

***My
Open-Hearted
Life***



***Opening to Love
While
Solving Life's
Greatest Mysteries***

George W. Chyz

Disclaimer:

The author is not a health-care professional, and no part of this book is to be regarded as medical advice. This book offers insights and information from the author's personal perspective; in the event the reader uses any of the information in this book for themselves or others, the reader assumes full responsibility for their understanding, actions, and the results.

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Dedicated to
The One Who Is All

Acknowledgments

I'm most grateful for the infallible guidance from my Soul.

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Table of Contents

Introduction	1
An Open-Hearted Life	5
My Challenges and Family.....	23
A Difficult Start	27
Nineteen Years of School.....	43
Graduate School	59
Power Versus Peace on Earth.....	71
Putting My Heart into It!	89
Transitioning to Country Living	95
Another Opportunity for Power.....	121
Rudolf Steiner’s Cosmology	131
My First Inner Journey.....	139
Serendipitous Synchronicities	143
Heather	147
Breaking Away From the System	153
My Bicycle Adventure	167
What’s Next?	185
The Vegan Cult.....	195
Maui, the Trickster.....	199
My Roller-Coaster Love Affair.....	207
Searching For Love.....	217
Scientific Support is Delivered	225
Learning How to Open My Heart.....	239
Soul Healing.....	249
The Sundance and Peace on Earth.....	259
A New Perspective.....	275
The Many Forms of Love	295
My New Path	301
Triality	321
Visiting Hopiland	335
The Hawai’i–Hopi Connection	349
Encountering a Ghost	363
Mom and Dad Pass Over.....	371

Focusing on the Book	377
The Final Puzzle Piece	401
Life in Lockdown	435
The Sluggish Nature of Science	467
Civilization Overview Part 1: How It Started.....	489
Civilization Overview Part 2: Money & Public Relations.....	509
Civilization Overview Part 3: Transition	527

Introduction

My life story focuses on how I learned about the Way of the Heart—living in alignment with the guidance whispered by the divine consciousness residing within human hearts. While many people follow that inner guidance, the pivotal importance of living open-heartedly versus closed-heartedly is monumental. To understand that I needed to re-educate myself.

Overcoming what I was taught in school and the media and by my elders to view reality in a novel way required lots of mystical experiences, challenges, and love. Eventually, a beautiful, nurturing view of reality came into focus. Over twelve years, I wrote about what I found in all sorts of ways. Finally, I published *The Magnificent Soul: The Art of Living in a World Founded on Consciousness*. That book expresses the Way of the Heart in a textbook-like format that's informative but dry.

Reflecting on how resistant I was to learn what's shared in that book, I remembered incidents in my life that pushed me forward. The hurdles I jumped, the mystical experiences that transpired, and how I came around to accepting such a radical view of reality made my life a stranger-than-fiction story.

Having lived sixty-one years, I've learned that few people can let go of the views we're taught when young. Certainly, small shifts occur in everyone. However, significant shifts in our world views require powerful challenges to break us away from the dogma we were taught in our youth.

So, in this book, I'm sharing how my curious life pushed me over many transformational hurdles to finally open my heart wide enough to see the perfection of everything. I pray this story will help readers like you to benefit from my journey.

To share my story, I use the words Soul, heart, intuition, and conscience as they're defined in my first book, *The Magnificent Soul*. I didn't develop those specific definitions until I was in my late fifties. Now those words are helpful in clearly sharing what's

conveyed herein. Because words have so many different meanings and connotations, my Soul guided me to clarify a few terms in this introduction. With clear definitions provided up front, what's shared will come across more clearly and gracefully.

First, I use the term *Soul* or *Superconscious-Soul* to identify an inner divine consciousness that resides in the physical heart organ. I capitalize Soul because I've learned that this portion of consciousness is an inner God that deserves the utmost respect. Capitalization helps convey that respect. It also distinguishes Soul from the more familiar notion of each person being a soul with a small s. The word Soul with a capital S is used in such statements as "he doesn't have a Soul" or "he sold his Soul to the devil."

The Soul is the Holy Spirit in Christianity; the Atman in Hinduism; the 'Aumakua in Hawaiian; the middle tantien (a focus of essence) in Taoism; and the Xin symbol, which means heart-mind in Chinese. Although it's common for people to view the heart-mind as part of a person's consciousness, the Soul is a divine guardian that's a distinct spirit. That Holy Spirit is separate from the ego-mind that resides in the head. Each person's Soul has its own personality and characteristic genius. One of these divine guardians resides within each human heart.

The next important term is *intuition*, the ability to understand something immediately without the need for conscious reasoning. This word originated in late Middle English, when it indicated spiritual insight or immediate spiritual communication. Hence, intuition is wisdom that comes from the divine spirit residing in one's heart, their Soul.

While gut-intuition exists, those feelings come from the gut-mind that's located in the enteric nervous system.

When I use intuition in this book, I'll be referring to Soul-intuition that comes from the divine spirit residing in the heart.

Another key term is *conscience*, a form of intuition that deals with the rightness versus wrongness of what a person is about to do. When contemplating an action, we often feel an intuitive

sense that doing it will turn out badly. Certainly it's best to refrain from proceeding down a perilous path. Of course, each person's Soul offers them personalized advice.

When it comes to the word *heart*, I often use common phrases like "I followed my heart" to mean I followed the intuitive guidance that came from my Soul.

As my open-hearted life story progresses, I share how I discovered these details about human Souls, where they reside, how they have unique personalities, etc.

Going beyond what's offered in my first book, the global disease issue pushed me to investigate biology. Following my inner guidance, I purchased more than twenty books that present new discoveries in biology, evolution, and chemistry. Soon I found remarkable scientific discoveries in evolution and human health. Combining these discoveries, a new view of life emerged to reveal a remarkably cooperative natural world.

Unfortunately, these astounding scientific revelations are being resisted by rigid scientists who stick to antiquated theories.

Science is an ongoing process, not a set of facts.

In fact, in my MacBook's dictionary science is defined as an activity:

"The intellectual and practical activity encompassing the systematic study of the structure and behavior of the physical world through observation and experiment."

Conversely, when theories are viewed as facts that can't be questioned or challenged, that's not science; it's dogma:

"A principle or set of principles laid down by an authority as incontrovertibly true."

Sadly schools, documentaries, news agencies, and most scientists present popular scientific theories as if they are facts. Then believing the old theories are facts, fact-checkers proclaim new theories are false. Even when a new theory is closer to the truth than the popular theory, fact checkers will claim it's false.

That's how fact-checkers prevent science from moving forward. Conversely, old theories need to be tossed in the trash. That's how science advances toward the truth.

A classic example of fact-checkers came from 1633 when Galileo was placed on house arrest for life by the Catholic Church. His crime was claiming that the Earth travels around the sun rather than the other way around. He was simply supporting what Copernicus had already proven and published in 1543. That book was outlawed by the church. It wasn't until 1758 that the Catholic Church finally dropped the prohibition of books that claim the Earth travels around the Sun. In that case, fact-checkers and censorship restrained science for over 200 years.

By viewing popular theories as facts, most scientists become members of the dogmatic scientism church. Not to be confused with the Scientology cult, scientism identifies scientists who feel uncomfortable when scientific theories undergo revolutionary changes. Most scientists consider what they learned in school to be precious facts. Thinking they know the truth, most scientists have difficulty wandering far from what they were taught. Minor adjustments to existing theories are acceptable in scientism. But radical new theories that disrupt existing theories are carelessly rejected when they don't fit scientism's textbooks.

Obviously, this widespread attitude slows scientific progress to a snail's pace, especially in biology and health sciences, where financial priorities further restrain scientific progress.

Being an open-minded and open-hearted person, I was inspired by current events to consider what's new in biology. What I found was astounding. So, the last few chapters offer a fantastic new view of nature, health, and hope for a glorious resolution to the unprecedented challenges we face today.

I hope you enjoy the adventures, challenges, and lessons that filled my life with love, joy, miracles, and a deeper understanding of reality.

Chapter 1

An Open-Hearted Life

To get the ball rolling, I'm going to jump to the middle of my life when I was forty years old back in 2000. That's when my Soul in my heart had led me to help a slightly younger couple build a little community on thirteen acres (5.3 hectares) of raw land they had recently acquired.

After the property owners and I set up a tarp shed to be used as a workshop, the owners, who were living nearby, suggested that I build a bedroom space for myself. I designed a simple, screened A-frame structure built on a square wooden platform. The owners provided the materials, and I went to work putting in the foundation blocks. In six days, working on my own, I finished a screen cabin and moved in.

This little structure was nestled in the hollow of a valley that descended a half-mile (0.8 km) down to the expansive Pacific Ocean, providing a gorgeous view. The large central image featured on the back cover of this book shows that view after plants had grown to obstruct the initially more open vista.

All the walls were simply window screen material stapled to the wooden A-frame, providing a 360-degree view of beautiful wild plants rather than typical walls with windows. While building the cabin, I avoided trampling the surrounding wilderness that provided edible guava, passion fruit, and coconuts. Placing the structure slightly down into the hollow slowed the 10- to 25-mile-per-hour (16- to 40-kph) trade winds to a gentle breeze that carried some of the world's freshest air through my little nest. Songbirds sang, honey bees buzzed, and butterflies fluttered around sharing their delightful beauty.

Because trade wind-driven rain makes Maui's North Shore a lush jungle with countless waterfalls, I protected the screened cabin by stretching a high-quality tarp over a long ridge beam held aloft by the A-frame. The result was a giant sawhorse with a tarp stretched over the top and screen wrapped around the legs.

Over the years that followed, many people asked me to build similar structures for them. For instance, Woody Harrelson showed up one day to check out my little screen bedroom. He called it “a work of art” and asked if there was some way he could have one built on his land.

I certainly loved living in that simple space and often reminisced about how I managed to build it on my own from the ground up in just six days. Of course, the simplicity of the design made that possible.

After building that space for myself, the next priority was to set up a rain catch system uphill on the highest edge of the property. The property owners attracted some additional helpers, and we all worked together as my Soul in my heart guided me intuitively to see in my mind’s eye the design and implementation details. From the water catchment, a long pipe delivered the water to the lower parts of the land. Gravity provided adequate pressure.

Next, we built a tiny five-sided cabin with a conical tarp roof. Painting the tarp with fifty-year silicone roof paint, has kept it in excellent condition after twenty years of sun and weather. Incidentally, I wrote this book in that cabin.

Over the following months, we built a kitchen and an outdoor shower/bath facility with passive solar hot water. Finally, we erected three additional bedroom cabins. One was like mine, another was five-sided, and the last was six-sided. The entire project was completed in eight months.

We used an oil lamp in the kitchen for light and had a lot of fun working together. I volunteered my time to design and implement the owners general plan. The owners provided, food, tools, materials, and hands-on assistance. They moved onto the property once we had built a bedroom space for them.

While we worked on all of that, the owners hired some professionals to build a solar power shed with solar panels, batteries, and inverters to provide solar electric power that became available when everything else was just about done.

The result was a little off-the-grid village that included some shared facilities. I jokingly called our settlement the Ritz-Carlton of camping. While it was a lot like camping, people like myself truly loved how these little cabins brought us close to nature in a comfortable way.

Near the beginning of that project, I cut a trail through the jungle to a natural pool fed by a waterfall. On a gorgeous sunny day, I hiked that trail to take a dip in the freshwater pool. After taking my shorts off, I climbed up to a ten-foot-high perch and dove into the cool, deep, sparkling water. Plunging into cool water and then popping up into the sunshine was wonderfully refreshing. Then, with a few breaststrokes I swam over to my usual place to lay in the sun on the blue rock that the glistening stream had sculpted and smoothed over ages.

While warming up in the sun, listening to the water flowing and the birds singing, I became aware that a woman had arrived. She looked a little older than me, was in great shape, and I found her very attractive.

Despite my slightly shy nature, I mustered up the courage to swim over to her and strike up a conversation. She used the word tantra while sharing, and that caught my attention.

Tantra is a sacred practice that comes from Taoist and Hindu origins. There are claims that the priestesses of the Temple of Isis employed the sexual (red) and nonsexual (white) versions.

After explaining to her that I had begun reading about tantra but had accidentally lost the book, I asked if she had practiced these ancient techniques.

She hesitated but affirmed she had.

Being eager to learn the red sexual form of tantra, I asked if she would teach me.

She responded, "I don't even know you!"

I suggested, "Let's go out to dinner and get to know each other."

She replied, "I need to think about that."

We put clothes on and began walking down the river along a trail leading out of that valley. While walking, we exchanged names. To protect her identity, I'll use Sunshine to identify her.

Soon we discovered her little cabin was on the property adjacent to the land where I lived. As we parted, she explained that she would let me know her decision soon.

The next morning, I decided to let go of my hopes of even hearing from the lovely gal I had met at the waterfall. Rather than pining over a woman, my heart guided me to be grateful for the blessed life I was living. Although I didn't have a car or a paying job, I also didn't have any worries. I simply followed my heart through a healthy, productive, yet relaxed life.

Because you might not be familiar with Maui, I'll provide a little overview of the island. Maui has a 10,024-foot (3,055 m) tall dormant volcano, Haleakala, that hasn't erupted in more than 400 years. The top is above the tree line and receives snow on rare occasions. The trade winds produce a lot of rain on the northeastern slopes, while the southwest side is arid. Between those wet and dry extremes and the variety of elevations, all sorts of microclimates are found. Out of the twenty-six types of ecosystems worldwide, an astounding twenty-three are found on Maui!

Mid elevations are habitat to redwoods, pine, cedar, etc. Inside the crater is a high desert reminiscent of Utah and Nevada, with many colors—blues, yellows, reds, oranges, black, and gray. The ocean offers beautiful reefs with tropical fish, dolphins, and humpback whales. The coast has cliffs, rocky beaches, and beautiful sandy beaches that are red, black, and white but mostly tan. There are all sorts of surf spots, including one of the world's tallest waves, Peahi, aka Jaws, which has produced waves over seventy-foot-tall (21 m) that big-wave surfers courageously ride.

The western slope of Haleakala features a saddle-like valley that connects the large volcano to an older and smaller volcano that's 5,787-feet (1,764 m) tall. That mountain has a similar arrangement of wet and dry sides. In between the two volcanos,

the land resembles a saddle shape, with a deep enough bay on one side to offer relatively calm waters unless a storm blows in from the south or southwest.

With so much variety, Maui offers more types of natural wilderness in close proximity than anywhere in the world.

So there I was, living like the Swiss Family Robinson with a group of good-natured folks who fed me wonderful vegan meals and provided all the resources for us to build a little village. With appreciation for all of this, I quietly sang to myself as I worked on the land. By letting go of expectations and reveling in the present moment, a smile emerged as my heart filled me with joy.

Meanwhile, Sunshine had managed to find the little trail that led down to my screen A-frame bedroom. As she sat in the tall grass waiting for me to show up, I strolled down the old country roadway that led to my cabin's trailhead without knowing she was there waiting.

Later, she explained to me that she could see auras that surround people. Although she needed to squint her eyes to see them, she could see glowing colors around people. So, as I walked toward her, she saw a large golden aura surrounding me. She further explained that she had come over to my place intending to tell me she had decided that she didn't want to get to know me. However, once she saw that golden aura, she changed her mind thinking, "I need to get to know that guy."

By following my heart's guidance to be grateful for the blessings in my life, an impressive golden aura was produced. That golden glow drew this woman into my life.

Instead of politely putting me off, she invited me to come over to her place for a visit. When I arrived, I found her sunbathing on a blanket spread out on the grass by her tiny cabin. Her gorgeous golden-brown body glistened. I was surprised that she was naked. My shyness caused me to hesitate, but Sunshine's fearless yet casual demeanor helped me relax. Soon, my shyness flew away like a butterfly in the breeze. Our lovemaking blossomed in a way that felt as though we were destined to be together.

In addition to fitting together sexually, Sunshine and I both enjoyed hiking and exploring nature. With these common interests, we dove into an adventurous relationship.

She was a local gal of Portuguese heritage who grew up on Maui. Ever since she was a child, she had been exploring nature. Early in her life, she played Tarzan and Jane in the Iao River Valley. The headwaters of that river receives 400 inches (1,016 cm) of rain per year, one of the Earth's rainiest places. Although she was a petite woman, she hiked like a mountain goat and could out hike me even though she was fifty-one and I was forty.

As our relationship deepened, Sunshine guided me into the sacred sexual tantra techniques we talked about at the waterfall. I caught on quickly and fell deeply in love with this wonderful woman.

