

My Open Hearted Life



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

George Walter Chyz

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Life***



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George W. Chyz

Revision 9

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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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Introduction

My life story focuses on how I learned about the Way of the Heart—living in alignment with the inner-guidance whispered by a consciousness residing in human hearts. While many people follow that intuitive guidance, I discovered the pivotal importance of living an open-hearted versus closed-hearted life by following my inner-guidance very closely. As I explain later, a terrifying encounter with a black widow spider made me afraid to ignore my intuition. Since that took place when I was just four years old, it dramatically effected my entire life.

In my early forties, after decades of following my heart I realized what I was doing differently than most people. To thoroughly understand the difference between open and closed-hearted living, I needed to re-educate myself. Overcoming what I was taught in school, by the media and by my elders to view reality in a way that exposed the hidden details of intuitive living required lots of mystical experiences, challenges, and love. Eventually, a consciousness based perspective came into focus.

With consciousness at the foundation of reality, I was able to find the hidden genie who provides intuition and the tremendous importance of following one's heart. To share all of that, I spent twelve years writing about it in a variety of different ways. Eventually, I published *The Magnificent Soul: The Art of Living in a World Founded on Consciousness*. That book shares the Way of the Heart message in an informative but dry manner.

Reflecting on how difficult it was for me to learning what's shared in that book, I recalled incidents that pushed me forward. The hurdles I jumped, the mystical experiences that transpired, and how all of that propelled me to adopt a radical view of reality. In short, my life was a stranger-than-fiction story.

Having lived sixty-two years, I've learned that few people can let go of the views they're taught when young. Certainly, small shifts occur in everyone. However, significant shifts in our world

views require powerful challenges to cleave 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 a deeper truth. I pray this story will help you to benefit from my strange 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 in my heart.

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 world changing pandemic 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 biology emerged to reveal a remarkably cooperative world.

Unfortunately, these astounding scientific advancements are being resisted by rigid scientists who stick to antiquated theories in a dogmatically religious sort of way that has been labeled scientism.

Being open-minded, and having little training in biology, I was open to consider what's new in biology. What I found was astounding. So, the last few chapters offer a refreshing view of nature, health, and hope for a glorious resolution to the unprecedented challenges we are facing today.

I hope you enjoy the adventures, challenges, and lessons that filled my life with love, joy, miracles, and a novel perspective of reality, nature, and humanity.

In the following I illustrate the benefits of open-hearted living by sharing numerous sensational stories about unusual personal experiences. The fantastic nature of these stories may seem like I'm bragging about my life: however, the intention is to show you how attentively following one's heart brings about remarkable blessings. Friends and acquaintances who follow their inner guidance closely, confirm that miracles are linked to following their hearts as well.

As I mentioned earlier, an encounter with a black widow spider caused me into be afraid of ignoring my inner guidance. Therefore, my extraordinary life was the result of an accident or cosmic trick that made me devoted to following my heart. Hopefully, my fantastic stories will inspire you to follow your heart more earnestly than you already do.

Chapter 1

An Open-Hearted Life

To get started, 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 on the North Shore of Maui, a delightful Hawaiian Island.

I had been looking for an intentional community (commune) to live in for about ten years. Although I visited many, none felt quite right. At this point, I had become involved in helping to build new communities. I enjoyed that so much that I was doing it in exchange for food and a place to pitch my tent. In some cases I would build a little place for myself with materials supplied by the property owners. Instead of paying rent, I help out in all sorts of ways. This way of life developed over time based on opportunities and my ability to get things done.

In this case, the property owners and I lived nearby their raw land where I had been working on another project. To get their project started we set up a tarp shed as a workshop. Next, the owners 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 acquired 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 screen wrapped around the legs and a tarp stretched over the top. It was remarkably simple and lovely to sleep in.

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 that emerged from the Superconscious-Soul in my heart made the structure easy to build .

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 these owners and I worked on building structures and infrastructure, 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 those 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 ride courageously.

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, 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. Free 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 the 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 calm 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 the tantric practitioner's vitality.

Using these techniques, we made love for two to three hours each day for six days. After each session, I clearly 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.

Since the eyes are the windows of our Souls, 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 opened 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. Now, I could feel this water gushing through my torso and chest flowing upward to spray out of 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.

Although shocked by what was taking place, I managed to remain calm and tune into these extraordinarily unique and delightful sensations. To focus even more on the exquisite sensations, I closed 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 felt my physical body disintegrating. As I mentioned earlier, everything below my waist had already disappeared. Now I became aware that more of my body was dissolving.

First, my fingers disintegrated. Then my hands. Next, my arms crumbled away. Soon, it felt as though my entire 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. Soon, 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. The transition back to Oneness includes a sense of being in a dark void that feels perfectly empty.

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. An endless supply of 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 orgasm made of countless undulating waves extending forever in all directions!

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 infinite orgasm long ago before creating the Heavens and the Earth. I also recalled how the One had explored all the interesting experiences that could be explored as a single consciousness.

Then, 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: a sea of people were milling about, interacting with one another. While viewing all these people engaging each other, the notion that our purpose as humans is finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others.

Finally, I remembered that this purpose for humanity 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, back 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 a deliciously sweet nectar dripping down the back of my throat. This nectar contained 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 was returning 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.

I shared my experience and thanked Sunshine for leading me into the most spectacular adventure of my life.

Later, I realized 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 to our purpose.

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 each of 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 clarify humanity's role. Most religions focus on worshiping a god or goddess that we presume to be outside of ourselves. Dedicated followers often assume that such worship is our purpose. Finally, Religions 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 ignore how interpersonal relationships fulfill our purpose. Eventually I discovered that the Way of the Heart path, is altogether different from spirit-oriented paths. The Way of the Heart involves following an inner spirit, one's Soul who resides inside their heart. Conversely, most people follow external guides or other lures. Examples include, deities, ethics, money, power, fame, and so on. Indeed, there are many paths available in the vastness of the Universe.

Still, what's shared in this book focuses on the Way of the Heart path—following Soul intuition that emerges from within 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 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 and how it feels to engage with them. Indeed, the One has designed humans to be naturally driven to accomplish precisely what the One created us to investigate—how it feels to meet mysterious others.

If what came to Rudolf Steiner and me is true, then the One actually needs us little humans to learn about something that couldn't be discovered as One singular consciousness. No matter how enormous and brilliant that One is, being the only One that exists makes it impossible for that tremendous consciousness to meet another.

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 was interested in exploring but couldn't investigate in its normal state of being.

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.

Typical 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 arrived. 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 since we can't 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 often resist those truths. For instance, we often think those answers are too simple. Then, our feeble intellectual minds conjure up alternatives. Soon the infallible answer is lost in a swamp of uncertainty.

My curious nature keeps me open to new revelations without presuming I've got it all sorted out. To help me seriously consider what's being offered intuitively, scientific and anecdotal support often emerge. In some cases, challenging situations help me to open to new perspectives.

For instance, the tantric nature adventure shared in this chapter began with a terrible accident, cutting my finger on the big saw. That accident gave me time to delve more deeply into tantra with my beloved Sunshine. Throughout this book, I'll share several examples of how seemingly unfortunate accidents or crises often lead to truly wonderful outcomes.

When looking back to review my open-hearted life, I realized that an expansive understanding of life, love, and human consciousness, came to me from my beloved Soul in my heart. To share all of that, I offer this book for you to examine my curious adventures for yourself and come to your own conclusions.

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 uncomfortable 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 very 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.

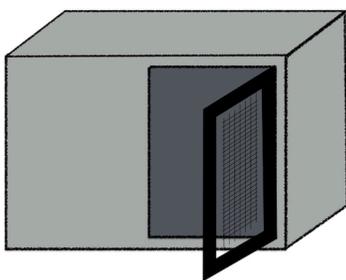
When I was still four, a terrifying event occurred. My brother Grant (age seven), our friend Steven (eight), and I explored an empty lot in our Detroit, Michigan, neighborhood. After lifting up some debris to peek underneath, we spotted a black widow spider. The red hourglass on her black abdomen made 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-two 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-two, 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 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 evolution theories. After seeing for myself how magnificent nature is, I became convinced that such an amazing system needed a creative genius to guide its formation. While organisms do evolve in adaptive ways, a creative genius must be orchestrating that process.

Based on all of that, I jumped off of the agnostic fence, believing that 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 throughout the process.

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 Groppoli 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.

Chapter 7

Putting My Heart into It!

Before delving into my transitional years, my Soul is guiding me to share some stories about putting my heart into physical endeavors to produce remarkable results.

In addition to helping me in school, my Soul helped me excel in physical endeavors like sailing, snow skiing, and judo. Throughout my life, outstanding physical abilities arrived with little or no practice. There have been many situations when I've surprised myself by doing things that I didn't know I could do. Observers thought I had practiced developing skills even though I was a novice. The age-old notion of putting my heart into it to achieve the best results has enhanced my life in many ways.

One evening, while driving home from the beach, I heard some Irish music coming from an Irish pub. I felt guided to go dancing. Although I don't know anything about Irish dancing, I went out on the empty dance floor to give it a try. Soon I found my feet moving faster than I had ever moved them. I even jumped through the air, spinned, and landed in time with the music to continue the unrehearsed jig.

Once the song ended and I sat down at an empty table, an older gentleman came over and gave me a big mug of beer. As he sat it on the table, he said, "Thank you for the wonderful performance."

Because the dance floor remained empty, I got up to dance some more. Soon other people joined in on the fun. The dance floor filled up, and everyone smiled as they danced.

