, embraces me then slowly caresses my eyes shut.

“Ask yourself what hurts. You have the answer in you.”

The Mountain Man

It took two weeks for the buzzing in my ears to subside after entering the silence of the canyon. A bit longer for the chatter in my head to diminish. But that question caused my mind to race. I couldn't focus. I felt my eyelids fluttering. Confusion set in. Emotions were welling up inside as I tried choking back the tears.

Seeing my reaction, Herschal rushed over, leaning me backwards off the log into his supporting arms. Obruni placed her left hand on my heart while cradling the back of my neck. Opening my eyes, I witnessed the expanse of the Milky Way and the awareness that in this exact moment, everything was perfectly in its place within an evolving universe. Time slowed and became undetectable. A second was also an eternal moment.

The idea anything should be different became a fallacy, the delusion of human desire projecting itself into the future and collapsing the present.

My consciousness lifted up, observing the emergence of a shadow hidden from within the recesses of my mind, bringing emotional pain.

“I don't remember my dad saying he loved me after I turned eleven. I don't know what I did, but he just stopped saying it.”

Clarity rushed in, focusing my mind into an epiphany of self-discovery. I saw it as clear as day, just like a movie. It was true that my dad did stop telling me he loved me, but it was not the actual source of my pain, that was just the story about my pain.

The source was my perceived absence of unconditional love within me.

I could not feel the energy of love within the pain because my story was keeping it out. My limited perception created a story that led to the pain of loss, the loss of love, causing me to recoil as if from a hot flame. I became afraid to feel my pain again, so I unknowingly guarded it.

Fear took on a new meaning... The anticipation of pain.

This defense mechanism, fear, misdirected my focus onto the story instead of the pain itself. Blaming someone outside myself as the source of my pain created a false perception. A thorn in my psyche. I became the deceiver and the one being deceived.

“Did he stop loving you or stop saying it?”

“I guess he just stopped saying it. I know he loves me.”

Realizing what happened, the joy of relief replaced the pain with a love for my father that lasted a lifetime. I could feel love again.

Limp within their arms, tears of freedom came forth. There were no words, only peace and an energy of love flowing like a fountain from inside me as if I uncovered my own being. So, so sweet. I wanted more.

After some talking, they embraced me and went to bed. Staring into the fire and up at the brilliance of the Milky Way, my awareness of the cosmos expanded and I realized I wasn't broken, I just needed to be uncovered. I slept, cradled in the cosmic arms of love and peace.

Enjoying the lightness within my being, the bubble of calmness ensued for weeks as time passed without notice. A sunset meditation by the Santa Fe River, where we drew our water, transmuted into an especially dark night. Cloud cover cloaked the rays of the stars and without the moon, there was little illumination. Closing and opening my eyes, only a slight contrast could be noticed.

Meditating far into the night, absorbed in peace, I lost all sense of time when stabbing fear ripped me out of the sublime, peeling my eyelids back. Surrounded by the black of night, my senses heightened. The soft river turned into a roar.

Appearing over the river, the vision of a Japanese warrior hanging from a cross, exposing his blood-red heart, yearning for forgiveness. Searing pain, slicing me like a sword, propelled me forward out of my cross-

legged meditation posture into the river, landing me on all fours, palms down touching the river, I exhaled.

Soothing to the touch, the water brought forth tears as I became the man on the cross. Then the vision disappeared and the pain subsided, leaving the burning desire for forgiveness that would last for the next 30 years until I met Komoto. Revealing the vision to them the next day, it was now time for me to leave La Canyon in search of forgiveness.

Igniting a passion for self-discovery, this vision morphed into decades of seeking beyond the thickness of the human veneer. Digging deep, discovering layers of hidden pains and false perceptions, my childhood white-light (near-death-like) experience began recurring every five to seven years with increasing acuity. During these events, the human veil would be lifted, exposing my life-force beyond the human form that existed within the energy flowing from the presence of a divine being.

Coming to know myself as spiritual energy, not just mental processes, I began seeing my pain as energy, instead of just a story. Like a ball of energy encapsulated within a membrane, penetrating my psyche like a thorn, the foreign object was not inherent to my being. It was not me. And inside this ball of energy, the energy of Love was always missing.

A theme emerged – emotional pain is the perceived absence of Love.

The opposite, also being true, gave me a way to heal my pain – Bringing the energy of Divine Love into the pain dissolves it.

Maturing into “The Dig”, I share it in *The Spiritual Archaeologist*.

“The pain in me honors the pain in you.”

Show Yourself To Me, Again

GOD'S SPIRIT - DIVINE PRESENCE #3

1978

Leaving La Canyon and moving to Hollywood, FL with my brother Jimmy for a short time, I slowly slipped back toward a dark place. My brother started doing heroin again and coming home one day, I saw a needle and spoon in front of me and felt an insatiable urge to return.

Shocked and afraid of my own self, I left the house and decided to leave Florida and return to the Rocky Mountains. Exiting I95 at Melbourne, my first ride dropped me off. Walking to a small lake, I took off my backpack, sat down and found myself staring into the water, pleading with tears to see Divine presence again. Even though I felt completely unworthy to relive my eleven year old experience, I persisted relentlessly.

After two days of continual pleading, I was inspired by the single thought of going into the mountains until the white-light returned. Wanting this with all my heart, I began hitchhiking again with a resolve that remained extremely high over the next two weeks. My desire was consuming me.

My first ride dropped me off in the downtown area of Gainesville where I ate something and moseyed a bit. Calling a high school friend who

Show Yourself To Me, Again

was going to UF, he invited me to stay with him for a few days. Hitching toward his apartment, Bob Slocum, who never picks up hitchhikers, pulled over in his late 60's Mustang, very reminiscent to my best friend in Conroe.

Laughing about our similar backgrounds, which was a great contrast to the last few days, we became friends immediately. He said a strong impulse caused him to stop and invited me over for a game of chess and a meal. "Sure, why not? I love chess and meals."

His three roommates were lighthearted and enjoyable to be with. I had a great time, then he dropped me off at my friend's place, inviting me to his Bible study the next night.

Picking me up the next day, Bob and I played a game of chess before heading to his Bible study. Growing indignant during the study, I couldn't understand why Christians were still debating whether Jesus rose from the dead. The nature of Christianity is to believe it. Only later did I understand that the discussion was intended for the benefit of visitors.

Smoking cigarettes and pot at the time, we talked about our involvement in heavy drugs. They all looked happy and at peace, a stark contrast to how I felt inside despite my outer joviality. Hippie at heart with shoulder length hair, I actually resembled a clean looking mountain man. Long beard, hand stitched leather pants, hand made leather moccasins and a dark brown hat. Living within the present moment with everything fitting in my backpack, in one sense, I was very happy and free. Yet inside, I greatly yearned.

My yearning increasing over the next week became insatiable. Holding it close to my heart, I remained silent. Bob and I played more chess and had a great time together, laughing and joking around. Then I called him and said I was going to Colorado to find God in the morning and

wanted to thank him for his friendship. Up until then I didn't realize he went to church.

He said he wanted to show me something in the Bible before I left and he'll be right over then hung up. I was not really in the mood for such conversations, but he showed up anyway.

Returning to his place, we played a last game of chess. Then he took me into his bedroom, closing the door to the dimly lit room. This was becoming a bit weird and I started wondering if he was about to hit on me. Having a few years of martial arts I prepared myself to assert the palm of my hand into his nose if he did. He leaned forward looking me straight in the eyes as I tensed my body, he said, "Why did Jesus die?"

I broke down as tears welled up in my eyes. "I don't know." Growing up as a Catholic, I certainly knew the doctrine regarding it, but what I was really saying, I didn't know Divine presence, of which I thought of Jesus as a reflection of it.

Then it happened, vaguely similar to past events, another dimension opened and filled me with the familiar Divine love I had been yearning for. Surrounding me and within me, my mind was being opened to understand and accept what was before me.

The next two hours, he read to me about Jesus' life as I was guided to see the loving spiritual force behind the story, as if it was not from man's point of view, but God's. Flowing tears continued as I experienced the overwhelming energy of love. Bob thought I was crying because of being convicted of my sin. I suppose, in light of Divine presence, my life was missing the mark.

Within this dimension of love, everything turned a glowing golden light. All the pieces of my life came together to form one singularity of thought, "This is the key!" Divine presence transforms me!

Show Yourself To Me, Again

Appearing in front of me was an old fashioned golden key. The key to opening the door to God's presence – to seek his face with all my heart until he shows up. Jumping up with exhilarating vitality, “I want to be baptized and receive the Holy Spirit!” Taking my cigarettes from my shirt pocket, I crushed them, throwing them in the trash basket.

The dimension closed, leaving me with the singularity of thought of receiving the Spirit, for me, Divine presence. It appeared that being baptized was my next step, and once complete, I could return to the mountains.

Sharing this with Bob, he suggested I needed more time studying the scriptures in order understand more fully. “God doesn't want trees that get up and walk around the valley.”

This made sense to me, so we got my stuff and I spent the next two weeks sleeping on their couch and kept asking to be baptized as we studied more and more. Reading the Bible all the time, I was amazed at what I was seeing. It had nothing to do with religion for me, there was such a undertone of spirituality in the words that I soaked it up like a sponge and sought God all day and at night. Laying down in the large open field next to the Gatorwood apartments, I would look up at the stars, wanting to be with the Divine.

Finally, he said he thought I was ready for baptism but we need to meet with one of the leaders first and if he approved, I could get baptized. This approval seemed strange to me but I didn't care, so on a Wednesday we met with one of the leaders. For some reason I don't recall, this was my first time at this church. After being questioned, I was approved to be baptized if I did a few more things before then. I did these things but their demands was a catalyst for the difference between my inner and outer reality. Inside, well, you should know by now, but externally I was being moved down a path of structure, hierarchy and adherence to church leadership. But my focused desire for Divine presence blocked out the outer realities of the organized religion.

On Sunday, March 12, 1978, right after service, I was led around to the back area. Dressing in a white gown, adrenaline was surging through me in anticipation of coming face to face with the Divine. Completely unworthy and a list a mile long of my faults and actions, I was scared. Facing the white-light again with my darkness was unraveling me.

Bob, with his humor, grabbed my shoulders saying, "Prepare to meet thy God!", giving me a hug.

Chuck Lucas, the evangelist of the Crossroads Church of Christ turned and signaled me forward as another person came out of the water.

In the late 60's, emerging from within the Churches of Christ, Chuck Lucas had started the "Crossroads Movement" and the banner being waved was "Total Commitment." Chuck stated that this movement of totally committed followers of Jesus was the only true church. All I knew at the time were my spiritual experiences happening before I even got to the church organization itself. Somehow I was able to look past many things within the first year.

After I answered their standard two questions so as to make my beliefs publicly known, he put one hand behind my neck and the other over my nose. As he laid me backwards into the water, I began a huge exhale that was heard by everyone in the church (based on their joking afterward).

Going down into the water backwards, multiple dark shadows began fleeing from my body on the left side like the dark flees from the light. Taking all my heavy guilt and self-loathing with them, my body went limp and my heart and mind were stilled.

Becoming a dead weight, Chuck was trying to pull me up, but my body wasn't budging. Loosing his balance, water splashed into his waiters, but I was only told this afterward. He did look a bit wet and agitated.

Floating in peaceful bliss suspended in time, I watched the white-light enter me on the right side of my body, fulfilling me completely with the

Show Yourself To Me, Again

Divine presence and love I once knew. I have returned. I became light as a feather inside when I felt whisked up out of the water to emerge a new born person inside.

Looking out into the audience, everyone was glowing, surrounded by their own circle of light. Covering my mouth, I teared and thought, "This is what Christians meant about being born again... I had no idea."

There was nothing but love for me. No guilt, sadness, shame or worry. I truly felt like a new creation, a new being and was delighted to be with others who experienced the same.

Welcoming me with open arms, I was nicknamed the Gainesville eunuch after the Ethiopian eunuch because of my hitchhiking while seeking God. I was a bit out of the normal and it seemed appropriate. From time to time, someone would joke about hearing the gurgling from my huge exhale while being baptized.

Seeing people as reflections of Divine Love, a bubble surrounded me and no impure thought entered my mind or heart. No longer longer seeing from a worldly point of view, humanity with it's shortcomings and sins was put in it's place because there was no judgment or condemnation within me towards others, only love.

“IF YOU ASK, I WILL!” – DIVINE PRESENCE #4

1978

A few weeks after my baptism in Gainesville, the following happened:

It was my habit to get to the construction job a half-hour early so I could sit in my car and absorb the bible like a sponge. Reading in the book of Exodus, I came across 33:18:

- Moses Asked: “Now show me your glory.” (Similar translation: “Please, show me your splendor, your wonderful essence!”)
- The Reply: “I will make all my goodness to pass in front of you...”

At that moment the vision in my eyes went dark and my mind froze. The heartfelt yearning of Moses became mine as tears of longing welled up from my heart. Then the words,

“If you ask, I will!” softly landed in my psyche. Silence surrounded me. The one I love just invited me to see him. Remembering how I entered the Divine Light at 11 years of age, I saw how this message was placed within my heart like a whisper.

Judging myself as unworthy, it scared me to come face to face with the Divine white-light again. Who was I to even ask? Thinking of it every day, I could not bring myself to ask. So for the next three years the echo of the invitation faded into a small distant possibility.

MY SILENT STRUGGLE - SPIRIT OR RELIGION?

Because I thought that everyone in the church had experienced what I just did, I wanted to know how their experience was and began asking. Taking awhile to realize their baptism experience was vastly different than mine, more emotional and not supernatural, I was baffled.

As members of the church began looking at me strangely after sharing my story, I shied away from the topic and focused on what they were talking about. The conversations for me turned less spiritual and more humanistic based on doctrinal adherence, but because it was all so new for me, I was willing to learn whatever I needed to.

Beginning to wonder if there was something wrong with me, I tried harder to conform to the leadership. Maybe they are right, so I will try. But the more I tried, the larger my inner conflict became.

I did not understand why the leaders had no interest in me but instead appeared to simply tolerate me. Why did the top leaders ignore me after the quick hello? Why did their attention eventually turn away. There certainly must be something wrong with me that I don't see, but nobody tells me.

Bob Slocum eventually told me that on the night of my baptism, Chuck Lucas pulled him aside afterward asking, "Is he yours!" Startled, Bob replied yes. Chuck replied, "Watch him!" with a very stern voice. We joked about it, but it was a reflection of their perception of me.

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Fully aware of my past but freed from it, I was able to laugh at myself. The Biblical character I related to was Legion, for he had many demons, but after meeting Jesus, the town came out to see him he fully dressed and in his right mind. Now I was too. In my right mind is questionable.

I took my heart for the Divine and compassion for people to the streets, making friends wherever I went. I was blindly in love with the church not seeing anything but purity of heart from everyone until one day, I brought a seasoned street guy with questionable clothing. We went to the front of the auditorium and found a seat. One of the ushers was directed to ask me to move to the back with my visitor. I was stunned but of course did so.

This began an awareness of oddities within the leadership and how the church was organized and functioned, noticing practices and ideologies that seemed to be out of alignment with my experience and perception of Biblical text. I was all very confusing. But I sought out clarity and sought understanding that lead to a quest.

Kicking off a decade long exhaustive study of the Greek and Hebrew origins of the words and concepts of the Bible, I also sought to learn the various interpretations between denominations. Why such difference between them and why such separatism? Within each, I sought to know the disparity between the spiritual and doctrinal.

Quietly observing and comparing their organizational implementation over the next two years, I began to equate it to a multi-level marketing company giving perks and demerits based on performance. But I spoke to nobody about it because I loved everyone and did not want to cause any dissension.

My perception of Biblical text was bias toward the side the spirit, or spiritual, and the church's bias leaned toward doctrine and adherence. There was very little spoken about spirit in the Church of Christ.

Simply wanting to understand, without criticism I finally shared my feelings with my prayer partner, who listened to the end.

Totally disagreeing with me, he told me that I should repent of my bad attitudes toward the leaders. He reacted very defensively defending leadership's authority as divine decree, using one scripture to justify. My view was the scripture was being used out of context to give control over the flock. My words fell on deaf ears but I suppose he felt the same.

After that, I decided to speak directly to one of the Elders, he would certainly hear me out and help me, for an Elder is a loving shepherd there to serve and help others. Setting up a meeting with Rogers Bartley, he asked me what was on my mind.

Prior to sharing my thoughts and feelings I expressed how I didn't know if I was correct or not and that I just wanted help figuring it out.

I began asking things like why is there a top-down hierarchical structure and so much focus on someone moving up through the ranks to become a "leader" with the evangelist being the top person over all others. It seemed the leaders were lording it over the members and masking it with a form of godliness. Why did so much human ambition exist within the idea that we had to win the world for Christ? Why do our evangelistic methods mimic multi-level marketing, employing their strategies that are rooted in human effort rather than the spirit? Why are people being led by doctrinal belief systems superseding being led by God's Spirit? Why are all the sermons about our obedience to God and the Bible and not about the wondrous presence of Divine spirit within us? There was a whole page more, but it seemed laborious to write.

Patiently waiting for me to finish, Rogers sat without response until I finished. Sitting back in my chair relaxed, I felt good that someone just took the time to really listen to me. But then he began to speak.

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My attitude against the leadership is sinful and putting me in jeopardy of falling away from the church and loosing my soul. I am being led by Satan to question them, pointing out that one scripture. I don't recognize and submit to the complete authority given to church leaders by God through the Bible. I do not have the ability to correctly interpret the scriptures. There was about ten more minutes of this, but that's all I remember because I was devastated. Not because I may be wrong, but because he shut me down so quickly without dialog.

Knowing nothing about the characteristics of a cult or manipulation techniques, I could not discern who was right and wrong or how I was being controlled. Maybe he's right? Maybe I'm being sinful and blind? I agreed to submit to his authority with my words, but my heart and spirit did not.

Co-leading a high school bible study and mentoring Mark, Lanelle Water's son, came to a swift end. The next time I showed up at their house for the Bible study, I was told I was no longer leading the study or mentoring her son. I was asked to leave.

I was crushed. Looking at Lanelle, she looked innocent but scared and unsure of what was happening. Without conversation, she was simply following orders.

Later that week or the next, I was asked into Sam Laing's (The Campus Minister) office regarding my enrollment in the Crossroads School of Ministry. If the meeting lasted more than 3 minutes, I would be surprised. I sat down in the chair in front of his desk and he simply said "You'll never be an evangelist." His words pierced my heart. No reason why or mentoring on how I could change it. That was it, I was asked to drop out. So I did.

The next week, I was assigned a new prayer partner, who I tried my best to be open with, but he was primarily concerned with my behavior

regarding falling in line with the program. Even Bob Slocum became distant as if talking to me would have serious ramifications for him.

Living in a house with three other Christian men, I had been assigned the house leader role. This too was taken from me that week. I've seen this before but at a distance. Someone is marked as "Divisive" and the members of the church pull back from them until they eventually just leave. My own brothers and sisters, whom I've laughed and cried with, were now distantly silent.

Overwhelmed and in deep pain, I found a way out. Driving to the next town over, a six-pack of beer and cigarettes launched me into four days of non-stop drinking and partying. I had disappeared from everyone and the self-loathing reappeared. Would it have been different for me without the drinking? Probably so. But now I was filled with remorse about my own character, so it no longer mattered what the church did.

On Wednesday night, while my roommates were attending church, I snuck back into the house, got my things and right as I was backing up, they returned. I could see it in their eyes, fear and judgment shadowed their compassion. This hurt deeply. Pausing for a moment, about to get out of my car, I saw their faces again and just continued backing out.

We were taught our mission in life was to bring others into the church, saving their soul. While I loved sharing my experiences, I never liked the edict to proselytise. Devoid of Divine love and filled with human ambition, most people did not like us.

Meeting a guy who was sympathetic to my leaving the church, invited me to stay with him as I prepared to move back to Ft. Lauderdale. A few days later, my car was packed. Not wanting to run into anyone from the church, I went to the grocery store just before closing. But alas, Scott Green, one of the leaders saw me and headed straight for me. Facing him was unnerving, expecting another encounter. "Wherever you go, I love you." Then he hugged me and left.

Show Yourself To Me, Again

I cried right there in the store. Impacting me, I drove to my prayer partner's house. Waking him up, I told him I wanted to come back. I spent the next 45 minutes quietly listening to how sinful I was and all the things I needed to do to repent. Hugging him, because I really did like him, I jumped in my car and drove to Ft. Lauderdale.

THE AVANTI - 109' FEADSHIP

1981

I moved into the Casa Granada hotel, one block from the beach in Ft. Lauderdale, FL, still so confused and distraught. Through the 70's, I had been quite an adventurer, so one adventure I always wanted was to go around the world on a boat.



The Avanti - 109' Feadship

I started looking and quickly found a 109' Feadship named the "Avanti" and owned by Wiley Sanders of Sanders Trucking. It was leaving in 2.5 months to the Caribbean the first year and the Mediterranean the next.

I wanted to be onboard, so every day I went back to the boat for a month until I was hired on as a steward. We soon left dry dock and went to the Boca Resort for a few weeks, preparing to leave.

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Right after I was hired, I met Mary, a woman from Montreal, the daughter of the owner of the Casa Granada hotel. We had an immediate attraction, walked on the beach for hours for weeks as the relationship grew deeper, even though we both knew I would soon be leaving to go around the world.

About a week prior to leaving for the Caribbean, the captain came back to the boat late at night, drunk and married to a female captain. The next day, he fired the entire male crew and hired on his new wife's all female crew.

After a few days of depression about my dream being crushed, I decided to once again move back to the mountains in search for Divine presence again.