After we had been dating for a few months, I had a woodworking accident. While already late to an appointment, the other men asked me to make a challenging cut. They insisted that I had more experience, and it was just one cut. I took a dangerous shortcut to save time while making a narrow-angled cut on a powerful twelve-inch (30-cm) diameter compound miter saw. As the blade pulled the piece of wood into the saw, my hand went along with it. I let go and pulled back quickly, but the blade had already cut halfway through my middle finger.

The property owner rushed me to a nearby clinic, where a doctor stitched it up. While taping a splint on my injured finger, he explained that the tendon was damaged but not severed. Although he put a stitch in the tendon, he recommended that I give it a two-week rest to allow the tendon time to heal well. He said that I need to completely stop working because using my other hand would cause me to unconsciously clench the damaged finger. Therefore, I needed to avoid doing any heavy work.

Soon after the accident, I met with my beloved Sunshine. Once she noticed the splint on my hand, I explained what had happened and how I couldn't use either of my hands for a couple of weeks.

She asked me if I could still make love.

I replied, “As long as I don’t use my fingers.”

Given the unexpected vacation time, Sunshine came up with a great idea. She explained that she could rearrange her work schedule by trading days with other nurses to open up a week for us to go on a tantric adventure together. Each day, we would hike to a beautiful natural setting that was secluded from the public. There we would make love without climaxing. Finally, we would climax on the seventh day. She emphasized that I would have the most amazing orgasm ever.

While being very interested, I wasn’t confident in my ability to refrain from releasing for six days. I explained I would certainly do my best. Still, without experience in holding my seed for multiple days, I was concerned I might accidentally orgasm. She understood that and wanted to give it a try.

A few days later, we set out on the first hike. Once we got to a private location, we placed a camping mattress on the ground and made love for a couple of hours using the tantric techniques.

Red tantric techniques include looking into each others’ eyes to connect with one another’s Souls, breathing in specific ways while imagining invisible energy following the breath, and using particular muscles by flexing them or relaxing them in coordination with the breath to draw orgasmic energy up from the genitals and into the heart. Some practitioners guide that energy further upward, but I was intuitively guided to draw it into my heart.

By using these techniques, tantric lovers avoid having genital climaxes that would release the orgasmic energy that naturally builds up when making love. Drawing the energy upward and storing it increases tantric practitioner’s vitality.

Using these techniques, we made love for two to three hours each day for six days. After each session, I felt more zest than before we began. Although I was initially concerned about the hike back to the car after making love for hours, the increased vitality made those return hikes easier than hiking in.

During the first few days of this adventure, I didn't feel anything noteworthy. In fact, the first three sessions were a bit disappointing. Then, on the fourth day, once enough orgasmic energy had built up in my heart, I began to experience full-body orgasmic sensations without having a genital climax.

By the sixth day, the orgasmic sensations extended beyond my fingertips and felt many times more powerful than the best climax I had ever experienced. What's more, these full-body orgasms would continue for as long as we chose to remain coupled together. Eventually, I would get the feeling that my body was becoming overwhelmed. Being concerned that I might overload my neurological circuitry with such extreme excitement, I would decide to stop. Because Sunshine never asked to stop, she must have been ready and able to take it even further than me.

On the sixth day, while making love and looking into Sunshine's eyes, I recall thinking, "I love this woman so much I would be willing to give my life to bring her more joy."

That may not make logical sense, but the feeling of love was so strong that I felt ready and willing to do anything to please her, even give my life.

Eventually, I learned that lust is all about selfishly getting what you want; however, love is nearly the opposite. Love involves being willing to sacrifice to please your beloved. Indeed, the ultimate sacrifice is one's life. So, the love I felt for this woman had become so strong that I actually felt willing to sacrifice my life to give her more joy.

Finally, on the seventh day, we made love with the intention of releasing the energy that we had accumulated, expecting to experience a spectacular climax. Being new to all of this, I had no idea what this final session would feel like.

Although we hike for the first six days, we decided to have the final session in my little screen cabin. It featured a comfortable bed surrounded by nature, making it a cozy love nest.

I'd been reading about tantra in Margo Anand's book, *The Art of Sexual Ecstasy*. Coincidentally, Sunshine suggested that book without knowing it was the same one I had begun reading years before. In it, I had been reading about the process of "running" the orgasmic energy between the two lovers. To experiment with this advanced technique, I decided to try it during the final session. Sunshine found those methods too complicated but encouraged me to experiment if I felt inspired to do so.

During the final session, as I was lying on my back looking up into Sunshine's eyes, orgasmic sensations rumbled throughout my body and out beyond my fingertips. That was when I felt intuitively guided to run the energy between the two of us.

I chose to keep it simple and began by imagining I was sending all of my wild masculine energy, without restriction, up through my manhood and into her body. I further envisioned this energy traveling up through her torso and into her heart. Once in her heart, I imagined her Soul was able to transform my wild masculine energy into divine love essence. Then, to bring it back to me, I further envisioned this love essence flowing out of her heart, through her breasts, to pour down into my mouth. Finally, I visualized the energy traveling down through my heart to the bottom of my body, closing the loop.

The theory behind running energy around a circuit was that it would grow stronger each time it traveled around the circuit.

As I began this process without discussing it with Sunshine, she intuitively leaned forward and offered her breasts to me. I was surprised by how gracefully this took place. Without hesitating, I opened my mouth to drink in the love essence flowing from her heart into my mouth.

Before I explain what happened next, I ought to emphasize the importance of maintaining eye contact during tantric lovemaking. Tantric lovers connect in a way that honors each of their Souls in their hearts. The eyes are said to be the windows of our Souls, so tantric lovers look into each others' eyes to focus on the Soul in their beloved's heart. This transforms a normally physical activity into a spiritual union of the lovers' Souls.

So, while I was running the energy and looking up into my beloved's eyes, her face shifted to look similar to my face—a female version of me. This was totally unexpected and a bit shocking. To maintain my composure, I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, which helped me remain calm and go with the flow.

Next, I noticed I couldn't feel the parts of my body below my waist. It felt as though my legs and my manhood had disappeared. Instead of feeling legs, what I felt was a liquid sensation, causing me to wonder, "What's that liquid-like feeling down below my waist?"

At that point, I stopped suckling Sunshine's breast. That caused her to lift her body up, allowing me to lift my head and look down past my chest to investigate the liquid sensation below my waist.

While looking down there, I was astonished to find that our bodies appeared to be connected. No legs could be seen—both of our bodies looked as though they extended out from one elongated central torso.

This was super freaky!

I recall thinking, "She not only looks like me, she is me!"

Although what I just described may seem like an experience induced by potent hallucinogenic substances, we both remained sober for this week-long adventure. In fact, we didn't even drink wine or beer, let alone more potent intoxicants.

Despite remaining sober right up to this last session, we both took one inhale of ganja each, just before we entered my cabin. Anyone who has used that substance knows that one draw doesn't induce hallucinations. The single toke could have helped, but the tantric methods we employed must have caused the miraculous experience to emerge.

As I laid my head back onto the pillow and looked up into my beloved's eyes again, I took another deep breath and let it out slowly to help me remain calm despite how truly bizarre this experience had become.

At this point in the process, my beloved and I had stopped moving our bodies but remained coupled together.

During a tantric lovemaking session, lovers move slower as the sensations build to more intense levels. Slowing down the movement delays the climax. When the orgasmic sensations fill the lovers' bodies, they stop moving. A tiny pelvic movement could trigger a climax, so the lovers simply remain coupled together while the ecstatic sensations grow stronger. Surrendering to the experience, the lovers relax their muscles leaving the magic of their Souls' to take over.

So, as the orgasmic sensations spread and grew stronger, I relaxed to experience what had already developed far beyond anything I had ever encountered.

While lying still and fully relaxed with orgasmic sensations rumbling throughout my body, I noticed an unusual feeling above my right eyebrow. It felt as though my skull was spontaneously cracking open to form a horizontal crack where my hair meets my forehead.

The crack didn't hurt. It just felt like my skull was slowly splitting open.

That sensation continued as the crack elongated to eventually circle all the way around the top of my head. This spontaneous cracking felt like a circular piece of my skull had separated from the top of my head. (This piece would have looked like a shallow upside-down bowl.) No crack actually formed—it just felt like the top of my skull had split apart from the rest of my cranium.

Next, I could feel this bowl-like portion of my skull lifting up slightly to open a narrow gap where the crack had formed.

Soon, I felt water squirting out of this mysterious crack. The water was coming up from below my waist, where I had felt liquid earlier. I could feel this water gushing through my torso and chest, finally spraying out the narrow gap that had formed around the top of my skull.

I had the sense that the water was squirting out much like it does from an old-fashioned garden hose nozzle, but with much

more volume, like a powerful fountain. Of course, all of this was just what it felt like. No skull cracking or water was actually involved. Still, I felt sensations of water flowing through my body and squirting out of the top of my head like a fountain.

Despite being shocked by what was taking place, I managed to remain calm and tune into these extraordinarily unique and delightful sensations. To focus even more, I decided to close my eyes and place all my attention on the spectacular gushing water.

I was particularly drawn to focus on how the water felt as it flowed through my chest, where my heart is located. Once my attention was focused on my heart-center, I noticed my physical body began disintegrating. As I mentioned earlier, everything below my waist had already disappeared. Now I became aware that more of my physical body was dissolving.

First, my fingers disintegrated. Then my hands. Next, my arms crumbled away. Soon, it felt as though my body was crumbling into little pieces that vanished as they fell.

Once my entire body had vanished, all that I could feel was the gushing water. Then, even that evaporated, leaving . . . nothing physical. Only my conscious awareness remained in a dark void.

This is the so-called zero-point through which the physical universe disappears as a person's consciousness leaves the physical realm, which is actually an illusion produced by an enormous consciousness—the One. In other words, the heart-center, where the Soul resides, provides a pathway back to the One original consciousness that existed before the creation of the Heavens and the Earth.

This transition back to Oneness included a sense of being in a dark void for a moment. Soon, an explosive sensation triggered a feeling of expansion that opened into what appeared to be an endless expanse of luminous white mist. I no longer had edges, limbs, digits, or any parts at all. Instead, I had become a glowing, warm, misty bliss that was endless.

Without any physical eyes, my conscious point of awareness observed an infinite space extending outward in all directions. All the while, I intuitively knew that I was that endless expanse.

In addition to how it appeared, this vastness that I had become provided difficult-to-describe sensations—undulating, orgasmic, blissful sensations that propagated forever outward like spherical waves emerging from my central point of awareness. Unexpectedly, I had become an infinite orgasm that continually produced one spherical undulating wave after another. At the same time, all of those waves expanded progressively outward, growing larger until the outermost wave passed beyond my ability to fathom.

Unabated, the process continued as additional waves emerged. Altogether, they formed an endless three-dimensional ocean of countless spherical waves—all of them ballooning outward beyond the outer reaches of my ability to comprehend. In every direction, juicy, undulating spherical waves produced throbbing ecstatic sensations beyond my wildest dreams.

No longer a human, I had become a warm, gently glowing infinite orgasm!

As I surrendered to this ecstatic state of being, I intuitively knew I had become the ultimate expression of ecstatic bliss!

While basking in this unparalleled undulating blissful ecstasy, an unexpected notion arrived intuitively:

“If this sensation continued for a very long time, it would eventually become normal. Once that happened, I would lose interest in it. Consequently, I would want to experience something else.”

While that made sense, I was still enthralled by how extraordinarily spectacular being an infinite orgasm felt.

Next, a memory emerged. I remembered the One original colossal consciousness had already experienced this glorious sensation long ago before creating the Heavens and the Earth. I also recalled how the One had explored all the interesting experiences that could be fulfilled as a singular consciousness.

Having run out of interesting experiences the One wondered, “How would it feel to meet a mysterious other?”

Because the One was all that existed, there was no mysterious other to meet. With no other for the One to meet, the state of oneness had become quite dull. Therefore, to find out how it feels to meet a mysterious other, the One formed the Heavens, the Earth, and human beings. Just then, a vision appeared: numerous people were milling about, interacting with one another. While viewing this vast sea of people engaging one another, the notion that our purpose as humans is finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others.

Finally, I remembered that this concept was the basis of Rudolf Steiner’s cosmology of the universe, a cosmology that an elderly gentleman, Dr. Katz, had described to me ten years earlier, in 1990.

Soon I noticed that my physical body was reconstructing itself. Once it was completely reformed, but before I opened my eyes, I tasted deliciously sweet nectar dripping down the back of my throat. This nectar contained the flavors of rose and other flower essences combined with cinnamon and clove. Later I learned this nectar is called amrita. It’s supposedly excreted by the pituitary gland when a person has an extraordinarily enlightening experience like the one I had just returned from.

Once I opened my eyes and found myself lying in bed next to Sunshine, I asked her what she had experienced.

She told me she felt my manhood grow to become as big as her entire body. On top of that, powerful energy radiated from it so intensely that she felt like she was going to explode.

I asked her if that worried her.

She said she surrendered to it and rode it without fear.

Later, I noticed how returning to being the One while making love was contrary to prude spiritual paths that endorse celibacy and seclusion. Moreover, if our ultimate purpose is finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others, then celibacy and seclusion are counterproductive.

Beyond simply meeting one another, most humans tend to make relationships the central focus of their lives. We all know that humans are fascinated by relationships. Our relationships inspire art, music, conversation, novels, movies, games, and sports, ad infinitum. Our lives are essentially about relationships—business relationships, political relationships, familial relationships, social relationships, romantic relationships, friendships, adversarial relationships, and so on.

Thus, meeting mysterious others and finding out how those meetings feel fits the human experience remarkably well.

Relationships are based on the separation that's provided by human individuality. We must be separate from what we are relating to. Thus, separation is needed for relationships to occur.

The physical realm provides a setting with physical separation between our human bodies. The space between one person and another provides the opportunity for us to relate to each other as separate individuals.

Still, that separation is an illusion. The more profound truth acknowledges that everything is part of a seamless whole, an enormous consciousness—the One.

Despite the ultimate truth of oneness, we experience being individual humans. Finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others is simple; we do it effortlessly because we have been fashioned into individuals and placed among other separate individuals. Hence, life on Earth is ideal for discovering how it feels to meet mysterious others.

After investigating scripture, I found that none of the popular religions offer a purpose for the universe, nor do they spell out humanity's goal. Most religions focus on worshiping a god or goddess. Dedicated followers presume that such worship is our purpose. Religions also offer assistance with ascending to Heaven.

By the same token, new age spiritual folks focus on life lessons, ascending to explore higher dimensions, and returning to the One or oneness consciousness.

Oddly, religions and new age spiritual paths virtually ignore how interpersonal relationships fulfill our purpose. Eventually I would discover that the Way of the Heart path that I follow and discuss herein, is altogether different from spirit-oriented paths. The Way of the Heart involves following an inner spirit, one's Soul in their heart. Everyone else follows external guides or lures. Examples include, deities, ethics, money, power, fame, and so on. Indeed, there are many paths, and all of them are included in the grand plan of the Universe.

Still, my life path and what's shared in this book focuses on the Way of the Heart path—following Soul intuition while opening to love.

Getting back to the purpose of the universe and humanity, it seems absurd for feeble little humans to be able to accomplish something that the colossal One can't. However, being ALL that exists makes it impossible for the One to meet a mysterious other. Because finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others offers lots of new and interesting opportunities to explore, creating us humans to experience those feelings makes sense.

Additionally, meeting others fits human nature perfectly. With desires to meet with one another and interact, we can simply follow our natural inclinations to learn about mysterious strangers. Indeed, the One has designed humans to be naturally driven to accomplish precisely what the One created us to investigate.

If what came to Rudolf Steiner and me is true, then the One actually needs little humans to learn about something that couldn't be discovered as One singular consciousness.

Although that seems surprising, it makes sense that the colossal effort involved in creating the Universe and humans was embarked on to explore something that the One found interesting and couldn't explore in an easier way.

If finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others is the purpose of the universe and humanity, that answers one of the greatest mysteries of all time:

Why do we exist?

Gratefully, our natural inclinations help us accomplish what we have been created to do, discover something the One didn't already know—how it feels to meet mysterious others.

Mystery stories solve imaginary mysteries concocted by an author, however in this book I share my real life adventures that involved opening to love while answers to life's greatest mysteries emerged. Some of those great mysteries are:

What caused civilization to develop and why?

When and how will peace arrive on Earth?

What's the tree of life, and how do we obtain everlasting life?

Who are the meek, and why do they inherit the earth?

What's ascension all about?

What about aliens?

How can people love themselves without being narcissistic?

What's an open heart?

How can people open their hearts?

What is love?

And so on...

Of course, many answers can't be checked to be sure they're correct. When it comes to deep questions like humanity's purpose, everyone needs to decide what they believe to be true. Still, some choose to remain undecided because there's no way to be certain.