Surely, my ego-mind couldn't have performed this way without practice, but with my heart wide open, the Soul in my heart must have taken over.

Earlier, when I was 15 years old, the United States Judo Association president and founder, Phil Porter, gave a seminar at the judo club I belonged to. Porter was the highest-ranked judo

practitioner in the US. His sixth dan was conferred upon him in Japan. The belt he wore was red and white, something I had never seen. On top of that, he was in great shape at 50 years old. (A picture of Porter is shown on the back cover in the lower-left corner.)

After Porter shared some of his training methods and specific techniques, it was time for people to practice. During the final segment of a visiting teacher's seminar, anyone can try to practice with the guest teacher. I approached him, we bowed, and then it was time to see who could throw the other man to the ground. I immediately decided to avoid looking at his belt because it was too distracting. I focused on his chest, imagined he was just another opponent, and stepped forward to do my best without any expectations or worries.

As I attempted to execute a two-technique combination I had learned, Porter used countermoves that I had never seen before. Each time he threw me with one of his countermoves, I managed to overturn in a way that spoiled his attempt to score a point. The overturn trick was something that had come to me intuitively.

Finally, I got past Porter's countermoves and applied the first part of the combination. The second part worked perfectly, allowing me to drive him to the ground decisively. In a match, I would have received a whole point to win.

I helped Porter up. He wanted to go again. This time I used the same combination but left-handed to take him down first try, and I would have won another match. When he got up the second time, he said, "If you're interested in going to the Olympics, we would like to have you right now"

Here again, my Soul must have amplified my skill.

I chose to study judo because I was only 5 feet 4 inches (162 cm) and felt I ought to know how to defend myself. My heart guided me to decline the offer to train for the Olympics. However, that experience convinced me I had learned to protect myself. A few years later, when I was eighteen years old, I stopped practicing judo.

Ten years later, when I was twenty-eight, a huge guy under the influence of drugs mistakenly thought I was someone he was looking for. He pulled a machete out of the back of his car and approached my friends and me. I repositioned myself between him and my friends. He raised the machete to attack me in the typical overhand manner. I applied a well-known judo defense I had learned years ago. Despite his enormous size, I used his momentum to toss him through the air and onto the pavement. Then, without knowing what to do next, I intuitively took control of the machete, straddled his chest, and placed the sharp edge of that big blade against his throat. Although I could have taken his life, my conscience advised me to back off.

The assailant's brother stepped in, but they soon decided to take off in their car. The police arrested both of them. After a trial, they were imprisoned for nine months.

Other altercations had taken place earlier in my life. For instance, a bully in sixth grade heard I knew judo and wanted to see if it really worked. I kept trying to walk away, but he kept attacking me from behind. The first two times, I tossed him on the ground and continued walking. When he grabbed me the third time, I took him down, pinned him to the ground, and made him admit defeat. Word got around, and the bullies avoided me.

Eventually, in high school, I joined the wrestling team for part of one year, setting a record for the fastest pin at our large triple-A school. Still, the stress of competition was unpleasant, so I quit the team.

In all these situations I was surprised by what occurred. In those moments of battle it seemed as if an inner force had propelled me in completely unplanned ways. As if in a dream, miraculous talents seem to emerge from within to achieve astonishing results.

When I was ten years old, my dad purchased a sailboat. The following year, my brother, dad, and I started racing. When I was fifteen, my brother and I won seven races in a row, competing against adults. Sailing is a truly wonderful experience when

racing or cruising. Additionally, winning races, celebrating at yacht clubs, and meeting many interesting people was exciting and deeply rewarding.

At one point, I nearly got to race in the most prestigious yacht race in the world, the Congressional Cup, which takes place in Long Beach, California. The timing presented issues, so I didn't participate. Despite that, simply sailing as a weekend hobby, I had developed world-class yacht racing abilities.

Once I discovered how following my heart can help with physical and intellectual endeavors, I finally understood how I could excel in many physical activities.

One more sport I got seriously involved with was snow skiing. Again, I quickly became quite skilled on skis. In my twenty-year-long weekend skiing hobby, I took lots of risks, jumping, backcountry tree skiing, and going down steep mogul runs at very high speeds. With only five years of practice, people on the ski lifts began shouting praise as I flew down the slopes, catching air and doing tricks. Over those years, my skiing was so aggressive that I broke fourteen pairs of skies and tore apart four pairs of ski boots. My only physical injury was a sore neck from landing on my head when doing an aerial maneuver in an attempt to impress my friend Chip.

In that case, I suppose I was punished for trying to impress my friend and boost my ego. On the other hand, when I simply skied for the pure joy of it, I didn't get hurt.

When I think back to recall how I went about skiing, I remember standing at the edge of the incline, taking a deep breath, picking my first turn, and letting it rip. Without knowing what was going to happen, I would fly down the slopes with little effort. Now I'm convinced that my Soul in my heart helped me ski far beyond my normal abilities.

The extreme forces would shred the skies, or in some cases, too many landings on ice-covered slopes would delaminate them. Once that began happening often, I started taking two pairs of skies to the slopes in case one pair broke.

Near the end of my skiing adventures, I would rarely see someone skiing as fast and skillfully as me. On one occasion, when I saw a guy skiing better than me, I got in the chairlift line with him, and we went up together. As we talked, he told me that he was rated second in the world for freestyle moguls. I asked him to explain what he was doing to go so fast in the spring corn granules of ice that were very thick and heavy that day.

He described the technique he was using.

Then, once we got to the top, I watched him use his method to ski the expert mogul run. When he got to the bottom of the run, he stopped and looked up to watch me give it a try. I went for it and was surprised by how easy it was. When I got to the bottom, he congratulated me, saying, “That’s it, you got it!” Even though he was a pro who practiced nearly every day and I only skied on some weekends, my openhearted approach enabled me to keep up with him.

Nicolas Müller is a world-famous snowboarder who is described as one of the greatest snowboarders of all time. In his documentary movie, *FRUITION—The Life and Dreams of Nicolas Müller*, he tackles perilous terrain with effortless grace. Watching his magnificent descents, one wonders how he knows which way to go when flying through such unpredictably treacherous terrain at death-defying speeds.

Near the middle of the film, Muller mentions he began to wonder how he knows whether to turn right or left. Then he explains that he believes his Soul is guiding him. If you watch the film, you’ll wonder how this courageous young man is still alive. What he’s doing seems nearly impossible, but with the divine consciousness that resides in his heart guiding him, even what seems impossible becomes possible.

Another physical activity I enjoy is drumming. I put my heart into playing hand drums in a way that inspires people to dance. Without using my mind to count out a beat, I lift my hands up into the air and bring them down toward the drum, then I surrender, letting my Soul take it from there. The rhythms amaze

me, and people offer gracious compliments. Strangers tell me that I'm a master drummer, a legend, amazing, and so on.

Some of the dancers have told me, "I just listen to you and ignore the other drummers."

I explain, "The Soul in my heart deserves all the credit. My ego-mind in my head doesn't know how to drum."

To see what happens if I stop paying attention to the drumming, I've taken time to look at all the dancers, watch the sunset, and even talk with someone nearby. Meanwhile, the hypnotic beat continues. Conversely, if I use my conscious mind in my head to control the rhythm, it falls apart, convincing me that the Soul in my heart must be the master drummer.

There's so much I've done with remarkable skill, cooking, carpentry, plumbing, electrical, design work, computer software development, skiing, sailing, judo, and more. Meanwhile, I also make stupid mistakes quite often. By observing these two aspects of myself, I've noticed that the mistakes occur when I use my intellectual conscious mind, the mind I also refer to as my ego-mind. Being a master and a feeble idiot, my sixty-two years of experience have convinced me that my ego-mind in my head is quite feeble. Conversely, the master is the divine spirit residing in my heart, my Superconscious-Soul.

Of course, there are notable things I don't seem to be able to do, even with my Soul's help. For example, my spelling is atrocious. Dealing with schedules is uncomfortably difficult for me. Remembering names is another weakness. Keeping a tidy home seems impossible. I do respect shared spaces, but my personal space is normally quite cluttered. I'm not a slob but random items seem to carpet most tables. One exception is the kitchen sink which I keep cleaner than many.

So it seems that each person's Soul is different with its own personality and particular abilities. What talents are hidden simply because they haven't been explored is something each of us can discover on our own. Having the courage to try new things can uncover remarkable gifts.

Chapter 8

Transitioning to Country Living

In the late 1980s and into the early 1990s I consulted as a software engineer to pay my debts. To expedite that, I chose to reduce my expenses by cutting out fine wines, balls, fancy dinners, etc. I moved out of my Ann Arbor, Michigan bachelor pad with a balcony and into a small bedroom in a dilapidated carriage house on what was once a horse ranch. Bob, the leaseholder, lived in the blacksmith's shop, which had a wood-burning stove for heat. My place didn't have heat, but people who lived there in the past used electric blankets for warmth.

I tried using an electric blanket, but it didn't feel right. I wondered whether I actually needed more than my body heat to stay warm. To find out, I set up a very cozy bed with lots of insulation underneath and a sleeping bag with additional covers on top. I also had an alpaca wool sweater, wool pants, wool socks, and an alpaca wool winter hat that covered my ears. If I got too cold and couldn't sleep, my backup plan was to go to the nearby blacksmith's shop, where I could sleep on the couch next to the wood-burning stove.