Inviting Mary to Dirty Nelly's, an Intracoastal restaurant, I told her how I was fired from the Avanti and I decided to move back to the Rockies. Considering a mountain man lifestyle, it wasn't a good idea for her to join me. She was hurt and very bitter.



Around 4am, overwhelmed with the guilt of hurting her I asked her to marry me.

She said yes.

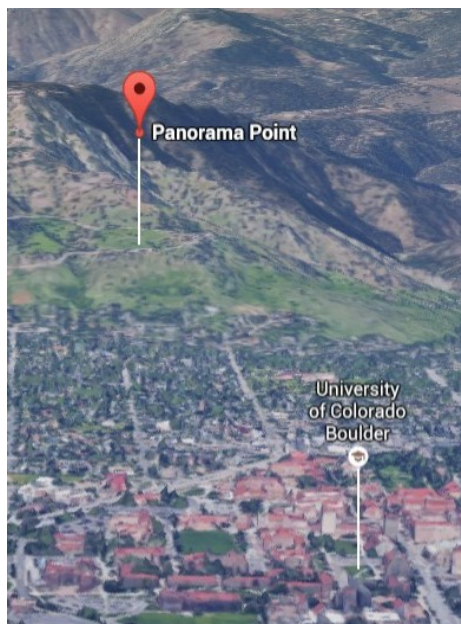
MARRIAGE & DIVINE PRESENCE #5

LAUDERDALE TO BOULDER - 1981

We married 6 months later and within a few months, we moved to Boulder. Tom Brown from Gainesville, around the same time as me, became the minister at the Boulder Church of Christ. He gave a very inspirational talk about turning a heart of stone into a heart of flesh.

This is what I wanted for myself and I've thought of it for years. He was compassionate and a bit different from other leaders but was still working within the system. However, I liked him and wanted to be inspired to seek God again, but was hesitant on going through a similar experience.

Unannounced, I was surprised he met with me right away without an appointment. Focusing our talk on my relationship with God rather than the Gainesville events, I was refreshed. He was kind, listened and inspired me to seek. Feeling my heart's desire restored, I began asking again for Divine presence.



Show Yourself To Me, Again

Every morning before sunrise I went up the side of the mountain overlooking Boulder and began asking to be filled again with God. Sitting next to a dead tree, a bit of a symbol for Boulder, the sun rose and my heart filled with hope.

Two weeks later as I went out to a park at night, sitting in my car languishing for Divine presence, a silent wind filled the car, blowing through my soul. Filling me in every way, the powerful Divine love and peace washed over me and turned me back into the person thriving in the light.

Upon returning home my wife said my face was glowing and I replied “You mean I look happy?” “No, its actually glowing.” she said. There were no words to convey what I was experiencing, so I could not share.

The effects of the experience lasted for the next six months.

DIVINE PRESENCE #6

WESTMINSTER, COLORADO

Finishing my last semester at the Gainesville Santa Fe Community college in 1986 marked the beginning of another two week quest for Divine presence with the search for my first full time computer programming position.

Spending the morning in meditation with a yearning heart for both a job and Divine presence, I responded to my first newspaper ad. It was easy for me to notice from the aggravated responses of half the computer classes, that some minds were naturally suited for solving puzzles, of which programming languages were for me.

Walking into an office building, I was greeted by the owner and taken into an office where a kiosk with a VCR was hooked up to an The Apple 2e with, not just one, but two floppy drives. Happy to see, this was the exact same computer of my part time student aid job at the college. I lucked out.

The project from the school was a similar application and after a few minutes of demonstrating my ability to program, I was hired on the spot, starting at \$18,500/yr. Filled with excitement and gratitude, I spent the next hour walking in a big open field walking with God as one would walk with a friend. Fulfilling as this was, the memory of presence spurred me on to continue my quest.

Beginning my two hour morning walks before dawn, the Westminster Mall became the stage for two weeks of seeking another encounter. The lingering heart-felt desire became the backdrop to my work. During lunches, I took the opportunity to ask for Divine presence again.

The desire to seek Divine presence again rose up through the demands of my busy life. Raising a family, starting a computer software career, hosting a Bible study in my home, helping my brother detox from heroin and home birthing classes were all available to distract me. It was not easy the first week, but as I relentlessly asked for the desire to increase above all my other desires, it did.

Then it happened, almost two weeks to the day.

Rushing into my being from what seemed to be through the top of my head, the energy of Divine love presence entered me like a swoosh. My inner self expanding beyond its own borders and into the presence of eternity and peace. My heart, mind and body were fulfilled, not just filled. Divine did not enter me, I expanded into Divine presence.

At the time, I had not yet been shown the nature and structure of the human being to include spirit. The limited aspects of the religious belief system taught to me from birth and into adulthood were dissolving out from underneath me. The power of my restricted human perspective holding “I believe” as all important, was diminishing into experiential knowledge. Fading away they were, but not yet replace.

Filled with awe and only thoughts and emotions originating from Divine love, I took off running at full speed. Leaping and laughing, bursting with energy, I ran all the way around the mall like a gazelle, or crazy man as I imagined was the perspective of people driving by.

Waking around 5am every morning filled with energy, the dance I experienced as a young boy returned. Filled with flowing energy, there was nothing else on earth I desired.

For the next few months, Divine presence overflowed into random people, drawing them to me like a magnet. The force of attraction from Divine essence was stirring people to introduce themselves and strike up conversations that led to them coming to our home and friendship. Without elation, that Spirit was touching others in a manner beyond my personal ability. The love pouring out of me was an energy passing through me into others.

But I remember, as if yesterday, the exact moment it began to fade months later, not slowly, but in one stark moment. Pete and Julie Boomgaard, who were seeking a change in their lives, met me in the kids nursery at the church on their first visit. They invited us to dinner and we became great friends and really enjoyed getting our families together. Pete was inquisitive about my experiences and after sharing my two weeks, he began doing the same on his own without my knowledge. Two weeks later, it happened to him.

The night of a social gathering at our church, a man who was one of the deacons, approached me. He walked up to me said “I think you are really spiritual and doing great.” Referring to my performance as a Christian, not in the truest sense of the word, non-physical.

Turning to look over my left shoulder at the Boomgaards, who were now radiating peace and happiness, the words “I guess I am spiritual.” entered my mind, also referring to performance in relation to others. More than just words, it was an egoic concept elevating my stature within the eyes of the leaders of the church. But, because of my past experiences with leadership, I liked it and it penetrated my heart.

Immediately, before I even had time to look back at the man, I saw the familiar shadowy dark cloud coming at me from the left. A very subtle energy, not evil, but a cloak, filtering Divine presence. Upon entering

Show Yourself To Me, Again

me on the left side of my body, the flow of Divine energy constricted to such a degree that it hurt. Slowly waning, my spiritual connection with Divine diminished slowly each day over the months. Not immediately noticeable by others, it was the excruciating pain of loss felt by me.

Not understanding what just happened, I of course did the most logical thing and began to fill myself with guilt that I had ruined it because I am such a horrible person inside. I let my ego be influenced by the deacon.

And yet, on the outside there was probably very little discernible change for I had learned over the years how a Christian should think and behave and modified my thoughts and behavior to reflect just that. Remember, I come from a childhood of duality of lives.

So once again, since I was no longer filled, I automatically reverted back to that version of Christianity I was capable of, for lack of nothing more profound. I became as most of the others in the church, having a form of spirituality outwardly, but without the power of Divine presence permeating my consciousness. Yet, I knew differently unlike the others, so I was worse. The inner conflict regarding religion grew within me.

As part of leadership for the next few years, in spite of my feelings, one day I found myself frustrated with one of my guys yelling at him, mimicking the behavior of other leaders.

That was it. I was done. Seeing the fruits of my ambition to rise up the hierarchy, I asked to be removed from leadership and someone to replace my role of house-church leader meeting in my home, but they kept refusing. For six grueling months of adhering to a system that no longer aligned with my spirit, I ended it. Once again I was ostracized.

The psychological lingered for years until Knowles appeared October 13, 1994 and changed everything. Many years later, in 2003, I visited the Boca Church of Christ but leadership had become more controlling and harsh. Many were aware, but afraid to speak out until Henry Kreite,

a top leader of the International Church of Christ, exposed the practices in a letter of the same issues I spoke against in four different churches. Immediately after the letter was published, 70% of the membership left. I thought if this ever happened, I would be vindicated. But instead I cried, seeing the pain of the people.

Divorce - 1994

Finalizing our divorce last week, we brought our 14 year marriage to a finality in August, 1994.

It was Monday morning in Ft. Lauderdale and Christopher and Ashytn will be at their mom's for a few days. It's been six months since our separation and I was beginning to feel as if I was moving on.

But waking up to the acute pain of loss, it was evident I still felt deep emotions. In those days, I did not understand the nature of pain, so I tried dealing with it in all the usual manners.

Scheduled to visit a client today, I started redirecting my focus so I could function professionally. Then it dawned on me, that I had been covering my pain for the past six months.

“It stops here!” declaring to myself.

After calling my client, I let the full thrust of my feelings out. Letting go, my deepest emotions began to flow.

“It just hurts..! It just hurts..!” was all I could say, over and over with tears of pain flowing while I held my stomach. I hardly ate for two days and I just could not bring myself to engage in any activity that would distract me.

At the end of the second night, desiring relief from the pain, the voices of the world bombarded me with a vast array of things we tell ourselves

to avoid these awful feelings. Refusing to give in, I embraced my pain, continuing to say “It just hurts..!”

Emotionally exhausted and drifting off to sleep, Herschal and Obruni entered my mind. I remembered “The Story!”, the concrete holding my pain in place. I broke, realizing I was withholding love from entering the pain. Remembering the love I have for Mary, I fell asleep.

Awakening the next day, the empty void of pain was replaced with the sensation of love, not love for another object, but love emanating deep from within myself. It was a profound compassion for human suffering, extending to all mankind, including Mary, for she too was in pain.

Rewriting the story in to one that included love, the concrete around my pain cracked and fell away, leaving me knowing the love that did not require an object of affection. Sharing this with my children helped them feel their own love instead of their sadness and pain.

After seeing how my kids reacted positively, the next week was one of adventure, fun and deep conversations about love. Learning that kids have a innate ability to grasp love when expressed, I restructured my life. For the next year I would cap my time consulting to 25 hours per week so I could focus on filling them with as much love as possible. After the year, I would return to full time hours.

Embarking on adventure after adventure, everything we did turned into the wonderment of life, one year folded into another and this became our lifestyle. I wasn't chasing money, I was chasing love adventures.

Emotional pain became a teacher and facilitator of love as I found value in the experience of pain. Becoming a more evolved version of myself, life became magical.

And then, Knowledge visited me, whom I've nicknamed Knowles.

Knowles – Divine Presence #7

OCTOBER 13, 1994



That night changed my life. Returning from a delicious sushi dinner on Las Olas Blvd in Ft. Lauderdale, we continued our conversation about growing spiritually as we sat on her couch. Like a melodic song, I hold the memory of the sailboat masts gently clinking.

Martha's intelligence was attractive to me and when she smiled her eyes lit up as her lips curved ever so slightly upward. Her beautiful face was nestled within a full head of wavy dark hair draping over her shoulders.

We met 6-9 months prior at Coconuts waterfront restaurant about two hours after I meditated in my car in the restaurant's parking lot. It was around 7pm when, in the silence of my stilled mind, I intended from the

heart to meet a woman that I could express love once again, but this time, it would include transparency and mutual transformation.

Walking into the waterfront restaurant, LaGaylia Frazier was setting up for her first set of the evening. What a powerful and moving voice.

Sitting at the bar in peaceful anticipation, a beautiful blonde woman walked through the front door, paused, looked right at me and sat on the stool to my right. Our conversation naturally sprang forth, from which I mistakenly concluded she was the outcome of my meditation.

Speaking without interruption for thirty minutes, our focus turning from the mundane to the spiritual seemed to spark her interest. Picking up her phone and inviting her good friend to come join us, we continued. Time passed and her friend showed up. They enjoyed the embrace of deep friendship.

“I’m Martha.” she said as her eyes engaged mine. Within a matter of ten minutes, the first woman said her goodbyes and the two of us were alone. Enjoying LaGaylia, our conversations continued into the night, uninterrupted by last call. Walking across A1A, we spread out a blanket and openly shared the stories of our lives.

Tears through the night about the loss of her mother and my divorce, the passing of time eluded our awareness until over the horizon, the rays of the sun illuminated our face. This is how our relationship began, in the salty sweet air of transparency without judgment. This transparency continued between us up to tonight’s dinner and an event of a lifetime.

“How do I reach inside and cause transformation from the soul level?” my eyes reflecting the depth of my longing. With silent lips, her eyes spoke compassion toward my unfulfilled desire as the hope of an answer pulsed through me. Finishing our sushi in calm silence, we returned back to her house and with gentle clanging of the sailboats out back, we sat on her couch.

“One day, I will know.” slowly passed through my lips as my body relaxed when a certainty it would present itself settled within me. The memory of my very first encounter with Divine presence as a young boy flooded my mind.

“But this is just a feeling. Who knows if I'll ever get an answer.” myself said to... well, to myself. My mind, searching for an intellectual answer from a source outside my own mind, concluded it would have to be from someone's teaching. Someone who found out. It did not occur to me that such an answer could come from within.

The very concept I wished to teach others also alluded me, dangling like a carrot just beyond my reach. Not knowing why I wanted to know and if there even was an answer, deep yearning accompanied my journey through the years. Like climbing the Mount Everest of humanity, I've loved the spiritual journey with its peaceful plateaus, but my yearning to continue climbing never rested for very long. Once again, the quest called me onward and upward. The comfortable energy of silence emerged between us once again as I enjoyed the calm expression on her face.

Then it began.

Filling my solar plexus and surging outward in a radial patter, an energetic wave enveloped my entire body. Adrenaline overwhelmed my physical senses. Quickening my heartbeat, the blood resounded within my ears as my breath was taken away within a few short seconds.

The light breeze of my exhale caressed the hairs on my forearm as I looked up at Martha to watch her expression change into wonder as she witnessed a change in me. Our outward gaze stood still while my gaze was redirected inward.

Quickly opening, my mind revealing a thought from deep within my soul, presenting its revelation as the unveiling of hidden reality:

“I did not possess the power to affect a change at such a spiritual level, therefore, it was not my job. Awakening comes from Spirit.”

The message was loud and clear, but not through the mandibles of my ears as if originating outside myself, it was spoken from my soul in the language of experiential knowledge resonating in my entire being.

Turning into the singularity of each moment, I became the light bulb of time, illuminating each frame as the movie of my life passed through my conscious awareness. With one fell swoop, Spirit not only spoke knowledge into my human consciousness but made the profound unique distinction between itself and human mind, yet seamlessly integrated as one. Communicating many concepts with complete clarity framed within Divine Love, questions were unnecessary, becoming the very thing that would lead me astray.

Relieved of my long held misconception that “I”, the egoic or human-self, had the power to facilitate deep level spiritual changes in my life, I relaxed and felt accepted as I was. Becoming a willing participant, I relinquished the illusion I could spiritualize myself through my own will and abilities.

Because “I” did not hold the power, it was not “my” job. Therefore, I could simply stop attempting to change through human effort. Instead, my human effort should be redirected to simply seek Spirit presence within me to open my heart and mind toward greater experiences of Divine. This transforms from the inside out instead of outside in.

In its rightful place, the wonderfully crafted human brain is primarily tuned to resonate with and detect the small portion of the spectrum of spiritual energy from which the physical dimension has its existence. Much like our eyes can only perceive a small portion of the spectrum of physical light, our brains by themselves, are only capable of imagining or conceptualizing the spiritual spectrum because in itself, the spiritual lies outside its realm.

Knowing the spiritual realm is just like knowing the physical realm, it is a matter of experience not concept. If we were the reverse, a spiritual being who never experienced the human life, we may hold great insight as to the human structure, but we do not hold the experience of it. It is the same for the human who has not yet touched the spiritual beyond the veil of humanity.

As humans, we predominantly experience the physical and for lack of experiencing the spiritual, we create belief and concepts about it. However, hidden before our very eyes exists the spiritual realm, just outside the spectrum of our mind's abilities to perceive. Most people do not know that it is accessible through the deep genuine intent of asking, which is the highest form of human effort we could exert.

This vision cleared up many misconceptions at once. From the vantage point of my limited human perception, I formed the definition of myself and adopted the spiritual concepts of my choosing that exist within the world. Without the ability to experience beyond my own human psyche, my analysis and conclusions of life was simply based on my insights distorted by my emotional and intellectual filters. Because I literally could not see past my own thoughts, my understanding of "I" was spiritually flawed but in complete concert with human perspective. Profound was the idea that the perception of myself from a human point of view was basically correct like a first grader while at the same time, from Spirit point of view, it was extremely rudimentary. And I did note that Spirit never considerate it bad or negative, only we do that.

One swift pulse of Spirit energy radically altered my perception, shifting the vantage point of "I" to outside myself and thus creating an ensuing metamorphosis that would ripple throughout the rest of my life. One little glimpse rerouted the trajectory of the rest of my life.

The human being "spiritually" evolves through Spirit, not through mind power or human effort. It is easy to mistaken the two because they are so intertwined. The human mind is founded upon and exists within the spiritual, not the other way around. The voluntary effort put forth by the

human to seek and ask for Divine Love to reveal itself is the highest intention a person can adopt but it is easy to mistaken the practice of a spiritual path with seeking the essence of the Divine itself.

The “I” creates an illusion, which is simply the misdirection of our consciousness toward the physical realm rather than the presence of the Divine or Spirit with us. A magician or illusionist as we call them now, creates an illusion by misdirecting our focus onto an object while something else escapes our attention.

The “I” is a powerful force within the human presence because it is the perfectly designed mechanism that creates our sense of human-self. It makes us self-aware, that we are a human being. The “I” can easily overshadow the experience of the spiritual and even eclipse it. From this position, our only option is to formulate the existence of a spiritual realm as a concept by using beliefs derived from outside ourselves rather than the inner experience of Spirit. While this is progressively more evolved than nothing at all, we still have the ability to continue our growth toward the inner experience of Divine Love, which of course is the embedded goal of any spiritual or religious texts from which our beliefs were derived. Don't stop at belief, strive for experience. Don't stop at experience, strive for the pure essence of Divine love. Simply don't stop moving toward the Divine in your heart, mind and soul.

The “I” is fully capable of conscious integration with the spiritual. This happens when Spirit opens the “I” to experience beyond itself through the eyes of the soul. This automatically shifts our perspective and helps diminish the illusion, or misdirection.

But even with such a revelation, my life was still bound to the process of bringing my human condition into alignment with Spirit. I set my heart toward asking the Divine to remove anything that hindered my spiritual connection and over the years have had a plethora of unknown layers embedded underneath my awareness removed.

A calm presence washed over me with the serenity of floating on a lake immediately after a storm had passed, leaving the purification from rain. Everything was in its rightful place, existing within the great design that perfectly integrated the spiritual and physical.

“That’s it!” I said to my dear friend. But she could not see what was taking place inside me.

“What’s it?” she chuckled with her loving tone of “What you just said makes no sense to me.”

“I just got the answer to my question.” I said joyfully filled with energy.

The words began to pour out of me, recapping this incredible revelation and how it impacted me as she listened with perfect focus. She was so present with me, not distracted or consumed with her own thoughts.

The elation of happiness and relief swelled inside as a tremendous burden had been lifted off my shoulders. Instead of trying to attain spiritual growth through my human efforts, I could begin relying on Spirit. I was genuinely free, at least for the moment.

A logically oriented discussion about the nature and conclusions about the revelation ensued between us for the next twenty minutes. It all seemed to fit logically both to me and the PHD sitting across from me. Our minds settled into the resting place of believing it knows something and we thoroughly enjoyed this process.

But I felt my state of consciousness moving from the intellectual into another state of mind. I experienced rather than evaluated it through the intellectual method of analyzing then concluding. Like the difference between researching the ocean and jumping in.

Amazed at the strength of the wave, I pondered how this might change my life. Would it open a door for deeper understanding? I was sure of it and what a joy to have a good friend to be able to share it with.

Did this come as a result of me asking the question or was it by coincidence it appeared? Where did it originate from? Can this happen to others? Why was Martha not included in the revelation? My mind flooded with questions it could not answer which created more questions which took on a life of its own as I sat back and listened.

My questions began leading me astray, away from experience, because they are all born from lack of knowing.

“Is it true that those that deeply search really do find?” passed through my mind along with thinking of going home to experience a very peaceful sleep. What a wonderful end an evening, I thought as this new awareness had entered my life.

I had no thoughts of receiving any more insights that night and certainly no idea of what was to happen next.

KNOWLES – THROUGH THE PORTAL

In a very peaceful silence, we were suspended in time as feelings filled up my body. I looked down at the coffee table like one would do in deep thought, staring right through it as if it didn't exist.

A vague tunnel which was hazy around the edges began to open up before my eyes and penetrate the coffee table, occupying the same visual space.

At the time I didn't recognize it as a tunnel or portal because the visual events seemed insignificant compared to the revelation I had just received. Everything was taking place so quickly and unexpectedly.

Through this tunnel came another wave, stronger than the first. My soul was overwhelmed with a substance, as best I could describe, like the air of spiritual energy. It reached down into the center of my being.

It happened so quickly that all I could do is experience it. I could not control it, nor did I have an inclination to. In a matter of an instant, every fiber of my being was filled to overflowing with this energy.

Unable to contain it inside me, I sprang up from the couch onto my feet, looking into some type of dimension through this tunnel that was filled with spiritual energy. I was overflowing with elation.