Like most people, I'm reluctant to accept some of the answers my Soul-intuition provides. When intuitive answers pop up in our heads, our conscious minds tend to resist those truths. For instance, we often think those answers are too simple. Then, alternatives are conjured up by our feeble intellect. Soon the infallible answer is lost in a swamp of uncertainty.

My curious and somewhat stubborn nature pressed me to seek understanding without giving up. To help me seriously consider what was being offered intuitively, scientific and anecdotal support emerged. In some cases, challenging situations pressed me to open to new perspectives.

For instance, the tantric nature adventure shared earlier began with a terrible accident, cutting my finger on the big saw. Throughout this book, I'll share other examples of how a seemingly unfortunate accident or crisis often leads to a truly wonderful outcome.

When looking back to review my open-hearted life, I realized that an in-depth understanding of life, love, human consciousness, and how peace will miraculously arrive on Earth, was given to me. To share all of that, I offer this story for you to examine my curious adventures for yourself.

Chapter 2

My Challenges and Family

We all have personal challenges, limitations, and personality quirks. So, to get real right away, I'll reveal five of the most significant issues I've had to deal with.

First, I'm only 5 foot 4 inches (162.4 cm) tall. Being a short man has some practical advantages. However, for the most part, being short isn't viewed as attractive, especially to women impressed by tall men. When that's combined with being a bit chubby, attracting the opposite sex becomes difficult. On top of all that, I have stubby legs and a relatively long body—not in an extreme way, but many people have told me that I look like a hobbit. That may seem funny, but being a walking joke hasn't been funny for me.

On the other hand, I have exceptional balance and can lift 1,000 pounds with my strong legs. When I trim down, I look attractive. Sadly, I've been at least a little heavy most of my life.

In addition to being physically short, I have a short temper. Although some people never see it, when my temper does come out, it can emerge quickly and ferociously. People who have known me for many years have seen me raise my voice and even scream. I only got physical on a couple of occasions when I punched two guys, one in the eye and one in the gut. Only one punch each. Other than those two physical expressions of anger, I've been able to use my voice to express my ferocious temper. As I've aged, I've mellowed, but I can still get riled up.

Another personal challenge involves a sexual fantasy that I developed when I was thirteen years old. The fantasy involves loving a woman so much that I worship and humbly serve her. Conveniently, my imaginary goddess loves to be honored and served. In this imaginary relationship, we appreciate and love each other as we play out complementary roles of eagerly serving and gratefully receiving.

Eventually, I found that my fantasy couldn't be fulfilled because a woman who fit my imagination didn't exist. When I found women who enjoyed being worshiped and served, I would soon discover that they were self-centered, cruel, and demanding rather than appreciative. On the other hand, loving and grateful women weren't interested in being worshiped or served. Thus, the combination of traits I sought contradicted each other.

Even when I knew how impossible my dream was, the desires remained, haunting me. By wanting to fulfill this impossible scenario throughout my adult life, I wasn't able to have successful long-term relationships. The longest was when I lived with a woman as her beloved partner for two and a half years. I loved her and found cuddling with her to be more wonderful than with anyone else. We had lots of great times and eventually went our separate ways, but remain friends.

While dealing with my seemingly unworkable fantasy, I also discovered that smoking marijuana magnified those desires. When I stopped using marijuana for extended breaks, the fantasy would nearly disappear. Still, once in a while, I might think about it, even while not smoking. But when I would smoke again, the desires would return full force. Currently, I'm not smoking, and the fantasy is mostly in remission.

A fourth issue that made my life difficult is an abandonment issue. That issue probably developed because my brother, who is three years older, often ditched me to play with his older friends. I don't blame him for wanting to hang out with his friends without a younger brother tagging along. That's quite normal, but being left behind made me sensitive to abandonment situations.

Some of that healed when I went on a three-year solo bicycle trip around the US. Exploring America on my own helped me discover how I actually enjoy being alone. I found those three years and other solo adventures to be some of the best experiences of my life. When I'm alone, I'm able to tune into my Soul's guidance and follow it more conscientiously than when I'm involved with other people.

Even though I enjoy being alone, following my heart attentively, I still feel hurt when I get left behind.

The fifth and final challenge that I've endured is how I gain weight easily, making it difficult for me to remain trim. I also build muscles without working out, so I've always been quite strong. Unfortunately, I use food to comfort myself when I'm bored. Consequently, I've been overweight most of my life.

Although I have more issues, I suppose that's enough to demonstrate how imperfectly human I am.

I suppose we all have issues. In telling this story about my life, I felt it best to simply share my challenges upfront, clearing the way to share the blessings that made my life worth writing about. Despite my human limitations, personal challenges, and hobbit-like appearance, I've had a wonderful life. This book reveals how following my Soul's guidance made my life miraculous.

Although I only discuss a few important relationships in this book, I remember making love to fifty-eight beautiful women. Being a hobbit, that's a miracle in itself. Over the years, one thing became apparent: what's most important when making love is being in love. I found sex without love to be disappointing. On the other hand, sexuality has been a wonderful way to connect with women I truly love. When practicing tantra in the way I shared in the first chapter, showed me that loving connections can take me beyond anything I'm able to imagined.

When it comes to love, I was fortunate to grow up in a loving family. I truly loved my parents, who were good-natured people. They hugged me and told me they loved me. Even when I chose to follow an eccentric path, they remained supportive. My parents' love gave me a foundation to delve ever more deeply into love. Additionally, during periods of being a lonely bachelor, my family's love helped me keep my heart open.

Although living a mostly solo lifestyle was challenging, being on my own allowed me to get more deeply in touch with my Soul in my heart. Once my parents passed on, I fell in love with my Soul. That inner relationship allowed my ego-mind in my head to love the divine guardian in my heart. That inner parent continues

to guide me through truly remarkable experiences. That reality makes it easy to sincerely love my Soul in my heart. Because the Superconscious-Soul in my heart is always there, it has never abandoned me. Through thick or thin, every moment of every day, my Soul has my back. By appreciating that magnificent divine guardian and being attentive to its infallible guidance, my life has been blessed beyond measure.

While many people worship a deity outside of themselves, the most precious divinity may reside within each of our hearts.

Even though I'm just a little hobbit man, I've lived an incredible life by following my Soul's guidance. I can honestly say I have no regrets. While I've made lots of mistakes, that's part of being human. Gratefully my mistakes keep me humble.

Finally, there's my dear brother Grant. He led a much more conventional life but kept his heart open to me. Even though we see things differently, I've always loved him. After my parents passed, Grant and I got even closer. He has a typical family, including a wonderful wife, an extraordinary daughter, and a talented son. They're all grounded, successful, loving, and genuinely kind people I am proud to be related to.

Having a rock-solid family provided a firm foundation that helped me feel supported. I've noticed it's rare for people to have so much love and support from their families. I can't really imagine being without familial love. I've heard so many sad stories about family split-ups and ongoing conflicts. Having love in my family is something I treasure.

With the support of a loving family, I kept my heart open and followed my Soul's guidance to discover several missing pieces to the puzzling experience we call life. I share what I discovered herein.

Chapter 3

A Difficult Start

My mother Cynthia and father Harold made love and conceived a child that grew in my mother's womb for nine months. After two and a half days of labor, the old-fashioned doctor used a pair of forceps to grab ahold of my head and pull me out of my mother's womb. My birth was recorded to have taken place in Royal Oak, Michigan, on December 5, 1959, at 1:06 a.m.

My mom explained to me that I was so bruised and bloody the hospital personnel didn't photograph me. The doctor's use of forceps tore my cheek, which eventually became a small scar that looks like a little rabbit.

When I asked my mom about my infancy, she simply said my brother Grant was easier to raise.

On the earliest birthday I can recall, possibly my third but more likely my fourth birthday, I remember standing somewhere in our home. I think it was in the kitchen. One of my parents held the birthday cake for me to blow out the candles. They explained I needed to make a secret wish before blowing all the candles out in one breath. I remember one of them emphasizing I ought to make the best wish I could think of.

I wondered in my mind, "What's the best wish?"

What popped up intuitively was to wish for peace on Earth. I made that wish and blew very hard to make sure I extinguished all the candles in one breath. I blew so hard that some of the melted wax flew off the candles and onto one of my parent's clothing.

While many people have wished for peace on Earth, the peace we collectively long for seems to have taken a considerable detour and gotten lost on some back road. While an individual can experience peace by simply quieting their mind, peace on Earth is a global thing with everyone peaceful in unison.

I haven't been able to come up with a better wish, so I've made that same wish every birthday for my entire life. Obviously, I can be quite stubborn, but peace on Earth seems like something worth being stubborn about. So, even on my sixty-first birthday, I wished for peace on Earth again. Apparently, I've placed peace on Earth ahead of everything else since I was four years old.

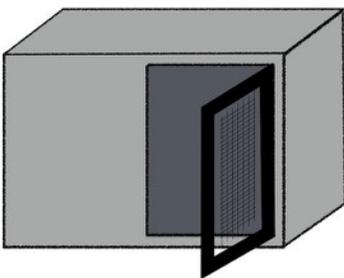
When I was still four, a terrifying event occurred. My brother Grant (age seven), our friend Steven (eight), and I explored an empty lot in our Detroit, Michigan, neighborhood. After lifting up some debris to peek underneath, we spotted a black widow spider. The red hourglass on her black abdomen made it easy for us to be sure she was a real black widow.

We put her in a jar we had brought along to capture unusual insects. Having such an impressive specimen in our jar, we took it to Steven's house, where he claimed to have a good place to keep the spider.

As soon as we arrived at Steven's, he located a wooden box with a screen door. We opened the hinged screen door, dumped the spider into the box, and quickly closed the door. With her safely inside, my brother and I went across the street to our home for dinner.

The next day, I was eager to go over to Steven's and check on the black widow spider. Once there, we all looked through the screen door, but no one could see the black widow. Even with the door opened, we couldn't find her. My brother and Steven concluded she had escaped through a narrow crack located along the box's back bottom edge. That crack was half the width of the black widow's shiny abdomen, which I intuitively knew to be hard and therefore couldn't squeeze through a narrow opening.

Wooden Box



The box depicted on the left was a little bigger than two shoe boxes stacked, one on top of the other. As you can see, the interior area to the left of the doorway can't be seen through the doorway. My intuition told me the spider was located in that hidden area.

Confident she was hiding in that corner, I explained to the older kids that the crack was too small for the spider to escape and she must be hiding in the concealed area.

The older kids disagreed, reiterating their belief that the spider had escaped through the narrow crack.

I further noticed that the doorway was big enough for a child's head to fit through it. With that opportunity available, I suggested that one of them put their head inside the box to view the hidden area and find the spider.

They countered that I ought to put my head in the box.

I argued that because they didn't believe the spider was in the box, one of them should put their head in to check.

One of them cleverly convinced me I needed to put my head in the box to prove to them that I was right.

Being only four years old, I was very naïve and unaware of the ego-based manipulation being used to coax me into doing the dangerous deed. On top of that, I don't recall being aware of how truly dangerous a black widow spider bite could be for a four-year-old child.

Indubitably, my ego wanted to convince the older kids I was right. So, in a foolish attempt to gain their respect, I picked up the box and raised it up over my head with the front of it facing downward. In this position, gravity pulled the door open. Next, I courageously lowered the box over my head.

Once inside, I couldn't see much at all. My eyes needed time to adjust to the darkness. As they adapted, the spider came into focus and appeared right in front of my face.

As soon as I saw it, a bolt of terror shot through my body. In a knee-jerk reaction, I threw the box up and away from me. A loud scream came from deep inside, where a primal fear of this lethal spider emerged from my gut. I began crying and twitching uncontrollably. This experience produced the most extreme feeling of terror I've ever felt. Even during occasions when I was confident I was about to die, I didn't feel so much terror.

Luckily, I wasn't bitten by the deadly black widow.

Looking back on how my life unfolded, I believe this incident affected me in multiple ways. Two of those effects were unexpectedly positive.

First, I knew intuitively the black widow spider was in the box. I was also aware of my conscience telling me to keep my head out of the box. Even so, my ego viewed the situation quite differently.

My big brother and our friend Steven believed the spider had escaped through a tiny crack. However, my intuition informed me otherwise. With this knowledge and encouragement to put my head in the box, my immature ego saw an opportunity to prove I was right. Naively I imagined that would help me gain respect from the older kids.

To do so, I ignored my Soul's conscience that was warning me to keep my head out of the box. Although I thought I was being courageous by ignoring my fears to gain prestige, I was disobeying my conscience. In this instance, I was sternly punished for acting in defiance of my Soul's guidance. This unforgettable incident provided two beneficial lessons:

- ♥ Honor the inner voice of wisdom above all.

- ♥ Calm the ego's desire for recognition because it leads to horrifying terror!

With these lessons locked in my emotional memory, I became reluctant to venture far from my Soul's guidance. I also lost interest in fame and fortune.

Throughout my life, whenever I deviate from my intuitive guidance, self-inflicted reminders steer me back into alignment with my Soul. Little things like tripping, stubbing a toe, or suffering a cut grab my attention to remind me of the intuitive guidance that had just warned me to be careful. Then I'll realize I could have avoided the accident had I followed the intuitive guidance. These reminders reinforce the original lesson involving the black widow spider. Indeed, some incidents have been more painful, like a dislocated shoulder that occurred while foolishly doing something I was intuitively warned to avoid.

So, very early in my life, a terrifying black widow spider encounter helped me follow my heart more than most. It also taught me that being important isn't important.

This black widow spider incident is another example of an adverse event that produced positive results. Eventually I was guided to name this phenomenon *Evil's Silver Lining*.

So it seems I didn't make a conscious choice to follow my heart; the black widow propelled me to humbly follow my intuition and respect my conscience.

People often presume that following the straight-and-narrow restricts people's lives, making them uneventful and boring. On the contrary, the Way of the Heart led me to experience marvelous blessings that have made my life extraordinarily delightful in all sorts of ways.

For instance, when I was five, my maternal grandmother, a kind and playful woman we called Nanny, was out in the backyard looking for something in the grass.

Being a curious kid, I asked her what she was looking for.

She quietly answered, "A four-leaf clover." Then she asked, "Would you like to know how to find them?"

"Yes," was my eager reply.

Nanny explained, "You must believe that they exist and keep looking until you find one. If you don't believe, then you won't look long enough to actually find one."

Just a couple of moments later, Nanny found one, picked it, and headed into the house. I followed her into her bedroom. I hadn't ever been in Nanny's bedroom, so that was interesting in itself. Soon she found a book, opened it, and placed the four-leafed clover between the pages to press it flat. Then, she picked up another book and flipped through it to show me other four-leaf clovers that were already dried out.

Finally, she explained that four-leaf clovers are good luck.

Over the years that followed, I found lots of four-leaf clovers. At a silent meditation retreat, while practicing walking

meditation, I spotted a four-leaf clover. While picking it, another one appeared nearby. Soon I had gathered twenty-one four-leaf clovers from one area. A little later, when all the silent meditators were convening for dinner, I handed a four-leaf clover to every person at the retreat. Each one smiled and showed a sign of gratitude.

That was unexpectedly fun, but later in 2006, I had my most fantastic four-leaf clover adventure up in a volcanic crater.

I had arranged a group outing to a remote cabin located in a dormant volcano's crater. That crater is about seven miles long and three miles wide. Its surface is mostly dry cinder, rock, and sand. However, it has some areas with grass that is watered by clouds the prevailing trade winds blow in from the ocean. As moist warm air is propelled across the ocean and pushed up the volcano, clouds are produced and driven into the crater. There they spill their raindrops near the crater's rim.

The crater's floor is sculpted in graceful curves and pastel colors. This otherworldly landscape features numerous cinder cones, volcanic hills with crater-like shapes of their own. The somewhat eerie silence is exceptionally peaceful. At nighttime, the stars are radiantly bright.

A couple of days before the trip, a severe thunderstorm warning was announced. The hike to the cabin began at 9,000 feet (2,743 m) and traversed 10.5 miles (16.9 km). Being concerned about the severe thunderstorm warning while hiking near the top of the tallest mountain around, everyone I invited canceled.

My intuition encouraged me to go alone. Sunshine, the fearless woman who led me through the tantric adventure shared in Chapter 1, offered to hike with me part of the way. Then, about five miles in, she turned back to attend a business commitment the following day.

After sharing a big hug, I continued on my own. A few miles before I reached the cabin, one of my knees started feeling sore. I made it to the cabin, but my knee had become quite painful.

Once inside the cabin, I started a fire in the stove, made some dinner, and went to bed. Throughout the night, I woke up several times. Each time I worked on my knee using the Heart-Opening Breath technique I describe later. By morning my knee was completely healed, with no pain or stiffness at all.