Being a fresh air enthusiast, I decided to leave my bedroom window open. I suppose sailing had given me a keen appreciation for fresh air. Also, the building was super funky, and fresh air was essential to compensate for any mildew. One morning, after a snowstorm, I woke up to find a two-foot-tall snowdrift in my freezing cold bedroom. Because the room was the same temperature as the outdoors, the snow that had blown in through the window remained frozen. I simply got a snow shovel, scooped up the snow, and tossed it out the window.

One night the temperature dropped to -10°F (-23°C). Using the drawstring at the opening of my mummy-style sleeping bag, I cinched the hole down to the size of a quarter. Even with that tiny opening, cold air poured down through the hole onto my nose, making the tip so cold I couldn't sleep.

Being slightly allergic to wheat, I've always had a runny nose. To deal with that, I carry a handkerchief in my pants pockets. As I wondered how to keep my nose warm, I had an intuitive idea to cover it with my hanky. I pulled it out of my pocket, opened it up, and laid it over my face, covering my nose. Soon the tip of my nose warmed up, and I fell asleep.

Each morning after waking up, I'd put on some boots, walk to the blacksmith's shop through the snow and across the ice. There I'd take a shower, put on my business attire, and have some breakfast. Finally, I'd hop into my car and drive about fifteen minutes into Ann Arbor, Michigan where I worked in a fancy glass office building with an underground garage.

After parking my car, I'd take a glass elevator up several floors while viewing an ornamental tree growing in the buildings central atrium. Once on the proper floor, I'd go to work at a high-tech computer software company in this ultramodern building.

It seemed as if I woke up in olden times without heat and then drove my car into a modern high-tech age, as though my car was a time machine. Then, at the end of the workday, I'd travel back in time to my simple primitive home in the country.

Bob, the leaseholder of the land where I lived, had a tradition of hosting full moon gatherings. People would arrive on full moon evenings with musical instruments and food to share. Bob would always make a big pot of vegetarian chili with brown rice and beans as the main ingredients. We'd build a campfire out of fallen branches collected from nearby woods. People circled around the fire to sing, play music, dance, and talk story. These eccentric but happy folks had a lot of fun.

At those gatherings, I started playing a hand drum and found I could play along with other musicians without knowing what I was doing. As I explained in the last chapter, I believe my Soul in my heart plays the rhythm while I simply watch and listen.

Bob and I designed a frisbee golf course that made its way around the large rural property. The tee-off for one of the holes was located in a treehouse built high in a tall tree. That treehouse tee-off gave our course a novel twist.

All of this fun stuff was nearly free and very gentle on the Earth. Simple country life rekindled my childlike innocence and opened my heart wider in a delightful way. Plus, I met all sorts of interesting people, allowing me to develop a whole new group of friends. Many of these folks had fascinating stories to tell and intriguing subjects to discuss.

I found the rich folks I knew were quite dull compared to eccentric country characters—the wealthy folks liked to drop names. They didn't have exciting stories, just small talk. Conversely, the country characters shared truly captivating stories about real-life experiences.

One of my new friends suggested I read *A People's History of the United States* by Howard Zinn. That book offers the history of the ordinary people ignored by the typical history books, which focus on influential leaders and statesmen. Zinn's alternative history book begins with Christopher Columbus's invasion of the Caribbean in 1492. As I read about how the remarkably peaceful Arawak natives greeted the ships with gifts, tears came to my eyes.

Then, a different kind of tears welled up in my eyes as I read about the Europeans ruthlessly enslaving these gentle people. To put the fear of their god into them, the civilized Europeans sadistically abused them, routinely beheaded twenty natives at a time, and fiendishly hunted them into extinction. I learned how the European invaders lied to nearly all native people, scalping them for bounties and forcing them off their own homeland. I discovered the English paid a bounty for native scalps. Later that detail was flipped around, claiming that Native Americans took scalps, even though it was actually the white settlers who performed that barbaric mutilation.

I also learned that the US was initially run by white male property owners. They were the only people given the right to vote when the country was founded. Everyone else, even white men who didn't own property had to fight for the right to vote. On top of that, only property owners had the right to run for

office. Thus, the country was run by wealthy white male property owners elected by white male property owners.

At the 1787 Constitutional convention in Philadelphia, John Jay proclaimed, “Those who own the country ought to govern it.” That expressed the sentiments of most wealthy Americans, both then and now. The framers of the US Constitution were wealthy demagogues who owned slaves. Even though a bill of rights was proposed during the convention it wasn’t approved by these domineering men.

As soon as that Constitution was approved, the peasants launched armed rebellions to insist on a bill of rights; still, those first ten amendments to the Constitution never changed the fact that wealthy and talented demagogues rule the US.

I learned that working people have been cheated, deceived, enslaved, and imprisoned for demanding justice throughout US history even to the present. All that time, the workers have done all the essential work. The history taught in school claims that our country was founded on democracy, when it was actually based on a new group of aristocrats taking advantage of everyone else. Once I discovered how distorted textbook history is, it became clear that schools teach propaganda to support the ruling class’s domination of good, honest people. With an upside-down picture of history, people are made to believe that wage slavery is freedom.

I also read John Robbins’ *Diet for a New America*. Robbins shows how a vegan diet is the healthiest for humans, the most compassionate for animals, and the gentlest for Mother Earth. He uses facts to reveal how we damage the environment with our forks even more than industrial manufacturing. Another surprise is how many top athletes, including weight lifters and football players, chose vegan or vegetarian diets. The only losers are the meat and dairy industries that provide unhealthy food, much like cigarette companies provide health-damaging cigarettes.

Exponent is a PR firm that assists the meat and dairy industries plus many other toxic industries like tobacco, asbestos, genetically modified seeds, and so on.

PR campaigns are real conspiracies, not theoretical ones.

I recommend three eye-opening documentaries regarding diet: *The Game Changers*, *Eating You Alive*, and *What the Health*. Each covers different facets of this crucial issue using documented facts in powerful ways. Extensive studies and historical evidence clearly demonstrate that a plant-based whole food diet is the healthiest diet for human beings.

My new friends were helping me learn how television and schooling teach civilized humans all sorts of falsehoods. Realizing that civilization is founded on a mountain of lies, I felt angry. More importantly, I wanted to share the truth with other people who had also been lied to. I got involved in promoting positive change to address particular issues that appear to have the potential to be improved. For example, I worked to implement recycling programs, provided information about the benefits of a plant-based whole food diet, supported organically grown foods, and protested against the first Iraqi war.

At the end of 1990 in Detroit, a 500-person protest against the Iraqi war was shut down by the police, who falsely arrested fifteen of us. After several protesters had been arrested, a high-ranking cop used a megaphone to proclaim that the protest was over. He told us it was time for everyone to go home.

I jokingly replied, “We’ll leave when you let the hostages free,” referring to the people who had been arrested and placed on a bus. The cop with the megaphone didn’t get my joke. He pointed toward me and barked out, “Arrest him!”

I was standing on the sidewalk wearing a suit and tie because I had come directly from a full day of consulting work at Ford Motor Company. The first cop couldn’t move me at all. Another showed up, and I still held my position. Two more came over, and the four men picked me up by all four limbs and carried me horizontally toward the bus. As they tried to load me into the bus, I placed one foot on each side of the door to keep them from pushing me in. A *Detroit Free Press* photographer got a picture of that before a fifth cop, located inside the bus, pulled one of my

feet into the doorway. I finally conceded to being captured. The photo appeared on page three of the morning paper.

Once inside the bus, I watched the cops form a line and push the protesters who couldn't get away fast enough because of the people behind them. As the protestors tried to flee, some of the cops began beating and chasing protesters with billy clubs.

The bus took us to the police station, where we were led to a gymnasium. Once we were spread out on the bleachers, random cops were assigned to be our arresting officers. The short woman who pretended to have arrested me had nothing to do with my arrest. All of these cops wrote up citations with fabricated charges and completely invented comments. My ticket claimed that I said, "Fuck the fucking cops," even though I actually said, "We'll leave when you let the hostages free."

The trumped-up charges included disturbing the peace and inciting a riot, even though the cops were the only people who disturbed the peace and acted in ways that could provoke a riot.

I've found that it's common for liars to turn the tables on their accusers, claiming the victims did what the liars are actually guilty of doing.

Lawyers from the Detroit Lawyers Guild arranged for all of us to be released from jail early the following day. Those lawyers also volunteered to defend us pro bono. At our trial, when the lawyer working on my case was questioning my fraudulent arresting officer, he asked why the ticket claimed that I had said, "Fuck the fucking cops."

She didn't have an explanation for that.

The lawyer then asked if that statement was unlawful.

I was surprised when she said, "No."

The lawyer finally asked why this statement was written on the ticket if it was legal.

Again, she didn't have an explanation.

Once all the lying cops had testified and been cross-examined, our volunteer lawyers requested the judge dismiss all charges.

At that point, none of the defendants had testified. Only the cops had been examined.

Despite that, the judge explained she wanted to say something before dismissing the charges. She began by pointing out how the police officers obviously presented lots of fabricated evidence. Then she explained that even with the fabricated evidence, there was no evidence to support the charges. Instead, she claimed the only law violated was our First Amendment rights of free speech and assembly. Finally, she dismissed all charges and set us free.

Eleven of the fifteen people who had been falsely arrested sued the City of Detroit for false arrest and violation of our First Amendment rights. The city settled out of court and paid us \$55,000 in damages.

This incident shows how police solemnly swear to tell the truth when they step up to testify and then lie as a regular part of their job. Additionally, police violate the laws they vow to uphold.