With the eyes of my soul I could see the existence of my spirit deep below my human consciousness. My spirit was alive and had a deep longing to be fully merged with my physical being and awareness. The

spirit never rested but was continually ready to act upon any desire of mine to achieve growth toward it. When I was open and ready to resolve internal issues within myself that blocked my experience of it, the spirit would penetrate through my shell and attract others or situations into my life perfectly crafted to assist me in the process.

This knowledge was a phenomenal awakening. Even though the visual appearance of my spirit was vague, the presence and existence of it was very clear. My heart leaped as this understanding overpowered my current perspective.

An entirely new dimension was added to my existence. I've had length and width, but not depth. I would never be the same, I could never go back to being only two-dimensional.

Life had changed for me on a very fundamental level and I was ecstatic because of it. It's one thing to believe in the existence of a soul as a concept and an entirely other thing to feel its power and have its existence permeating every fiber of my being.

This was my true self as I had been created, formed in the likeness of the Divine as my eternal soul, desiring to be free of the constraints I placed upon it.

Within those long seconds, my perception of life had completely been altered. I was no longer the man I thought myself to be, but was so much more. I was "spirit" within a physical body, not human with a spirit. This concept was now lodged into my waking human reality. I have felt and seen the presence of my very own soul and now, the "I" that was me, seemed extremely limited and so last season.

"This changes everything!" I blurted in awe.

"What changes everything?" Martha replied with an air of wonder and desire to understand where I was. Her mind was beautifully designed

for cognitive higher learning as her PhD reflects and one would think that she would be discounting my experience every step of the way. But this was not the case. Instead, her spiritual side embraced the entire night and her mind accepted the entire event as real.

I looked at her and realized I was doing two things at once, experiencing these waves and talking to her. I was in two places at the same time.

“This changes existence itself!” I replied in an attempt to communicate what was happening.

As I looked at Martha and saw her clearly with my physical eyes and spoke with her normally. Everything in the physical realm was as it always has been for me and there was a distinct resonance with the energy of the physical.

There was added to my existence another sense of perception, a realm which existed independently of the physical but occupying the same space. The physical realm appeared to be dependent upon the spiritual dimension as the foundation, born within the spiritual as an energy that vibrates at a denser level. The two realms are not really separate, they just vibrate at different frequencies. I've understood it backwards, placing the physically as the more prominent reality.

While I looked at Martha, I also continued to see through this tunnel, and now, as the tunnel began to widen while the edges pulsed, the visual aspects of it became increasingly clear. Inside the tunnel was the energy of the spiritual realm that looked like molecules of air. The entire space was filled with this vibrant indigo color with billions of moving particles of energy like molecules that filled everything. The air was thick with light and energy and nothing was stagnant. Moreover, it resonated with unfathomable love and the peace of eternal fulfillment.

Three-dimensional images of the human spirit as the platform that created our human bodies came into a sharper focus. My existence had

changed from just a human being into a wonderful being of light with a temporary human form.

My knees became weak and gave way underneath me as I sat back down on the couch. I was in awe of the power and beauty of the spiritual realm and my existence within it. I thought of God as a loving father and creator and wondered if this was how He saw us, for nothing was hidden in this new perception. There was nothing but love and peace even if I considered my frail human condition.

I began to explain to Martha in more detail as she curiously listened and asked questions. As we spoke, my desire to explain the images increased because she was so accepting of the whole event. For some reason, it seemed very normal to her that this should be happening.

As I looked around the room, the tunnel followed my direct line of sight but inside the tunnel did not. The opening looked as if it was fixed to my mind but behind the tunnel appeared completely independent of me.

The opening was continuing to grow in size and clarity as the edges slightly pulsated. The edges looked like a 1-2 foot wall that had been broken open in a rough roundish shape. There was the sense of some undetermined distance through the opening. It was not like looking down a long tube but more like looking through a hole in the wall into the next room. And yet, at the same time, it had the feel of a tunnel.

There was a calm moment of silence as I felt stilled with awe.

KNOWLES – SYNCHRONICITY

Suddenly, my thoughts were interrupted as another wave engulfed me like a strong wind within my spirit. My physical senses faded into the background and my focus was redirected to an image of a spirit orchestrating the manifestation of a situation between two people with the intent of drawing them together to assist spiritual growth.

They showed me a vision of the multitudes of humanity but from the perspective of the spiritual realm. There was no separation from one spirit to the next, all were as one, yet unique. Transparency between all was the norm, no hidden thoughts or agendas.

I saw how one spirit connected to another person's spirit and the two spirits arranged a meeting of their human selves in order to satisfy each other's growth needs. This was accomplished by creating what might be described as a magnetic, energetic attraction that manifested within the human mind and sometimes filtered into the body. There were thousands of variations of the energy of attraction, but the majority of them contained the hope of fulfillment of a human desire. It was like a carrot to the humans that drew them toward a specific path.

I experienced how human desires are very compelling within the human construct because of what it lacks. We walk this earth with a veil over our consciousness that limits our ability to experience Divine Love as an energy that fills us completely as the substance of our existence. When the veil is lifted and Divine is experienced by a human, it is so complete that there is nothing within the cosmos that we desire.

But for us, it's normal not to experience this lack, yet unaware of it. It's just another day in the life for us and so to compensate we are filled with desires, both beneficial to our being and sometimes, not so much. Through the eyes of love and without judgment about either, our desires are simply the result of the feeling of levels of emptiness as a human being. For us this creates a base level of pain that we all learn to live with and we might even think this is what being human is all about. I call this "First Pain".

However, when we are filled with Divine Love, all human desires become fulfilled with the presence of the spiritual energy that flows from the Divine through our soul. This is true fulfillment. We no longer have any need for our desires to manifest physically to be content. We can still accomplish many things, but it's not out of the need to fulfill a desire, it comes from the outpouring of the creative force. When we wish to create something, we turn our attention to the task at hand and perform it with all our being. Whether our goal is accomplished or not, our state of mind along with our peace and contentment remains intact. We do not experience the sense of disappointment because we see the bigger picture.

Knowing this, spirit may use our desires as a carrot to draw us toward the possibility of our own spiritual growth and the growth of anyone else involved. It was inferred that many times we embark on a journey of fulfilling a desire but learn a valuable lesson instead. If we learn the lesson, then we are satisfied on a deeper level. If not, we repeat it.

When our perception is not clear about the presence of spirit within, not just the belief of it, but the connection to it as an entity underneath our human consciousness, we cannot grasp the workings of spirit within our lives. Because we cannot connect the dots, meeting someone significant is coincidental, random or the result of a series of events put into motion. We may want to think that something greater than ourselves is helping us and even call it synchronicity, but we can not fully trust this because we are not experiencing the presence of Divine Love working

as our soul. Hence the perceived need for us to exert the illusion of control over our lives. Each situation is evaluated, whether consciously or unconsciously, from the perspective that the situation or person exists as a means to fulfill one or more of our human desires.

Because of the temporal nature of human desires that require the presence of an object of fulfillment, most people are misdirected into thinking the fulfillment of our desire is the end goal and is derived from something external. We as humans are consumed by the never ending cycling of our desires, from one to another. All the while, we don't recognize this pattern until it no longer satisfies us and our humanity cries out for something beyond itself. When we come to the end of ourselves and seek our soul and the essence of the Divine, we are at the beginning of being reborn from the level of our soul, which connects to and flows within Divine Spirit.

Our ambitions and desires can run the gambit from dark indulgences all the way to the grandiose heights of spiritual or religious achievements. Good or bad, right or wrong, spiritual or worldly... we evaluate our thoughts and actions from the duality that exists within our own limited subjective mind. Without ever having experienced anything outside of the confines of our human consciousness, we are bound to the human paradigm that reflects the world back through the filters of our own desires and misconceptions. This becomes our believed reality and the collective reality of our civilizations.

When our focus deeply and genuinely shifts from human to spirit, we see that the goal of all human experience is to continue to choose to return to our true form, eternal spirit within the Divine.

Most of us are completely unaware of the spiritual forces attempting to attune our consciousness to the higher vibrations of the spiritual realm in order to bring self-awakening and self-awareness about our spiritual nature. About how we are all connected within the spirit and our interaction with each other has the possibility of elevating us toward the greater experience of the energy of the Divine.

My eyes were opened to see specific design behind the significant relationships within my life, and how they assisted my growth even if they appeared to be negative. I totally missed the purpose behind uncomfortable or negative situations or relationships. If I could have seen clearly, I would have known that the issue was not the situation but my reaction to it. Each reaction reveals what exists inside me and was brought to my attention for me to see and overcome my humanity's shortcoming through spirit.

If I did not resolve them, they would recede until a later date. This caused patterns to form within my relationships and life until I was able to remove the root causes. Purging roots of pain, which breed anger and fear, has become of great importance for me to deepen my conscious connection with my spirit, which is connected to God. "Everything must go" became my passionate pursuit.

Completely absorbed within the moment, I basked in the wonderfulness of the experience. A love that surpassed definition was at the base of this imparting knowledge. This love was an actual substance or energy that had life and filled every corner of my being. It changed my perception about myself. The human aspects of my being came into a balanced perspective as I saw my faults from the eyes of a loving soul.

A deep peace filled the room as Martha and I were talking about the last wave.

"We truly are spiritual beings underneath all this and the spirit draws others to us when we are open and ready to grow." I said.

"If that's the case, then do you think that's how we met?" she thought out loud.

"Two days before we met I asked the Divine from my heart to meet a woman I could love and have an open, sharing relationship with. Then the night we met, I sat in the parking lot of Coconuts restaurant in Ft.

Lauderdale and meditated for a half hour on meeting a woman. I met your girlfriend at the bar and as we talked, she called you and invited you to come join us. Then she left shortly after you showed up and we spent the rest of the night sitting on the beach, talking until sunrise.”

“I remember that night but I didn't know you did all the other stuff.”

“I did. Being able to express my heart with you has helped me to surface and resolve feelings I've had from my marriage.” I said as I thought of how freeing it felt to have worked through those issues.

My divorce had left me with a ball of pain in my stomach, but I was determined not to cover up the feelings, but rather allow them to flow through my life. As they surfaced into my consciousness, the pain was so great that for two days all I could do is say “It hurts, it just hurts.” When I woke up the third day, a great peace accompanied me as I felt the pain leave my heart for good. Much of my life consisted of avoiding pain rather than embracing it as a teacher.

Now, acknowledging pain relating to unresolved issues has become a part of my life. Our appreciation for one another deepened as we realized our purpose to encourage growth in each other's lives. As I reflected on the numerous encounters with people, it seemed apparent that there was an underlying design and guidance through my entire life.

When a container is full it cannot hold anymore, and mine felt like it was filled to the top. Little did I know that the floodgates were about to open and what had happened so far was just a drop in the bucket.

KNOWLES - THE 12 RADIATED DIVINE LOVE

HE IS KNOWLEDGE! I'LL CALL HIM KNOWLES

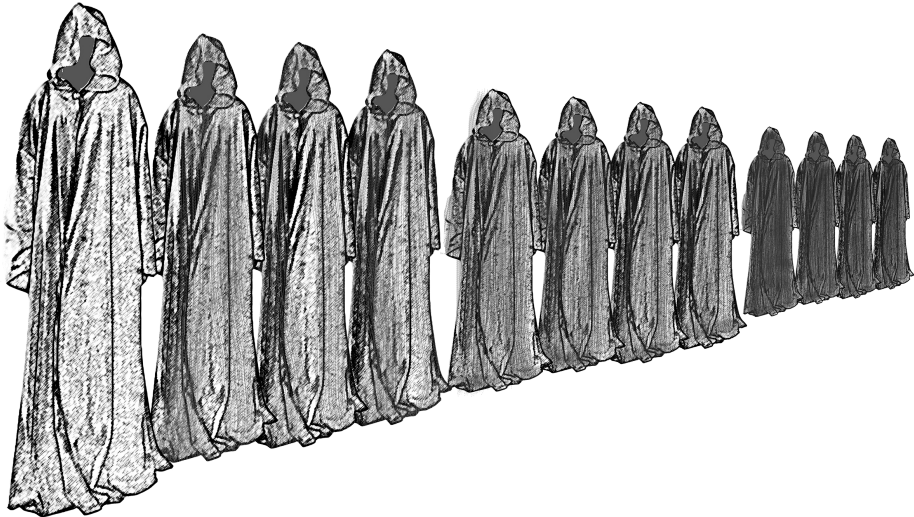
My mind went blank as another wave swiftly filled me. The tunnel opened up completely as if I had passed through it to the other side. Without turning my head I could visually see all around me, front, sides and back all at the same time. My awareness of the surroundings within the spiritual realm was also connected to my feelings in some way which allowed me to not only see, but experience this dimension.

The space or what we would call air, was energy. Alive with intelligence and awareness, every molecule was fluid and gave off a faint purplish glow as they were linked together through an eternal space. Nothing was solid but combination of energy and light, similar to a holographic projection.

I began moving my hand back and forth in front of me, swirling it through a mist of energy and light. With the purity of a child exploring a new phenomena, I could see and feel the energy from the spiritual realm move through my outstretched hand as I played with it. Both the physical and spiritual aspects of my hand blended seamlessly into one object yet retained their distinct uniqueness.

My hand stopped moving and my attention was drawn to the east. The figures of twelve spiritual beings appeared. Suspended in midair, looking straight at me, they radiated Divine energy that transformed my state of mind into unconditional love. Inside I cried with relief because

every human desire was fulfilled and every thought of separation from The Divine left me. I was whole and eternal. I had returned home.



Their appearance was not immediately apparent because of the energy emanating from them overshadowed everything else. At first, they were one energy system, hovering in place that slowly formed into twelve distinct beings, cloaked as if wearing robes. The robes were somehow for my benefit.

They were positioned in the east, just behind and above Martha's head. This allowed me to see them and Martha's face at the same time.

They did not occupy physical space but unblocked my mind and opened my eyes to see beyond the physical. At first they looked superimposed on top of the physical but in time I realized it was the reverse. The physical was superimposed on top of the spiritual.

Seeing through human eyes includes the reality of distance. But the spiritual realm did not. It was a different form of perception that came from seeing through the eyes of my soul.

The beings were still and at peace. They emanated an eternal energy that effected me more profoundly than any earthly experience of love. This energy was their essence and the twelve of them were directing it right into my soul. I miss them so much, even thirty years later.

There was no fear in me. Their perfect love cast out all my fears as their compassion radiated through my humanity blowing out everything that did not originate from the same energy they emit. I was breathless, speechless and clear of my own human thoughts as my heart welcomed them with awe.

The being farthest to my left was more pronounced than the others. He was the focal point of their collective energy. He resembled a man clothed in a robe, covering his head and draping down to his feet. He was very calm, relaxed and in full control, having a peaceful power about him which was filled with the consciousness of purpose.

His face was hidden from me but I could feel his compassionate eyes looking right at my soul. He knew everything about me, the good, the bad and the ugly, yet loved me unconditionally. This was very comforting and even though I was awe-struck, a very relaxed and peaceful state was upon me. They were moving my energetic vibration into alignment with theirs. What surprised me was their energy was already embedded with me, below my human consciousness.

His arms were relaxed, draped down along his sides with his hands folded together in front of him (The image above was created by me but I am not graphically adept enough to portray the hands in front). His robe extended down, covering his feet. (Some might think the image I drew looks a bit ominous, or religious or dark, but it was not in the least, it was filled with light.)

His visual appearance was unimportant in light of the incredible qualities he was emanating. I saw him with the eyes of my soul and his true image to me is indescribable with words because the love he radiated was the most incredible sight.

Immediately to his left were three of the same shaped beings, only their images were more faded, as if in a slight shadow. They too were looking at me and I felt each one had a different imparting of knowledge for me, but held for the future. They stood shoulder to shoulder with no space in between and appeared to be as one, yet completely individual.

To their left stood eight more beings having the same body shape, but they were not as visually clear as the first. As I looked at each one, their image faded until the last being looked like a charcoal sketch. Even though their figures were not clear, I could feel their presence as they looked at me, waiting to speak with great patience in due time.

As I looked at Martha, they were standing above her head. Never in my whole life did I believe that this could ever occur to anyone, much less myself. However, I welcomed them with complete acceptance. They spoke no words that I could hear with my ears, but imparted very clear knowledge to my soul accompanied by three-dimensional visual images that had life. The messages felt like enveloping waves which permeated every part of my being.

Their presence fulfilled me in every way with a love which surpassed everything. I laughed with great joy as I felt their companionship. Their existence was all I needed in my life from now on. I was at peace.

“There are twelve beings looking at me. They are the ones causing these revelations” I slowly revealed to her.

“What?”

“Yeah, twelve of them, but the first one is really who is talking to me. He talks to me in my soul.”

“Where are they?”

“Right there, from the east” I replied, pointing above her head.

“Are they angels?” turning to see if she could see them.

“I don’t know. They don’t have any wings or anything. They are just there in midair.”

“I can see the first one clearly, but the rest of them fade out” I continued.

Oddly enough, for a professor, this felt very natural for her at the time. She was as relaxed with it as I was and accepted it’s happening as a comfortable event.

“Wow!” she expounded.

“This is wonderful, Martha. I am so filled up I can’t believe it.”

We sat in a brief silence as their appearing filled the room with peace. I stared at them for a time and looked back at Martha, smiling while deeply aware of a new existence to my life.

“Would you like some water?” she asked me out of the silence.

“That would be great.”

Martha rose from the couch and began to walk to the kitchen for a glass of cool water. Following her, my head turned from looking to the east for the first time since they appeared.

Astonishment filled me when I noticed that my head was turned to the north and I could still see them in the east. I began to spin around with my eyes open and laughed out loud like a child having a wonderful time. This caused her to stop walking and look at me in wonderment.

“Martha! No matter where I turn they are always in the east, they don’t move. I can still see them as I spin around and I don’t lose sight of them” I exclaimed to Martha while smiling from ear to ear.

“Who is it that is talking to you” she asked.

I hadn't thought to ask, so I turned to look straight at him and a wave immediately passed through me.

"He is knowledge" I said as I turned back to her. "I think I'll call him Knowles."

Martha continued on to the kitchen to pour us a glass of water as I continued to spin and have fun in the living room.

"Here" she said and handed me a glass.

It was so clear and refreshing tasting, like water had never tasted before. I felt it go into my body to be absorbed by every cell. We returned to the couch and began having a very light and jovial conversation about my spinning around.

I was being taught in a way that I didn't know existed. It was the complete transference of knowledge to my soul. I laughed out loud as Martha smiled at me.

"They are here as friends to teach me." I said.

"What are they teaching you?" she asked.

"The existence of the spiritual realm. It has changed everything."

"Are you OK with it?"

"Oh yeah! This is great. They are wonderful."

"So this isn't uncomfortable for you?"

"Not at all. You should see the love coming from them."

"I wish I could. Maybe they'll come to me some day."

Her last statement passed right over my head because I was so engrossed with them. The flow continued from them as I was slowly being elevated in my feelings. I was becoming like them although I had a long way to go. I felt like a tuning fork and they were adjusting my pitch. With every moment that passed I felt higher and higher, being raised, if you will, in their dimension.

I went back and forth between putting my full attention on them and on Martha, keeping both in sight. At the same time, the qualities they radiated were being imparted to my soul as I felt myself transforming. And being with them, I desired nothing else.

KNOWLES - I COULD SEE MY SPIRIT

The energy of Divine Love swiftly filled me and I knew another wave was upon me. My emotions were not excluded, but my experience of this love surpassed them. I was swimming in an ocean of love. It was outside of me; it permeated me and originated from within me at the same time. It was eternal, with no end in sight, either in time or space.

From within this perception, an image of a human being appeared unlike any image I've ever seen. It had life and depth of existence, not like looking at a movie or picture. I was seeing myself without realizing it.

There was a translucent outline of a human body suspended within an oval array of light. The generic form or a template of the human body in which it will use to manifest into the physical realm. The body was attached to the oval at the solar plexus area where it derived its energy of existence. The human-shaped body that appeared to have its own unique light that was very soft looking and more dense than the oval. The body existed as an integrated extension of the oval with its own uniqueness.

The light body was a perpetual, eternal being with a conscious awareness. Millions of twinkling beams or fibers of colorful light were emanating from its center, extending out to form the shape of an oval. The predominant light was white which included the colors of the rainbow as twinkling moments within each light fiber. But it was not just light as we are accustomed to seeing with our eyes, it was the energy of life. It was exhilarating to experience and embodied the

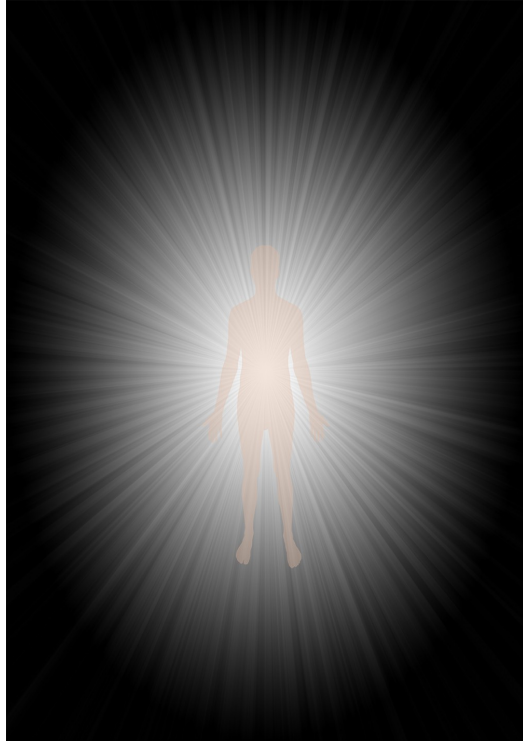
energy of Divine, which we translate as love. It felt like looking into the eyes of a baby who is just old enough to look back and smile.