With a full day to explore, I went outside to look around. Seeing a v-notch in the nearby eastern rim of the crater that appeared to be accessible, I was intuitively guided to investigate. I put some water and food in a day-pack and headed out to see if I could climb up to the notch. As I headed toward it, a trail appeared and led right to it. That trail became steep and required a bit of rock climbing at a couple of points, but nothing too tricky.

The crater's rim was a jagged rock surface about the width of a narrow sidewalk. One side descended into the crater. The other side featured an enormous tropical valley descending 7,000 feet (2,133 m) to the big, blue Pacific Ocean.

The upper part of this particular valley is the most pristine natural area I have ever encountered in person. The three upper sides of the valley are steep cliffs that are climbable but challenging. Down on the valley floor, marshes, lakes, and lava tube holes have kept people from venturing past those natural hazards. Being surrounded by all these naturally treacherous boundaries, human beings have never lived in the upper part of this valley, keeping it remarkably pristine.

As I attempted to view that expansive valley, a cloud was blowing up the valley and over the rim and right into my face, obstructing the view. I climbed along the rim, making my way out of the v-notch, where I found a large, flat rock offering a place to sit comfortably. Looking away from the valley, back toward the crater, I found a stunning view. With the sun at my back, the crater was brilliantly illuminated. Many of the cinder cones sprinkled about the crater floor had elongated openings that faced toward me, offering attractive sculptured shapes. This view of the crater was the most beautiful I had ever seen.

While sitting there, I began to contemplate the steepness of the cliff into the valley. I wondered if it might be too difficult for me to climb down. Additionally, the wind and cold, damp air might be too cold for me to handle at the 7,000-foot elevation. On the other hand, there I was, just a few feet (2 m) away from the edge with no other plans and no one to be found for miles.

Just as I decided to go for it, a bright reddish-orange bird appeared about ten feet (3 m) in front of me. It was a very distinctive native bird with a long beak that curved downward. It flew around, forming a couple of figure eights in front of me. Then it dropped into the crater, out of sight. Having seen this bird in pictures, I was excited to finally see one in person. Unfortunately, it disappeared just moments after making its surprise appearance.

I stood up, turned around, and headed over to the other side of the rim, which was just a couple of steps to the east. To my surprise, the cloud that was blowing in my face just minutes earlier was entirely gone, giving me a clear view of the entire valley all the way to the ocean.

As I savored the view, the brightly colored native bird reappeared on this valley side of the rim. I figured it may have crossed over by flying through the lower part of the notch. This time it flew up to my eyes' level, turned away, and rolled over onto its back. Then, as it glided into the valley upside down, it rolled onto its front side in a way that looked as if it was waving me in with one of its wings. This curious maneuver reinforced my decision to explore the valley.

I removed my hiking boots and all my clothing, hid my gear, and decided I wouldn't even take a water bottle; it would be just me and this pristine valley. A practical reason for removing my clothing and going barefoot was to avoid contaminating the valley with seeds that attach to clothing and shoes. Beyond that, I felt that it was appropriate to enter such a pristine setting *au naturel*. Before beginning my descent, I asked Mother Earth to be gentle with me.

Just below the rock rim, eight- to ten-inch-thick (20- to 25-cm) moss covered the entire valley's hollow. My bare feet never touched the ground as the thick moss offered a cushion. Healthy plants grew out of the moss-covered cliff face, providing footings and handles for climbing down. After descending a little way down, I tested my ability to climb back up. Going up was reasonably easy, so I continued the descent.

The vegetation was very unusual and looked extremely healthy. Fern trees with huge salmon-colored fiddleheads sprouting out of them were quite common.

After climbing down for a while, I stopped to take a breath at the base of a tree. As I looked down the valley and outward toward the ocean, I found orchid-like flowers decorating the upper tips of another tree's crown. That tree grew up from further down the cliff, positioning its upper branches in front of me. This tree's upper branches were slender and curved to reach up toward the sky. Each tip featured a few green leaves that framed an orchid-like flower cradled in the leaves. Otherwise, those branches were barren. These beautiful little bouquets bobbed in the breeze, dancing in silence. Because they were spaced apart from one another, I could see between the dancing flowers to appreciate the view beyond them.

As I refocused my eyes to look further down the valley, I saw one lush green ridge after another. My 20/12 vision enabled me to see this spectacular valley unfold all the way down to the ocean, where waves were crashing on the shore. Meanwhile, in the foreground, the orchid flower bouquets continued to dance in the breeze.

This was the most beautiful vista I have ever seen. As I marveled at the extraordinary beauty before me, I realized that I would never have explored this valley if my friends hadn't canceled. I silently thanked every one of them for canceling. I also thanked my Soul for leading me onward without them.

While appreciating the unparalleled splendor of this vista, tears welled up in my eyes and dripped down my cheeks. While I have experienced tears of joy, I had never teared up because a

view was so sublime that it moved me to feel such deep emotions.

Once I was ready to continue, I realized I had no plan at all. I wondered how far down should I go. Why was I here? The answer that came intuitively was, “Water.” Because I had left my water up on the rim, looking for water made sense. I would continue down the cliff until I found water. With that plan in mind, I continued climbing downward.

After a while, I started wondering when I would find water. Considering how the ubiquitous moss was so thick and sponge-like, it seemed that any water would be held in the moss layer, possibly flowing through it. This blanket of moss even covered the underside of outcroppings. If the sponge-like moss held all the moisture, would the water ever find a way out?

I had experience tapping freshwater springs, giving me knowledge about the sources of streams. As I continued to climb downward, I started thinking about encouraging the water to flow out of the damp moss by removing some from the bottom of an outcropping. I figured that would create a hole for the moisture to escape.

Soon I stopped at a big tree to take another break and considered the possibility of poking a hole in the moss to cause the water to ooze out. I wondered, “Where might I do that?” And “Under a tree” was the answer that popped up intuitively.

“Of course,” I thought. “That’s where springs are often found.”

Well, there I was, standing at the base of a tree on the upper side. I looked around it and, just ten feet (3 m) down the cliff, directly below the tree, was a small puddle of water sitting on a ledge.

I quickly made my way down to the puddle. It was sitting in bright green moss on a ledge that stuck out about three feet (1 m) from the cliff wall. The water in the puddle was clear but stagnant. Even in pristine nature, stagnant water is a poor choice for drinking.

I examined the shape of the cliffside just above the puddle. It was indented in a way that looked like water might drip from it if I removed some of the moss. In my mind, I asked for permission to remove a little moss. I felt that I received an OK, so I slowly pushed my fingers straight into the soft moss. It was so thick that my entire hand disappeared, and then, just a little further in, my fingertips touched the hard rock. I curled my fingers to grab ahold of the moss and pulled some of it off the rock's surface. The exposed piece of stone was hanging downward in a tiny cavern. The bottom edge featured a point where the water began to merge and drip.

Miraculously, this was just what I was looking for!

I used the moss I had removed to clean the rock face. To rinse it off, I scooped some of the stagnant water from the little puddle with my cupped hands and tossed it onto the exposed rock. With a few splashes of water, I wiped the surface of the stone a few times, and it cleaned up quite well.

Next, I washed my hands in the rivulet of fresh water that had begun to pour off of the pointy tip of the rock. It took a little while to clean my hands, but eventually, I was ready to drink.

I carefully cupped my hands to collect some of the precious water that poured slowly from the rock. As my hands filled, I felt so blessed to be intimately engaged with such a pristine portion of Mother Earth. I slowly brought the water to my lips and sipped some to taste it. It was very cool and deliciously sweet.

As I drank this water, the voice that I usually use to talk to myself in my head began talking on its own! This is a form of intuition that I had only experienced in a couple of emergencies when my life was in danger and other unusual instances.

The message was about basic things men should be aware of. The situation that had just unfolded was being used as an example of how Mother Earth wanted to give me her water. Still, I needed to do something to get the water flowing. However, to do that respectfully, it's appropriate to ask for permission. Because I had asked permission to access the valley and her

water, that was an example of the respectful protocol in male–female relations.

As I continued to drink the water, my inner voice offered more advice. Eventually, I started shivering. I wanted to stay and drink even more water, but I needed to warm up. I was prepared to climb upward and figured the exercise would warm me if I began to get cold.

I thanked the valley, the water, and Mother Earth for everything and stood up. As I started to look around for a way to climb up, a bright green glow to my right caught my eye. Looking over there, I found a mound of light green moss, as big as a double bed. This was situated on another shelf about twenty feet (6 m) away. Most importantly, the sun was blazing directly onto this bed of moss. I worked my way over to it and laid down on the soft, warm lime green bed.

As the sun warmed me up, I felt so grateful I had listened to my inner guidance and ignored the thunderstorm warnings. My Soul had clearly guided me to go and gave me a strong feeling that it would be an extraordinary adventure. As always, my heart was right.

Once I had warmed up, I made my way back to the spring and drank more water. I hung out for a while, hydrating and lying in the sun. While sunbathing, I vowed to bring my Soul-mate to this spring and the soft moss bed to make love in this extraordinarily pristine valley.

On my last visit to the spring, the puddle had overflowed. Water was pouring off the edge of the shelf, proving that I had actually caused water to flow out of the moss. Because I hadn't done much at all, this was surprising.

I thanked the water, the moss bed, the sun, the valley, the plants, Mother Earth, my Soul, and myself for having the courage to make this journey. Then, I began to climb up the cliff toward the rim of the crater.

As I climbed, I felt super strong and so filled with joy that a smile was fixed on my face. My inner voice continued to share

unusual messages. It told me that by being a man, I represent all men. I suppose that's true for all men—we are each representative of men, and what one man does reflects on all men. Of course, the same would apply to all sorts of people.

Near the top, my inner voice explained how the Heart-Opening Breath technique I used to heal my knee could be used to access the endless source of universal power. No matter how tired I may be, if someone needs my help, I can use that technique to recharge myself and offer my support.

The voice also explained that I was ageless and that I could live forever. Because of that, I ought to let go of thinking and talking about my age. Going further, it said that I can live by just breathing air, drinking water, and drawing source essence into my body with the Heart-Opening Breath technique. This ageless living-forever concept was too far-fetched for me to accept then. Still, I felt that someday even that could become a reality. Many of my former views had already been superseded by new perspectives that proved to be accurate.

Once I reached the rim, I put some clothes on but decided to keep my feet bare. As I hiked down from the rim into the crater, I passed a little waterfall with a tiny pool. To freshen up after the challenging climb, I stripped down and bathed in the pool, rinsing myself off as the falling water splattered on my head.

After putting my clothes back on, I continued down to the floor of the crater. From there, I went hiking for a few miles down a nearby trail that went down toward the ocean through a wide gap in the rim. While on my way down that trail, the voice spoke again, saying, "This is the transition point."

I looked around to find what that meant, but nothing seemed transitional. I was further guided to step up out of the trail's depth and onto the higher ground to get a better view.

From there, I looked down toward the ocean, where I could see waves breaking on the shore. Then, by observing the land's contours, I noticed it was steeper below me. Standing at the slope change, I could see up into the crater and down to the ocean. Just a few steps downward, I would lose sight of the crater. Upward a

few steps, I wouldn't be able to see the shoreline. The transition point my Soul had mentioned was how the land changed steepness, tilting more downward.

The way my inner voice continued to offer spoken messages caused me to feel a little concerned that I might be going a bit wacky. Despite that, what was being said seemed valuable. Still, arriving as a voice made the delivery different from how intuitive ideas usually emerge in my mind as thoughts, feelings, or pictures.

Thinking back to how the voice started right when I drank the pristine valley's water gave me a deeper appreciation for water quality than I already had. It seemed that this water was unusually beneficial.

After hiking a little further, I turned around and walked back up to the cabin. There I washed up, prepared a big dinner, and went outside to eat it at the picnic table.

As the sun set and the clouds turned a beautiful orange, lightning began bolting over the rim of the crater, causing thunder to clap with explosive volume. I watched the spectacular light show for a little while, but once the rain began to come down hard, I retreated into the cabin. Once inside, I stoked up the wood stove, closed down the vents to slow the burn rate, hung up my clothes to dry, and went to bed.

In the morning, I got up at sunrise, made breakfast, packed my stuff, and cleaned the cabin. Soon I was on the trail with my big backpack to start the 10.5-mile (16.9-km) hike back to my car. Just as I started hiking, some clover appeared next to the trail.

As soon as I noticed the clover, I thought about stopping to look for a four-leaf clover to keep as a memento of this bizarre adventure. I had just started the hike, though, so I didn't feel like stopping. Before I could make up my mind, the voice spoke again, "The clover is ahead on the path. Just keep walking."

In addition to that statement, I saw in my mind an image of a black cinder path with a four-leaf clover sticking out from the

path's grassy edge and into the pathway. That clover stood out clearly with the black cinder below it.

I laughed and thought, "I really may be going crazy!" Nonetheless, I decided to just keep walking and see if a four-leaf clover would miraculously show up on the trail.

After walking a short distance, all the grass was gone—no more clover. Despite that, I knew that seven miles (11 km) away, there was more grass on the other side of the crater floor. I figured that the clairvoyantly viewed clover could be over there.

Around four hours later, I reached the other side of the crater floor, where grass grew along both sides of the trail. While walking through that portion of the path, I looked carefully for the four-leaf clover.

Soon I was approaching the end of the grassy section. Then, just when I was about to give up, it appeared. I was dumbfounded. This four-leaf clover looked just how it appeared in my mind seven miles back. It was a beautiful four-leaf clover sticking out from the edge of the grass into the path.

The only difference between the mental image and the real thing was that the real clover was on the right side of the path, while the one in my mind was on the left side of the trail. I chuckled because I'm slightly dyslexic.

I took off my backpack and sat there staring at the clover. As I looked at it, I wondered, "How could something know about a four-leaf clover seven miles away and show me an image of it?"

The voice answered, "It knows everything."

Based on what had just happened I was willing to accept that this inner spirit may actually know everything that's known.

After picking the clover, I wanted to flatten it the way Nanny had taught me, so I placed it between the folds of a map I was carrying. Later, I laminated it and mailed it to my parents for safekeeping.

Looking back, it seems my Soul's messages were amplified by the pristine nature of the valley and the precious water I drank while I was there. I also felt that being barefoot may have helped.

Typically, I don't hear a voice in my head. Most messages arrive as a knowing or feeling.

On the other hand, the four-leaf clover appearing as a picture in my mind was similar to how solutions to geometric problems have often appeared as mental images.

This experience convinced me that my Soul's guidance is truly infallible. How else could it know about one little clover seven miles away? It may not be proof, but it removed my doubts, making me a believer in the infallibility of Soul-intuition.

From that point onward, I became more consciously attentive to the intuitive thoughts that pop up in my mind, noticing more and more how infallible they are.

While many people talk about gut intuition, these infallible messages weren't coming from my gut. I had already found that gut intuition was accompanied by a tightness in my stomach. Moreover, my gut intuition offered warnings that included a sense of fear. None of that was associated with this guidance that propelled me forward.

Those intuitive ideas or feelings that could be labeled hunches are verified to be correct whenever I have an opportunity to confirm them. With this understood, intuition has become something I rely on. By following my Soul's guidance, my life is bestowed with grace, miracles, and health.

Chapter 4

Nineteen Years of School

During the summer between kindergarten and first grade, our family moved out of Detroit to live in a nearby suburb, Grosse Pointe Woods. The move was an upgrade to a more affluent neighborhood where my parents found an affordable home in the upscale Grosse Pointe Wood's outskirts. Just one block away, lavish mansions and yacht clubs stood along Lake St. Clair's shoreline.

My parents claimed they moved to Grosse Pointe because it had one of the country's best public schooling systems. Because they couldn't afford to send my brother and me to private schools, they chose to live in a neighborhood with high-quality public schools.

Thinking back to my early school experiences, I recall receiving my first quiz. It had a strong smell because it was printed with a mimeograph machine. After the teacher handed out the one-page quiz, she explained what she wanted us to do. Although I don't recall the details, I vaguely recollect a pictorial matching of related images or something of that sort. As I examined each picture and looked for the best match, I remember waiting for an answer to pop up in an "aha" sort of way. Once I felt prompted from within to make a selection, I made that choice and proceeded to the next set of images.

The next day, when the teacher handed back the graded quizzes, I was happily surprised to find all my selections were correct.

Even though I was obviously using Soul-intuition to pick the correct answers, I believed I wasn't intuitive. I mistakenly thought intuition referred to knowing the future because my dad had mentioned my mom was very intuitive when something took place in a way that appeared as though my mom knew the future.

Eventually, when I was about 55, I found I had mixed up premonition and intuition. Premonitions are knowledge of the future, while intuition is when knowledge arises without knowing how or why.