But I wondered why the judge pointed out how the cops had presented a lot of fabricated evidence while under oath but didn't charge them with perjury. Apparently, it's routine for police officers to commit perjury without being punished. Judges don't apply the penalties for willfully lying under oath when police commit that crime. This reveals that justice is not what the so-called justice system is really providing.

A month later, in January 1991, a couple of my friends and I drove from Detroit down to Washington DC to participate in a protest involving 300,000 people demonstrating against the same war.

As we walked from our car toward the protest, we noticed several television news cameramen filming something. Looking closer, we found five people who looked like protestors, but they held pro-war signs instead of anti-war posters. All the major TV networks were filming these fake pro-war protestors even though they were a block from the actual protest.

This was the largest protest I participated in. Independent sources estimated 300,000 protesters had come together to ask the president to halt the unlawful invasion of Iraq.

After that protest, the TV and print news reported that just 100,000 people attended that colossal protest. What's even more fallacious, these primary news sources claimed half of the protestors supported the war. To convince the viewers of this lie, the staged films of the fake protesters I had seen while walking to the protest were shown on national TV. My friends and I personally witnessed all the major television networks working together to falsify their reports. Similar deceptions were taking place all over the country.

Once I saw the media producing propaganda, police lying under oath, and cops break the laws, I was convinced that peace activists don't have a chance.

After the US invaded Iraq to murder tens of thousands of innocent people, an international war crimes tribunal found the US had committed nineteen counts of international war crimes. One especially grievous crime involved giant armored bulldozers burying Iraqi soldiers alive. The whole story is told in Ramsey Clark's book, *Fire This Time: US War Crimes in the Gulf*. Clark was a former US attorney general. He participated in the war crimes tribunal that found the US guilty of the war crimes. Unfortunately, there's no one to enforce international laws and no one capable of punishing the USA. We're the biggest bully on the planet.

The more I strived for peace and adopted a healthy natural lifestyle, the more I learned how the military-industrial complex promotes war and produces toxins.

An enlightening book that helped me turn history right-side-up is Peter Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid: A Factor of Evolution*. That classic has remained in print since it was first published in 1902. In it, Kropotkin shows how mutual aid is more successful than competition when it comes to survival and evolution. While competition does occur, Kropotkin shows how animals and people increase their ability to survive most by cooperating.

He also shows how the most primitive people are kinder, more generous, and more hospitable than technologically advanced humans. In fact, the more people advance technologically, the more selfish and unfriendly we become. Contrary to the popular notion of brutal savages becoming more courteous and polite once civilized, Kropotkin shows how people become more hostile, selfish, and warlike the further we stray from our original cooperative lifestyle.

Kropotkin and many of his contemporaries personally visited people living at various technological stages to witness how all sorts of people actually behave. During the 1800s it was easy to find people who still lived in tropical rain forests at the most natural stage without technology or even a shaman.

Today, it's difficult to visit Original People; the last ones are being avoided so civilized people won't disrupt their peace. To observe them from a distance, some anthropologists use satellite images, telescopes, and other surveillance tools.

Based on what explorers, missionaries, and anthropologists documented when visiting Original People, I learned that the popular notion of cavemen dragging women by their hair is the opposite of the truth. In reality, the most primitive cultures tend to be female-led, peaceful, and incredibly cooperative.

Pottery unearthed by archaeological excavations in the locations where civilization emerged supports this reality. The pottery portrays men fighting other men all the way back to 10,000 years ago. However, by digging deeper to uncover pre-civilization pottery, no pictures of men fighting men are found. There are pictures of men hunting animals, but not men fighting one another. This peaceful period goes back 20,000 years to when the oldest pottery appeared 30,000 years ago.

During the 20,000 years of peace, the pottery was also found to depict goddesses rather than gods, indicating these historical periods were female-led. My investigations found that civilization, male domination, war, and poverty emerged together as men led humanity into increasingly brutal conflicts.

By studying Original People in remote corners of the globe, anthropologists learned those people work just nine hours per week. I confirmed this by talking to three anthropologists who lived with and studied Original People in the 1970s, '80s, and '90s.

In Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid*, he claimed that pre-civilized tribes in northern Europe had formed cooperative confederacies that used democratic decision-making to maintain peace. The phrase "moot point" harkens back to the "folk moot," which included all the people. Kropotkin explains how an issue that needed everyone to appropriately address it was a moot point. That's how village people governed themselves quite peacefully for tens of thousands of years.

Kropotkin asserts that Roman invasions eventually ended those peaceful self-governed lifestyles by forcing those people to find ways to defend themselves from the more aggressive Roman invaders.

More recently, in North America, the Iroquois confederacy bound five Native American nations into a democratic system that maintained peace for an estimated 1,000 years. Benjamin Franklin admired the Iroquois orators for being far more intelligent and eloquent than the Europeans, even when speaking English or French. Franklin noted how the Iroquois spun circles around the dull-witted European statesmen, making the so-called nobles appear childish compared to the wise Iroquois orators. This gave rise to the term "noble savage."

The eloquent Iroquois advised the dull-witted colonists to unite the thirteen colonies forty years before the US was formed. Additionally, the Iroquois' democratic approach to self-government influenced the US Constitution.

Unfortunately, the American aristocrats who had invaded from Europe changed the equitable Iroquois system to ensure the ruling men retained their power. To do that, only white male property owners were given voting privileges. Conversely, the Iroquois male leaders were appointed by the women who held power to remove and replace the men at any time. This clever

system maintained gender balance, requiring the men to consider women's interests or be deposed.

Looking at the world as a whole, it appears that male-dominated military leadership began to emerge approximately 10,000 years ago when it originally surfaced in isolated locations. Meanwhile, most of the planet was occupied by peaceful Original People and village-based confederacies. Then, as male-dominated civilizations expanded, they assimilated the peaceful people and civilization became progressively more violent.

Today we can see the continued increase in violence as the number of mass shootings per year keeps growing. Only 40 years ago, in 1990, mass shootings began to occur more than once per year. Before that, they were unusual. Recently, in 2020, 578 mass shootings occurred, according to the Gun Violence Archive. That's more than three mass shootings every two days.

Despite that reality, Hollywood has conjured up a very different picture, portraying massive wars between giant armies of bloodthirsty barbarians who fight to the death with primitive weapons. These outrageous fabrications have produced a popular myth that violence was more prevalent further back in time. Still, the opposite is true: peace on Earth was the norm until civilization appeared.

Just thirty years ago, the USA used gigantic armor-plated bulldozers to bury Iraqi soldiers alive in their trenches, a modern horror that wasn't televised. According to The National Interest, "In President Obama's last year in office, the United States dropped 26,171 bombs in seven countries."

Source: <https://nationalinterest.org/blog/the-buzz/scary-fact-america-dropped-26171-bombs-7-countries-2016-18961>

Oddly, Obama was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

On the other hand, records of ancient battles reveal that armies often surrendered with little or no fighting. A well-studied example took place in 320 BC when the emperor of Macedonia, Alexander the Great, was outnumbered ten to one by the enormous Persian army. Alexander sent half of his men to the left and the other half to the right, drawing the Persian soldiers

away from the middle. With the Persian army split, Alexander and his best men charged through the central opening to access and capture the Persian king who had been hiding behind his army. Outnumbered ten to one, Alexander ended that historic battle quickly with minimal bloodshed. Mercifully, he didn't kill the king!

2,300 years ago, Alexander the Great was the last emperor to lead his troops into battle. Back then, everyone benefited from a short battle with the fewest casualties.

These days, military leaders are presidents, prime ministers, and kings. Those leaders hide far from the action. Safe from harm, the leaders enjoy fine meals, entertainment, and lavish accommodations. Casualties are reported as statistics without faces. Consequently, modern wars can continue for years as the number of dead and wounded grows, but the leaders remain safe.

While unraveling humanity's actual history, I have found people who live in rural areas are more hospitable and friendly than the city folk I grew up with.

My entire view of reality was turning upside down. The cavemen had become the most peaceful people. The country people remained reasonably kind and hospitable. Conversely, the city dwellers were rude and rarely offered hospitality to strangers. Worst of all, the aristocrats tend to be dull, selfish warmongers who parasite their wealth from workers' productivity.

Of course, there are always exceptions to these sorts of generalities. Each person has the free will to behave differently than most of their class. Still, in most cases, popular beliefs about stations in society reverse what's actually true. The PR masters have used schooling, newspapers, radio, and the most potent mass media tool, television, to give us an upside-down perspective. The lowly workers are portrayed as violent, while the aristocrats are presented as polite philanthropists.

In reality, the workers give their precious time and effort to support everyone, especially the aristocrats who take the most.

Meanwhile, those pampered aristocrats use the money they bleed from workers to make philanthropic donations.

Over approximately 10,000 years, we gradually developed the military-industrial complex, a Soul-less monster that's truly horrible.

As I learned about all of this, I lived out in the country to find peace with friendly neighbors who supported my new perspective. Even after I moved from the dilapidated horse ranch into Ann Arbor, I continued to attend the full moon gatherings for several years.

While developing into a talented drummer, people invited me to play at drum circles. Without practicing, I just listened to the beat and allowed my Soul in my heart to play the drum.

To help me get started, a very skilled drummer gave me some great advice. He told me to listen for what he called the one, the loud lower-pitched thump that repeats every measure to establish the rhythm. He pointed out how it could help to watch the more skilled drummers and find a drummer who was making that deep thump consistently. Then, he explained that I should only play this single, repeating one—simply hitting my drum once in the middle to make a deep, booming sound every time the one came round.