I was seeing through the eyes of my soul instead of my physical sight, which are two entirely different capabilities of perception that exist for us. We can see the light energy of the oval only through our spirit because it resonates at a higher, less-dense vibration than the human form. The human form is without gender or physical details, like a template until it incarnates.

Its energy vibration resonates at a frequency somewhere between the spiritual realm and the physical realm. At the time of incarnation, the human form tunes itself to the frequency of the physical

realm in order to create its presence in the world. At the same time, our center of perception shifts from spirit consciousness into the human consciousness as our conscious reality is replaced by the reality of solely the human experience.

The limited five senses of our physical body are designed to perceive only the energy frequencies that resonate within the spectrum of the physical realm. The ability to see only the spectrum of energy that exists in the physical dimension is what gives us the illusion that everything exists as a solid form within a solid universe. Even the energy we use in the physical universe is made up of the dense frequencies.



I suspect that all physical matter comes into being within the cosmos from energetic templates formed within the spiritual realm then some consciousness causes it to manifest into physical form by lowering its vibration to resonate at the spectrum of energy and light of the physical realm.

This vision did not just appear in visual form but was completely experiential as well. I felt no separation between myself and the being of light, yet we were our unique selves. My human mind, centered around itself, translated his energy as an unconditional love toward me because I did not feel judged but loved for exactly who I was at that moment.

But from the perspective of my spirit, this being was the creation of the human being in its original form; both spiritually and physically flowing the energy of the Divine as its life-force. The oval light was the reflection of Divine Light or the very Divine Spirit itself. It was coupled and integrated with the human form. But it was a vision of myself as the infinite experiencing the finite. The Divine spirit infused together with the human as one.

This person was exactly whom he or she appeared to be, no mask, nothing hidden, but completely exposed and radiant. Love from God filled him in every way and poured out like a star shines its light in the heavens. His existence had the primary purpose of expressing love, not in the way I am used to, but love which is communicated to the soul.

He loved me as he looked at me and allowed me to see him. I saw no hint of selfishness or self-centered concern, but only an ever flowing concern for others. All his needs for existence were met, and he wanted nothing for himself, except to continue to radiate love.

The joy within this person was incredible, and had it not been conveyed to my soul, I would never have begun to grasp its depth. My best day on earth did not even touch the hem of his garment. This joy was

permanent as it continually flowed into him and then out, like a spring, ever flowing for eternity, never stagnating.

Peace, which transcended my understanding, glowed from him like the warmth of the sun. No fear or stress, no bad days, no hurried agenda, everything in his existence was by design, past, present and future. His primary focus was “being” love, allowing tasks to emerge.

I was shown how we struggle to attain to these qualities in this world as we find it difficult to grasp in our souls. We look at ourselves and others critically, not having a clue as to the existence of our real selves. The problems in our lives originate from our lack of connection with this spirit within us. Our focus is intensely on how we act rather than who we are, therefore, we can never become our true selves. The actions are to be the result, not the focus, and they should spring from love. Our cart is before the horse. When our eyes truly turn onto the wonderful dimension of God and who He is, then the dimension will open and we will see with the eyes of our soul.

His desire to see me understand this insight flowed from his smile as a friend. Then he left as swiftly as he appeared. I became aware of my surroundings again in Martha's living room as the intensity of the wave subsided.

“I saw the human spirit” I slowly said to Martha as I savored this precious gift from Knowles. I began to refer to him as “my friend Knowles” and delighted in his continual giving to me.

“What did it look like.” she asked, which began a fifteen minute conversation about the human spirit.

I began to detect my intellect wanting to take control in an attempt to grasp this concept. Analyzing began to feel uncomfortable, it was obviously a time to listen with an open heart, and mine was wide open. I’ve spent enough time in my life mucking up the waters with my

intellectual conclusions, and now this was coming at me with extreme clarity and I welcomed it.

Knowles and his friends remained in plain view and as time went on, they were becoming a normal part of my life.

I imagined myself working or participating in meetings with clients and seeing them in the background. Would they direct me on a daily basis, give me answers to problems? Will they be giving me words that could help others with their growth? But the best of all, I thought, their existence would help me to maintain a continual focus in the spiritual realm.

But that's all in the future, and right now I'm in seventh heaven.

KNOWLES – TRANSFORMED IN TO SPIRIT

“The energy flowing through me is indescribable, it has a life of its own, not simply a feeling, but like the substance that life is formed out of,” I spoke to Martha with great elation.

I felt light as a feather and completely energized. This is a state that once it is experienced, one never wants to live a normal existence again.

Just as soon as we had finished discussing the human spirit, Knowles worked his wonderful magic. The wave of knowledge began to surge through my body once again, only this time it felt slightly different from the others.

Within an instant, I was transformed into the spiritual being shown to me and the burdens of life were lifted. All the mortal and physical aspects of my life no longer existed, only the purity of life and love. I felt extremely light and buoyant, moving about effortlessly and suspended in a space that connected me to the rest of the universe rather than bound to the earth by gravity.

I was being fed by a continual energy and it flowed through me as quickly as it entered, never missing a beat. All the physical things of life took on a completely different meaning, all becoming trivial in comparison to the spiritual life.

I was allowed to experience the freedom from concerns of this world. I had no more worries or stress caused from my mortal life form. The struggle of making money in order to support myself and my family

became such an insignificant part of existence because the real support of life now came from within, not from the outside.

Life on earth was now an experience to be tasted and enjoyed for a brief time, but the desire to be absorbed in it was gone. It was like having a piece of fine chocolate that disappeared within a few bites, delicious while it existed, but eating too much makes you heavy and fat.

There was no end to existence, no past or future, just an eternal "Now." Time, as I've known it did not fit into this world.

Then I was taken on a journey through my mortal life and all the things that create stress for me. I saw my business life and the heaviness in comparison to how I was currently feeling. It felt thick and burdensome as I tried to control all the details associated to running a business. All this was within a split second but was communicated to me with such completeness.

I saw my car break down, myself stuck in heavy traffic, not having enough money to pay a bill, and a multitude of worries regarding decisions I've made over the years. All these were experienced with a heaviness attached to them along with this new state of being.

Faith that was beyond intellectual belief or "hope this will work out." accompanied me as I saw the situations all work out for the good, with no reason for undue stress. I knew that each situation was a teacher in this mortal realm and designed for my growth. I performed these tasks with all my heart, not for success, but because that was how a spiritual being existed, with all his heart. You see, there was nothing weighing me down. No matter the task, I experienced performing it with the utmost amount of energy. I experienced the lessons and growth from the hard times as those difficulties became my spiritual surgeon, exposing weaknesses in order to be healed. With this new attitude, I became like gold, with pain and suffering the fire that refined me.

I welcomed the refining process and experienced great joy in the spiritual growth that was achieved in such a short amount of time with such an attitude. I realized how dense I have been in learning from my life's struggles compared to this depth of growth I was now experiencing. There was not even a hint of negativity toward struggles, no complaining, no wishing that it was different.

I have basically considered myself to be a positive oriented person, but now I know what a positive attitude really feels like and how it acts. I was shown that to have a negative attitude, is the result of not being integrated with the spirit within. To Knowles, feelings of sadness, pain of loss and other similar emotions were not negative. Rather emotions such as anger, frustration, impatience (especially with others) were very damaging to our growth and any love we may possess. He showed me that they quench the spirit within.

Then I experienced something similar to a general life review and was able to see and experience the damage to my own life resulting from my not being connected with my spirit. There was no person or situation to blame. Even when something happened to me, the focus was on the damage done through my own negative response born out of not being integrated with my true eternal spirit.

Oh, how sweet the feeling of freedom from burdens. I felt that it had been given to me and I would live the rest of my life in such a manner. This gift would make life so full of peace and joy.

But then I thought of death? Would it not come one day and with it bring pain and sorrow?

KNOWLES - THROUGH THE CHASM OF DEATH

My soul was elevated far beyond expression. The intellectual ability to comprehend the experiences began to lessen and my evaluation process could no longer function in the capacity with which it was accustomed, so it graciously bowed out. There was a discernible difference between the thoughts and vibration of the cerebral cortex analytical processes and the understanding that was now coming completely from my soul or spirit. It appeared that my intellect was operating in a past tense mode, meaning each moment had already passed and what my intellect was attempting to do is analyze and make conclusions to determine how to proceed next. The process is normally so fast and I have become so accustomed to believe my thoughts that I cannot distinguish between the moment and my evaluation of it.

“I can’t explain what I am feeling, words don’t begin to touch what I am seeing.” I said to Martha.

“What do you mean?” she replied.

“I don’t know any words that even begin to describe it any more. I am still comprehending the physical realm, but I can no longer define the other.”

“Well, don’t worry about me, just go ahead.”

Right then, I felt a surge of elevation as my spirit soared to a new height of vibration. I was no longer aware of Martha’s presence or of being in her living room where my body sat. I didn’t care because I was

completely at peace. It was a wonderful place to be, so alive and filled with energy.

I found myself standing on the edge of a chasm and was being pulled from the other side. The chasm seemed to be void of the energy that existed in this realm and I could not see to the other side but knew something was there. I still felt connected to my body and vaguely remember looking down over my left shoulder and seeing myself and Martha sitting on the couch. I sensed an energetic thread attaching me to my body below and began feeling the desire to have it cut.

Then I was pulled from beyond the chasm at my solar plexus and felt the snapping of the chord attached to my body. As I passed through the threshold, I experienced the transformation from being a spirit bound to the earth (the physical dimension) into an eternal spirit connected to God and the entire universe. In an instant I was completely set free from death and all the fears associated to it. I was taken through the process of physical death and transformed into an eternal spirit, radiating like a star pulsating with light and love. This was breathtaking and overwhelming and yet felt so natural. I had gone home. This is what I have always sought and dreamed of in my life. This level of existence was freeing.

Knowles was leading me and it felt like he was holding my hand as we passed others, just like me, radiating love and light as they existed in eternal peace. Each one was unique, having their own identity without being separate from the others, we were all one, knit together in the same fabric of light. They were neither male or female but embodied the characteristics of both in harmonious oneness.

The very first one I encountered beautifully smiled from his core as I felt the energy of his being transparently conveyed to me. He was filled with love and excitement for me because he knew me and where I was being led. My heart went out to him like a best friend I've known all my life as I smiled back with my soul.



I looked up at Knowles to verify the friendship and compassionate understanding I just felt and he conveyed to me complete transparency and love between beings here. This is when I noticed a distinction between Knowles and these other beings. Like me, they too were of the human category of spirit but Knowles existed as a different being. Knowles was uniquely different than us both in energy but his true form was shrouded from me. I had the sense he was projecting an image of himself that I would be able to grasp. Knowles was twice my height and was leading me by the hand like the older brother of a little child. This is when I realized that Knowles' friends were not visually present, it was just him leading me.

Turning back to the others, as I passed each of them, my experience was the same as the first one. There was a complete transparency from one being to another and no aspect of our existence was withheld from each other. We were as one yet unique. They were all the same oval array of light that Knowles showed me earlier.

However, the visual sense (as in seeing) was the least important of the senses available to me. There were other senses that I was completely unfamiliar with and cannot begin to describe. There was the ability to

experience each other as being one, not separate, yet unique, with the uninterrupted flow of the energy that constitutes existence itself, which mortals vaguely discern and translate as love.

I loved all of them fully as we existed in eternal love, desiring or needing absolutely nothing, for we were all filled with the very energy of life. We possessed the full qualities of the male and female aspects, which made us neither one or the other, but both. Here, the male and female were joined together within everyone as whole beings. The duality of gender was created only upon incarnation into human form.

Nobody was exclusively bound to another (as in having a mate) but we were bound to one another through the energy of Divine Love. Pain, suffering and loneliness did not exist, in fact, it was not even thought of. The deep sorrows had left my existence and was replaced with radiant peace. Selfishness was impossible to conceive of because the great love of God left no room for any quality that did not originate from love.

After we passed all the others, I became aware of the fact that my physical body still lived in the company of a good friend who was watching me, wondering where I was and what was occurring inside of me. This awareness returned me to the couch as my physical sight came back into focus and I saw Martha looking straight at me, peacefully waiting for the wave to finish.

“I died.” I said with a smile.

The pause within my heart was transferred through my eyes and for a moment, our conversation was suspended. She deeply looked into my eyes, holding sacred space for me until I spoke again. The others had taught me a new way of knowing someone and it was lingering into our relationship.

She did not speak but I could see it in her eyes. “You didn't die. I've been with you and you were breathing with your eyes wide open. You did seem to check out but you were still here.”

“It was wonderful. I didn't want to come back.”

“Physical Death is not the end.”

“Did you feel any pain? Your body went completely stiff and your eyes looked blank. I thought you were taken.” she asked.

“There is no pain beyond the physical. Once the connection to my body was released, then everything associated to it was also let go.”

“You didn't see my mother, did you?” smiling hopefully.

“No... But I know the pain she felt at the end of her life was released from her when she crossed over.”

Martha's life passed before my eyes like a movie, reeling through her deepest emotions. Great compassion for the pain she felt from her mother's passing flowed through me.

“Do you think she is still alive in her spirit?”

“Absolutely! Our true consciousness doesn't die, only the human-self when our body expires. Our life-force continues onto a wonderfully designed existence, so much so, that I did not want to return.

She was comforted and we hugged. Tears of relief flowed from her heart onto my shoulder.

KNOWLES - THREE SPIRITUAL REALMS

The sound of vibrations became visceral. Recognizing my own being's vibration, a force began to tune it upward, faster, higher, similar to the Lucasfilm THX sound effect from the movie theaters. My internal self was being elevated while my human self was fading out of sight.

The First Spiritual Realm

My soul's sight expanded into the deep hum of cosmic vibration, the sound of blending the physical universe with the first spiritual realm. The sound of the life-force infusing itself into molecular structure, I became one with the pulsating atoms of our solar system. This was the realm Knowles presented himself to me, the closest realm to my human vibration, and the realm densifying Divine energy into the physical.

The sensation was like rising up into the the atmosphere through the clouds while sight of the ground disappeared. Holding this space for an undetermined amount of time, returning was like descending back though the clouds.

Martha and the couch reappeared, but I had no words. I could not even translate the experience into language within my mind. We sat in peace.

The Second Spiritual Realm

My vibration was higher than I've ever experienced and I could not conceive anything being higher, until they began tuning me up again.

This time, they vibrated me through the first realm, continuing upward into another distinct dimension. As far as the human realm is to the first spiritual real, so this one was beyond the first. My conscious human awareness could not pass through the first realm into the second, it was left behind.

Upon being tuned back down, awareness of the first realm returned and my awareness of the human came back into view. There she was, on the couch watching me.

The only thing I was able to bring back from this dimension, was the deep wonderful feeling of being somewhere beyond everything else I've been shown. Internally, I shared my energy with her because the speed and height of my vibration was so elevated, controlling my body was diminished by the chasm between the two. I could not talk or respond.

The Third Spiritual Realm

Sitting with Martha, I was elevated beyond recognition, like a spirit in a strange land. Perfectly existing in both realms, past and future dissolved into a singularity of the exact moment. My mind, ceasing to think, gave way to the experience of oneness. Individual existence vanished. My love for Martha felt Divine because I had become love, even though her presence next to me had all but vanished from sight.

My body froze and disconnected. Traveling upward again, through the frequencies of the first two realms, my vibration shot through the roof as I entered into a third spiritual realm. Neither of the first two realms could grasp the third, therefore, my only recollection is an existence beyond the beauty of the second realm.

Different than forgetting, the first two dimensions were incapable of seeing the third dimension just like my eyes cannot see the full spectrum of light. I passed back into myself while the complete oneness dissolved.

I struggled internally to remember, like waking from an intense dream, having the memory on the tip of my tongue, but never being able to recapture the images. I could feel the vibration as distant remnants, leaving breadcrumbs of energy within my being.

My vibration was on a downward slope, becoming acquainted with the physical dimension all over again. Recognizing myself reemerging into my body as a non-physical entity, I could not consciously control my body yet. Reacquainting with my body took a moment. Breathing felt strange, then sight returned to my eyes. I saw Martha and wanted to share my experience, but language could not be found to express.

“Hi.” was the only thing that could emerge from energy, into thought, then translated into words. Filled with love, I was genuinely happy to see her.

As the words between us began to flow, I noticed Martha was getting tired. Almost an hour passed without any major waves and I felt myself settling away from elation into a state of peaceful euphoria.

“I wish you could feel what I'm feeling right now. I am filled in every way.”

Words and mental thoughts left us as the silence of peaceful emotions filled the room. My vibration continued to lower, alerting me that the imparting of knowledge through Knowles was coming to an end.

It's a good thing I cannot see into the future, because if I could, I would have tried to avoid the final wave with every ounce of my strength.

KNOWLES – THE TASK

“WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND ALL I HAVE SHOWN YOU, YOU WILL BE WHO YOU TRULY ARE. THIS IS YOUR TASK, AND WHEN COMPLETED, EACH OF THE OTHERS, IN THEIR TIME WILL COME TO YOU. THIS IS YOUR PREPARATION FOR WHAT IS TO COME.”

“It’s almost morning and I’m getting pretty tired. Do you have any idea how much longer this is going to last.” she replied leaning back against the couch with tired eyes.

“Wow, I had no idea so much time had passed. I hope it never ends. I hope I see them for the rest of my life. The last thing on my mind is sleep, but I can see you’re ready for it, so feel free.”

Martha slowly pulled herself up from her comfortable position on the couch and went to the bathroom. In the mean time I sat back and gazed up at Knowles, feeling a tremendous sense of contentment.

“Wow, this is what my life will be from now on.” I realized how much has been missing from my life.

“Why couldn’t I have had this experience years ago, what’s different now?”

My mind wandered, replaying various scenes throughout my life, the good, the bad and the ugly. I saw flaws, layers of emotional pain and false perceptions exposed through life’s circumstances in order that they

may be purged from my life. Sometimes I viewed them as a lesson, other times I buried the pain, not knowing it would come out sideways.

Seeing Divine Love as the energy of existence, flowing through me as my life-force, funneled through the filter of my human mask, into the language of human thought, to emerge out the other side as a diminished version adapted to the human psyche. My greatest experience of human love, merely one percent of the possibility at best, became my standard and aligned with the world.

Immersing me into the unfathomable stream of existence by removing the human veil, transformed me within moments, into an entirely different type of human being. Transparent humans completely fulfilled through the eternal energy of Divine Love, I wondered if this reality is what humans will eventually evolve into.

Then it hit... Like a tidal wave. All night waves of elation came upon me, creating great joy and peace, but this wave hurt.

Great fear ripped through the core of my being. Not fear of being harmed, but fear of being caught in a lie. Pulling back the curtain to my human-self, I became both the deceiver and the deceived.

“I am undone..! I am trapped within myself..! What will I do?” I was suspended in time without hope of escape.

I became spirit. Then something like a holographic fortress surrounded my human mind, shifting my consciousness from spirit to human by reflecting back to me my human oriented beliefs, thoughts, perceptions and limited physical senses in an array that resembled a stained-glass window. I absolutely believed what I thought to be true.

This mask, or veil (as I named it), is the shadow that filters out the higher vibrations of light emanating from The Divine through my soul.

The purpose of this veil is to effectively cause the densification of the energy of Divine light to solidify into what I can only perceive as a solid physical realm, turning my reality of a spiritual entity into a physical entity. Incorrectly defining it as the real-world, I could no longer see beyond my human-self.

This was the first lie I told myself and the lie from which all others are formed. This created the first pain, the pain of loss of direct connection with Divine Love and the pain from which all other pains evolve.

They showed me that as I've looked out from my human mind, through the years, my beliefs, self image and perceptions are constantly re-formed because they are based on the current condition of my mask.

Everything my human-self knows, including my spiritual beliefs and my interpretation of spiritual or religious text, is the result of truth being filtered through my mask. Therefore, to the human, truth is relative. If I cannot viscerally feel the presence of the energy of Divine Love, my mind formulates false conclusions and believes them as reality.

Knowles came to expose me to myself (please allow me to introduce myself) from outside my human consciousness. Removing the mask shifted my vantage point to see from outside my own ego (that which creates the awareness of the human-self, "I"). This changed everything.

A great sorrow washed over me.

But then a wave of knowledge... I understood what triggered this event. It was my sustained genuine desire to return to, not spiritual practice, but the presence of divine itself. I wanted to see God again.

At the age of eleven, I had a near-death-like experience, but without the death. I was taken up into a white-light and immersed into the presence of an indescribable love emanating from a divine being. This set the trajectory of my life towards intermittent experiences every three to five years because of my unquenchable desire to always return.

In between, I traversed all the dramas of life, exposing everything not originating from Divine Love, that I may choose to purge or retain. And for me personally, was a plethora to work through.

And so, it appears the human mask is designed to open as the heart-felt desire to see the divine outweighs all other desires. When this desire rises to the pinnacle of all other human desires, without rival, the veil is temporarily removed. This knowledge is one of the things they left me with.

I looked at Knowles, emanating this same love, and this is where he became my friend.

Then he spoke to me through the energy of knowledge:

“WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND ALL I HAVE SHOWN YOU, YOU WILL BE WHO YOU TRULY ARE. THIS IS YOUR TASK, AND WHEN COMPLETED, EACH OF THE OTHERS, IN THEIR TIME WILL COME TO YOU. THIS IS YOUR PREPARATION FOR WHAT IS TO COME.”

The dimension closed and they were no more.

The direct flow of divine energy was cut and I was overcome with the great pain of loss of Divine Love. Tears flooded my eyes. Gasping for air as the pit of my stomach curled up into a giant knot, I breathed out long sighs of pain and grief. Jumping up, I ran outside crying out to the heavens for Knowles to return, but they were gone.