Despite mixing up these words, I followed my intuition without knowing what it was called or what I was doing.

One way I used my intuition was while assembling jigsaw puzzles. I was able to put them together very quickly without knowing how. I remember an incident with my paternal grandfather who was visiting when I was assembling a puzzle. I had all the pieces spread out on a card table. The border was completed, and I had made some progress assembling the interior when grandpa Walter showed up. He came over, picked up a puzzle piece, and began looking for a place to fit it in.

While grandpa held that piece, looking for the proper place to insert it, I locked several pieces in place. It seemed to me that grandpa needed help, so I looked at his piece and instantly knew where it went. To help him, I snatched it out of his hand and placed it in its proper place.

He picked up another piece. Eventually, I noticed he was stuck again, so I helped him. After helping him a few times, my mom saw what I was doing and advised me, “Stop doing that to grandpa.”

Because I was just trying to help him, I wondered why my mom wanted me to stop. It seemed it could be because I was snatching the pieces from his hand. The next time he picked up a piece, I pointed to where it fit and told him to put it there. As he tried to lock in place, I could see that he was having difficulty figuring out which way to orient it to lock it in, so I told him to turn it around. That’s when grandpa walked away from the table.

I knew I had done something wrong. However, at eight years old I couldn’t figure out how helping grandpa was wrong. Because lots of pieces were left, I simply went back to assembling the puzzle.

At sixty-one years old, I get it—people like to figure things out for themselves. There’s a delightful satisfaction that comes with accomplishment. Despite that, I want to help people and still butt in with my excessive eagerness to help. There are times when I realize it’s better to let people figure things out for themselves. However, I find it difficult to walk away without helping or at least offering to help.

Getting back to school, I should mention that I had a girlfriend in second grade when I was just eight years old. We kissed, but that first kiss wasn’t anything special, and we drifted apart.

Then, a couple of years later, in fourth grade, I met Rosie. We hid in the alcove of a school’s side entrance and kissed. During that kiss, I felt a tingling feeling emerge from the base of my spine and travel upward to shoot out the top of my head. Although it wasn’t an intense sensation, it was quite startling. Instantly, an intuitive idea arose to let me know that this special feeling meant Rosie was the one for me, my Soul-mate.

Unfortunately, a few days later, when school let out for summer vacation, Rosie flew to Italy with her parents. There, Rosie’s father promised her hand to an associate’s son who was her age. To make a long story short, she didn’t marry that guy. Still, a sequence of complications kept Rosie and me from exploring a relationship. Twenty-eight years later, at our twentieth high school reunion, I ran into her and explained I had never forgotten our grade school kiss. I asked her if she also remembered it.

She told me she had told everyone about me, even her children. She explained she believed that our kiss was special because it was our first kiss.

As fate would have it, her second husband was present. With him sitting right next to me, I didn’t feel it would be appropriate to point out how it was my second kiss. The first one that took place in second grade wasn’t special at all. So, without discussing it, I continued to wonder whether Rosie could be my Soul-mate.

Being a hopeful romantic, I continue to wonder if a way for us to connect will miraculously occur. Only time will tell.

Moving on to high school, a memorable example of using intuition took place when I was fourteen years old during my freshman year of high school. While attending an Introduction to Physics class, the teacher explained Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity and his famous equation $E=MC^2$. He further explained how that little equation led to the development of nuclear power and the atomic bomb. After class, two other students and I asked the teacher some questions about that inspiring lecture.

After our questions were answered, one of the kids alleged that it must be difficult to hypothesize how the Universe works. The other one agreed.

Conversely, I offered what came to me intuitively. It's not difficult to hypothesize how the Universe works. What's difficult is to form a theory that reveals new things, like nuclear power.

Both of the other kids disagreed. To show they were right, one of them challenged me, "If it's so easy, then why don't you come up with a theory of how the Universe works?"

Without thinking it through, I simply replied, "Okay, I'll have one tomorrow."

That evening, while I was lying in bed ready to fall asleep, I remembered I needed to develop a theory of how the Universe works. Without knowing where to begin, I wondered, "What's a theory for how the Universe works?"

Then, I closed my eyes, relaxed, and waited for an idea to emerge. Soon, an idea began to form. It started with a large, puffy, oval cloud-like shape that I understood to symbolize the Universe. Inside of that large cloud, small, denser clouds appeared to represent people. All the clouds were actually consciousness. The immense Universe cloud provided each human cloud with inputs for all five senses: vision, sound, smell, taste, and touch.

Those sensations cause each person to experience being a living human being on Earth. Even though each person is

actually a cloud of consciousness floating within an overlord cloud, the sensations formed a virtual reality. To coordinate that illusion based on each human cloud's position within the Universe cloud, what a human sees, hears, smells, and feels fits their location. As a person moves or looks in different directions, their sensations are adjusted to fit their gradually changing position.

Physical interactions between people are also simulated. For example, when one person reaches out to touch another person's hand, they feel that person's hand, the temperature, softness, etc. Simultaneously, the other person's cloud receives the complementary sensations of being touched.

Soon this concept expanded to offer more details. Inanimate objects, animals, and plants emerged as additional clouds. Each consciousness cloud played a role in forming a detailed simulation of physical reality with human beings living on the Earth within an enormous Universe.

Then, in the microscopic direction, physical reality was broken down into even smaller clouds representing parts of our bodies and the cells that make up those parts. Tiny clouds represented subatomic particles. Still, everything was simply consciousness.

With physical reality accounted for, I was guided to see how this theory allowed for metaphysical phenomena like ghosts, miraculous healing, and material objects magically appearing out of nowhere. These sorts of changes could be produced by the overlord consciousness cloud that encompassed the entire Universe. With virtually infinite consciousness at its disposal, the overlord could insert a new object anywhere at any time. It could also guide the smaller clouds to adjust themselves to accomplish any sort of miraculous transformation like spontaneous healing or any kind of miracle.

The popular matter-based theory of reality can't explain the metaphysical aberrations that have actually been experienced by many people. That's why those events are labeled metaphysical—they are beyond matter-based explanations.

Conversely, the consciousness-based theory can easily explain any and all incidents without any limitations.

Beyond its flexibility, the consciousness-based theory could actually be true. In fact, it's impossible to prove that it's false. Oddly, it's also impossible to confirm that it is true. Because consciousness isn't detectable or measurable, it can't be analyzed or inspected. That places consciousness outside of scientific analysis, which is based on quantifiable observations.

If reality is a simulation produced by consciousness, everything may actually be an illusion. The only way to escape that illusion is to drop into the central consciousness and let go of physical reality, which disappears.

An example of dropping into consciousness was described in Chapter 1 at the end of my tantric lovemaking adventure. That inward journey led to a misty illuminated space just like the clouds used to illustrate consciousness. In both cases, I intuitively knew that the white mist was an enormous consciousness.

When experiencing inner transcendence, I wondered which is real: the physical realm that disappeared or the pure consciousness that expanded out of the darkness. Oddly, the misty consciousness felt more real, but was it? Does consciousness create matter, or does matter, in the form of a brain, produce consciousness?

Max Planck was a proponent for consciousness creating matter. With a Nobel Prize for discovering energy quanta, he became the distinguished father of quantum theory. In 1931, *The Observer*, a famous British weekly, reported Planck's viewpoint:

I regard consciousness as fundamental.

I regard matter as derivative from consciousness.

We cannot get behind consciousness.

*Everything that we talk about,
everything that we regard as existing,
postulates consciousness.*

In his 1944 speech “The Nature of Matter,” Planck further explained how consciousness is present throughout everything:

There is no matter as such.

All matter originates and exists only by virtue of a force which brings the particle of an atom to vibration and holds this most minute solar system of the atom together.

We must assume behind this force the existence of a conscious and intelligent mind.

This mind is the matrix of all matter.

Sadly, most physicists focus on physical matter and ignore Planck’s views on consciousness.

Without knowing anything about Planck when I was fourteen, a consciousness theory of reality came intuitively. With that concept in mind, I fell asleep believing I had developed a new theory of the Universe with my conscious mind.

Later I realized, it must have been the Soul in my heart that provided that theory intuitively. By contemplating the question, “What’s a theory for how the Universe works?” my conscious mind provoked my Soul to present the theory.

Although I can’t recall what my school mates thought of the theory claiming that consciousness is primary, I was eventually pushed to accept this perspective. The events that convinced me will be shared in later chapters.

During my senior year American History class, the teacher administered a standardized test. He explained this test wouldn’t affect our grades. Instead, the results would be used by the Department of Education to compare the quality of American History education among high schools across the US. He further explained that the test was timed, and those who finished early could bring their completed test up to his desk and leave the classroom.

The test included a booklet and a multiple-choice answer sheet with ovals to be filled in. I opened the booklet and found the first two pages filled with text to be read. Without reading it, I turned the page and found even more written material,

followed by multiple-choice questions. I flipped through the booklet and discovered lots of pages to be read. Accounting for my weak reading ability, I estimated that I wouldn't have time to complete all the reading, let alone answer the questions.

Considering how to proceed, I wondered, "What should I do?"

The intuitive response was simple, "Skip the reading and just answer the questions."

Because this test wasn't going to affect my grade, that approach seemed reasonable. With that strategy, I'd be able to complete the test and possibly leave early.

I read each question and the associated multiple-choice answers, quickly picking the best answer without giving it a second thought. With my notoriously slow reading pace, it still took me about thirty minutes to complete the test. When I was done, I got up, placed my test on the teacher's desk, and left.

A couple of weeks later, as I entered that classroom, the teacher stopped me and asked, "How did you cheat on that test?"

"What test?" I inquired.

"That big standardized test you took a couple of weeks ago. You were the first one done. You left the class twenty minutes early, and you got a perfect score! How did you do that?"

"I guessed," was my simple reply.

Although I may have thought that I was guessing, I was actually following my intuition. What's interesting about this particular case is how I quickly picked the choice that popped up first and didn't overthink it. That was because the results of that test, weren't going to affect my grade.

Later in my life, when investigating how the Soul provides answers to questions we form in our minds, I discovered two cases. Some answers are known, and other solutions need to be figured out.

Suppose the answer is known, like in a multiple-choice test. In that case, the Soul can provide the correct answer instantly, making the first answer that pops up correct. Afterward, the

head's conscious mind may dispute the intuitive solution, and it frequently offers incorrect alternatives. Although we ought to ignore these falsehoods, it's common for the conscious mind to lead us away from the truth that emerges from our hearts.

Later, when I share a story of receiving the solution to a question that had never been solved, I'll discuss how innovative solutions to unsolved issues are presented. For now, I'll continue with my school experiences.

In addition to that big history test, I eventually realized I was using a similar method on all my tests. I had a habit of skipping reading assignments and homework unless the work was graded. Back in the 1970s, where I went to school, most homework was provided for students to practice. Without really thinking about it, I simply avoided doing what wasn't required.

I wrote essays and book reports, although I usually read the Cliff Notes summaries rather than reading the actual books.

I completed and handed in graded homework, but most assignments weren't graded or required. Some teachers applied pressure, encouraging me to do my homework. Still, they weren't forceful enough to change my pattern of disregarding what wasn't required.

On page seven of the 1978 Grosse Pointe North High School yearbook, there's a picture of me sitting in class with a big grin on my face. The accompanying caption reads,

"Of course I did my homework," says George Chyz.

I actually said, "Of course I didn't do my homework."

I suppose someone edited the correct statement to align it with the widespread belief that honor students do their homework. I mention that to show how notorious I was for not doing my homework. Everyone knew I didn't do homework, and many found it humorous because I was an honor student.

Even though I wasn't doing the recommended studying and homework, my Soul in my heart guided me to receive outstanding grades. Even in college and graduate school, I

remained a top student who received academic awards like induction into Tau Beta Pi, the engineering honor society.

Without studying or doing homework, my evenings and weekends were filled with leisure activities like watching TV, partying, frisbee, sailing, skiing, and judo.

After accidentally damaging my dad's car when I was sixteen, I started working at Schumer's Ski Shop to pay for the repairs. Then, during the summers, I worked at Thomas Hardware, a yacht hardware store where I was a rigger.

After high school, I attended General Motors Institute (GMI), currently named Kettering University. Since GMI didn't offer a bachelor's of arts program or a graduate program most people haven't heard of GMI. Even so, GMI was ranked third amongst private undergraduate engineering colleges in the US.

At GMI, I received a bachelor's degree in mechanical and electrical engineering. That double-degree program was nicknamed "ME suicide." However, by using my intuition I breezed through quite easily.

GMI was an unusual institute that required its students to write a bachelor's thesis and participate in a five-year work-study program. The students were divided into two groups, while half the students attended school, the other half worked at divisions of General Motors Corporation (GM). Every six weeks, which was a half-semester, the two groups would switch places. That meant moving every six weeks for a couple of years. After two years of doing that, the program was modified to swap places every twelve weeks, an entire semester. Everyone preferred the twelve-week-long arrangement. Less moving and more time to get settled into a groove was appreciated by everyone.

I enjoyed the work periods and learned more apprenticing as an engineer than going to school.

One work semester, I was placed in an automotive component manufacturing factory as the temporary foreman. Working with tough workers in a loud factory was quite memorable. Factory workers deserve respect for dealing with very difficult conditions.

The salary I received during work assignments was enough to pay for school because the school was subsidized by GM, making the tuition very low. The final school project was to conduct research and write a bachelor's thesis about that research. A faculty advisor would grade the thesis Pass, Fail, or Pass with Distinction. In his ten-year career, my faculty thesis advisor hadn't given a Pass with Distinction. By following my heart, I met this professor's high expectations and earned his first Pass with Distinction. My thesis was entitled, *Designing the Tripot Universal Joint*. As part of that thesis work I wrote a computer program that was helpful in optimizing this type of front wheel drive universal joint. Later, I used that program to improve the design of those products.

While doing all of this, I continued to avoid studying and homework while partying nearly every night. To indulge late into the night and still get eight hours of sleep before going to class, I chose courses that met in the late morning or afternoon. Getting at least eight hours of sleep and going to every class were two rules I followed. By listening attentively in class and asking questions, I grasped the general ideas and theories being taught. That was a key part of my approach to avoiding homework.

Having raced yachts since eleven years old, I became the commodore of the GMI sailing club where I also served as the sailing instructor. Because I was the only person who knew how to sail the sixteen-foot (5 m) Hobie Cat sailboat, I kept the sails for that catamaran in my bedroom. That way I could more easily take friends out for an evening or weekend sail. Unfortunately, most people studied a lot, making it difficult to find friends to go sailing on the rare days with good sailing conditions. Still, I had lots of good clean fun on that catamaran. With stiff winds, I was able to fly one hull in the air with a friend hiked out on the trapeze to enjoy an exciting ride.

Near the end of my GMI program, I had a terrible car accident on a very cold January 7, 1983. While driving home from a late night of drinking, I found myself nodding off to sleep at the wheel. When the car drifted off the road onto the shoulder, the vibration woke me up, and I swerved back onto the road. This

occurred a few times, causing me to consider pulling over to rest. Unfortunately, it was so cold that I feared falling asleep and freezing to death, so I kept driving. As I approached the traffic light just one block before my apartment, I fell asleep again. I recall seeing the traffic light while half-asleep and thinking that it was the wrong color.

An eighteen-wheeler was going through the green light on the crossroad when I T-boned it. The front of my car smashed into the little steel dolly wheels that hold up the long trailer when it's not attached to the tractor truck that pulls it. Then, as the semi continued on its way, my car's front end was dragged to the right. As my car's momentum propelled it further under the trailer, the roof of the car was torn off by the bottom of the trailer, mashing glass into my head. Luckily, it was so cold that night I had the hood of a goose-down-filled parka over my head.

As the car continued even further under the trailer, the big trailer's bottom edge pushed my head sideways to lay my body across the middle console and onto the passenger seat. Fortunately, I wasn't wearing a seatbelt, or my head might have been torn off my body that would have been strapped to the seat.

As the truck continued forward, its rear wheels pushed the car forward along with the semi, then ejected it from under the trailer. Soon, the car smashed into a telephone pole, crushing it even more. Next, the trailer's rear tires rolled over the car, mashing it into a ball as the tires ripped open the gas tank. Finally, the gas caught on fire, engulfing the car in flames.

I ended up unconscious, lying in the burning wreck, when the truck driver stopped his truck and courageously came back to pull me out and save my life.

At the hospital, a policeman explained that the police station was located just across the street from the accident. When he arrived, the truck driver had almost pulled me out of the flaming vehicle. Together they finished dragging me out.

I remember regaining consciousness for a moment as I was being loaded into the ambulance to see the car in flames.