He further advised me to do it with my other hand, then alternating hands, then back to the original hand, but only playing the one. He recommended I play that way until I was able to look away or close my eyes. Later, when I looked back to check on the drummer holding down the one, I would find I was still in time with that beat. This skilled drummer warned me it might take months to really get it, but I should work on the one until it became second nature. Then, once I had a solid one, I could add other beats in between the repetitive one.

While practicing the one, noticed how the one draws the drummers together. Conversely, when people solo without a solid one, a jumble of disorder occurs. When that happens, I've discovered I can simply play a loud one consistently to bring the drummers together into a rhythmic pattern.

Once there's a solid one, dancers will start moving. Their movement will help the drummers come together in time with the one.

It seems so simple, but most drumming circle drummers I've encountered during thirty-five years of playing don't get this essential ingredient. For instance, I discovered that many drum instructors don't begin by teaching the one. Instead, they teach specific patterns with multiple beats per measure, skipping the most fundamental lesson, the one. I suppose they presume the importance of the one is obvious, but for many people it's not.

Regardless of how important the one is, drumming and music make country living more fun. When people gather together to drum, play music, sing, celebrate the sunset, and dance under the stars that shine so brightly out in the country, joy emerges from our hearts. Country people tend to get involved, sharing their little something to spice up the experience.

Rather than paying admission to sit in an audience, the best country gatherings invite everyone to participate in the activity. The group experience causes everyone to marvel at the magic of how people can join together in such a coordinated way with so little effort. Gatherings become magical when a group of people put their egos aside, open their hearts, and allow their Souls to organize genuinely delightful experiences.

The drummers inspire the dancers. Then, once the dancers start moving, they motivate the drummers, and the experience builds. Soon, a tin whistle or singer joins in. All of a sudden, our lives become a musical that is choreographed by our Souls.

Another type of country gathering I participated in while paying off my debt is the Native American sweat lodge ceremony. My first sweat was led by Native Americans who showed us how to build the lodge and arrange the fire to heat the rocks. Most importantly, they showed us how to make the healing experience into a sacred ceremony that touches everyone's hearts.

Once inside the small dome structure made of flexible branches and covered with tarps, everyone gets a chance to share their prayers. Some red-hot rocks are brought in and placed in

the center of the circle as blessings are offered. Specific herbs are sprinkled on the stones. When the fabric door is closed, the dome space becomes pitch black, like a mother's womb. In the darkness, water is poured on the rocks to produce steam, causing sweat to form on everyone's skin. Songs are sung as the sweating purifies everyone's bodies. After four rounds, everyone emerges from the womb-like lodge reborn and ready to begin a brand-new life.

Sitting on the Mother Earth with lots of infrared heat is an incredibly healthy thing to do!

At most country gatherings, a potluck meal is shared. Everyone gets a chance to connect with the other participants, making new friends and deepening relationships with old friends.

Another distinctive feature of country living I explored was gardening. As I was getting started, I met experienced gardeners and was invited to spend some weekends at an organic farm. One of the highlights was eating perfectly ripe watermelons. I hadn't seen watermelons with yellow flesh, so I was astonished when the first yellow watermelon was split open. Planting seeds, watching the plants grow, and eating the delicious fresh food the plants produced was an enriching experience.

I grew some honeydew melons in my first garden. My mentor, Fred, told me how to determine when honeydew is ripe. He explained that the end opposite the stem becomes soft. When gently pushing there with one fingertip causes a circular depression one inch in diameter (2.5 cm), the honeydew is ripe.

Once my honeydew had grown to full size, I went out into the yard every day to check them for ripeness. I began to wonder if they would ever soften on that end.

Finally, they started to soften. Soon the soft spot was large enough to indicate ripeness. I twisted one off the vine and took it into my kitchen. There I cut it open and removed the seeds. When I tasted it, I was amazed. It actually tasted like honey and dew. I've never actually tasted dew, but the taste was just what I imagine dew might taste like—it was so succulent and flavorful.

When I see honeydew in a market, I check them but rarely find a ripe one. When I find a ripe honeydew, I buy it to enjoy the delicious flavor. They're under-appreciated because melons, unlike other fruits, don't ripen after they're picked. Because they're usually picked underripe to survive shipping, very few people have discovered how delicious a fully ripe honeydew is.

To share a very unusual ripe fruit experience, I'm going to jump ahead to 1995 when I was in the middle of a three-year bicycle trip around the US. More precisely, I was checking out Twin Oaks, a well-known egalitarian community, near Louisa, Virginia. Some community members and I were picking up ripe pears from around a row of mature pear trees. Twin Oaks had made an arrangement with the owner of this neighbor's property. We could pick up good ripe pears and take them home for canning as long as we cleaned up all the rotting pears that littered the ground. However, we were not allowed to pick pears off the trees; we could only retrieve pears that had fallen on their own.

While I helped collect pears from the ground, I noticed a ripe pear hanging from a branch. I was intuitively drawn to it and had a strong feeling it was perfectly ripe. Its color was more golden than the other hanging fruit, making it look like those that had fallen to the ground. I was aware we weren't supposed to pick any pears from the tree, but an intuitive feeling urged me to focus on this particular pear.

As I contemplated breaking the rule by picking it, I reached out, positioning my opened hand a few inches below the pear. Then, I looked around to make sure everyone was focused on the ground so no one would see me if I picked it. Just as I looked back at the pear, it dropped off the branch and fell into my hand on its own. I was astonished. My Soul had guided me to place my hand under this pear at the perfect moment. Miraculously, I didn't have to break any rules. All I had to do was follow my heart!

When I ate that pear, it was as if the juicy, delicious sweetness produced an orgasm in my mouth, making it the most delicious pear I ever ate.

Back in 1988, while discovering how much more delicious and nutritious ripe, organically grown fruits and vegetables are, I also learned that organic farmers need to work additional hours to care for their soil, rather than simply fertilizing and spraying pests. Getting paid for those hours was difficult.

A friend of mine was fortunate to have a peat bog on his farm. I helped him harvest peat from his bog to enrich his soil without having to purchase that valuable soil amendment. His produce was so delicious that he was selling it directly to top restaurants. They were willing to pay a premium for his super-delicious produce.

Soon I got involved in the Community Supported Agriculture (CSA) Farm of Ann Arbor. American CSAs use the biodynamic farming method and a creative direct marketing approach that eliminates the middlemen. The biodynamic method is based on seven lectures given by Rudolf Steiner in the 1920s. The book, *Agriculture: Rudolf Steiner* contains the transcripts of those lectures. Other books have been written to discuss what Steiner started. The method begins with organic principles and adds homeopathic inoculations of unusual herbal preparations and other procedures to grow the most delicious fruits, vegetables, and herbs. The Demeter certification popular in Europe requires organic certification plus additional requirements that are collectively labeled “Biodynamic.”

During the winter, the Ann Arbor CSA farmers invite people who live nearby the farm to a planning meeting. At that meeting, the farmers share their history of what they had predicted they would produce in the past few years and what they actually produced during those years. This is presented in a tabular chart that shows how well they had achieved their goals over those recent years. They also show what they expect to produce during the upcoming growing season. Finally, they show how their

prices are similar to inferior commercial produce found at local grocery stores.

These farmers also explained how it's difficult for them to purchase seed, amend the soil, plant, and weed without any income until their early harvest of greens in the spring. Additional challenges include finding customers and delivering the perishable goods that could spoil or suffer damaged in shipping. Gratefully, the CSA system was developed to overcome all of those difficulties.

CSAs offer memberships to people who buy in before the farmers place their winter orders for organic seed. By selling memberships, the farmers know their product is already sold, so nothing will spoil. To eliminate distribution issues, members come to the farm weekly to pick up their portion of that week's harvest. Some CSAs deliver.

At the Ann Arbor CSA, people could choose to pick their produce up on Wednesday or Saturday. Still, they had to choose a day and then notify the farmers if they wanted to change their pickup day. That allowed the farmers to adjust the harvesting accordingly.

For financially challenged members, the farmers offered a payment plan with a down payment and monthly payments. They also provided an apprentice rate with a minimum number of work-trade hours for a limited number of people who were interested in helping the farmers.

Finally, the farmers explained how they would rope off a portion of the fields to identify a weekly rotating you-pick area. This was provided to help parents with children who can hand-pick extra food from the designated area. The farmers selected crops that require lots of hand-picking to harvest, such as peas and string beans, and made some available for members to pick their own. All members could gather extra food from the you-pick area.

I purchased a membership and was genuinely amazed by the quality and flavor of the biodynamic produce.

With more food than I could eat in my weekly allotment, I regularly invited friends for dinner. My guests were always surprised by how satisfying the meal was and often said things like, “This meal was so satisfying. How do you do it?”

I explained it was the biodynamic produce from the CSA Farm of Ann Arbor.

There are variations in the CSA approach. However, they all include the farmer selling directly to the customer. Because there’s no distributor or retail store involved and no spoilage in shipping or while sitting on the shelf, CSA farmers provide the highest quality produce at grocery store prices.

These arrangements are becoming more widely available as organic farmers endeavor to provide high-quality produce for moderate prices.

As my life gradually shifted, and I continued to pay my debts by doing consulting work, the summer of 1989 arrived. During that summer, I had an unusually memorable dream. Although I rarely remember my dreams, and even when I do, those memories typically fade quickly, I can still remember every detail of that incredibly vivid dream.