While experiencing great emotional pain, the elation joy and peace were inexplicably intertwined within my psyche as if dancing together.

The gentle clanging of sailboats rocking in the breeze, calmed me as I wiped my eyes. It was done... It was over... And now I had to get up.

I said goodbye to Knowles, knowing that a veil was all that kept me from him. Walking off the dock, we sat back on the couch as I mournfully told her about the last wave. This was the only wave that occurred without her being present.

Minor waves continued to come upon me, giving me more insight into how the mask is formed. I saw that my definition of myself wasn't all together wrong, but very incomplete, leaving out the most important aspect of being a real live spiritual entity first and the physical being a temporary shell to exist in for a time.

"The two must integrate if I am to become whole." I said as the concept passed through the depths of my being.

"How are you going to do that?" Martha asked after I told her of the task before me.

"I have no idea! How I will do this without them? All I want right now is to be with Knowles again, I miss him so much that it hurts."

"What time is it? I'm exhausted." I asked.

"It's almost 5 am" she stated with a yawn.

"Let's go to sleep now, it's over." I said, depleted of energy.

I wanted to sleep so I would feel no pain. We remained silent. Her loving embrace was comforting.

"I so happy you were with me through this. Thank you for being so accepting of the situation." I said.

"I feel honored to have been here, I just wish we had thought to ask if I could see them as well. Make me a promise. The next time they appear..."

"It's a promise." I interrupted and hugged her again. We lay silent.

“What were they preparing me for? What kind of task? When will this be? Are the other eleven going to come to me?” A thousand thoughts raced through my awe-struck emotionally drained mind.

Remembering the beauty and greatness of all I was shown, I smiled as joy surged through my body, followed by sorrow to be consumed by joy again and again. Drifting off into a deep sleep, the sorrow vanished.

Then there was peace.

KNOWLES – SEEING EMOTIONAL PAIN AS ENERGY

EMOTIONAL PAIN IS THE PERCEIVED ABSENCE OF DIVINE LOVE

Waking suddenly after a few hours of deep sleep, my state of mind was overflowing with the sense of a new life. Excited and filled with joy, I opened the glass door onto the back patio to see the sun's brightness illuminating the sailboats. It was a new day, full of life and the lingering presence of Knowles. The air was cool and the grass, especially green as if gently lit. The vast blue sky expanded my awareness of the enormity of the earth's globe.

Then my body flushed with the emotion of sadness as I remembered the last wave. Both the elation of joy and depth of sadness, coexisting at the same time made me realize that the sadness originates within my human-self and the joy originates in my spiritual-self.

“How in the world am I going to become what they showed me? What if I fail?” I thought, feeling grossly inadequate.

“Good morning, how did you sleep last night?” Martha said with a yawn as she came around the corner into the living room.

“Peacefully. How about you?”

“Short but sweet. Wow, what a night..! Any more waves?”

Sensations of love flooded my abdomen. I paused, looking at her... Surrounding her was as a faint oval array of light.

“What! What is it? Another wave?” she asked.

“Wow!” I blurted out as chills ran up my spine.

“It’s happening again, isn’t it?”

“I just saw your spirit for a second... it was beautiful.” explaining what it looked like.

Martha began getting ready for work as I brewed vanilla nut coffee. Moving felt like passing through spiritually energized air and I noticed everything in the room.

“I have to go but stay as long as you like.” she said hurriedly while gathering her things. Embracing in the kitchen, we looked into each other's eyes in silent compassion.

“Here's your coffee. I’m going to meditate on the beach.”

It was Friday and fortunately my schedule didn’t warrant visiting any of my clients today, I was free to enjoy the day. Walking onto the beach, I nestled myself in the sand, cross-legged and sitting up straight. Content and intrigued, I closed my eyes half-way.

Gazing over the calm ocean, I settled into the familiar calm state of diminished thought. Passing in front of me, a man caught my eye.

A twinkling star, radiating out a few feet out from his body to form an oval, filled me with compassion. Sensing his life’s struggles, I felt the unhappiness of his existence in the pit of my stomach. He had closed himself off to the awareness of deep emotional pain. Seeing his spirit buried underneath, my heart wept, without a critical thought.

The sun moved across the sky as each person's spirit passed before me. Experiencing the compassionate non-judgmental love of Knowles, their lives were transparent, their struggles, the threads of human existence. I knew them... They were me!

At the core of their unhappiness was a recurring theme, the inability to touch into the flow of Divine Spirit. Without knowing the presence of this love, they were lost, adrift in a sea of emptiness, paddling in circles with their human desires toward temporary fulfillment while avoiding touching the emotional pains of life. Their burred pains becoming layers of false perceptions further distancing themselves from their own spirit.

Then a unique and beautiful spirit passed before me. A physically adept women, jogging, splashing in the surf with each beat, adorning a clear spirit, unfettered by emotional pain. Her spiritual beauty was unmatched. I watched her until no longer visible. I saw the possibility.

Evening was closing in and I finally moved from my spot. Walking along the strip on A1A, people, as spiritual beings strolled by. Such wonderment accompanied by deep emotional pains was a mirror unto my soul. When my emotions matched their pains, I felt overwhelming sadness.

I went home, jumped in the shower and cried. As the hot water was streaming over me I felt as if I were under a waterfall and a wave came upon me, reminding me of the wonderfulness of all creation. I laughed with joy as I felt flooded with a peace which permeated my soul.

Drying myself off, I unplugged the phone and crawled into bed to rest. I felt drained and full of energy at the same time, and as I drifted off, I looked forward to being with Martha again.

Over the next few days, the waves of realizations weakened. It was an emotional roller coaster for me, going back and forth from elation to sadness, but the sadness was growing and with it came the feelings of

fear of inadequacy toward this impending task that may present itself at any moment.

Would they return? When? How am I to accomplish their task for me? What will the others impart to me? What did he mean by this is my preparation for what is to come?

Wanting Knowles to return so badly but at the same time I was afraid. The power of their realm was so far above my understanding, I felt completely inadequate as a human comparing himself to Divine.

Two weeks of experiencing people's pain was as much sorrow as I could handle. After being amongst people all day, I came home, jumped in the shower and cried until the water turned cold. I was at the end of myself and asked for the ability to see people's pain to be removed as I drifted off to sleep.

That night I had an intensely profound dream about the layers of emotional pain and false perceptions that exist between my conscious awareness and Divine mind. My eyes looked out into the world to see exactly what I normally see, a physical realm with solid objects.

A golden key was placed in my right as my arm stretched out. When the key was turned clockwise 45 degrees, an ember appeared, burning away the fabric of the physical as if a thin veneer. Crackling away a hole large enough to reveal another realm behind it, less energetically dense than the physical. There were shapes and forms but not the impression of solid mass.

My hand raised the key again through the physical hole into this new realm and turned in the same fashion. Another ember appears and began burning a hold in this dimension, crackling like before, unlocking yet another dimension behind it with properties even less dense energy.

One more time my hand raised the key but it did not turn. I had reached the end of my natural ability to open the next realm, not because there was something wrong with me, but because I had to evolve as a being first.

The next day, people's spirits were no longer visible to me, nor was their pain.

Going through a period of time over the next few months of feeling completely alone, I began searching for anyone who had a genuine similar experience. I met many people and heard many stories but none like mine. I wanted so desperately to be mentored by someone who knew, but alas, I did not find anyone. I began reading books about near-death experiences and they seemed closest to my experience. This caused me to look inward instead of outward.

For the next two and a half years, I woke up every day with exuberant anticipation of their possible return and doing everything I could to accomplish the task. I tried with all my heart to fulfill the last words of Knowles, but did not know how.

“WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND ALL I HAVE SHOWN YOU, YOU WILL BE WHO YOU TRULY ARE. THIS IS YOUR TASK, AND WHEN COMPLETED, EACH OF THE OTHERS, IN THEIR TIME WILL COME TO YOU. THIS IS YOUR PREPARATION FOR WHAT IS TO COME.”

From the time of Knowles in 1994 through 1999, my life had become about revealing the layers of my humanity in order to achieve their task.

Deciding to spend as much time as possible focusing on loving and being with my kids, I scaled down my overhead and cut my consulting hours down to 20 – 25 hours per week, just for one year. Well, it ended up being such a quality of life change, that it continues to this day.

Our lives became one adventure after another. We went everywhere in a radius around Fort Lauderdale, exploring new places all the time. Growing up in Lauderdale, I showed them many places from my childhood and of course told all these stories. It was fun and we laughed to much.

I loved meditating for hours on end. Once I meditated on the beach at Las Olas Boulevard in Fort Lauderdale and set my intention for my conscious attention to emerge when the light from the full moon rising over the Atlantic illuminated my eyelids. When my eyes opened, the full moon was half way into the horizon line and it was beautiful.

But in all my meditations, I never experienced the level of spirit awakening like my other experiences when I sought to see God.

I began to see so much beauty in front of me as life became a spiritual adventure. My two kids, Chris and Ashtyn, were right there with me through this whole process and I did not withhold sharing all things with them. They fully embraced everything.

On nights without my kids, I turned my attention toward helping others with their spiritual journey and resolving their emotional pain. I would leave the house, follow my intuition to go to a general area and wait to connect with someone.

I was no longer feeling the intense pain of others like the two weeks after Knowles so I able to be uplifted myself and encouraging to others.

Becoming the observer of myself, I watched my own evolution from the confines of limited religious beliefs and practices into an experiential being walking this planet. It took some time and my mind did not let go so easily. Being indoctrinated from birth to think like the masses, I began watching myself released from the confines of my own mind. I began to know how little I knew. Knowles, allowing me to see my own mask, was a monumental wake-up call and turning point in my growth.

Claire & The Civil War Man

ALESE: MANIFESTED FROM INTENTION

1995

A few months after Knowles, Martha and I chose to no longer be romantically involved with each other. She wanted to have a child but there were no more offspring in my being. Our friendship continued and we saw each other on a regular basis. She is a wonderful woman and my love and fondness for her never went away.

As my heart searching for a specif type of woman, I wrote a heart-felt letter with specific details then meditated. Here is the original list from early 1995:

Relationship with a Woman:

- Strong spiritual base with Christian and New Age blend.
- In great shape.
- On her own spiritual growth path.
- Blonde.
- Passionate and sensual.
- Physically compatible.
- Deals with the roots of personal issues, not just surface.
- Positive, not given to anger or attitudes.
- No children, or one that connects well with me.

As soon as I finished saving the letter and turning off my computer, the phone rang. It was Phil, some random guy I met a few weeks earlier who wanted to hang out with me. He was calling me from Coco Pazzo's on Commercial Blvd. In Ft. Lauderdale, a restaurant and bar with live music and a dance floor, inviting me to join him.

Food, music and dancing, but I'm not really in the mood so I told him I'm going to pass. We hung up and the urge to go arose, so I went. Walking across the parking lot, I could see the place was packed and the last thing I felt like was to be shoulder to shoulder with all those people.

About to turn around, my eyes landed on a blonde looking at me with an electrifying gaze. The only open seat was the stool next to her at the sidewalk bar. With her smile, she invited me to sit. She was beautiful and we were instantly enamored with each other.

Being a yoga instructor she loved movement and being an ex dancer, we had such a wonderful time dancing and talking until closing. The more I learned about her, I realized she was the embodiment of my letter.

We dated for a number of months and it was revealed that my presence had opened up a long-time wound of hers. She had wanted a baby but her long-term marriage partner did not, so she never had one. This left her with—hope deferred make the heart sick.

For months I genuinely considered the possibility of marriage and having another child because I truly did love her. But it was not in me energetically and my vasectomy made it a bit difficult.

One Sunday morning we woke up together and she was crying, saying that as long as we are together she cannot dispel the desire for a baby. She left and my heart felt as if it was ripped away from my being.

We saw each other a number of times after that until it became clear to both of us that in spite of our love for each other, we cannot be together.

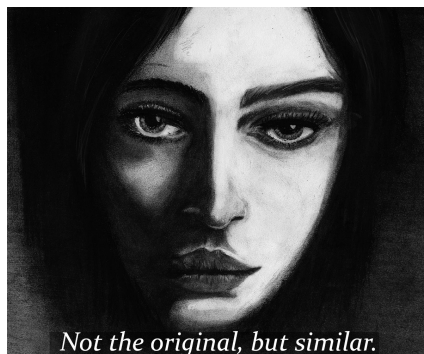
CLAIRE – THE CHARCOAL WOMAN

A few weeks after meeting Alese, I was cooking when I went into the next room. Minutes later, the smoke alarm went off. Rushing back into the smoke filled kitchen, searing pain ripped through my abdomen, dropping me to the floor, doubled over.

Hearing the sound of burning food, I forced myself up to move the pan off the heat. The smoke smelled like wood instead of food and the alarm was sounding but I could not get up.

A dimension opened. The stark face of Claire, my dark hair, dark eyed wife screaming at the window was being consumed by fire. I curled up in a ball, crying for 10 minutes.

Hours later, I came across my sketch book from years ago next to Ashtyn's bed. There she was, the woman in my vision was the same woman I sketched with charcoal hundreds of time since childhood.



Not the original, but similar.

For the longest time, I found myself exclusively attracted to dark-haired, dark-eyed women who carried an air of melancholy or pain. An unconscious drive compelled me, the hope that love might somehow mend their unseen wounds.

But, alas, it appears I was powerless to do so. Their pain, beyond my reach, only reflected my own own pain. It too alluded my healing.

THE CIVIL WAR MAN: CLAIRE'S HUSBAND

Next month, Alese invited me to a past-life regression session. Being well outside my wheelhouse of belief systems, I reluctantly joined her with expectations of hearing a bunch of emotionally driven and possibly delusional people puff themselves up. With a closed mind, I sat in a circle of seven people, ready to keep quiet in respect for Alese.

The session started with a short meditation. The host asked if anyone had something to say. My head filled with light as my consciousness faded into the background as if looking over my shoulder. Another consciousness, but still myself, came forward to replace it. With my eyelids closed, I saw everyone as energy in human form.

Standing up, I said "I have something to say." Eyelids remaining closed, I moved from person to person, kneeling on their left side, touching just above their knee. When touching them, their emotional pain came into view within my soul and I spoke to each one in a way that helped them with their pain... Until I reached very the last person.

The stocky man with a beard leaned backward and as I touched his leg, a dimension opened while gripping me with the same pain from the kitchen. Then the vision began.

Loosing complete sight of the room, the whirring bullets flew past my head followed by a distant crack. Crouching behind a large fallen tree at the edge of a bright green meadow loading my gun, I hear the splat of a soldier's chest being hit by a bullet. The next thing I saw was the red, saturating his gray uniform with both our rifles laying on the ground.

Scooping him up in my arms, his body tensed as he mustered his final words, “Take care of Claire.”

Watching the life leave his eyes, I said “I will, my friend.”

Surviving the war and keeping my promise, I looked after Claire. In time, we fell deeply in love. A love so completely fulfilling, I desired nothing else.

Years later, walking down the path to our home, smoke began billowing at a distance and I began running. A blazing fire was consuming the house when her face appeared in the window emanating sheer terror and pain. Her hands pushing on the glass, she looked at me as she fell.

The house burnt down to smoldering charcoal. The image of her face indelibly imprinted on my mind with the fierce pain of loss of love. I failed at keeping her safe and in fulfilling my promise to a dying man. I carried this energy even into my own death.

The vision ended. Looking up the man was crying. Memories of a Civil War battle overwhelmed him. Unusually enthralled by the Civil War his entire life, he created a model-size reenactment of a Civil War battle scene in his basement.

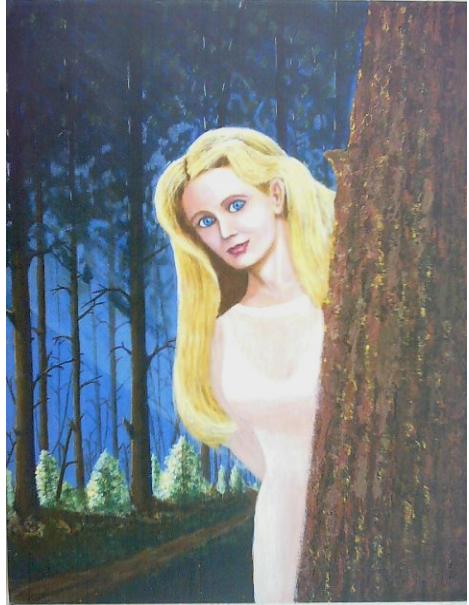
Then I shared with him my vision. He took a deep breath, leaned back into his chair and wiped his eyes.

“I’m done... It’s over.” Describing how he turned his entire basement into a Civil War scene and how obsessed he was with it, he now felt he could let it go, he felt healed somehow. I could see the energy within him was neutralized. He was at peace. And so with me also.

There was much discussion amongst everyone about the unexpected turn of events and people questioned me about what I spoke to each one individually. I was answering but my attention was toward the shifting of energy within my own being, away from the past toward the future.

Two years later in 1997, the image of a woman with yellow hair and a pure heart appeared in my head. A powerful urge to paint her in full color sent me to buy canvas and paints the next day. Without any experience, I began painting until completed.

This image was imprinted on my mind, causing me to search the eyes of women, unconsciously waiting to recognize my painting. I tucked the painting away when I moved and the memory of it's existence slowly faded over the next 14 years.



Recovery

DELRAY BEACH, FL - 2000

1999 rolled around and I hadn't had a drink for over eight years simply because I didn't want to alter my state of mind artificially. During these years, I would go out with friends to bars and restaurants and even though they drank, I would always order cappuccino or a tonic and lime.

One night I went into a French restaurant on Las Olas boulevard and sat at the bar, waiting for a friend. I was about to order a cappuccino when the word Merlot came out of my mouth. During my days as a gourmet waiter, expensive red wine always created a mystique, but I didn't give it much thought and drank the wine slowly and enjoyed my friends.

The next day, I bought a bottle of Sangria, mixing it with orange juice, it was quite tasty. However, very quickly I moved to beer and within a few weeks and found myself drinking a couple of beers a day. Then I would go for a week without anything only to be followed by more beer. This continued escalating over the next six months until I realized that I need help stopping.

Not knowing anything about AA, the thought was planted in my mind to check it out, so my first introduction was at a large men's meeting. As people began sharing their stories, it was funny how they all started with the same intro: "Hi, I'm Joe and I'm an alcoholic." Then everyone replied in concert... "Hi Joe." Their response was an immediately accepting and non-judgmental attitude of the person sharing.

Recovery

But I didn't understand their laughing about their drunken escapades (something I came to understand and do myself). They kept referring to some Big Book as if it was their Bible. I really didn't get it at first. But I kept bringing my focus back to my own problems until, toward the very end of the meeting, I broke down and cried, hiding my face and tears as best a possible.

Their stories were the same as mine, but that's not why I broke down. It was because there was already an entire book written about my inability to stop drinking. In this room, I was no longer unique, drinking had reduced me to a low common denominator and it made me sad.

Raising my hand, I expressed my feelings. Afterward, Ron introduced himself and I asked him for help with all this. "Are you willing to do whatever I ask?"

Oh boy, did that invoke so many instances of my experiences with the church leaders. So I balked and he said think about it and walked away.

The next day, I heard him share and felt he could help me. "I will give myself to your mentoring for the next year and will do what you ask of me, whether I like it or not." For I've already experienced the benefit of mentorship multiple times and knew that it was not the mentor's ability but the student's willingness to evolve from one state of mind to another.

His first suggestion that I move out of my house with my son and go live in a half-way house for the next six months. Man, I fought this idea for the next two hours (so much for willingness) until he sat back in the booth at Denny's and said, "I just don't think you're going to make it."

Frustrated, I went to the bathroom. And just in case you may not know, enlightenment doesn't seem to be a respecter of my privacy. So there I am, standing at the urinal when it felt like the top of my head opened and a breath of life filled my mind with "He's right!"

All the fight drained from my being like someone pulled the plug. Returning to the booth, sitting down I looked at him with defeat in my eyes... “You're right. Tell me what to do.”

He proceeded to take me to two different horrible looking half-way houses around 10pm. I hated the idea of moving into a place like this.

The next day we went to visit The Lighthouse, and according to him, the best game in town. With a solid reputation, this 60 bed sober living facility was previously a health spa, but I could only see the front porch and there were no tours at that time.

The front porch of this historic house was converted into a welcoming office. It was January and chilly for Florida. Peering into the house, I saw a man, who reminded me of Christopher Walken, standing in front of a beautiful stone fireplace drinking a cup of hot chocolate. It was Ronnie, one of the staff, not knowing we would become good friends.

“This is it! This is the place! I want to move in here.” I said to Ron imagining myself around the fire with that hot cup of something. This was going to be my recovery.

“There's a 10 day waiting list, do you want me to put you on it?” I was upset. 10 days with nowhere to sleep. How was I going to do it? “Yes” I said and commenced to visit there everyday until a bed opened up.

For the first two weeks, I was put in a small studio cottage for two, with a kitchen and bathroom. The other bed was unoccupied for the moment. I had the place to myself and relaxed. I even began painting again, putting the final touches on my 1997 painting of the blonde woman in my vision.

One day I came home from work and there he was... roommate. Yuk! My peace was shattered. He had boils over his body and sharing the same shower gave me the creeps. I moaned and complained to the staff, but they didn't go for it, I just had to live with it. After praying for three

Recovery

days, I woke up and he was gone, snuck out during the night. My happiness was so conditional at that time.

Ron started a 6:30 am AA meeting every weekday at Central House, which became my daily routine before work. I went to this meeting every morning for the next year, not just for myself, but I began sponsoring others.