Later, in the hospital, I woke up again to find a nurse picking glass pieces out of my head. A neck brace had been placed around my neck, and I couldn't recall what had happened. The nurse brought the policeman over to tell me what had taken place.

He concluded by suggesting that I should avoid checking out the wrecked car because seeing the damage's severity could be emotionally traumatic.

I could see my housemate sitting in the waiting room from the glass-walled room I was sitting in. I could also see a doctor looking at X-rays and shaking her head as though what she saw was confusing. This took place in a small hospital located in a factory town surrounded by farmland. I figured the doctors were probably mediocre at best, especially because it was the night shift. My neck hurt and was obviously damaged, but I didn't want anyone operating on it. I figured that a tiny slip of the scalpel could turn me into a quadriplegic. Therefore, I insisted on leaving the hospital and signed a release form. The nurse took off the neck brace, and I went home with my housemate.

In a skiing accident that had taken place a year or so earlier, I landed on my head from twenty feet (6 m) in the air. When that happened, I thought I had broken my neck and wondered why I was still alive. Because I had recovered from that neck injury in two weeks, I was hoping I would recover from this injury in a similar time frame.

As long as I kept my head facing straight ahead, my neck felt okay. However, if I tried to turn my head, it felt like I was tearing apart tissue in my neck, so I kept my head facing straight ahead.

After a day of resting in bed without moving my head, I returned to work at Saginaw Steering Gear, where I was completing my bachelor's thesis.

One of my housemates went to the junkyard to see whether my expensive sound system could be salvaged from the damaged car. Sadly, someone had already removed it. But he told me that a stranger was looking at the vehicle, studying how completely

crushed it was. Presuming the driver was dead, he said, “I feel sorry for the driver’s parents.”

After my housemate told him I survived with just a sore neck, the stranger exclaimed, “God must have some big plans for that guy.”

I believe those plans were for me to learn about human Souls and write *The Magnificent Soul* and this book to help readers appreciate how precious their Soul is.

After a month had passed, my neck felt worse rather than better, which worried me. Still, I didn’t want surgery.

My dad called me to tell me about the next-door neighbor. While suffering severe back pain, the neighbor had obtained opinions from a few back surgeons, who claimed his pain would be mostly if not entirely eliminated after three or four operations. Instead of going under the knife, this neighbor found a healer who worked on his feet to miraculously heal his back in one visit.

My dad explained this healer might be able to help me with my neck. I figured that working on my feet couldn’t hurt, so I was willing to give it a try. My dad gave me the healer’s phone number, and I made an appointment.

At the appointed time, I drove down to Detroit to find an old house in a rundown neighborhood at the address I was given. I went up onto the porch and knocked on the front door. An old man in white pants and a t-shirt answered the door. He appeared to be the janitor. He invited me in and suggested I sit down on a couch. The adjacent coffee table offered some reading material. I picked up a thank-you note from a client who had an unusual condition this healer had miraculously cured. I read a few more unbelievable notes while waiting—one was from former President John F. Kennedy. These letters praised the healer and thanked him for producing miraculous results. Being skeptical, I wondered whether the letters were genuine.

Soon the old man in the t-shirt returned and led me to an examination room with a padded exam table. He told me to remove my shoes, socks, and clothing except for my underwear.

Once I was undressed, he told me to sit on the examination table. I was surprised to discover the old man I imagined to be the janitor was actually the healer.

He sat down on a short stool in front of my feet and splashed Listerine mouthwash on my left foot. Next, he turned on a vibrator and pressed it against the bottom of that foot near the big toe. As he worked on that foot, he began singing some old songs from the 1940s, or at least that was what they sounded like.

Soon, I began thinking this guy was nuts, but because he couldn't hurt me using a vibrator on my foot, I just sat there patiently. He eventually vibrated the side of my knee a little and then went back to the foot. After about fifteen or twenty minutes, he turned off the vibrator and said, "Try turning your head to the right."

I turned my head and found that all the pain was gone. I was amazed at how easily and painlessly my neck turned.

He exclaimed, "Okay, take it easy! I need to do the other side."

He repeated the procedure on my other foot and knee.

Miraculously, I was cured!

He finished the treatment by rubbing some cream on my lower back and the base of my neck. I put my clothing on, and we went to his office, where I asked, "How much do I owe you?" Forty dollars was all he asked for.

I thanked him, paid him, and thanked him again.

He explained that my neck might tighten up a bit, and if it did, I could call him and arrange a follow-up appointment. He also advised me to take it easy and not overuse it right away.

My neck did stiffen, and the follow-up appointment left me feeling great. Over the years that followed, the injured side of my neck would become a little sore. I learned to roll my head back and forth to release the tension, producing a cracking sound.

In 2005, twenty-two years later, on a day when my neck had become quite sore and I hadn't been able to crack it for a couple

of days, a friend invited me to a presentation by Dr. Zhi Gang Sha. This man had all kinds of credentials, including being a western MD and a Chinese medicine doctor. He had written a 600-page book entitled *Soul, Mind, Body Medicine*.

During his presentation, he told the large audience there was one particular method in his book that cured everything. He asked us to stand up and follow his instructions to use his cure-all method on whatever issue was bothersome at that moment.

After using his particular way of asking my Soul to heal my neck, my neck tingled and became quite warm. Next, I heard and felt three loud cracks in my neck. I was shocked by how all of that happened spontaneously. Concerned that my neck might hurt if I moved it, I remained still.

Finally, I moved my neck slowly and discovered that it was loose and pain-free. Sixteen years later, it still feels great. Once in a while, I feel a slight tightness, but it's minor, and a little rotation of my neck loosens it up.

I didn't believe that Dr. Sha's healing method would work. Despite that, because my neck was excruciatingly painful that day and because it had bothered me for twenty-two years, I figured it wouldn't hurt to try his method. To do so, I decided to follow his instructions as well as I could, despite my skepticism.

At that time, I had already learned quite a bit about the Superconscious-Soul in my heart. This miracle took my education about the Soul to a new level by showing me that Souls are more than geniuses—they're also miraculous physicians.

This neck injury and the eventual healing was another example of the Evil's Silver Lining principle. My horrible car accident caused me to endure nagging pain for 22 years. Then Dr. Sha showed me how to ask my Soul to heal my neck in one minute. That silver lining convinced me that the Soul can alter physical reality. My belief in consciousness being primary was growing stronger. Thus, another awful incident flipped around to produce positive results. In this case, it took 22 years for the silver lining to arrive.

Chapter 5

Graduate School

After completing my bachelor's degree, I applied to a few master's degree programs. I was accepted by Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and a few other schools. Being most interested in MIT, I went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to be interviewed for a research assistantship position. If I secured that position, all tuition and fees would be waived, plus I would receive a stipend of \$695 per month for living expenses. At that time, MIT had one of the highest tuition fees worldwide, so I needed to find a way around that enormous fee.

My sister-in-law was attending Harvard, which is also located in Cambridge, so she graciously accommodated me for the short visit. While there, I met with the manager of the Computer-Aided Design Laboratory (CAD Lab). The CAD Lab was part of MIT's Mechanical Engineering department. The manager demoed some very advanced technology they had prototyped. I was genuinely impressed and wanted to get involved with further development.

The manager explained that a grant proposal had been submitted. If accepted, the proceeds would be used to fund a research assistant position in their lab. He assured me I would get that position if their proposal was accepted. I left the lab feeling my trip was successful and the sense it would work out.

Then, as the summer went by, I checked in a few times to see if the grant came through. The founder and director of the lab, Professor Gossard, wasn't available. His secretary took messages, but I never received a call back.

Meanwhile, other schools were contacting me to make offers for teaching assistantships and scholarships. Still, I wanted to get involved with the technology being developed in the MIT CAD Lab. My personal goal was to create a CAD tool that streamlined mechanical design by providing engineers an easy way to build computer models of their ideas, then use those models to

optimize the design and manufacture the result. What was already prototyped in the MIT CAD Lab had a lot to offer, but it wasn't practical as it was. That left an opportunity for me to help.

The other schools' recruiters complained about how MIT leaves people hanging and encouraged me to take their offers. Still, my intuition guided me to wait for the MIT grant.

During the summer, I worked as a product design engineer at my GMI sponsor, Saginaw Steering Gear. My work involved developing five inventions simultaneously. I was assigned complex issues that hadn't been adequately addressed so far. One of those inventions was patented by GM, with me identified as the principal inventor: Patent No. 4,516,957, "Tripot Joint With Spider Retainer." By the way, I used the computer tool I had developed for my bachelor's thesis to make that invention possible. That inspired me to develop more computer applications for mechanical engineers.

After being accepted to MIT, the Saginaw Steering Gear human resources manager told me about a Graduate Financial Assistance program that would pay for all my school fees and provide a \$550-per-month stipend for living expenses. (Back in 1983, it was possible to live on that level of income.) The catch was that I would be obligated to work for GM for the same amount of time that I attended graduate school. For a master's degree, that would be two years.

I asked for a better offer, but GM wouldn't budge. My Soul guided me to pass up the deal, so I declined.

As the summer was ending and the new school year approached, I got a call from a fellow GMI graduate. He explained that he and another GMI grad were renting a three-bedroom apartment to get their master's degrees at MIT. They needed a third person to share the apartment and wondered if I needed a place. I told him that I needed to check on something and would call him back.

I called MIT again but wasn't able to find out if the grant was accepted.

I sensed strong guidance to take a chance, so I called my buddy back and agreed to share the apartment by renting one of the rooms. During our phone conversation, I discovered that both of the guys renting the apartment had taken the \$550 deal. Learning that caused me to worry I may have made a mistake by passing up that opportunity.

To add more stress, an acquaintance, Jeffrey, was planning to attend the School of the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston. He called me to see if he could carpool with me to Boston, which abuts Cambridge.

At that time, I drove a little Chevy Chevette hatchback. However, my brother and I were planning to caravan together. He was renting a U-Haul truck to move to Boston with his wife, who was attending Harvard. My brother had secured a position in a dental office where he would begin his career as a dentist. The U-Haul had some extra room, so together, my brother and I could bring Jeffrey and his stuff to Boston.

That commitment locked me into going to MIT even more, but I still hadn't come up with a way to pay the enormous tuition fee or rent the room in the shared apartment. My parents certainly couldn't afford MIT tuition fees, so I was on my own. Despite that, I felt in my heart that it would all work out.

The fourteen-hour drive from Detroit to Boston went well. After dropping Jeffrey off, I moved in with the other GMI guys.

Neither of them wanted the master bedroom, which had a private bath and a balcony with a sunset view overlooking a lake. We all agreed that the master bedroom was worth more than the other rooms. I felt guided to take it and agreed to pay more rent even though I still didn't have a way to pay. Circumstances pressed me to take another step forward without knowing if it would really work out or not.

On registration day, I went to MIT, registered, and selected a couple of classes for my first semester. One of the registration forms had an important question:

“How are you planning to pay? _____”

I wrote in the blank, “I don’t know.”

Then I delivered all the paperwork to the registration personnel and headed up to the CAD Lab to see whether the grant money had come through. At this point, I was at the bitter end of a very long rope, but in my heart, I still had the feeling that everything was going to work out.

Once I entered the CAD Lab, I found several people there, so I started looking for the manager when I heard, “George!”

When I turned around, I found Professor Gossard. I was surprised he knew my name. He asked, “Are you going to be working in the lab with us?”

I countered, “Did the grant go through?”

Gossard answered, “Yes.”

And, of course, I also answered, “Yes!”

The assistantship paid all tuition fees and provided a \$695-per-month stipend with no strings attached. It was more money than the \$550 deal, and I would be free to do whatever I wanted when I graduated. It came down to the wire, but following my inner guidance led me to this fortuitous outcome.

My master’s research resulted in the conceptual development of valuable technology. To put that technology on the market, I formed a company even before receiving my diploma. If I had taken the \$550-a-month offer, I would have been obligated to work for GM for a couple of years. By following my Soul, which must have been aware of the future, I was free to follow my destiny.

In sharing these experiences, I’m trying to convey how following one’s heart leads to serendipitous outcomes. All along the way, I had second thoughts, concerns, worries, and so on. However, by trusting my inner guidance, a miracle took place. The black widow spider trauma had caused me to follow my heart attentively.

Zero skill was involved. Back then, I had no idea how all of this was happening. As I explained earlier, I didn’t even think I had intuition, which I thought meant knowing the future.

Without any explanation for my good fortune at that time, I attributed these sorts of things to simply being lucky.

After being introduced to the other researchers in the MIT CAD Lab and getting settled into my desk, Professor Gossard asked me to come into his office. Once there, he told me I could do research on whatever I felt inspired to work on. Then he handed me a copy of the grant proposal and explained it would be nice if my research aligned with it. However, with other researchers working on what was proposed, my work didn't need to fit the proposal.

When I read the proposal, I discovered that GM had provided the funding. Amazingly, I was getting more money along with total freedom, and ironically GM was paying for it after all. On top of that, the proposal was in alignment with what I was interested in researching, so everything lined up perfectly.

While attending an advanced system dynamics class, a notable incident took place. My Soul guided me to disagree with the professor, a world-renowned expert, who happened to be the textbook's author. In my usual childlike way, I didn't take this man's credentials into account. Despite his exceptional reputation, I claimed his conclusions regarding the results of a very advanced mathematical method he had just finished demonstrating on the chalkboard were wrong. After a bit of back-and-forth, the professor tabled the argument by saying, "Let's discuss this after class in my office."

Once the class concluded, we walked to his office together. He led me to his chalkboard, where I drew diagrams of two examples that would illustrate his mistake. After explaining how those examples proved he was wrong, it was his turn. He advised me to redo the problem using one of the examples I had just drawn, claiming I would discover he was correct.

Although I was compelled to share what my heart guided me to understand, I didn't feel the need to prove it. I suppose the black widow spider incident had also taught me that going out of my way to prove something to elders could end horribly. Rather

than work out the problem using those alternate examples, I simply enjoyed the evening as usual.

The following day, that professor spent the first half-hour of class working through one of the examples I had drawn on his chalkboard. At first, I thought he wanted to show everyone I was wrong, but unexpectedly, he proved himself wrong in front of the entire class and announced, “George was right!”

I was shocked and impressed with this man’s integrity. He had obviously done the work the previous evening. Then, even though he had proved himself wrong, his dedication to truth pushed him to share his findings with the entire class.

Later I wondered, how could I, a young student of this recognized authority, best him in his field of expertise?

I know it wasn’t me. More precisely, it wasn’t my conscious mind in my head. The divine Soul, a spirit that resides in each human heart, must have intuitively advised me. When it did, I reacted with a bit of the traumatic feelings involved in the black widow spider encounter. I didn’t want this man’s authoritative position to push my head back into that box with the black widow spider inside! I knew in my heart what was correct, but I didn’t need to prove it. Yet even though I decided to let it go, this professor, with tremendous integrity, followed through and surprised me with, “George was right!”

Because I didn’t know about my Soul back then, my ego loved that. Now that I know about the Soul, I realize this story isn’t about me. It shows how brilliant our inner divine guardians are. Our Souls can outdo world-renowned experts.

In another class at MIT, my Soul solved a computer science problem that was considered to be impossible to solve. The course was entitled “The Structure and Interpretation of Computer Programs.” It was taught by the coauthors of the textbook by the same name.

Back in 1984, that textbook was considered the bible of computer science. The authors were the preeminent gurus of this relatively new science.

When I first tried to solve the problem, I didn't know it was considered unsolvable. I spent about two hours working on that problem, and I had come to a roadblock. I was very close to completing the program, but I couldn't figure out one pivotal piece of the logic. This had never happened before. I had made mistakes in school, but I had never run into a problem I wasn't able to solve. I had a clear idea of what the missing piece needed to do, but a solution wasn't popping up in my mind. Having spent two hours on it, I decided to give up and hand in the problem set incomplete.

The next day, I was in the big lecture hall listening to professor Hal Abelson's lecture. While he was telling a story, I drifted off into a daydream. That was when the missing solution popped up in my mind as an intuitive epiphany.

Once I knew the answer, that little piece seemed so simple and obvious. I remember thinking, "How could I have missed it! I can't believe I was so stupid!"

I wanted to run to the computer lab to confirm that this solution really worked, but I quickly realized it was a moot point. The answer sheet I would be receiving in a week would have the solution.

A week later, I received the answer sheet. To my surprise, the official answer was, "This problem is impossible to solve."

With the solution still in my mind, I went to the computer lab, logged in, edited my program, compiled and ran it to discover that it worked! Back then, I presumed that I, meaning my ego-mind in my head, had solved this unsolvable problem.

As I reflected on how the solution arrived the day after I had failed to solve the problem, I realized this sort of delay in resolving innovative issues was quite common. I had already experienced this many times while working on inventions.