It started with me and two Native American teenagers sitting in a circle on the top of a grassy hill situated in grass-covered rolling hills that reached far into the distance. Gentle gusts of wind blew the tall grass to form waves that rolled across the land. Meanwhile, puffy white clouds floated across the azure sky. Warm beams of sunlight illuminated these Great Plains that danced in a gentle celebration of life.

Although I was in my late twenties at the time, in that dream, it seemed as if I was a teenager, just like the other young men. One of them noticed a large eagle circling overhead and pointed it out. We all watched this eagle spiral downward until it came so close that we all ducked our heads to avoid being hit by the tip of the eagle’s outstretched wings.

Just before hitting us, the eagle flapped his wings and landed in the center of our circle.

He stood three feet (1 meter) tall, and looked at me with his piercing eyes. Using his left wing like an arm and the feathers at its tip like fingers, he offered me a sprig of mint.

I accepted the peppermint and stated, “It’s mint; it’s good.”

To share it, I plucked leaves and handed one to each guy. To show the leaves are edible, I put one in my mouth and chewed it. The other guys did the same and agreed that it was good.

All of a sudden, they got up and took off, leaving me with the eagle. I crawled toward the eagle to kneel next to him. Figuring he had ears beneath his feathers, I whispered, “I always wanted an eagle feather; would you give me one?”

Using his left wing like an arm, he reached under his other wing, which he lifted up as if he was wearing a coat. Then, from under that right wing, he pulled out an enormous eagle feather as if it was stored in an inner pocket. Finally, he handed it to me.



Black Feather, White Turtle, and Three Red Strings

The feather was folded in half, so I unfolded it, discovering it was three feet long (1 m). This is longer than an eagle feather could possibly be. Still, it appeared to be a real feather. In addition to its extraordinary length, three red strings were tied around the quill as decorations. One was fastened near each end, with another wrapped around the middle, where it had been folded in half. The two out on the ends dangled loosely, but the

middle string was fastened to the neck of a small white stone turtle. That turtle dangled below the feather as I held it out in front of me. Certainly, this giant feather was a ceremonial object.

I was astonished. Simply hoping the eagle might give me a little feather, he presented me with an enormous ceremonial feather. After holding it in my hands and accepting its reality, I thanked the eagle for the fantastic gift.

Excited to show the feather to the people I lived with, I asked the eagle if it was okay for me to go and do that. He nodded, affirming it was okay.

I got up and headed to the teepee village nearby. While approaching the teepees, I saw everyone walking toward me. I surmised that the two young men had gone back to the village and told everyone that an eagle had handed me a sprig of mint.

When we came face to face, I held the feather up for everyone to see. The crowd oohed and aahed.

One woman stepped forward and explained I was holding the sacred eagle feather of the people who lived over the hills. She pointed out how they had been hostile toward us and might attack us if they learned we had their sacred eagle feather.

Obviously, she implied I ought to return the feather to those people. Still, I was just a teenager and very excited about receiving such a special gift. The grandfather eagle gave the feather to me, and I wanted to keep it. Still, I wondered about the white turtle, so I asked if anyone knew anything about it.

A man walked up, gently held the turtle, and positioned it so I could see the top of its head. Looking closely, I found a hole with some dry herbs pressed into it. Next, the man repositioned the turtle to reveal a smaller hole at the end of the turtle's tail. He explained the turtle was a little peace pipe.

That made this ceremonial feather even more incredible.

I thanked the man and explained I was going to put the feather in my teepee.

Once inside my little teenager-sized teepee, I couldn't find a good place to display the feather. It was so big and my teepee was

so small that the feather would interfere with the central area if I hung it from the inwardly leaning wall. It didn't feel right to place such an impressive feather on the ground. If I put it outside, the rain and wind would destroy it. Realizing I didn't have an appropriate place to display the feather, I wondered what I ought to do with it.

The idea of returning the feather to the people over the hills as a sign of good faith occurred to me intuitively. I realized I could possibly mend the rift with the neighbors to secure peace for my people. Indeed, that would be much more valuable than the feather.

The next step was to check with the other members of the tribe to see whether they agreed. I opened the flap to my teepee, and as I stepped through the doorway, I woke up.

Unlike other dreams, this one remained a clear memory that I shared with my friends, family, and you.

Months later, during a weekend visit with my organic farming buddy, I met a Native American woman visiting the farm. Her classic Native American appearance caused me to recall the dream, so I shared it with her. She enjoyed the story and thanked me for sharing it.

The next day she explained that a native spirit name had come to her and she would like to offer it to me. She politely asked if I was open to hearing the name.

Being interested and surprised that she cared enough to make such an offering, I was all ears. The name she proposed was "Peace Feather." She explained it was only a suggestion, so I could choose to accept it or not. She also explained that because it was a spirit name, I could continue to use my given name but use Peace Feather as my Native American spirit name.

Having wished for peace on Earth every birthday that I could remember, I was deeply moved by her offer. I thanked her for the name and gave her a solid bear hug to show my gratitude.

As the summer of 1989 winded down, my interest in peace on Earth was reinforced by receiving a spirit name that supported

the idea of being a peacemaker. With the Native American spirit name Peace Feather, I wondered if I might actually help bring peace to Earth.

In the winter of 1990, I went on a few nature outings with some new friends who introduced me to cabins that are available to rent in state parks. These cabins contain several bunk beds for group excursions and cost little to rent.

Having rented one for a Saturday night close to the full moon, they invited me to go with them for an overnight adventure featuring cross-country skiing.

On a clear moonlit night, we skied through the woods and across frozen lakes. As the moonlight reflected off the snow-covered trees and ground, this woodland glowed brightly enough to see our way. Everyone was deeply moved by the uncommonly serene and delightful skiing through a magically illuminated landscape. On top of that, the snow muffles sounds, making the experience quiet, calm, and peaceful.

When out on the frozen lake far from the wooded shore, I noticed a breeze. With the wind at my back, I opened my jacket and held it out to catch the wind. It wasn't blowing hard enough to get me going, but once I skated with my skis and pushed with my poles to get started, the wind blew me across the lake.

Earlier, at the end of Chapter 3, I shared a four-leaf clover story that involved my visit to a national park cabin in a volcanic crater. These rustic cabins were initially built when the US levied very high taxes.

From 1943 to 1963, the highest federal income tax bracket claimed a whopping 91 percent of high income earners. Then, from 1964 to 1981, the highest federal income tax bracket claimed 70 percent. In those days, American workers were paid well, unions were popular, and the US's infrastructure was built with tax revenues obtained from top incomes. More people than ever earned enough to create a substantial middle class that stoked the economy. The federal government used the resulting income tax revenues to build interstate highways, bridges, tunnels, park cabins, and more.

Forty-five years of very high taxes on the wealthy made America the greatest country in the world!

Conversely, the disparity of wealth occurring in the US today is similar to what led to the Great Depression of 1929. That happened when the highest tax bracket took only 25 percent. Hopefully, the lessons of the early twentieth century will be remembered. If high income is heavily taxed, unions reform, workers' wages rise, and trade barriers are restored, the economy will rebound. Unfortunately, all of that seems unlikely.

As my reverence for nature grew and I became clearly aware of how destructive civilization had become, I wrote some nature vs. civilization poems to convey my feelings. Here's one of them

Nature

*While the turmoil in the cities shouts MORE,
the winds in the forest sing calming songs.
While the pollution of industry spoils air and water,
the plants of the country sweeten air and water.
While poverty drives some to steal and kill,
Mother nature gives food to all.
While many use deadly chemicals to kill dandelions,
some are grateful for the vitamins and minerals weeds offer.
While we work to make cities thrive,
Mother nature is being raped and pillaged.
While we expand civilization,
we shrink and destroy the fruits and gifts of nature that feed
and nurture all life now as always.
While we're growing the economy,
the rivers, lakes, seas, oceans, mountains, clouds, air, fruit
trees, nut trees, old and young trees, herbs, grains, flowers,
melons, birds, bees, cats, dogs, people, dolphins, whales . . .
all life dies!*

Let's leave the toxic city economy and LIVE!

Soon, I was camping and hiking. New friends were inviting me to nature-oriented gatherings like the Rainbow Gathering

and group picnics in lovely parks. I was connecting with lots of vegetarians who seemed to gravitate to these peaceful nature-oriented events.

Rainbow Gatherings were particularly remarkable. They were free and didn't even allow the use of money. A trading circle reintroduced people to an older way of exchanging goods with one another. Everyone brought food to share, and generous people gave strangers gifts without expecting to get something in return. The good feelings that emerged when people shared open-heartedly made giving to others a gift to the giver. Unfortunately, I've heard these gatherings have changed quite a bit. Hopefully, they're still reasonably fantastic.

While I was transforming through personal experiences, I met a mentor, Fred R., at the Community Concert Series (CCS) in downtown Detroit. The CCS was a biweekly Saturday night event featuring vegan food, live music, poetry, and open mic interludes. Fred had been a vegan for nearly thirty years when I was just starting that diet.

Many years before I met him, Fred was a professor of literature at the California Polytechnic Institute. While there, he counseled young men who had been drafted to fight in the Vietnam war. By advising these young men to be conscientious objectors who refuse to kill people, Fred's military-minded boss fired and blacklisted him, preventing Fred from being employed as an educator forever. This sort of censorship is part of educating people to serve the elite with a willingness to sacrifice one's life when the ruling class requires it.

Fred's downtown Detroit apartment was filled with stacks of books. One day I asked him if he had read all of those books.

He replied, "At least once."