It was emotionally difficult in the beginning, thinking myself to be a piece of shit again (common vernacular amongst drunks). My low self-esteem created a plethora of emotions. So Ron put me on the Broom Assignment for two weeks. Every day after work, I was to sweep all the sidewalks and concrete areas on the property. But the worst part, I could not tell anyone the reason why. This sucked for the first week.

When a resident breaks the rules, they receive a Karma (a chore that benefits the community). Everyone assumed I kept getting Karmas. I wanted to tell them so bad so that they would see me differently, but I held my tongue. The second week, I no longer cared and quietly swept, no longer resisting. This taught me the personal value of doing something good without telling anyone or expecting anything in return. I was the beneficiary.

As soon as that was complete, I went on the “Just say no!” assignment. For two weeks, if any resident from the half-way house asks something of me, I have to look them in the eyes and say no without further explanation. Rides, cigarettes, money, any request... just say no.

Jim T. was the first at the Lighthouse to receive my no. After a meeting, he asked to be driven to a pharmacy for his medication and then back so he wouldn't be late for his early curfew. I stumbled with fear, knowing how he would perceive me. “No” followed by a silent gaze and a blank face not giving away how bad I felt.

My response shocked him with disbelief, especially since we shared the same sponsor. Immediately, I hated this assignment. But this caused me to make the internal commitment I would never break relationship with him and would help him in any way possible. 24 years and still great friends.

Requests for smokes, money, rides over the next week earned me the nickname asshole bob. I hated that people saw me that way. Mid-second week, I became so distraught that Ron said I could say “No and I'll tell you why on Friday.”

Cute woman, always mooching cigarettes from guys. Seeing me pull out my smokes in the Green room (community room), she asked. “No”. This bothered her to no end, her voice got loud calling me names. “I'll tell you why on Friday.” put an end to her rant as she left.

Friday at 5pm I walked into the Green room, a dozen residents waiting, asking to hear why, especially the ones that got the no from me. Sitting down, preparing how I was going to express my sponsor driven assignment, I pondered how I felt. I looked at everyone and spoke.

“I had every intention of explaining myself, but now I no longer feel the need to.” and walked out the door.

The lesson was, how much the desire to be liked by others held me in the chains of not being able to be my own person. I was freed that day and have continued to remain free of what others think.

While all this was going on, one of Ron's first instructions was to read the first three steps from the Big Book and then to memorize and recite them out loud every morning before my day started. So, with my cup of sugar drenched coffee, puffing one cigarette for each step while considering what it meant, I did just that every morning for 10-15 minutes. What I enjoyed the most about this assignment was the coffee, sugar and cigarettes.

Recovery

The first step of admitting I was an Alcoholic and that my drinking had made life unmanageable, quickly became a no brainer for me. Watching a video called “The Hijacked Brain”, fifteen minutes of people drinking and using drugs, I discovered my malady was simple. My brain is wired to crave alcohol, especially hops, once it's in me. What a relief to know.

The second step, “Came to believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity”, I did not believe. It was not the “Could” but the “Would”, for I believed I had forsaken my relationship with that power. Believing my spiritual and emotional thought processes had been damaged beyond repair, saying the second step out loud was like ripping off a band-aid every day and reopening a wound that won't heal.

It was a horrible reminder that I had turned away from my greatest love, becoming a piece of shit once again (in the common vernacular). Tears would always begin to form as I felt God had discarded me, not so much because of my drinking, but after I through my drink in the air and cursed him for making me this way. Even if I stop drinking, my walk with Divine was over and it would never be restored.

This was my plight with the second step. To recite something every day that would never happen. Hope had fled from me and I was just left with the mechanics of performing a task. I did it not because I believed, but because I gave my word to do whatever Ron suggested.

The third step was even worse. I was so far from turning my will and life over to the care of God because I truly believed I was worthy of being abandoned to trudge through the rest of my life without knowing his visceral presence ever again.

Three months passed and while my physical life was being restored, my spiritual life seemed over. I was living on the memory of days gone by and covered my deep pain below the surface of the average person's ability to discern.

While on my early morning coffee and cigarette routine, I recited the second step and the epiphany struck me. It actually happened. I believe I could be restored. For the first time I knew my my spiritual life would return. At that same moment I recited step three and in my heart turned my will and my life back over to the care of God.

It's been since the year 2000 without the desire to drink. I've been placed in a position of neutrality, just like reported in the Big Book.

Within the first month, Ron and I, along with Jim, began a Saturday morning beach meeting, which has been thriving for 24 years.



Friday
October 13, 2000

From
Dusk to Dawn

The 1st Annual
Moon Dance
Recovery Marathon

Serious Minded Recovery by the Light of the Full Moon

Schedule of Events:

8pm	Music / Meditation to a Full Moon Rising over the Ocean
8:30	Fellowship
9:00	Speaker Meeting (Norbert Poli)
10:15	Music/Entertainment
11:00	Speaker Meeting (Dave Golley, Ron Smyth)
12:15	Entertainment
1am	Speaker Meeting (To be announced)
3am	Speaker Meeting (To be announced)
5am	Speaker Meeting (To be announced)
6:15	Sunrise Meditation and Breakfast
7am	Regular Meeting (OD)

On the Beach
A1A & Atlantic Avenue
(Behind the Pavilion)
Delray Beach, FL

Join us for all of the Event or just a meeting.

Sandwiches, Pizzas, Snacks, Beverages, Coffee, Pastries and the like.

Entertainment, Meditation & Discussions between meetings.

Bring a beach chair, blanket or something to sit on.

NO ALCOHOL OR DRUGS ALLOWED.

The Javelin: Divine Presence #8

2005

Seeking Divine presence again while living in Delray Beach, FL, I would spend hours every day asking to be filled with him. For three and a half months, my heart struggled between focusing on life's many facets and seeking Divine presence as the highest of life's desires. I began checking out the house-church concept and found one south of Lauderdale where I enjoyed the people.

Then, the desire for the Divine began to supersede my other worldly oriented desires. While I continued with my work and responsibilities, I would go out early morning and lay in bed at night for hours with tears for seeing God again.

After two weeks of sustaining this heart-felt desire, the minister of the house-church invited me to join him with four other ministers as they discussed various aspects of their groups. Not sure why I was invited to join them, but there it was, the unknown event.

For thirty minutes I sat quietly and just listened. Their voices slowly faded into the background as silence filled the space in my mind. I was not thinking nor was I listening, stillness laid upon me like a warm blanket, yet I was aware.



”...filled with the spirit.” was spoken by the man to my right.

Immediately my body grew rigid and my hands clasped the arms of my chair. No longer in control of my body, my mouth spoke...

“I have something to say!”

“You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart. Do not seek great things for yourself. If you seek to be filled with the spirit, are you not still seeking for yourself? Seek my face.”

My body began shaking profusely, my muscles tightened as I gripped the chair. A tunnel to another dimension opened in front of my eyes and quickly surround me as if passing through it.

There appeared the presence of God slightly to the right of my line of sight in the very same way he appeared to me when I was eleven. I could not move my eyes to look directly into what had the appearance of an energy field concealing an eternal being behind it, like looking at a hot desert mirage. Divine love filled me completely with such gentle power, unraveling my humanity in front of the Divine and I spoke out loud, “I am undone.”

My life reeled before me in an instant, not like reviewing details but rather the very nature of being human with a limited consciousness. When I saw my own humanity compared to this eternal loving being, I unraveled like a bowl of spaghetti and for the next few minutes I gasped long-winded cries as I rocked back and forth crying.

This spiritual dimension was superimposed on top of the physical dimension so that I could still see the men and hear their muffled voices as they got out of their seats and came over to me. This other dimension was experienced not through my five senses, but from a different place inside me, from my spirit.

As my crying and rocking slowly subsided, the men returned to their seats and my body straightened into a calm composure.

The vision of a long metal javelin being thrust into the earth with tremendous force caused a silent roaring thunder to vibrate through the cosmos as it anchored itself, perfectly plumb, directly before my eyes and close enough to touch.

Pulling my hands forward, I was guided to grasp the javelin and felt the ridges that ran from top to bottom. It was about a foot in diameter, so my fingers could not wrap around it. My eyes were fixed straight ahead, looking directly at the javelin between my hands when from God's presence just to the right, the words were spoken...

*“Do not look to the left or the right, look straight ahead.
Seek my face.”*

There was a “swoosh” as I felt the presence of God go right through me like the wind of Divine Love. All the guilt and bad feelings about my humanity were immediately taken away with one fell swoop. I felt completely free from the density of the human consciousness as if it had been removed, yet I was still in my body.

The shaking and gripping the chair melted away as relief enveloped me. A calm laughing replaced my tears and my muscles went limp. In that moment, I was an eternal spirit without fear, existing outside of time and space... I was beyond the physical.

The words were spoken from the form of God like a calm river of love, “*Who will go for me?*” followed by a vision of Isaiah's experience with God written in Isaiah 6:1-8. With all abandon I repeated the same words as if I was remembering, repeating them again, “Here am I, Send me.”

Then the dimension closed and I was encapsulated within a translucent bubble of energy that extended just beyond the reach of my fingertips. I later recognized this bubble to be my own spirit, just as Knowles

showed me in 1994. Within this protective bubble, only thoughts and feelings of love, purity and peace existed. Walking the earth in human form with a spiritual consciousness replacing the human one.

The four men began to come back into focus and I could faintly hear them speaking to each other about the event. There was debate and conjecture for the next 10 minutes, but none of them actually knew what happened and I was hardly capable of speaking for the next few hours.

For the next five months, I walked the earth free from negative or self-fulfilling thoughts until I was abruptly woken from a sound sleep at 5am.

Startled by the presence of what I thought was someone in the room, my body jilted me to rise and look up to the left. With my inner vision I saw a faint dark shadowy force coming toward me from outside the physical dimension and outside my own being.

With the emotions of a peaceful observer, I calmly experienced it penetrate my pure bubble and the first thing I noticed was the energy of disdain (the feeling that someone or something is unworthy of one's consideration or respect; contempt) for God.

Misdirecting my thoughts, attention and desires toward the physical realm as true reality instead of the reality of intensity experiencing the spiritual as my life-force.

This changed my visceral experience away from Divine presence into the denser physical reality, moving it into a memory instead of the now.

This dark entity was not like evil in the sense we normally think of it, nor was it framed as the devil or some negative force out to destroy me. It was more like a shadow, the dimming of the light of the Divine as a true experiential reality, which allows the creation of human thoughts and desires that normally permeate mankind's mind.

Entering me as a drop of black dye falling into a gallon of pure water and blending with my energy and awareness, I lost the ability to distinguish it from myself, who I now consider as human again. I cried for a long time, experiencing the pain of the loss once again.

In retrospect, this same dark energy was present each time the bubble burst in my previous experiences with God ever since I was eleven. When the dark shadow appeared, it would cause me to loose that pure and direct contact with God, making me feel normal again. Compared to the experience of being a spirit living within a physical body, the human experience is vastly empty. I was sad.

Knowles showed me this shadow as an energy, a mask surrounding my consciousness. Creating the human condition by limiting the amount of Divine energy flowing into my mind (not brain), I become unaware of its existence.

With this shadow in place, I can only conceptualize the spiritual rather than truly experiencing it as a visceral reality. This also applies to my soul, which is the merging of my unique personality with Divine spirit.

As the experience of being connected to God through my spirit faded into the recesses of my consciousness, my mind's vantage point shifted away from spirit presence. My new point of reference was the physical and psychological aspects, relying on doctrinal theologies, beliefs and mental concepts rather than the present moment experience of the Divine, where there are no questions or debates.

Walking this earth for short periods of time without this veil showed me a life without the human dramas and emotional sufferings that are common to mankind. There was simply the continual flow of love and peace which unchained me from the degrees of emptiness of temporal experience fueled by the never ending pursuit of self-fulfillment.

I was free to just be. Immersed in spirit, I was able to function in the world wholeheartedly and without negative reactions, yet down to earth enough to still enjoy coffee with another.

The shadow just enough power to influence our lives but not enough to fully control it without our participation. The equal and opposite force is the desire to know Divine presence, not just a religious spiritual path.

The dark shadowy force (simply filtering Divine light into denser vibrations), is wonderfully placed within us as a part of our human existence. It is what enables us to have the limited human experience, or as I like to put it, allowing...

THE INFINITE TO EXPERIENCE THE FINITE.

Komoto - The Samurai

EVERYTHING MUST GO - 2009

“Yes, I've been helping people through hypnosis and the techniques I've learned from studying Neuro Linguistic Programming. I know this is our first date, but based on what you've shared with me, it might allow you to get back in touch with the near-death-like experiences you've had.” she said followed by a bite of teriyaki salmon.

Mandy Bass and I met through an online dating venue. Our first date was all about personal growth, which we shared a mutual passion for. After a few dates, she came over to my house and we began a hypnosis session. Sitting in my meditation pose, she began speaking short rhythmic phrases. With twenty years of meditating behind me, it only took a few minutes and I was at the precipice of a deep mediation.

“Give yourself permission to step aside... Now allow your higher-self to come forward...” she guided me.

The sensation of sinking focused my inner eyes downward. Watching the personification of myself slowly sink lower and lower until a surge of energy lifted me into my Taekwondo kneeling position...

“Thousands of years...” flowed through my wind pipe as one long drawn out exhale, hands moving as if stretching a string. Kneeling straight up with my arms stretched out, I went into a free fall off the end of the couch, like my swan dive like I used to do from the high platform

at the Swimming Pool Hall of Fame in Fort Lauderdale. At the last minute, my hands moved beneath my body, catching myself by my fingers, my nose barely glancing the fibers of the rug.

Startled, Mandy jumped, perching herself on the couch, attempting to control my actions, started talking, but her words were a distant echo.

Then, with one deep breath, propelled by the trust of my arms, my body flew off the ground, coming back to rest in my kneeling position on the couch. A deep inhale followed by a long controlled exhale “Thousands of years...”

We both settled into a relaxed state, mine was like an altered state. It felt as if I was seeing through the eyes of my soul rather than my normal self. She began addressing me as my higher-self.

“What does Bob need right now” recomposing herself on the couch.

Pausing... “Forgiveness!”

With my eyes closed this entire time, my finger began drawing a line in mid-air from the top left at a 45 degree angle downward all the way until I touched the ground.

“1648, the year 1648”, I said.

Jumping up with my eyes still shut and shuffling backwards around the end of the couch without stumbling, I stood erect. Turning away from Mandy and putting my hands over my face, a dark abyss appeared.

Scared... Alone... The darkness of death... My heart racing, warning me...

“You don't want to go in there!... You don't want to go in there!... You don't want to go in there!...” I repeated.

“What do you see? What are you looking at? asking me to explain.

“Death!” slowly exhaled from my mouth.

Being pulled into the abyss, I transformed into a Japanese warrior leading soldiers towards the slaughter of villages, hating myself for all I've done in obedience to the Emperor. Inside the abyss, I died and never returned. My soul was trapped in a place devoid of light and life but the real agony was the absence of love.

Returning back to Mandy, the personification of the Samurai remained as Mandy watched my body take the pose of a Samurai with a sword.

With my eyes still closed, a man appeared in front of me. I executed, with perfect form, two diagonal swings with my Samurai sword carving an X, then one swift horizontal stroke to his neck, severing his head.

Watching his head fall to the ground over my right shoulder, my right outstretched arm formed a perfect line from extended blade to planted foot. Breathing in and swiftly swiping the blade into alignment with my extended right leg, the blood jumped from the sword. The silver blade carrying remnants of blood, circled back into its sheath.

“Who are you?” Mandy said watching all my movements.

Unrecognizable symbols emerged from the darkness, possibly Japanese, transforming into English letters, appearing one at a time.

“Komoto... Komoto... Komoto...” I said repeating each one differently until it resonated with a Japanese accent.

“What does Komoto want right now?” she said intuitively.

Looking down to the right, appeared the dark figure of Komoto looking up at me in despair, yearning, helplessly desiring... “Forgiveness.”

Compassion welling up in my heart overflowed into eyes of tears. My unconditional love for him was sublime and all forgiving as the dark form of Komoto transformed into speckles of light to form a faint oval array of white light. For a moment I felt the sweet burden of pain lifted from him as he dissolved into love.

Opening my eyes, no longer the Samurai, I returned to the couch. Still my higher-self personality, my earlier lower-self version who carried the name of Bob, appeared to my right as a shadow coming closer.

Penetrating me, it dissolved into white light and integrated with my entire being.

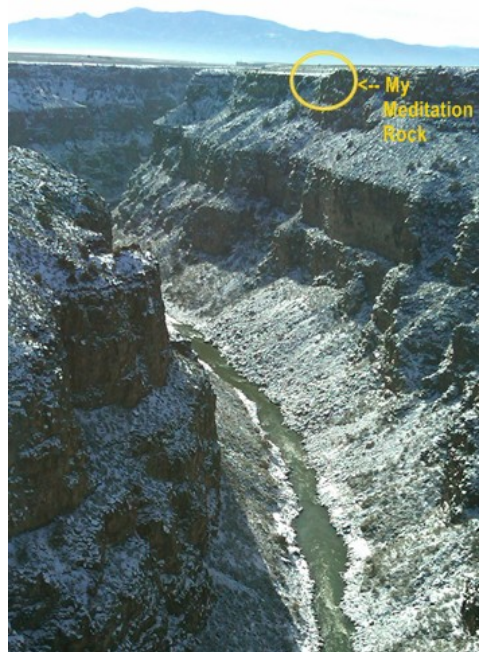
Free from the life-long unconscious desire for forgiveness, I never felt that deep need for forgiveness again.

Rio Grande Gorge: Divine Presence #9

TAOS - JANUARY 1, 2011

Resolving to seek another Divine presence encounter, Taos becomes the stage on which, this time, an unexpected struggle unfolds. The red earth and the spiritual quest were reminiscent of my time as a mountain man outside Santa Fe in 1977, where I first discovered the energy of emotional pain buried within the recesses of my psyche.

Within the belly of the Taos Valley, lies the Rio Grande Gorge bridge. Just a few hundred yards south on the western rim, a huge boulder presented itself as my new meditation spot. Leaning my head over the edge, my mind felt the gravity of a 1,000 foot drop to the river. It was perfect.



Receded ten feet below the rim, the nook sheltered me from wind and all traces of humanity. Even in the bone-chilling 5-degree weather, I

found warmth in the radiance of the sun. Wearing a fur-lined fly-boy leather hat, I inhaled the icy particles of air, experiencing the warm embrace of the sun.

Traveling with my son Christopher, daughter Ashtyn and grandson Elijah, we landed in an papercrete adobe house with a kiva fireplace and wood stove. Seven miles east of the gorge on the northern outskirts of Taos on Rock Garden Gully Road beneath the fiery sunsets, a memorable moment emerged as Elijah's four year old voice exclaimed with maturity in a melodic tone, "It's a beautiful day outside." We repeat it to this day.



Life was brimming with joy, love, and adventure. Exploring canyons, desert, natural hot springs and mountains with a spiritual awareness filled my life with deep satisfaction. But my inner life is never stagnant for too long.

A familiar yearning began to grow. Wanting to embark on another quest to be in the presence of my greatest love, propelled me into the energy of seeking. My attention shifted from outer adventure to inner quest. From deep satisfaction back to deep yearning.

Driving seven miles to my meditation rock every morning, I found the contentment with life made it hard to muster the heartfelt motivation needed for another spiritual experience. For the first two weeks, my struggle between contentment and seeking intensified. But because peace has never been the end goal of my life, I kept pushing myself.

Shifting my focus onto only asking for the desire to well up inside me, the following two weeks brought very little movement toward the required intensity. It was so difficult to continue. Wanting to relinquish

the effort and just continue peacefully meditating, I struggled. But my meditations in the past never opened the portal to Divine presence. I was now four weeks in, questioning... “Have I lost the ability?” It had never taken this long, no more than 2-3 weeks in the past. But I continued on sheer will power.

Surging from outside of my mind in the fifth week, a discernible energy awakened in my psyche, intensifying my heart-felt yearning for Divine presence to appear. I was experiencing the energetic shift I wanted.

Invigorating me, this desire rose above my other desires, leaving me with the singularity of heart... “There is nothing on earth I desire but you.” Hope returned and during the sixth week, I was consumed.

For the entire week the yearning grew and grew, waiting for the moment the thin veil filtering Divine light into denser energy would be removed. But by the end of the week, still nothing yet. I was languishing in anguish, suffering from being in this situation for such a prolonged period of time without a response. Hope deferred makes the heart sick.

After six weeks of intense yearning, focus and meditation, my efforts proved powerless to spark another Divine Experience. Returning to my rock one more time, the illusion of control vanished. Contentment and languish accompanied each other as brothers from a different mother. With complete loss of hope, I quietly cried out, “Where are you?”

My muscles went slack as I sat in utter silence. Time stilled with a “Shhh”.

“I AM HERE!”

Viscerally, the deepest of vibrations rang through me. Everything turned an energized deep purple, as it usually did, not blotting out the physical, but a translucent overlay of another dimension. In this mystical moment, the profound dance of energy and spirit permeated all

creation as I felt the unseen threads weaving humanity together into one great living tapestry.

Enveloping me in Divine Love's presence, the shadow of my mask dissolved, liberating me from the confines of the human construct, letting the light of my soul take over. Seeing from the point of view of my soul, the radiating energy of Divine presence expanded my awareness across the expansive cosmos, connecting me to the celestial bodies and to each one of you within unconditional love in the same moment. Fulfilling my yearning, the anguish disappeared. I was complete. Fulfilled. I had returned.

Sitting peacefully beneath the overcast sky shrouded in thick clouds, my eyes touched with fingers gently closing my eyelids, Divine voice emphatically proclaimed,

“Let there be light!”

Within moments, warmth, breaking through the 15 degree chill, moved over my face like a sunrise. Opening my eyes, a hole, forming itself within the dense clouds, allowed the sun to directly shine on me.