On a special occasion, I got an opportunity to discuss this issue with Marvin Minsky, the father of artificial intelligence (AI) and founder of the MIT AI laboratory. My best friend at MIT, Jon, invited me to a dinner at his fraternity because Minsky was

the guest of honor. I happened to sit down right next to the seat that Professor Minsky eventually chose.

During dinner, I asked Minsky what he thought about how answers to difficult questions often pop up in one's mind in the morning when taking a shower or simply when quiet.

Since he had already developed a theory about that well-known oddity, he didn't hesitate to share it. He began by explaining that the subconscious mind was slower than the conscious mind. Still, the subconscious could work on problems in the background for however long it may take to arrive at an answer. He further claimed that the subconscious mind operated the way a background process runs on a computer. Those processes run a bit slower because they have low priority, but eventually, background processes complete the task. So he proposed that difficult problems are submitted to the subconscious mind, which keeps working on them until an answer is found. He further theorized that the subconscious mind places the answers on a low priority queue that only delivers those answers when the conscious mind is quiet and ready to consider them.

At that time, I found Minsky's explanation reasonably convincing. However, in my heart, it didn't feel quite right. I felt something else was going on, but precisely what that was remained a mystery for many years.

Eventually, by asking the right questions, I provoked my Soul to explain how it provides those answers and why they come a day or two after consciously working on the problem. First of all, because these problems haven't been solved, Souls—or the One Herself—must figure out the answer rather than simply retrieving it from the library of knowledge Souls can access to provide immediate answers to questions with answers.

In other words, questions that don't have known answers necessitate working out the solution, and that takes time. Once the answer is found, and the person is receptive to receiving it, the answer is presented by the Soul to the conscious mind intuitively.

As I mentioned earlier, I already had a patent on a front-wheel-drive component that I invented while working as a design engineer for GM. Additionally, I was in the middle of developing revolutionary technology for my master's thesis. These and other inventive endeavors made me aware of this time lag that occurs when solving innovative problems.

On page 51, I mentioned I would explain how innovative solutions to unsolved questions are intuitively presented. As I just described, solutions to unsolved problems are delivered when the answer is worked out and the conscious mind is quiet.

Conversely, as I explained earlier, answers to questions with known answers are provided instantly, making those responses the first idea that pops up intuitively once the question has been contemplated. Because most problems have known solutions, it's typical for the correct answer to be the first idea that pops up once the question has been pondered.

I haven't finished the unsolvable computer program story. After solving that problem, I gave my tested solution to the teaching assistant who collected and returned the graded problem sets. I explained to him the problem wasn't impossible and handed him a printout of my program. I presumed I would hear some response about solving it. Maybe I'd get to meet the world-renowned masters who taught the course.

Time went by . . . but nothing happened. Eventually, I made an appointment with Professor Sussman, the other professor and coauthor of the course's textbook. The pretext of my meeting involved Gödel's incompleteness theorems.

While meeting with Sussman, I had planned to mention, "I'm the guy who solved the Ramanujan numbers stream problem." However, being quite shy back then, I choked and failed to bring it up. Instead, I left the office by simply thanking Sussman for discussing the theorems.

A year later, I learned the class was attended by industry professionals worldwide and that those experienced experts hadn't been able to solve the problem. I suspect the teaching

assistant may have taken credit for the solution I gave him, but to this day, I don't know what happened. I simply let it go.

The problem was especially interesting because it hadn't been solved before. Typically, school problems have previously worked-out solutions. Because this was the only problem I had encountered in nineteen years of school that I couldn't solve on my first attempt, it provided a clear contrast to questions with solutions. In facing that unsolved problem in school, I learned how innovative solutions require time for the One to work them out. If I hadn't gone to MIT and taken that class, I could have missed this vital understanding of how intuition works.

This special case introduces an exception to the rule that it's best to stick with the first answer that pops up after contemplating a question. If the question has an answer that's known by the One, that rule is correct. However, when the answer isn't known, it's best to wait for an epiphany to arrive. Given that reality, if you don't feel confident about the answer to a challenging question, it's best to sleep on it to see whether something better pops up later.

Valuable tools for dealing with this issue and others are offered in *The Magnificent Soul*.

Toward the end of my master's program, Professor Gossard, the director of the CAD Lab, asked me to come to his office. I wondered if I had inadvertently done something wrong. After I sat down, Gossard explained the faculty had decided they would like to keep me on. They wanted me to get a PhD, and then they planned to hire me as a professor. Finally, Gossard ended his unexpected offer by saying, "We'll pay for everything."

I was astonished. However, I had already started a corporation to productize the technology I had developed while researching my master's thesis. I thanked Gossard for the fantastic offer and asked for some time to think about it.

The next day, I shared my plans to produce what I had developed and declined the offer.

During all nineteen years of school, I was childlike, partying nearly every night and refusing to become an adult. Even now, at sixty-one, I still feel young at heart. Some appreciated that, while others wonder if I'll ever grow up.

The reason I'm sharing this is to show how attentively following my intuition made my life so easy that I was able to be quite successful without needing to grow up. I was actually able to have loads of fun while being productive. The key was to follow the Soul that resides in my heart.

Although my childlike antics seemed rebellious and fun while I was in school, after I graduated with a Master of Science in mechanical engineering from MIT, I could hardly read. By avoiding the reading assignments and the studying, I was still reading at a sixth-grade level at twenty-five years old. I actually had a reading expert test me to determine whether I had dyslexia or some other reading disability. The expert told me I may have a minor dyslexia issue, but I simply need to read more.

Afterward, I counted up the books I had read and could only remember reading eight books, even though I was twenty-five. After reading many books since, I'm a much better reader, but I'm still slower than most.

In 1983 to 1985, when attending MIT, I had no idea how I was doing so well in school without studying. I felt sure that anyone could do it, but people were afraid of failure, so they studied.

Although I didn't understand what was going on back then, those experiences formed a body of evidence I needed to discover the genius that resides in human hearts. By personally besting MIT experts, I've been able to look back, knowing the answers that came to my mind were world-class.

If I hadn't gone to MIT and encountered those world-renowned experts, I wouldn't be able to gauge how truly wise the Souls in our hearts are. Attending MIT helped me know that the Soul in the heart is more brilliant than some of the smartest minds on Earth.

And by waiting for the research assistantship to come through, I had the freedom to start my own business right away, allowing me to move forward with my life.

Chapter 6

Power Versus Peace on Earth

The MIT CAD Lab was developing revolutionary CAD software. Mechanical engineers like me wanted a system that would provide a way to build computer models of our product ideas. At that time, CAD systems were difficult to use and essentially useless for design. Instead, the existing CAD products were used to make drawings of already completed designs.

Easy-to-use shape modeling was needed to offer engineers a tool for designing products. Graduate students at MIT had produced a prototype system using geometric constraint equations to define and control three-dimensional computer models of physical objects. Unfortunately, it took a geometric genius to develop a complete and consistent set of geometric constraints. That difficulty made the potentially powerful system impractical and essentially unusable.

My contribution was to add a “smart” constraint manager module to help the user form a complete and consistent set of constraints. With that complicated issue addressed, engineers could build the shape they imagined in their minds and control every feature of that shape.

After graduating from MIT, when I had written prototype applications to demonstrate my system, I discovered those prototypes could mathematically solve the equations a hundred times faster than other methods. My embedded data structures included a solution path and preformulated partial differential equations that could be used to quickly compute the solution.

The resulting application made it easy to build a virtual shape model on the computer and then easily adjust it to fit the desired use. With the model created and optimized, methods to produce physical parts already existed.

Of course, several parts could be assembled together to make complex assemblies to model anything from a can opener to a spaceship.

Conversely, the existing CAD tools were difficult to use and rarely helpful with the design process. The new technology was truly helpful for mechanical design, optimization, and ongoing refinement of physical products.

To develop the prototypes and a business plan, I raised \$100,000 in seed capital from my family's friends.

Three of my personal friends wanted to become my business partner. Jon, my best friend at MIT, would have been the best choice. Albert would have also been a great choice. However, I ended up choosing Joe, a friend I had known since we were thirteen years old. He was involved in the first cell phone systems being set up in Chicago. He left that enormous opportunity to write a business plan to take my technology from the prototype stage to a sellable product with initial marketing and sales.

In about two years, I had produced two-dimensional and three-dimensional prototypes showing that the technology worked. Meanwhile, Joe had written a business plan outlining how we planned to move forward and how much money we needed to become a profitable business.

Venture capital firms offered to supply the \$6 million we needed. Still, they wanted at least 51 percent of the company's stock. That would give these greedy investors control of the company. A better offer may have been found, given more time, but a few unexpected events took place.

First of all, when I was relaxing, I had a daydream about reading a newspaper with the headline:

MILLIONS DEAD

The US Military Deployed a Weapon Killing Millions of People

In this daydream, I knew that the deadly weapon had been designed using my CAD application. Startled by this, I popped out of the vision and came back to reality. Up until that moment,

I hadn't considered how my tool could be used to develop weapons. Being an optimist, I imagined engineers utilizing this tool to optimize products like cars to make them more fuel-efficient or, in other ways, better products. Somehow, I completely ignored how this powerful tool would also be used to design and optimize weapons to kill people.

Having wished for peace on Earth every birthday of my life, this conflicted with my hopes and dreams for peace on Earth.

Around the same time, a friend of mine persuaded me to try a small dose of LSD, 200 micrograms. He lived out in the country with his wife, where I went to visit them one evening.

Once the substance had time to take effect, my friend showed me how to see beautiful geometric patterns by closing my eyes and looking into the darkness. Soon, gorgeous rainbow-colored geometric patterns appeared. I played around with these beautiful designs and found I could use my mind to sculpt shapes out of them.

Overall, the hallucinogenic experience was delightful.

The following spring morning, I went outside to watch the sunrise. Lying on the lawn, I appreciated the spring flowers and the bees buzzing around them. My Soul guided me to consider how these pollinated flowers would produce seeds. Later, in the fall, those seeds would drop to the Earth. Then, the following spring, some of those seeds might sprout. Finally, some of those seeds could grow into new plants, much like those that had produced the seeds.

Being an engineer, I recognized how truly amazing that is. Human-made technology hasn't come anywhere close to producing self-replicating machines. To manufacture something, humans begin by extracting raw materials from the Earth or cutting down trees. Then, those materials are processed into usable forms like metal sheets, plastic resins, and wooden boards. Next, those refined materials are further processed into products in factories. Each step uses energy and produces waste products that pollute Mother Earth and Her waterways. Looking even deeper, the factories and machinery that are involved in

manufacturing need to be built, which requires additional raw materials and produces more toxic effluent.

In comparison, new plants grow from tiny seeds without any waste at all. Instead of mining raw materials, plants extract carbon dioxide (CO₂) from the air to use the carbon (C) and release the oxygen (O₂) back into the atmosphere. In turn, all sorts of creatures inhale the O₂ and exhale CO₂, providing more carbon for the plants. This process can continue perpetually without any pollution or waste products at all.

When contemplating animals, our feces and urine are valuable fertilizers that plants take up through their roots to transform that plant food into animal food. This is another renewable process that can continue as long as the sun provides energy to keep the wheel turning.

What a marvel! Zero waste products with a nuclear-powered Father Sun safely located 93 million miles (150 million kilometers) out in space.

Oddly, civilized humans think feces and urine are waste materials. Instead of utilizing these valuable fertilizers, we put them in a porcelain bowl with drinking water. Then we flush it down sewage pipes to mix this plant food with toxic chemicals. That derails Mother Nature's brilliant system that had supported life on Earth for billions of years.

I also thought about how living organisms repair themselves automatically. Animals heal cuts, sprains, broken bones, etc. Plants also overcome damage to continue growing. Even forests that appear to be devastated by fire can recover quite rapidly.

For instance, in 2007, a discarded cigarette butt caused a forest fire in the Polipoli Spring State Recreation Area. This beautiful land is located on the Haleakala volcano's western slope on Maui, where I've lived for 23 years. The fire blazed through a large area, devastating many trees and countless other plants.

A few months after that fire, I went hiking up in Polipoli with my friend Sunshine. We were both surprised to find more

fertility after the fire than we had seen before the fire occurred. There were so many new trees growing that they looked like blades of grass in a wild field. Even though the fire was devastating for many trees, some survived, and millions of new ones emerged. On that hike, we discovered that a phoenix actually does arise from the ashes. Life has truly amazing abilities to regenerate, heal, and overcome setbacks.

On the other hand, human-made tools and machines can't do that. When our gadgets break, a human needs to fix them. Even worse, the newer products are disposable and end up at the dump or junkyard. The higher-quality, longer-lasting, old-fashioned products, being more expensive, are being replaced by disposable alternatives that come in packs of two, five, or more. These throw-away alternatives are environmental disasters.

While watching this comparison of human technology versus nature unfold in my mind, I realized that technology is destroying the perpetually renewable natural systems that are light-years ahead of manmade products. That exposed how living organisms are the ultimate technology. Foolishly, civilized people are replacing life with toxic products that quickly become junk. Our foolishness is destroying our health and the health of life in general.

Despite our efforts to surpass Mother Nature, the finest air, water, and food have always come from the wilderness.

When it comes to shelter, modest dwellings are a notable exception. All sorts of creatures make homes for themselves. Birds make nests, beavers make dams, rodents make burrows, and bees make hives. Surely, it's appropriate for humans to make shelters. Extravagant mansions clearly require excessive materials. However, humble, well-constructed dwellings are in alignment with Nature.

In 1987, when I was contemplating all of this, Original People (humans prior to a shaman emerging in their clan) were still living in the Amazon, Borneo, New Guinea, and possibly other places. Anthropological studies had discovered that these so-called primitive people work just nine hours per week. Rather

than struggling to survive, Original People have all sorts of spare time to hang out, play music, dance, play in waterfalls, decorate themselves, and make love.

Television programs and contrived history lessons claim that human technology makes our lives easier, but that's deceptive propaganda. The ruling class lives more luxuriously than ever. Still, most of the human population is working harder than ever to support the elites' extravagant lifestyles. Some aristocrats are so deranged that they deposit their feces and urine into solid gold toilets that cost \$3 million each. Regardless, their crap ends up mixing with their servants.

When honestly analyzed, humanity's modern, high-tech approach to life is a wage slave system made possible by highly developed public relations (PR) deceptions. If too many workers realized that money is a clever hoax used to enslave the workers, a revolution would occur. The military and police exist to protect psychopathic rulers from the people who have spent their lives serving the leaders.

As this view of civilization emerged in my mind, I was able to view the miraculous sustainability of nature and the horrendously destructive machinery of civilization side by side. With those two images juxtaposed in my mind's eye, it became clear that my CAD product would expedite humanity's march toward global technocratic madness.

Realistically, all life depends on Mother Nature. Sadly, our economically driven civilization is gradually killing ourselves and life in general.

While all of that is clearly true, I couldn't see how civilization provides essential ingredients to accomplish Creation's purpose, finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others. It would take another twenty years for me to be able to see the perfection of all things, even civilization. Gradually, I'll reveal how my perspective has expanded to understand how civilization is an integral part of the grand plan.

Back then, while lying in my friends yard after the LSD trip, civilization looked horrible compared to nature. This perspective

gave me another reason to turn away from producing a CAD tool that would contribute to the destruction of nature.

I also discovered that my business partner, Joe, had embezzled \$28,000 of the \$100,000 in seed capital I had raised. Having known him since we were thirteen years old, I mistakenly thought I could trust him. While I wasn't looking, he wrote checks to himself, cashed them, and paid his personal American Express Card bills. I discovered this when looking through the checkbook to add up my payroll check stubs to file my personal income taxes.

When I discussed this embezzlement issue with my lawyer, he explained that suing Joe would cost as much or more than what had been embezzled. Besides, Joe had likely already spent the money, so it would be tough if not impossible to retrieve it.

Altogether, my software project had four big problems: military weapon design, vulture capitalists wanted 51 percent ownership, destroying nature faster, and my partner's embezzlement.

Despite all of those issues, I still could have pushed forward. The prototypes worked, and the \$6 million was available. Giant stacks of money could be obtained by dedicating additional hard work toward making the prototypes into a valuable product and selling it.

To show how much money I'm talking about, I'll jump ten years forward in time to 1997 when my best friend from MIT, Jon, one of the guys who wanted to be my business partner, unveiled his revolutionary CAD product, SolidWorks. During the intervening ten years, Jon developed his own technology that was similar to mine. His product, SolidWorks, instantly became the top CAD tool on the market.

Coincidentally, I ran into Jon in Detroit after he had sold his company. We were both surprised to see each other. It happened to be lunchtime, so we had lunch together. While dining together, I told Jon I heard SolidWorks had been purchased by a French company for \$300 million.