When I wanted to read about something, I'd ask Fred to recommend the best book on that subject. He provided excellent recommendations. On some occasions, he'd notice I was interested in a topic and would offer to loan or give me a book discussing the subject. With his guidance, I read the best information on numerous issues without reading lots of books.

I sincerely appreciated Fred for his valuable guidance. With my slow reading ability, he was my savior, guiding me to the best books. Later, I found that my intuition and the books offered to me by friends helped me understand aspects of the human condition that I never experienced personally.

On top of that, some authors offered viewpoints that provided more profound insight into subjects that I was familiar with; however, I hadn't managed to grasp what those authors clearly revealed. Although I had avoided reading until I was twenty-seven years old, I began to enjoy reading. I found how ideas, feelings, and viewpoints could be expressed in words that stood the test of time.

Chapter 9

Another Opportunity for Power

In the fall of 1989, I was camping out at a friend's country home to take part in a weekend-long party. After setting up my tent and hanging out with some people in a music-sharing circle, I decided to eat one large magic mushroom. Although I rarely took powerful hallucinogenic substances, I went on several journeys spaced out with months and even years between them over the second half of my life.

Back in the fall of 1989, I had only eaten magic mushrooms a few times and experienced one LSD trip (discussed earlier in Chapter 6). In all of those cases, I had taken small doses, making those experiences mild. The mushroom I was about to eat was large; as a novice, I incorrectly presumed that one mushroom would produce a gentle trip.

After eating it and dancing with some friends for a while, I noticed myself becoming unusually dizzy. To get my bearings, I decided to walk away from the music. Soon I found a split-rail fence that surrounded a horse corral. Getting even dizzier, I grabbed ahold of the fence to steady myself.

Somehow, my memory failed, leaving me unable to recall my name, where I was, or how I got there.

Nothing like this had ever happened to me. Without even remembering I had eaten the mushroom, I suspected I had lost my mind, whatever that meant. Even though I was twenty-nine years old, I remember thinking that I wished my mom would appear and help me get reoriented. Unfortunately, I couldn't remember who my mom was. My memory banks had shut down.

Figuring that things would probably work themselves out by morning, I decided to simply lie down on the grass, close my eyes, and relax in an attempt to fall asleep.

While lying on the grass face up, my eyes drifted back open. As I looked up into the beautiful starry sky, I felt as though I were floating in space.

Much later, I learned that this out-of-body condition is called astral projection. Near the end of this book, I'll share what I learned about the astral realm and astral projection. For now, I'll simply mention that the astral realm offers people who visit it miraculous abilities.

Soon, something became vaguely visible just beyond the tip of my nose. It appeared as though a thin sheet of fabric was hanging down from the stars, dangling right between my eyes, making it difficult for me to see it clearly.

To get a better look at the fabric, I tilted my head and turned it slightly. To my surprise, I discovered an endless tapestry featuring intricate patterns made of glowing rainbow colors. It was somewhat like an ornate Persian rug, but it was alive. The design was in motion, morphing from one spectacular pattern into another, remaining beautiful while magically transforming into one magnificent design after another. It was somewhat like a kaleidoscope but with smooth organic designs rather than edgy mirrored patterns. The spectacular beauty of this mystical veil was more exquisite than anything I had ever seen.

In addition to its beauty, the tapestry appeared to be endless. It passed through the centerline of my body, dividing the entire Universe and me into left and right halves. Unexpectedly, I found myself floating in space with a living tapestry of incomparable beauty passing through me and the entire cosmos.

After observing the incredible tapestry for quite a while, I began to wonder whether any other unusual things might be floating around elsewhere. To look around, I re-centered my head and started looking for additional points of interest to the left and right of the veil.

At first, I saw the usual stars in a dark sky.

Then, just before I was about to give up, some of the stars appeared to be moving toward me. As they drew close, they

began to look like soap bubbles, but these bubbles had an unusual greenish tint.

As some of the bubbles came quite close, I could peer inside to discover tiny people involved in various activities. The three-dimensional scenes inside these bubbles were also colored with a dingy green tint, making them look a bit like the images on Federal Reserve Notes used in the US. However, these were three-dimensional people inside greenish bubbles.

I intuitively knew that the bubbles contained experiences from my life. It also became clear that the ones on the left side held mutually beneficial situations. In those bubbles, everyone benefitted from the experience. Meanwhile, the bubbles on the right had selfish activities that helped me but left everyone else suffering.

I was drawn to see what was going on in particular bubbles. Soon, I discovered that I could enter a bubble by simply focusing my awareness on what was taking place inside that bubble. Once inside, I could participate in the drama that was underway. Beyond that, I found I could control what was going on in the bubble with my willpower. For instance, I could become whatever I wanted to be. I could also control everything and everyone in the bubble, giving me the power to experience anything I desired by simply formulating it in my mind.

It became clear I would benefit from all of the bubbles; however, in the selfish bubbles on the right, the other people may suffer or lose in one way or another.

All of a sudden, a strange idea emerged. These selfish bubbles allowed me to engage in whatever kind of selfish experience I might be interested in having. Still, no one would actually get hurt because these bubble experiences weren't real. The other people were not real physical people; they just appeared to be there. With that understood, I realized it might be beneficial for me to act out selfish interests inside these bubbles to get those desires off my chest, so to speak. Then, afterward, I would be free from those selfish desires because I would have satisfied them.

With that plan in mind, I began searching my mind for an interesting selfish desire to act out. Oddly, finding a selfish activity that was of interest to me, was difficult. While reflecting on this, a question popped up: “Why am I using this golden opportunity to explore being selfish?”

As I considered this question, I reasoned that if I chose to explore selfish activities in the selfish bubbles, I might become addicted to being selfish. This caused me to wonder whether some sort of evil being or consciousness was pushing me toward becoming a selfish person. That idea implied that the selfish bubbles were evil. Conversely, the mutually beneficial bubbles on the left would be good.

With this perspective, I became afraid my Soul was in jeopardy, even though I didn’t really know what that meant. Regardless, I found selfish people repulsive and didn’t want to become one.

To resist being lured into a vile lifestyle, I closed my eyes, centered my head, and repeated to myself, “I’ve got to be good, I’ve got to be good, I’ve got to be good.” Soon, I calmed down and felt centered.

Next, I decided to open my eyes and look to the mutually beneficial bubbles. I picked one at random and projected myself into it.

Once inside, I found myself hugging a dear friend, a woman who, in real life, was like a sister to me. We had a platonic relationship in which we had shared lots of fun, innocent adventures together. Coincidentally, she had introduced me to magic mushrooms a few years earlier.

As we hugged each other, I thought about how I was essentially a good guy. I knew I had some work to do on myself; nonetheless, in general, I was happy with who I was. More importantly, I didn’t want to have the power to manipulate others.

At this point, I simply wanted to return to ordinary reality and continue my “good guy” life.

To get back to Earth, I entered another bubble on the left. Once in that bubble, I used my willpower to create the place on Earth where I initially laid down on the grass. Then, from way up in space, I flew down through the clouds toward that location. As I came close to Earth, I prepared myself for landing by bending at my waist to shift into a sitting position with my legs straight out.

There was an inexplicable feeling as I touched down. Then, sitting there on the grass, I realized my memory had returned. I felt the delightful afterglow feeling that occurs at the tail end of a magic mushroom experience, but I was mostly back to normal.

As I sat there on the grass, I recognized the adventure I had just returned from was similar to biblical stories portrayed in movies I had watched. Figuring the incident contained something for me to learn, I took some time to review what had taken place. What came to mind was that good and evil exist; therefore, it's essential to pay attention, be good, and avoid evil.

To share a deeper understanding of that experience, I'm going to jump forward five years to my three-year bicycle trip visiting intentional communities across the US. On that adventure, I went on a few excursions with another bicyclist. On our first ride, we went to a park near Tucson, Arizona, that featured a river meandering through the desert. After we took a refreshing dip at a little waterfall, I told this fellow about the magic mushroom bubble experience.

When I finished telling that story, I noticed how the good versus evil interpretation didn't fit my beliefs anymore. At that point in my life, I had become interested in Taoism, which led me to see the duality of good versus evil as an illusion. Instead of aligning with one polarity or the other, I was exploring a more balanced Way of the Heart path.

On this middle path, I was learning to accept all aspects of reality, believing that everyone and everything has a perfect role in life's grand play.

After sharing that, the fellow bicyclist asked, "What about the beautiful tapestry in the middle of it all?"

This was a pivotal moment for me. Every time I had shared the bubble story for the previous five years, I would forget about the beautiful tapestry as soon as the dualistic good-versus-evil bubbles appeared. On top of that, looking back to the experience itself, I could recall how the tapestry faded away during the incident. Soon after the bubbles had appeared, I forgot about the exquisite tapestry in the middle as I focused my attention on the intriguing greenish bubbles.

Even though the bubbles were small and contained dingy greenish scenes, they managed to lure me away from the endless tapestry—the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen!

With this man’s help, a deeper understanding of this powerful experience emerged. The tapestry, being positioned in the middle and being so extraordinarily beautiful, represented the magnificent Way of the Heart that Taoism had helped me become aware of. Conversely, the bubbles were located on both sides of the tapestry, depicting polar opposites found when viewing reality in a judgmental, dualistic way. When it comes to Taoism, the bubbles fit the yin-versus-yang duality. Meanwhile, the tapestry exemplifies the ineffable Tao.

For instance, in earlier chapters I shared lots of judgmental information indicating that civilization is evil. Conversely, I presented simple natural living as good. In Taoism, simple natural living and civilization align with yin and yang, by balancing these opposites one embraces the Tao.