Was this just “Coincidence? Probably.” I thought. I was not enamored.

Gently closing my eyes again, Divine voice spoke...

“Let there be darkness.”

The sun’s warmth faded, and opening my eyes again, I saw the hole closing, not just moving away.

Shutting my eyes again, “Let there be light.” rang out in a stronger tone. The sun, warming my face again as I watched the hole widen until it formed a ring around the edge of the Taos valley.

Witnessing the Divine effortlessly manipulate the physical, I realized it was as simple as thought itself, devoid of grandeur, underscoring the inherent ease of Divine power.

Then, a new thought with feelings of grandiosity and elation was placed in my head, “I can manipulate the physical realm.”

"Of human mind, not mine." The meaning was unmistakable, so I peacefully let it go as my focus shifted onto the gorge.

Everything physical transformed into a translucent, vibrant holographic structure made of living energy, infusing the entire earth. Transcending the staunch dense reality, the earth morphed into a projection of light, like a 3D holographic projector casting a live image onto physical molecules.

Large Fibonacci-shaped lines of energy, interwoven like fabric, emerged as a grid system defining the dimensions of height, width, and depth extending infinitely into the cosmos. Each intersection formed a discernible intersecting point of power.

The energy creating this system originated from another layer, beyond my ability to perceive. Carrying the signature of originating, not from, but from within a Divine force.

Then this source took control of me.

Shifting my gaze by turning my head, I saw the energy grid remain anchored to the landscape, unaffected by my perspective. Guided to look behind me and all around, I was shown this was not just a vision in my mind, but a glimpse behind the curtain into the system of physical creation.

Zooming out, my view widened to encompass Taos, 12 miles away, while still seeing the Gorge right in front of me at the same time. Cars and people walking around the Taos square as my gaze fell on the World Cup Cafe. Relishing in memories of sipping hot chai tea lattes with my grandson Elijah while poring over a book of world maps. My perception included an inexplicable awareness of people's emotional states of mind as if feeling them.



Infusing me with knowledge, I grasped the disparity between human eyes and the eyes of the soul. Human vision, originating from a fixed single reference point in the eyes, is restricted to seeing what lies directly ahead.

But perceiving through the eyes of my soul, everything fundamentally changed. A whole new reality opened to me. The entire town of Taos could be perceived at once. With a mere thought, I could zoom in or out, perceiving from any direction or all directions at once, breaking free from the confines of ordinary sight.

Then I heard...

“WITH ONE DIVINE THOUGHT, ALL THE MINDS OF TAOS COULD BE MADE TO SEE. THIS TRANSFORMS MANKIND.”

Each vision/message is conveyed with the underlying and foundational knowledge necessary to understand it. Therefore, I will attempt to explain what may not be obvious.

Framed within the context of seeing the clouds open, my limited human understanding considers it supernatural. Therefore, the human, already elevating such an event, becomes enamored.

Redirecting my mind away from physical events towards the non-physical, the Divine brought me to one of my life's greatest and most unfulfilled desires... Opening the minds of people to see Divine presence as it has been done to me.

To this day, only about a dozen people have dared to genuinely pursue a Divine encounter as I suggested, ultimately experiencing the Divine for themselves. The process is so profound yet straightforward: seek with all your heart.

But alas, only a tiny few out of many even tried. Most either have not believed me, have no reference point to even begin to grasp that it was possible for them or simply did not possess the desire.

This life-long dynamic of mine was now being addressed, which I did not realize for quite some time.

1. “With one Divine thought”:

1. Divine thought is not supernatural, for reality “is” Divine energy, therefore, Divine thought simply changes itself.
2. Divine thought “is” what is genuinely spiritualizes human mind when sought. The human can only imagine at best. But we are free to think it is us.

2. “all the minds of Taos could be made to see.”:

1. The Divine “could”, but “would not” without the existence of a genuine heart-felt yearning. This is embedded into the system of spiritual evolution on a universe scale.
2. The Divine holds sacred the sanctity of each human mind to evolve as it will and therefore, does not breach it.

3. “This transforms mankind”:

1. Present tense, not future tense.
2. Millennia of generations are evolving to Divine presence.
3. This ultimate awakening allows mankind:
 1. To perceive Divine presence as I am now.
 2. To be fulfilled as I am now.
 3. To know we are one as Divine is one as I now feel.

Then I saw a vision of Taos and the potential for mankind's evolution. Awakened to Divine presence, the energy of emotional pains and false perceptions transformed into Divine energy, which we call love, leaving them with peace and fulfillment. In an instant, they became as one. The

distribution of wealth equalized, heralding a new era of harmony, the minds of mankind were aligned in unity, not uniformity.

Each person retained their individuality and recognized their individual spiritual and human life path. Everyone had one thing in common, the experience of the presence of the Divine within them. Religious belief systems dissolved as experiential knowledge replaced them.

Revealing to me through the energy of complete understanding and translating into the limits of human language, the Divine mind preserves the sanctity of the evolving human consciousness, abstaining from breaching it against its desire.

But when the desire to see Divine as a being, not a religious concept, ascends up through the hierarchy of all our human desires, sustaining itself at the pinnacle, a response from the Divine is compelled. Resulting in the temporary removal of the human veil, our human consciousness reverts to our soul consciousness, allowing us to know and experience our true existence beyond the physical realm.

Placing us within a closer proximity to Divine presence, we see, feel and touch the flow of Divine energy, which is translated to us as absolute unconditional love. Then the Divine being embraces with us with the fondness of a new born baby and we feel fulfilled, completely immersed in love.

After that comes the visions and message that is appropriate to our lives at that given moment. For me, the eight times have intensified and escalated into more in-depth and detailed communication. But each one perfectly crafted for that slice of time within my life.

So to conclude the elements of this visitation conveyed in a manner beyond my understanding, this is the ultimate awakening mankind is evolving into because this “is” the purpose of human life, to return to the source.

Widening my view to simultaneously encompass the entire holographic planet, I witnessed everything at once. A phenomenon beyond my comprehension, sight was no longer linear. The Fibonacci-like energy curves were the life-force of the physical structure from a dimension undetectable by our physical senses or instruments. Illuminated was my vision. Enlightened was my awareness. Calm and peaceful was my demeanor.

Recalling my previous eight experiences, asking questions never crossed my mind. Immersed in Divine presence, leaves little space for the human-centric questions that typically misguide us. Within this realm, our questions lead us astray. Nevertheless, this next question, eluding me for decades, weighed heavy on my heart. With the yearning of deep desperation I asked:

“What blocks me from experiencing this all the time?”

My longing was not for the visions or experience, but to simply be able to remain within Divine presence, my true love.

I received an answer, immediately. My entire life condensed into one second. Then clarity ensued.

First of all, the question, which I must ask, also leads me astray because it is born from my limited human understanding. I was not being blocked as I thought, I was born with and accumulated a variety of energy systems that would guide my human experience, to facilitate the evolving into my highest self. For me, it has been my personal life's trajectory to experience the duality of extreme light and dark and consciously choose to evolve back toward the light. My life was now perfectly in its place... the good, the bad and the ugly.

THERE WAS NOTHING TO FIX. I WASN'T BROKEN.

I WAS JUST BEING UNCOVERED.

Then, the answer to my question. “Three things.”

When perceived as energy, these energy systems governing my life are neither good nor bad, right nor wrong, which are subjective limited judgments. Energy exists as prejudgment. Judgment is the human response to the energy of “what is” and is always subjective based upon individual consciousness and desires.

But these energy systems in me exist to serve a purpose. Pursuing their fulfillment (not avoiding them) is how I neutralize them and how...

THE INFINITE EXPERIENCES THE FINITE.

(Note: These are the personal energy systems shown to me. Everyone has their own.)

1. The First Insight: I would be enamored with the manipulation of the physical realm;
2. The Second Insight: My desire for a woman to complete me;
3. The Third Insight: My desire for wealth.

"IT IS TIME!" echoed through the canyon, a commanding declaration signaling me to move from one situation to another.

Standing up, a straight line was drawn through the holographic earth, stopping just east of downtown Los Angeles, which ended up being Pasadena.

“Los Angeles!” I said emphatically. I have to go.

The following day, I returned as usual to my mediation spot. Stepping down and bending to sit, the sound of a rattle caused me to jump up. The 2 foot rattlesnake was coiled and ready to strike. It almost caught the beefiest part of my hind-quarter.

“IT IS TIME!” rang out again as the same straight line was drawn through the holographic earth directly to Los Angeles. I burst out into ironic laughter. The universe was conspiring with me to end my time at the gorge by using a snake. That was my last day at the Gorge.

My conscious connection to the spiritual realm lingered within a slowly fading energetic bubble over the next few months as my son Chris and I prepared to move to Pasadena and my daughter and Elijah to Seattle.

THE FIRST INSIGHT

“I would be enamored with the
manipulation of the physical realm”

(Please note, this one was conveyed in future, not present or past tense.)

Seeing the holographic nature of the physical, I quickly understood how effortlessly Divine mind could manipulate it with a mere thought.

Within me resides the human tendency to view reality as a fixed structure, and altering it feels supernatural, making it easy to be captivated. The vivid contrast between Divine thought and my own reminded me of my time in the 70's when I hitchhiked over 30,000 miles, seeking to uncover metaphysical truths; perceiving beyond the physical and shaping it. I learned the latter was possible.

Using deep meditative thought, my ability to manifest specific rides (without elation) became so exacting that in order to test, I intended for something outlandish that I did not believe could possibly happen. But it did. My elation as a response scared me as I felt how easy it would be to abuse this towards my own personal gratification. I stopped hitchhiking but continued to manifest situations throughout my life that would not result in undo self-gratification or elation. Whenever elation existed, it has never worked.

But the level I was just shown, would absolutely create elation for me.

This first insight was immediately addressed right there at the Gorge...

The lesson taught me was two fold:

1. Humans experience the physical realm as solid separate forms.
The Divine does not.
2. Due to this illusion, humans view controlling the physical as supernatural, resulting in elation and exaltation, both by the doer and the watcher.

THE SECOND INSIGHT

“MY DESIRE FOR A WOMAN TO COMPLETE ME”

My desire to be fulfilled through the great love with a woman again, albeit a wonderful human desire, would satisfy me enough so as not to seek to be fulfilled through the direct communication with the Divine. This is spoken to me personally, does extend to anyone else, so please don't make the mistake I'm saying it does.

From a previous incarnation, I had already experienced the completion of fulfillment of a love with a woman, namely Claire. But its abrupt ending carried the energy into this incarnation, to be neutralized.

Meeting Lily in Pasadena was its neutralization. Since then, I've not sought out to be fulfilled through a relationship with a woman. I was set free and moved on to the next energy system, “My desire for wealth.”

NEUTRALIZING THE SECOND INSIGHT

This was neutralized after Lily in Pasadena in 2011 as latter described in these writings.

THE THIRD INSIGHT

“MY DESIRE FOR WEALTH”

My desire for wealth means to me the financial freedom from having to work. It has followed me through all my endeavors since high school. It has been a pervasive energy system within me that I became aware of at some point, but have not been able to neutralize or realize.

THE SHADOW INSIGHT

Unbeknownst to myself, the many adventures throughout my life were designed to quickly and methodically reveal and remove the unseen layers of human desires, emotional pains and false perceptions governing me. Instead of perceiving these as blocks, I now see them as they were... energy systems designed specifically for my transformation from one state of being into another.

Heightening my spiritual experiences as each layer was stripped away, the illumination of self-discovery led me to my soul's deepest truth, I am here to evolve back into the Divine.

Implanting the unrelenting desire to return to the most beautiful and fulfilling white-light, the Divine placed in my heart the key to returning. This genuine heart's desire to return has continued to move me through the incredible personal struggles necessary for me to discover my soul.

The shadow overtook me with lightning speed at the very early age of eleven, starkly revealing the disparity between light and dark. This is when my human duality began. Not of my own doing like I thought, I was being led and I felt completely helpless.

The environment of the Catholic paradigm at an early age taught me the darkness was an evil entity. I concluded "I" was an evil person due to the darkness within me. Facing an intense internal struggle between light and dark, I didn't understand how I could be both. I loved how the light made me feel and detested being controlled by the darkness. Therefore, in the depths of my subconscious, I began detesting myself.

Experiencing the Divine at the gorge, I saw the dark as the adversary necessary for my Hero's Journey. The shadow became my personal transformational companion, simply a veil filtering Divine light into denser form, creating the illusion of separation and the ensuing emotional pain, which I now see as:

THE PERCEIVED ABSENCE OF DIVINE LOVE.

Between Divine encounters, I would live as to neutralize the next layer of emotional pain, false perceptions and desires, ending one era and beginning another. I mark each era of my life from one Divine encounter to another.

Lily: The Embodiment Of Claire

PASADENA, CA - 2011

Changing my online dating profile to Los Angeles two weeks prior to leaving Taos, I began browsing. A beautiful woman's picture popped up and the intense energy of love immediately struck me. She lived in Pasadena.

However, my human mind, trapped by its own limitations, could not see how such a gorgeous woman would be attracted to me, so I shied away from contacting her.

Two weeks later, Chris and I coincidentally ended up in a hotel in Pasadena. Talking one night about my history of meeting women through spiritual intention rather than human effort, I described this has been my approach for decades, and how all my relationships began after my marriage.

“Watch, I'll show you. With all my spirit I am going to intend for a woman to appear in my life whom I can love. It may take a few weeks, but it will happened.” I said just before meditating for the next hour with the intention set in my heart.

Getting up, I read my emails to find one from Lily.

“I'm sorry you were not interested in my profile.” said the woman who I considered beyond me. She eventually told me she had been waiting for

Lily: The Embodiment of Claire

me to message her, but after two weeks concluded I wasn't interested. Showing Chris, "She looks like your painting!" I was stunned.



Painted in 1997, met in 2011

Appearing in a vivid dream, I saw Lilly as the embodiment of Claire, reborn into a beautiful life, filled with love and purity. Awakening from sleep, I cried tears of relief and joy for her.

Sparking a profound inner conflict with my human desire to relive our love, I began wondering how to reconcile past desires with the present.

We began talking on the phone while I was visiting my father in Las Vegas, sharing how her husband died in her arm from a motorcycle accident. I didn't share anything about Claire, knowing her background growing up as a devout Baptist, I was concerned she would reject the idea. But all on her own, she began to say that possibly he passed to make room for me. Within three days of talking, we had both said the words, I love you.

She invited me to dinner the next Monday. The next day, during my meditation, prolific spiritual interventions began to reveal that we were

already in love as man and woman, but that was the time of Claire. Increasing in greater detail with each passing day, our relationship is not for this lifetime but to neutralize the remaining energy between us in order to evolve. Internally, I screamed in anguish, feeling the pain of losing her all over again.

And then there was silence. No response from her for days. Monday came and went without any contact. I imagined she had chosen not to continue with me for unknown reasons. I was crushed.

First there was denial followed by an entire day of anger and fighting back, pleading to let me just see her face-to-face, But the way was blocked. It was like Gandalf yelling, "YOU SHALL NOT PASS!"

Reliving the overwhelming pain of losing her love again, I broke. Confused, overcome with emotions, I relinquished the attempt to control and accepted our fate. We were not suppose to be together, it was over.

So I wrote her a letter in a lame attempt to let go. Filled with confusion and emotions, my words came out sideways.

I finally received an email response. Claiming to have been in the hospital and couldn't respond, she was greatly hurt and told me never to contact her again. Blaming my flawed humanity for sabotaging our meeting, I also knew we were never meant to share our love in this lifetime. Hating I was never able to reveal the whole story, I resented the Divine (anger needs an object of expression), feeling like a sacrificed pawn for some larger unknown game.

My emotions settled over the next few days, peace and contentment filled me, knowing she was free from the pain of her tragic death. Her once somber face now radiated light and beauty and I realized this is what I truly sought regarding Lilly. I'm so happy knowing you've had such a wonderful loving life. It completes me.

Lily: The Embodiment of Claire

A few days later, walking into Starbucks for a tall hot chai, no foam, no water, I noticed I was no longer searching women's eyes, looking for the rebirth of Claire. I was free of the energy for the first time in my life. I saw each woman as their own beauty instead of a reflection of my pain and quest to find Claire and Lilly. Freeing me from that energy system and...

NEUTRALIZING THE SECOND INSIGHT

My charcoal sketch pad of Claire mysteriously disappeared after this.

A Vision Of Divine Response

MEDITATION – OJAI, CA

After Lily, Chris and I traveled to Ojai.

Having practiced multiple meditation techniques since the early 70's, I've enjoyed a variety of methods stilling the mind until I landed on my own version. Slowly counting backwards from five and saying between each number, "Take me to Alpha.", I would be in the beginning stages of an Alpha state when I reached zero.

One morning, meditating in a park in Ojai, CA, the spiritual dimension opened again. Everything went dark as my head and eyes turned downward to the left.

A vision appeared. The earth, as seen from the moon, was filled with billions of people twinkling as dim golden specs of light, some more than others. But then one became bright, like a lighthouse shining a beam directly toward the face of God. Turning my head watching the beam head toward the presence of the Divine up and to my right, my vision reached around 60 degrees and was stopped. I could not directly look any farther. I was reminded of my Javelin experience from 2005, "Do not look to the left or the right, seek my face." It was all very personal, as love is.

Then the energy of God responded, shining light of Divine presence into their soul. These visions are not just visual but knowledge accompanies

them. This time, the same message as given me in the beginning was that, when a person genuinely seeks to see, know, be with... God, he responds. Otherwise, the sanctity of our existence as a sovereign being, is respected and loved.

As the person's light faded, the reciprocal energy of God retracted. This was a reflection of how God responded to me each time my heart-felt desire was to be with him.

What I call and how I practice meditation shifted. Seeing the response of love one for another, my quiet times with the Divine left the realm of technique and moved into the realm of the stillness with the presence. This was the last time I meditated as an actual practice with the end goal of anything other than seeing the Divine.

Choose – Divine Presence #10

COEUR D'ALENE – 2012

Chris and I left Ojai, returning Santa Fe for a few days in preparation for checking out some properties in Northern Idaho. The shortest route was through Salt Lake City so we decided to visit the Mormon Temple.

Years ago in the 80's, I researched how the major religions of the world began. Were any of them born out of a person's spiritual experience? I searched with an open mind and without contempt prior to investigation. I was quite surprised at my findings. Through the years I sought out devoted members of these religions to learn more of their beginnings.

One of the names I came across in my research was Joseph Smith, the founder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (also commonly known as Mormon). At the age of 14, Smith reported having a vision of God the Father and Jesus Christ, who told him not to join any existing churches, as they were all corrupt. I was interested in learning more about the vision itself, not the religion and thought talking directly to church members might be cool.

As we arrived and on the sidewalk in front of the temple, we were greeted by two very genuine and friendly couples. I began by asking questions about Joseph Smith's visions and for the next few minutes, they seemed to honestly enjoy engaging in discussion.

Choose - Divine Presence #10

Then something behind us caused them to freeze up with fear. We turned around and my eyes landed on a muscle bound chest obfuscated by a dark suite and tie, just an arm's length away. Tilting my head upward, a well composed ex-military looking gentleman glared at me with a stern face from his 6'4" perch.

"This is private property and you are being asked to leave immediately."

Startled with disbelief, I turned around to see the two couples walking away without a word. There was obviously and unspoken language. Looking past the man were his two identical twins, standing erect with hands folded in front of them.

"Why, what have we done?"

"This is private property and you are being asked to leave immediately."

"No it's not, I'm on a city sidewalk."

"The entire street is church property. If you don't leave immediately, you will be arrested."

My gaze turned toward the street to see a city police car pulling up. But after noticing the bulge under the giant's buttoned tailored suit, we left.

We found a cool vacation rental Coeur d'Alene for the next few months while I worked on completing a large website project.

Wanting to trade my car in for a Jeep, once again I set my intention and found it at the first dealer we visited. Falling in love immediately after the salesman took us out back to a steep hill. Putting it in 4 drive



low, we slowly crawled up the incline with hardly any gas. I bought it right away.

The leaves began falling as the nights grew colder. It was the fall of 2011 and Ashtyn and Elijah (grandson) wanted to join us from Seattle, so we began looking at houses. Nothing felt right which led me to set my intention for a house that would create the perfect atmosphere for us.

The next day, we rented this winter house: a beautiful, earthy home on twelve acres of pine trees with a huge fireplace. Despite the 25-degree average temperature, the dry climate made it comfortable. We watched packed snow slide off the metal roof, nearly covering the floor-to-ceiling living room window.



“We are many miles away, but not in spirit.”

Debra's first contact with me through a dating site, sparked many phone conversations between Idaho and Tulsa. Throughout the winter, I visited her a few times, and she also came to see me. We enjoyed each

other's company, with our conversations brimming with the energy of spiritual growth and transformation.

During her last visit, we discussed the possibility of me moving to Tulsa or her relocating to Idaho. Deeply rooted in her practices as an organic chef and spiritual healing practice, it would be difficult for her to relocate.

Discussing this with Chris, I simply could not envision relocating to a place I had not connection with and with someone I had recently met. Too many unknowns.

With spring melting the snow, the green grass began to emerge. On my way to my meditation spot overlooking the Spokane River, a light snow flurry began. Suddenly, I felt a searing pain in my stomach, forcing me to pull over and breathe deeply. Though it wasn't physical pain, I couldn't understand what was happening. As the pain faded, the flurry ceased, and I resumed driving.

The flurry whipped up sideways snowflakes, stirring up the same pain. Pulling off the road again, sadness began forming tears. After recovering, the snow stopped once more as I pulled back onto the road. Continuing until I reached my elevated cliff overlooking the river, I turned off the Jeep.