Jon corrected me, “No—it was \$320 million!”

He and his wife, who he had met at a black-tie gambling party I took him to, were now living in a mansion on the edge of a country club golf course back east. Jon had gained weight and looked quite pale and worn out. Working in an office for all those years will do that.

On the other hand, I had paid my debts, saved some money, and had taken a three-year bicycle trip around the US. I had lost weight, gotten in excellent shape biking, and was the picture of health. So even though Jon had earned lots of money, it seemed I might actually be happier and healthier.

Part of the \$320 million sales agreement required Jon to remain in charge of SolidWorks, guiding the company to ensure success. Working at a desk with lots of responsibility seemed to be wearing Jon down. He also mentioned his wife was spending the money as fast as it came in.

SolidWorks was purchased with stock. Jon was restricted from converting that stock to cash based on an agreed-upon time schedule. Moreover, Jon wasn't the sole owner. Investment bankers had gotten involved, so part of SolidWorks was owned by them. Still, Jon had become reasonably wealthy. For example, he mentioned he had a maid.

It was great to see Jon and get the lowdown on the sale, but it was also interesting to notice how I seemed happier and healthier than Jon. Certainly I was happy for him to have succeeded, yet despite his success, I felt I had made the right decision for me. I imagine Jon thought that he had made the best decisions to follow his destiny as well.

Turning back in time to when I made my pivotal decision, my product could have been rolled out six or seven years earlier than Jon's SolidWorks. It was evident that this sort of CAD product would be very successful. The looming question was, when would someone else produce a competitive product?

I only had prototypes in 1987, and I knew it would take a few years to transform the prototypes into a sellable product, so my

success was not ensured. Someone could beat me to the punch. If I had known it would take ten years for a competitive product to appear, it would have been harder for me to walk away.

Despite those strategic business issues, my commitment to peace on Earth and my reverence for life and nature made the monetary success option feel like selling my Soul to the devil. My conscience was telling me, “Let it go and save your Soul.” So that’s what I did.

That caused me to consider the investors. Luckily, only one of them had invested money she couldn’t afford to lose. To deal with her, I decided to pay her back out of my pocket. Another investor had made a contingency agreement to be paid back partially if the company failed, so I was obligated to pay him what we had agreed.

Since I was expecting to receive \$6 million in funding, and part of that funding would give me a handsome salary, I had foolishly accrued \$30,000 in personal debt.

Altogether, I needed to make \$60,000 to take care of my personal debt and pay back some investors. Back in 1987, that was quite a bit of money. To earn that money, I used my computer software skills doing highly paid consulting work for six years.

While taking care of those debts, I also transformed my lifestyle from a high-society socialite into a relatively simple life that was much closer to nature. The opening story shared the lifestyle I was living in 2000, but it took thirteen years to get there from the way I lived in 1987.

At twenty-seven years old, my life began turning upside down. To give you an idea of how much my life changed, I need to fill you in on how I lived up until 1987.

Growing up in Grosse Pointe, I attended fancy parties, black-tie balls, yacht and country club extravaganzas, and ski trips to Vail and Aspen.

From fourteen years old and onward, I partied seven nights a week. My beverage of choice was fine wine. That expensive habit

contributed to my personal debt. I also splurged on a pair of penny loafers that cost \$410 in 1985. That was crazy expensive then.

To purchase most of my clothing, I went to a Grosse Pointe second-hand thrift store that few people knew about. I managed to score a costly cashmere topcoat for just twenty bucks. I also purchased a black-tie tuxedo, a white tie with tails tux, and a beaver skin top hat, all for less than fifty bucks. Silk ties cost twenty-five cents each, oxford button-down shirts were one dollar. High-quality handmade suits went for just seven to ten dollars. Someone who was my size must have passed away recently at that time because I found several handmade suits that fit perfectly. With the right clothes, I could attend the fanciest parties.

My association with the upper crust just sort of developed over years of hanging out with friends who had rich friends. Soon I was receiving fancy invitations in the mail. It all seemed entirely innocent and fun. I even rode in limousines to go out bar hopping with rich friends. Even though I wasn't rich myself, dressing right opened lots of doors.

Despite all the parties and the appearance of good times, I never enjoyed small talk, so after the facade of glamour wore off, I found most of these people rather dull. More importantly, their racism and classist attitudes disgusted me.

On the other hand, these wealthy people seemed to find my eccentric insights curiously entertaining. My conversational contributions spiced things up, making my presence worthwhile.

Over the years, I discovered these supposedly well-off people were not very happy. Behind the scenes, dramatic fights, family feuds, and physical ailments tarnished these people's lives.

Meanwhile, my family was middle class. We actually loved each other. Sure, we had arguments and shouting matches, but we made up afterward and treated each other well. Everyone was essentially honest and followed their conscience most of the time. We hugged one another to express our love and used the magic words *please* and *thank you*. My parents said "I love you"

to each other and to my brother and me. In return, my brother and I loved and respected our parents. We weren't bubbling over with joy, but it seemed we were happier than the rich people I was getting to know rather well.

These financially wealthy friends had complicated lives with lots of skeletons in their closets. Many were suffering in one unexpected way or another.

While they knew how to put on a happy face, soap operas stirred behind the scenes. It seems that financial wealth includes a backhanded way of poisoning people's lives.

I feel fortunate to have discovered first-hand and at a reasonably early age how shallow, fake, and unsatisfying high society is. Despite the limousines, yachts, fancy vacations, and beautiful mansions, the rich people weren't as happy as simple folk who follow their hearts and love one another.

With that background filled in, I'll return to 1987 when I chose to back out of the valuable computer software business opportunity. When I made that choice, I also walked away from the fancy lifestyle I had grown tired of.

Early that same year, another personal change had taken place. While I was driving home from a night of drinking, dancing, and shooting pool, I stopped at a late-night hot dog joint, hoping to lower the alcohol level in my blood with some food. Then, with food in my belly, I hopped back into my car and started the forty-five-minute drive to my apartment.

My radio was tuned to a public radio station airing a late-night program that happened to be playing animal rights music. Some punk bands had released animal rights songs that pointed out the cruelty and murder involved in eating and wearing products made out of animals.

I had grown up eating the typical American meat-based diet. I had leather shoes and a leather belt. Still, I couldn't ignore what these punk rockers were saying. As an animal lover, I wasn't into hunting. When I was young, I went fishing a few times but found

it awfully disturbing to cut into a fish that was alive just hours before.

While listening to the animal rights music, I started thinking about the types of meat that I enjoyed: hamburgers, hot dogs, filet mignon, pork tenderloin, fillet chicken breasts, and batter-dipped fish fillets. None of those foods look like animal parts. Meanwhile, I avoided chicken legs and wings because the tendons and bones grossed me out as did other animal looking cuts of meat.

The animal rights songs explained how purchasing animal products involves paying people to kill and butcher the animal. Obviously, I was participating in that, but that didn't fit with my love for animals. Facing that, while driving home, I decided to stop consuming flesh and purchasing leather products.

As I continued driving home, I wondered if I would actually follow through with this resolution. I figured I would probably wake up the following day, grab a slice of pepperoni pizza from the fridge, and that would be the end of my vegetarian lifestyle.

Unexpectedly, the hot dog I ate before driving home was the last piece of meat I ate. It's been thirty-four years.

Soon, I gave up dairy products to become a vegan. When I made that choice, I weighed 215 pounds (97 kg), and I was just 5 foot 4 inches (162 cm) tall. A lot of that weight was muscle, but there was quite a bit of fat as well. A few months after going vegan, I lost 35 pounds (16 kg), bringing my weight down to 180 pounds (82 kg). When I went further by avoiding fried food, I dropped down to 140 pounds (63 kg) and looked great!

Once I was following a healthy vegan diet, I found that drinking alcohol gave me horrible hangovers, so I quit.

I also noticed that my sexual drive lessened dramatically due to the decrease in testosterone, freeing me from excessive sexual desires. That made it possible for me to put aside insatiable lust and open myself more fully to love. I was also less competitive and more cooperative, making my life more peaceful.

Another step toward a new life involved growing food in little backyard gardens. By doing that, I discovered how gratifying it is to plant a seed, watch it grow, and eat fresh produce from plants I nurtured.

Finally, I began to develop an interest in nature spirituality.

My new lifestyle led to new friendships with people into health, nature, peace, and love. Living in a world where most people were turning away from nature rather than toward it made me and my new friends seem eccentric. But, from our perspective, our country lifestyle felt sensible rather than odd. The conventional trendy lifestyle promoted in the media appeared to be fake and twisted. Conversely, turning toward nature felt genuine, realistic, and aligned with what our inner guidance urged us to do.

Considering what helped me walk away from chasing money to find healthy fulfillment in nature, one thing seems more important than everything else. Someone stole my television in 1981 when I was 21 years old. When that happened, my conscience guided me to resist buying a new TV to end my television-watching habit. Because I didn't read much print media, losing the television eliminated most of the PR mental programming from my life. Later, in 1990, I decided to turn off the radio, freeing me from nearly all media propaganda.

Living this way allowed me to see how media trains people to prefer civilization over a more natural lifestyle. When I watched TV at a friend's house, the programs clearly promoted unwarranted respect for money while ridiculing nature lovers and even denigrating love.

Televisions have a mesmerizing effect on the viewer. Then, what's presented glorifies technology, civilization, and money as magnificent saviors that have delivered humanity from a horrible fight for survival in the treacherous wilderness. After turning these sources of propaganda off, I realized the truth is nearly the opposite of what popular media claims.

For example, worldwide, there are seventy-nine unprovoked shark attacks per year. Those attacks cause one

death every two years. On the other hand, worldwide, 1.35 million people are killed in automobile accidents every year. That's 3,700 automobile-related deaths per day.

The devastation of Hurricane Katrina left 1,833 people dead. That's half of the 3,700 that die in automobile accidents daily.

Globally, natural disasters were responsible for 0.1 percent of human deaths over the past decade. Obviously, nature is quite safe compared to man-made vehicles are extraordinarily deadly.

While shark attacks, hurricanes, earthquakes, and floods are presented as huge threats to our lives, the 3,700 daily vehicular homicides are underreported. When a huge multivehicle pile-up is announced, the report ignores the dead and mutilated bodies to focus on how far the traffic was backed up. That makes techno-homicides into mere inconveniences that create traffic delays.

Conversely, each rare shark attack is reported as a horrible newsworthy tragedy. This distorted way of reporting misfortunes makes people fear Mother Nature and accept toxic technology.

When considering homicides caused by living creatures, the deadliest monster of all is the human being. Using weapons, automobiles, pharmaceutical drugs, scalpels, and other inventions, humans kill more people than all the wild creatures and natural disasters combined.

The least understood and most dangerous technology is electricity and the electromagnetic radiation it produces. Arthur Firstenberg's book, *The Invisible Rainbow: A History of Electricity and Life*, shows how electricity and electromagnetic radiation are the primary cause of heart disease, cancer, diabetes, tumors, migraine headaches, influenza, chronic fatigue syndrome, anxiety, depression, infertility, insomnia, and numerous other chronic conditions. Consequently, the most dangerous places on Earth are densely populated cities. As human beings get farther away from radio towers, cellphones, and electricity, we live healthier and happier lives.

Despite that reality, news and documentary programs consistently paint the opposite picture, falsely portraying the wilderness and natural disasters as horrendously dangerous. Hollywood movies and fictional television programs go even further to invent monsters that lurk far out in nature or below the ocean's surface. These imaginary creatures are portrayed to be bloodthirsty killers that attack innocent people who foolishly venture outside the safe zone of the city limits. Meanwhile, reality finds primitive people who live in village communities to be the happiest and healthiest people on Earth.

To offer another example of distorted popular media reporting, I recently searched the internet to find that 436 mass shootings occurred in the United States in 2019. I was surprised to find that more than one mass shooting takes place each day in the US. This data came from the Gun Violence Archive, which defines mass shootings as a minimum of four victims shot (either fatally or not), excluding any shooter killed or injured in the attack. Their definition of mass shooting excludes incidents related to criminal activity, family disputes, or gangs.

I accidentally found that nearly all the top search items listed when I looked for "mass shootings" reported mass killings instead. In mass shootings the victims can survive but victims must die in mass killings making those incidents rare. Interestingly, only 41 mass killings took place in 2019. This statistic was generated by the Associated Press (AP), a primary source of news that's used by all the major news outlets, print, online, radio, and television news. It took some digging to get past the numerous mass killings reports from popular media to find that 436 mass shootings had taken place in 2019. Most importantly, the 436 mass shootings statistic was not reported by any of the popular media outlets. They reported the 41 mass killings statistic instead, downplaying the dangers of technology by a factor of ten.

On the other hand, most nature documentaries focus on carnivores hunting down and killing their prey. The majority of these programs document one vicious kill after another as if that's what's taking place. I've spent lots of time in the

wilderness, and I've rarely witnessed an animal eating another animal. Carnivores do kill and eat prey; however, carnivores are the rarest creatures of all. Most animals and insects eat plants, grass, leaves, fruits, and nuts. That's what's mostly taking place in nature. Rather than present a realistic view of nature, the media focuses on carnivorous attacks.

In the grand scheme of nature, predators prey on ill, weak, or dead animals. By consuming dead and unhealthy creatures, health is supported as precious organic materials are recycled for new life.

I live surrounded by nature where wild animals play and sing their songs. I've whistled with the birds, swam with dolphins, fed deer out of my hand, and met a little chipmunk who climbed up onto my knee to look into eyes. Giant moths have landed on my hands and hung out for extended visits. What I've discovered on my own is how glorious, beautiful, and mostly gentle the wilderness and wild creatures are.

The reason I share all this is to show how nature is actually safer than the city. Even though popular media vilifies nature, electrified cities are actually the most dangerous places on Earth. By flipping reality upside down, popular media causes people to unconsciously choose to live in the most dangerous places on Earth—big cities.

Once I began exploring nature and realized how truly magnificent and inviting nature is, my reverence for nature grew. Eventually, I became so impressed with nature and living organisms that it seemed impossible for such splendor to have evolved through random chance. Surely, the Universe and life must have been created by something with tremendous wisdom.

Until that realization, I was agnostic, remaining on the fence, unable to choose between conscious creation and random chance theories. When I saw how magnificent nature is, it was no longer reasonable for me to believe that such a perfect system could arise from random events. While organisms do adapt and evolve, a creative genius must be orchestrating that process.

I jumped off of the agnostic fence, knowing a tremendously brilliant consciousness must be behind reality producing and guiding the gloriously intricate and beautiful web of life. Still, I found it possible to accept some of what evolutionary biologists claim. I was guided by my Soul to integrate the two perspectives. A conscious mind could have driven evolution and may be involved in current events.

Although this change in perspective took place in 1987, I believe that living without television for six years helped me recuperate from the mental programming that bombarded me for about twenty years. Surely, media—especially television—draw people into the city and keep them there by convincing people that technology and civilization is fun, healthy, and safe. Conversely, nature is portrayed to be a horrible fight for survival. This mental conditioning feeds the beast that is civilization, helping it grow bigger every day.

Just because many television programs may fit what I've outlined above that doesn't mean all programs do this. For instance, I've been told that Oprah's network offers healthy programming that uses television and the internet to share helpful information to a large audience of good-natured people. I used the internet to watch a couple of her interviews with Eckhart Tolle regarding his book *A New Earth*, and I was very impressed with Oprah and her insightful guest. It's impressive how this woman created her own network to share a positive message. I wonder how someone with such power appears to have resisted the corruption that often accompanies fame and fortune.

Back in the nineteenth century John Dalberg-Acton, First Baron Acton, Thirteenth Marquess of Gropoli wrote this:

Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Great men are almost always bad men, even when they exercise influence and not authority, still more when you superadd the tendency or the certainty of corruption by authority. There is no worse heresy than that the office sanctifies the holder of it.

While Baron Acton may be right, he carefully leaves some room for exceptions. Oprah may be one of the rare cases of a person who can handle the power she wields. Many people claim Oprah remains on a positive path. I hope she can remain true to her heart despite the way power tends to corrupt people.

Personally, I felt guided to pass on my biggest opportunities for power. Rather than test my ability to remain on the straight-and-narrow with lots of power in hand, I felt guided to walk away from the money and embrace simple natural living.

What is shared above expresses the issues I wrestled with thirty-three years ago. While many valid points were shared in those pages, I eventually discovered a very different way to look at the world. By opening my heart very wide, I found perfection in everything, even the divisive features of big cities.

Given all the options, I found that the heart's middle path offers the greatest riches of all.

To find that Way of the Heart path, I needed to explore simple ways of life. The transition involved paying my debts, simplifying my life, and getting closer to nature.