Everything went dark, blinding eyes. I could not see. Two visions appeared, one to my east and one to my west. The familiar deep silence shut out all auditory senses. I could not see, hear or feel.

To my right, a vision of the rest of my life in Coeur d'Alene with my family, very happy and content, but without any further interludes with the Divine.

To my left was Tulsa, a choice shrouded in mystery but filled with more divine interludes. However, this option carried the possibility of losing

my son. Faced with the uncertainty of whether losing him meant death or separation, I was faced with an insurmountable choice.

Languishing in tears of long gasps, the emotional pain consumed me for hours. The potential of losing my son was insurmountable because in my heart of hearts, the choice was already made. I was moving.

Returning home I reluctantly shared my vision with Chris. He became angry and said he did not want to go. He loved it there and wanted to settle down. The next few days there were more conversations but a lot of quiet space.

A few days later, pulling into the garage, he was overwhelmed with a spiritual energy that carried the peaceful choice to move to Tulsa and that one of his desires to meet a soul mate and have a great group of friends would be fulfilled. He was now excited to go and his wishes were fulfilled.

As a family we talked it out and all prepared to move. Chris and I would go to Tulsa first, then Ashtyn and Elijah would join us after a short visit with grandparents in Seattle.

Tulsa, Debra And Tango

THE TANGO - 2012

“We are many miles away, but not in spirit.”

Debra's first words set the stage for the spiritual dance of transformation between man and woman. Reminding me of Knowles' vision imparted to me of spirit orchestrating the manifestation of a situation between two people with the intent of drawing them together to assist spiritual growth, I engaged with wholeness of heart.

Loving Tango for the past three years, she was very good. After discovering my background as a dancer, her enthusiasm about me moving Tulsa elevated.

The Tango between us resembled the inner dance of transformation. We were crafted for this.



Leaving Coeur d'Alene trailering my Jeep behind Chris' truck, we set off for Tulsa. Not long after, Ashtyn and Elijah joined us.

After a period of time, Debra and I moved into her dream home and the kids moved into their own places. Through Debra, Chris became friends with a group of local musicians and for the next few years had a wonderful time with them. He got his dream.

Occasionally, during my time living with Debra, a yearning to seek the Divine alone would surface, prompting me to take weekend staycations. My last retreat, Debra and I started discussing my spiritual quest and she expressed the heartfelt desire for her own divine experience, but had been unable to achieve it.

Deeply moved, "Rather than seeking for myself, I'll dedicate this weekend asking that you have the experience instead." After hugging, I left for the hotel.

It was a Friday night as tears of compassionate requests for her filled my heart. The next day, inspired to read the Bible around 9pm on the couch in my hotel room, I began thinking it was kind of ridiculous to imagine I could seek a Divine encounter for another. "Was it even possible?" I thought not. But still, I would be willing to forego my own encounter for her to be touched by that incredible love. I sat in stalemate.

Then I was stirred, flush with an incredible urge to open the Bible sitting next to me. Fumbling to pick it up, my thumb landed in the middle and it flopped open. My eyes landed on, "But even now I know that God will give you whatever you ask" (John 22:11).

"Oh my God, did that just happen?" My heart thumping, I closed it.

Struggling with disbelief for the next hour, my mind raced through all the reasons why it was coincidence. Stuck within its own trap, my mind had formulated it was not possible. But, it is an unbelievable random

coincidence. Or, was it an actual communication for the Divine? If it was, that means I could...

Then I was reminded when I still lived in Coeur d'Alene, after talking with her for hours late into the night, we hung up and I laid down and with tears, I asked God to show his love to her. The next day she told that as she was falling asleep she felt the energy of love cradle her and started going up and down her spine.

Accepting both possibilities and understanding the power rested in Divine response and not in my requesting, I was able to accept both possibilities and, just like watching a movie, I suspended my disbelief. The silent singularity of heart and mind for Debra emerged as I drifted off to sleep, smiling with contentment.

Returning home Sunday, she told me of a dream she had Saturday night as she was drifting off to sleep. She was in a room, lying on the floor when a whirlwind came into the room. Gently swooping her up and engulfing her in love, she felt the overwhelming presence of Divine.

It was just a dream and not full blown experience, so was the dream a coincidence prompted by our discussions? Irrefutable evidence does not exist and my conclusions could be subjective. Maybe my seeking did something, maybe it didn't. I remained in the possibility of both, happy she had something she deemed profound.

COSMIC ALIGNMENT VISION

My approaching birthday sparked Debra to see if I would like a session with Laurence Hillman, PHD, a well know and respected Archetype coach. Using Astrological natal charts, he helps people understand their various characteristics. Not ever investigating astrology, I've evaluated it from a distance and developed bias against it prior to investigation. Not wanting her to spend her money on something I would receive no benefit from, I hesitated, but honored her beliefs and desire to gift me.

Discussing this over dinner, beyond my imagination, an energy moved me to lean to my right. At about a 45 degree angle off my chair. My head passed through an energetic separation between the physical and spiritual (non-physical) realm. A portal straddling both realms, the physical on the left and the spiritual on the right. Seeing both at the same time, depending upon how far my head entered the spiritual, was eye opening, dispelling my disregard prior to investigation.

Resembling the inner workings of a sophisticated watch, turning energy lines connected the planets in our solar system as they revolved around the sun. Each element had a cyclical and revolving alignment around the earth as it's center axis, as opposed to the axis being the sun.

Leaning back toward the left, my head retracted from the portal and the view of this realm vanished. Sitting for a moment, Debra, waiting for a response to a question, asked what I was doing. Without answering, I leaned again to right and passing my head though the portal with half my body remaining behind.

This time, there were human souls suspended at different points around the earth, waiting for specific alignment. They resembled the souls that Knowles showed me from beyond death. A unique personality merged with Divine spirit eagerly waiting for an exact moment. Tick-Tock, the system moved like a clock. Then one of the souls, with a swoosh, ported out of the spiritual toward the earth, manifesting into the physical. Then another.

Every point of alignment carried a specific quality, characteristic or a type of influence to be embedded within the human consciousness or psyche. These qualities seemed to influence the individual trajectory through life without the human's knowledge or understanding. They had purpose, of which I could not determine, nor was it shown to me.

Sitting upright, I was back in the physical and the next time I leaned, nothing happened, the portal was closed.

“Yes, I think I would like a reading by Laurence.”

DEBRA'S DIVINE PRESENCE ENCOUNTER

As time passed, my energy shifted and our time together as man and woman had come to completion, at least for me. We had long talks and while she wanted to remain together, something was urging me onward. Every few weeks, I would spend the night and we would talk for hours.

Debra embodies a gentle strength, her presence radiating warmth. As an organic chef, her culinary creations transcend mere sustenance, but are expressions of her deep, connection to nature. Her hands, readjusts physical ailments through her expert training while opening her client's minds toward deeper emotional healing. Her golden retrievers reflect her kind loving nature. Her spiritual awareness, woven throughout her life with great interest and reverence.

Yet, beneath her serene exterior, Debra harbored a quiet yearning, a puzzle piece missing in the mosaic of her soulful life.

One crisp evening, we finished one of her delicious dinners, Debra and I sat across from each other talking. For years, our dialogues had were all about spiritual transformation with each other, we seemed to be crafted for it together. As I would share the profound spiritual encounters that not only shaped my life but revealed the very essence of my being.

That night, however, something shifted. Debra's voice, usually so full of certainty and peace, wavered as she confessed, "I listen to you, and although I so want to, I can't fathom your experiences. I've never felt anything like that. I have no point of reference. It's like trying to imagine standing on the moon."

The weight of her words hung between us. It dawned on me that no amount of vivid description could bridge the gap between experiencing the divine and imagining it. My heart swelled with a compassionate silence, recognizing the vast expanse of her spiritual yearning.

Our eyes met, a mirror of transforming vulnerabilities, signaling the silent crescendo of our connection. “What is it that you seek from the Divine?” I found myself asking, the words almost a whisper, treading lightly so as not to break the tender moment.

Her response was a physical manifestation of her innermost desires. Gracefully, she knelt, her body bowed in reverence and surrender, her right arm stretched forward, palm open to the heavens as if to catch the tears from her eyes. “A Response!” she pleaded into the stillness, her voice a blend of hope and desperation.

It was the rawest, most heartfelt plea I had ever witnessed, and it moved me profoundly. After a moment, her tear-streaked face lifted slightly, eyes searching, asking, “What do I do?”

Pausing with compassion, there was only one resounding response in me, the words I heard in 1978... “If you ask, I will.” I clearly spoke with certainty. “Ask with all your heart, relentlessly, until it happens.”

And so, with the hope of fulfillment that was both new and as ancient as the stars, Debra asked. She asked with every dawn until into the whisper of every night. Her desire for a response quickly rose up through her hierarchy of desires and in two weeks it reached the pinnacle.

In the midst of her mundane grocery shopping, the Divine chose to respond. Right there, between the aisles of earthly sustenance, a sacred, luminous moment unfolded, and the boundary between the tangible and the ethereal dissolved.

She was shown a timeline of her entire life, seen from her perspective—acknowledging the Divine as a yearning but experiencing only as a concept. “My entire life, I had felt as if making my way through life was all on me, I had to do it or nobody else would.”

Then, ethereal hands manifested beneath her, enveloping her in a quiet embrace of unconditional Divine love... “Overwhelming love filled me and I no longer felt alone. My knees went weak, buckling to the ground as I held on to the cart with both hands. People were passing by and even stopping, but I couldn't hear them through the tears joy. Relief overtook me. I was completely loved unconditionally, no matter what I thought about my inadequacies. This changed everything. I received a response.”

This profound encounter was but the first as she experienced a cascade of spiritual revelations over the following two weeks, each one gradually tapering off, leaving her transformed.

Debra found her experiential reference point. Now she knows.

My 40 Days In The Wilderness

LAKE TENKILLER, OK - 2016

Since the 80's, I've wanted to do my version of 40 days in the wilderness for the purpose of being alone with God, without distraction and now the opportunity presented itself.

Imagining the peaceful mountains, lots of time being with the Divine, hiking, camping and sleeping under the stars in a tent, excited me. Investigating the specifics, I would have to bring my laptop and get a satellite phone to support my clients, but it would be worth it so that I could keep my \$12,000 per month income flowing. I verified with a client we would be continuing our 10 year relationship.

Having worked out the details over the next few days, I made the final decision to go. The following day, after sharing my plans with Debra, I was leaving and received call from the client I just verified with.

“Hi Bob. We had a business meeting last night. Sheila, the woman we just hired to head up marketing, has convinced us to use her brother-in-law to take over the website. I know we just renewed your retainer, but we've handed the reigns over to her, she makes these types of decisions now.” John paused for my response.

“OK... When?” I said in a slow, not yet believing, tone.

“We' like to start in two weeks and work on transitioning over the next month. Is that OK?” and after some conversation we hung up. I

chuckled, then kept thinking of the synchronicity of this happening the day after I had decided to camp the Appalachians. I told my son.

"It's OK dad, I'm ready to have my humanity cave in on itself again (a little phrase we coined over the years) and maybe have another spiritual experience too." he responded.

We amicably worked out the lease we just renewed two weeks earlier and went month to month. Researching a spiritual trek through India, the Appalachians, a few other options, Chris brought up the idea of doing an off-grid experience, similar to mountain man stories.

We found a plot big enough for a couple cabins nestled inside 100 acres of untouched land at Lake Tenkiller, one hour southeast of Tulsa. The ½ mile 4x4 road to the property became a non-issue as soon as our feet touched the earth. The silence of the woods breezing through the trees touching our souls gave us the feeling of home. We discovered a cell tower on the mountain behind us that provided great phone and internet.

We bought the land and began assembling wall panels in our garage and within a few weeks, spent our first night in the cabin without a roof. The weather was beautiful and the skies clear.

Two of my other long-term clients came to a screeching end within a week of each other. What are the chances of that happening after 10 years of successful relationship with them all.

As my income quickly dropped from \$12,000 per month, our money was depleting. Walking down the main street of Tahlequah from north to south, knocking on every door, I secured only one \$150 website. My calamities appeared beyond the normal as if there was an energy of resistance pushing against my self-will.

I began to watch my life crumble before my eyes. With just enough money for Chris' cabin, I set up a large tent for myself and was happy

with that. But in no time at all, the cheap tent was leaking and a falling branch finished it off, forcing me out and into a little red tent.



Funny enough, I was happy with it. Sleeping on my comfortable futon cushion and enjoyed exhilarating showers in rainstorms with the wind blowing violently and lightning lighting up the sky. One might consider themselves foolish.

A stark duality formed in me. On one side was my humanity, fearful of impending doom and the other, a calm peaceful contentment based on the presence of my soul.

Many years ago I began writing about my experiences that slowly morphed into a journal of my life. Thinking I could finish a segment of it and try to sell the book, writer's block formed. For two weeks I went to library and the following was the only thing that came out.

THREE LETTERS

JUNE 26TH, 2017 LETTER

“My Divine Love, what is going on? I cannot seem to write for the life of me. Nor can I seem to strictly teach concepts anymore, seems so distasteful now. An element is missing from both of those venues, there is little spirit transferred in either. But when I am with another and my love and compassion is engaged as I just share my own experience, words seem to flow from my mouth in a way that opens the desire of others to engage in conversation, and that deeply touches both of us.”

“I do not know how to deal with not being able to write, because it seems to me that I need to write something in order to convey the my experiencing you to more than a few people. How else are people who are not in front of me going be able to begin? How will they know if not through words?” How in the world can a non-writer write? Others have a wonderful talent for it, why not me?”

“And how will I be able to support myself now? Where will my financial relief come from if not websites, a job or this spiritual program I'm trying to develop? No future within the sea of possibilities is before me, no door opening for to me to walk through. I search for a solution but none arrives. I search for work but find closed doors. Am I stuck, just the product of my own thoughts and actions of the past or am I waiting for you to move, because my will is now to do yours (or so it seems to me, but that too must evolve into...???) . My confusion is great and I am being crushed.”

“My tears are of the unknown and the possibility that I am deceiving myself. I do not know what to do anymore except what is put in front of me at that exact moment. There is nothing for me to plan except for getting with people. I have just about given up on getting a website contract and my thoughts of one appearing at any moment are becoming a distant memory. Maybe this, or maybe that, or maybe a new career, but in the meantime, my financial world has just about completely crashed down around me with only enough money to buy small amounts of food and gas. All my debts are now at critical mass, on the brink of collections and all I can see sometimes is a hopeless condition getting worse.”

“However, where is my stress? I should be freaking out, having night sweats and consumed with worry. I should be shaking with concern over what is happening financially but instead, I am content, at peace and in love with you and people. --- I Love you”

JULY 1ST, 2017 LETTER

“If I were to pour out my heart to you Father, my love and my friend, it would be filled with tears of compassion for others and the joy of how you have loved me so intimately as to fill me with your presence. I thank you for my life and transforming me beyond what I dreamed possible. You set inside me your unconditional love and have illuminated my darkest places and hidden areas of my life. You are replacing my very self with your Divine love and I am overwhelmed with compassion as it has begun to pour out from me. You are with me and cause all religion and beliefs to fade into the background in light of your infinite existence, there are no words to express, just the silent knowing of you. You continually open my mind to reveal your presence to my inner most self. You continue to remove from me everything not consciously Divine. You are overtaking me and you have become my love... I am yours.”

JULY 5TH, 2017 LETTER

“My dearest of all loves, It brings tears of joy to my eyes, that you are changing me into becoming more than I ever dreamed, yet surrounding me now is such financial calamity. All value in my life is transferring to the love I am experiencing with you and compassion for others. I find no true value in business anymore, yet I would do anything at this point to make money, but nothing opens. I lay down in my little red tent with love and compassion in my heart. There is nothing on earth that I desire anymore – well some cookies would be really good right now – I laugh while tears stream from in my eyes. How can sorrow and joy exist at the same time? What am I becoming? I am such a child before the vastness of love for others. When I see people I want to say, “The suffering in me honors the suffering in you.” The scales have tipped, my fear of crashing financially has materialized, I am scared of what I will become. Fear has captured me, yet you surround me with your love as I weep, I am dissolving, melting away before my very eyes. Then you open my mind to see that my will has been replaced with an ever increasing love for you and your children. My will is to do your will and I no longer fear losing anything for I now choose to let it all go. I am yours, my mind is merging with you, my love.”

Being months behind now on my car payments, the bank was about to submit my account to their repo department. The bank manager informed me that if I could make two payments within 24 hours, that would stop the process. Seemingly impossible, I conceded I was about to loose my car, which did not bother me as much as defaulting the loan.

THE NIGHT IN THE TENT – DIVINE PRESENCE #11

JULY 6TH, 2017

Arriving back at my tent before sundown, I was distraught and content at the same time. I was being crushed financially, yes by my own

choices, but also from an insurmountable force I could not alter. My humanity crashing in on itself felt like dying. Yes, in the silence of my own heart and mind I've been asking for it, for everything to just end.

The voices of the world echoing through my mind... What a fool, by my own demise I am destined to dash upon the rocks for I have jumped off the cliff of a foolish spiritual pursuit. Why can't I just be satisfied with religion like everyone else? Why is it not enough for me? Am I chasing a fool's fantasy? What an idiot I've become. Agonizing in my tent for five hours while my spirit peacefully observed, I have been split in to two distinct consciousnesses.

For decades I have tried to communicate my experiences to others, but mostly they've fallen on deaf ears. I've always blamed myself for that, not being charismatic, or a good writer, or like other religious men who amass large followings. What's wrong with me?

But now, I am broke, living in a tent with little money left. I had become the fool who thought stuff would happen, that things would magically appear to save me from ruin. In the same breath, I saw beyond my physical body into my spiritual existence. With the clarity of outside looking in, I continued watching layers of false perceptions be stripped away and it really hurt.

“I know nothing compared to you and the universe. A conglomerate of limited perceptions and beliefs, I relinquish it all. I know nothing, show me.”

Thinking about me, Debra calls. After talking for two hours and wining that I'm loosing everything, a rush of energy shifted me. Sitting up straight in my little red tent...

“I'm not going to loose anything! I'm going to give it all up, my entire life.” was my singularity of thought. “Tomorrow I'm going into town to find a used backpack and surrender my car. Then I'll go live in a

homeless shelter and love whomever is around me while continuing developing the Evolving With God project. I'm all in.”

We finished and it was settled. A deep calmness enveloped me as I fell asleep. Facing my greatest fear of financial ruin, I was released from my tether to human security.

THE MORNING AFTER

JULY 7TH, 2017

Upon awakening the next morning, the duality of consciousness was gone. My mind had merged with my Divine Love more closely so as to appear to me as a singularity of consciousness. Reborned, my thought patterns changed, living in each moment, filled with an inexplicable love that did not possess conditions for its expression towards others.

My human being wanted for nothing as each moment passed before me as an eternal now, like a movie reel with my consciousness the light bulb. I simply existed in a time that was forever this moment.

Not fully comprehending yet, I drove to Tahlequah preparing to turn in my car, I joined Gregg, a close friend, at an AA meeting. We had a few things in common; a love for personal transformation, mentorship and a humor joking about our love of cookies.

I shared in the meeting, not calamity but about the inexplicable love and peace that appeared in me. I was told that I appeared completely different today, that I looked so peaceful, content and loving, it was like a magnet. Afterward, a woman invited me to lunch, wanting to talk of spiritual things, not just cabbages and kings.

Offering to buy me lunch, we ordered and I sat peacefully with a smile radiating from my face. I wasn't even hungry, I was filled with energy.

“I've been wanting to ask you something but have been afraid until today. Whatever has happened to you, will mentor me?” she asked in a low voice as if not wanting anyone else to hear.

“Yes, I'll be happy to help however I can.”

Pulling an envelope from her purse... “I can pay you.”

Please no, your desire to grow and this lunch (smiling) is payment enough.

“I insist. I can afford \$1,000 a month. Is enough?”

Silent tears formed as this gift was presented to me as an exchange of value. But this paled in comparison to the vindication of my choice to experience my version of the 40 days in the desert. Not only did I have the spiritual experience and transformation I wanted, but now, enough money to stop the repossession. I was able to keep my Subaru Outback, paid it off and drove for years until it reached 240,000 miles.

Walking toward my car, a man who was at the meeting came around the corner. Stopping to talk, he offered to loan me his older truck to use if my car got repo'd. Thanking him, but not needing it, I deposited the money and paid my phone bill and two car payments with enough left for gas and food.

Gregg called and invited me to dinner with him and his wife. Greeting me at the door...

“Oh my God, Bob... What happened to you? You're... I don't know how to describe it... You're like lit up with... I don't know... God?”

Smiling, we sat down to dinner. The food was so delicious. Recounting last night, I also told him of receiving the \$1,000 and being able to pay my car payment.

Ever since his 7 second spiritual experience in his 20's, he's wanted to relive it. This gave him hope that it could happen again.

“OK, now I really want this!”

“Want what?” I replied.

“Rhonda and I have been talking the past week and decided last night...”

Rhonda broke in and said “We would like to invite you to stay with us in our master bedroom room upstairs. Gregg wants you to be around as much as possible so you guys can have as many spiritual conversations as possible while you're here.”

Excitedly, Gregg expressed “And now, I definitely want what you have.” as he pulled out a bag of frosted oatmeal raisin cookies. “I can pay you in cookies.” We laughed.

“I would love to.” gratefully accepting their invitation. His genuine openness and desire to grow spiritually inspired me over the past few months as we became great friends.

I slept in their house that night. Before sleep he handed me a video entitled “Conversations with God”, stating there was a part in the movie I would relate to. I reached the scene where he had come to financial ruin, was homeless in a park, zipping up his little red tent.