Eventually, I’ll show how I learned that both polarities offer essential features that help accomplish the Universe’s purpose: finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others.

For now, I’ll mention that I currently live in the country just 20 minutes from a delightful little town. Slightly further down the road is Maui’s biggest city. In the other direction, I can explore spectacular wilderness just minutes away. Thus, I live in a transitional zone between the wilderness and civilization, giving me the ability to embrace both.

Getting back to the bubble experience lessons, I learned that my intellectual mind can be easily lured away from the middle,

drawing me into dualistic judgment. Meanwhile, the precious central wholeness, a perspective embracing both polarities, slips away from my intellect that is prone to judge. Conversely, the wisdom of my heart can weave seemingly opposite polarities together, producing a beautiful tapestry, one that embraces all the colors of the rainbow in a harmoniously delightful dance.

The mushroom-induced vision featured a magnificent tapestry precisely in the middle. The beautiful rainbow colored patterns were churning as they transformed dynamically. Even though it was spectacular, it was also very thin. Soon, I was seduced by my intellectual curiosity to look for more, hoping to find additional features on either side of this perfect middle. Thus, my intellect led me away from perfection to explore duality.

On the other hand, someone who is emotionally oriented may find their gut emotions causing them to feel attracted to or repulsed by polar opposites. Thus, feelings of pleasure versus pain can provide emotional judgment.

While some claim emotions provide more wisdom than the intellect or vice versa. The answer lies in the middle, in our hearts. That's where emotions and intellect merge to provide wholeness. In Taoism, the middle tantien (focus of essence) aligns with the heart and links each person to the Tao.

In the memorable Peace Feather dream, the feather the eagle gave me had three red strings tied to it. The two on the opposing ends simply dangled with nothing tied to them. Meanwhile, the middle string had a white stone turtle peace pipe attached to it. With what I know now, I have realized that, my Soul in my heart was guiding me to realize that a way beyond duality, balance, was being offered in that dream as well.

Rather than viewing reality as a choice between opposites, I was gradually learning to look between opposites where a more wonderful wholeness was waiting to be found. In my dream, that middle was the white turtle peace pipe. In the mushroom trip, the fabulous tapestry was draped in the middle.

Eventually, my Soul guided me to name this three-part model of reality Triality, an upgraded duality. I'll share much more about Triality later, in Chapter 22.

For now, I'll return to the mushroom bubble journey to point out how there's one more critical issue to discuss. The bubbles offered me the power to experience anything I desired. I could become whatever I wanted to be, and I could make everything else in the bubble into whatever I wanted to encounter. That's a tremendous amount of power. With more power than all the money in the world can buy, I could do absolutely anything.

What still surprises me is how I chose to pass on using that power to fulfill my desires. Instead, I decided to resist being godlike by returning to my simple human life on Earth. Although I didn't think about it while I was immersed in the experience, supernatural powers were being offered as a temptation.

The first time I had an opportunity for power was when I could have made millions of dollars by putting my CAD software product on the market. To do that, I needed to allow my tool to help engineers develop deadly military weapons. In that opportunity for financial power, I followed my conscience and shelved the technology. By doing so, I resisted the lure of power that the monetary profits would have provided.

Then I was offered even greater power in the mushroom bubble adventure—virtually unlimited power to experience anything. Still, I resisted that. Why would I do that? In this second case, no one would actually get hurt because the bubble experiences weren't real, and I knew that.

It seems my conscience was warning me to see how accepting those powers to do selfish things could lead to my becoming a selfish person. I also felt that something evil was luring me toward exploring selfish desires. That crept me out and caused me to center myself.

These sorts of tests give the Superconscious-Soul opportunities to determine how dedicated their host is to following the Soul's inner guidance. When a person puts their conscience and intuition above their ego's desires and

opportunities for power, they demonstrate how dedicated they are to following their heart.

Conversely, when a person places their ego's interests above their conscience by ignoring their Soul's warnings, they show the divine guardian they can't be trusted.

Indeed, every child is born with a conscience and intuition. While living our lives, some people remain tuned into their inner guidance simply by adhering to it. In contrast, others turn away to follow alternatives like power, fame, revenge, desires, hierarchical superiors, etc.

In the mushroom bubble experience, I was almost lured away from my Soul. When I wasn't satisfied with the splendidly beautiful tapestry and turned away to investigate alternatives, the bubbles appeared, offering power in a way that seemed safe. But my conscience warned me that something was guiding me toward becoming selfish. By heeding that warning, I found a way to return to Earth.

That opportunity for power occurred in the astral spirit realm. I didn't know about the astral realm, nor was I aware I was being tested. Using magic mushrooms placed me in an altered state that allowed me to be tested in a way that made the opportunities to experience selfish desires seem reasonable. I knew I would benefit regardless of whether I entered a mutually beneficial bubble on the left or a selfish bubble on the right.

It seemed I couldn't lose. It wasn't until I was having difficulty coming up with a selfish interest that my conscience offered a warning. Then, by re-centering and choosing to explore the mutually beneficial bubbles, I found my way home.

Obviously, there are lots of selfish people alive today. Americans have become aware of how the 1 percenters are claiming most of the profits made by workers. As the ruling class continues to obtain more power, the productive middle class is disappearing.

Conversely, America was great during the middle of the last century when very high taxes redistributed the wealth and built an infrastructure that benefited everyone.

A question arises: If the Universe is formed and controlled by an underlying consciousness, the One, why would that One allow unfair systems to ruin people's lives?

In other words, if there is a God, why does God allow evil people to exist and run the world? Indeed this is one of the greatest questions of all time. In the next chapter, I'll describe how Rudolf Steiner's cosmology of the Universe provides the most sensible answer I have ever found.

Chapter 10

Rudolf Steiner's Cosmology

In 1990, I was living in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and consulting to Ford Motor Company. On one Wednesday evening, when I felt like finding something entertaining to do, my Soul guided me to look in the back of the Ann Arbor weekly. Although I hadn't done that before, I had a copy on hand and felt guided to look in there and do something different that evening. Usually, I'd meet up with a friend to party, go to a movie, or shoot pool at a local pub. Unusually, that evening my Soul guided me to explore something different. Then, it provided the intuitive idea for me to check out the events listed in the Ann Arbor weekly.

Once I found the right page, my eyes instantly focused on the name Rudolf Steiner. As I explained earlier, Steiner's Biodynamic agricultural methods were being used at the Community Supported Farm of Ann Arbor. As a member, I received exquisite produce from that farm, giving me respect for Steiner. The event containing his name was slated for Wednesday night. Dr. Ernst Katz would present Rudolf Steiner's cosmology of the Universe at the Rudolf Steiner Institute, located in Ann Arbor.

I was curious and quite surprised that something so interesting was taking place on the night I was looking for something new. My Soul intuitively guided me into this serendipitous synchronicity. (The next chapter will discuss how our Souls arranged these blessings.)

For now, I'll continue sharing what took place on this fateful Wednesday night.

The address was close by, so I walked there to discover an old red brick building. It was rectangular with a carved stone inscription above the central entrance that read, "Rudolf Steiner Institute." Because the building was reasonably large, I wondered why I hadn't noticed it before. I figured the simple

design and standard colored bricks blended into the surroundings, failing to draw my attention.

I quickly found the lecture hall and sat in one of the seats placed in rows. Numerous people showed up and filled about half the seats. An elderly gentleman who was tall and thin walked to the front of the room and introduced himself as Dr. Ernst Katz.

Katz explained that he was a personal student of Rudolf Steiner back in the early 1920s. Back then, Steiner taught him a cosmology of the Universe that he was going to share with us.

Without any delay, he gracefully began. (I'll present the cosmology in my own words.)

Before the beginning of time, before the Universe existed, only one thing existed: a formless consciousness. Although it was singular, this consciousness had an enormous ability to feel emotions and think thoughts. Its capabilities were so gigantic that a human being could not fathom such an immense consciousness, making it seem infinite.

After this consciousness had felt diverse emotions and contemplated countless thoughts, the One wondered, "How would it feel to meet a mysterious other?"

But because this formless consciousness was all that existed, there weren't any mysterious others to meet. Having only itself to work with, the One found a way to distill the essence of itself into small portions of consciousness, making numerous mini-Ones. The One placed slightly different proportions of its own characteristics into each mini-One, giving them all different personalities.

As you may recall, when I was fourteen years old, I developed a consciousness cloud theory of how the Universe works, in which a large cloud contained smaller clouds inside it. When Dr. Katz shared the first part of Steiner's cosmology, I remembered that consciousness cloud theory because it seemed similar to what Dr. Katz was describing.

Katz continued. Once the One had formed many mini-Ones out of Herself, She paid attention to the feelings that arose in the

mini-Ones as they engaged one another. Unexpectedly, the mini-Ones could feel the emotions and know one another's thoughts through the enormous consciousness encompassing them—the One. Without actually meeting, they learned about one another using empathy and telepathy. With that familiarity, the mini-Ones couldn't find out how it feels to meet mysterious others.

To overcome this snag, the One devised a much more elaborate plan to separate each personality from the others and discover how it feels to meet mysterious others.

To provide an appropriate setting, the One formed the Universe out of the only thing that existed, consciousness. The Earth was intended to be a stage for the exploration of meeting mysterious others. On Earth, the One formed simple living organisms out of consciousness. Then, over time, more and more complex organisms were developed to finally produce human beings.

Human beings were endowed with features that make us especially well-suited to finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others. For example, we have separate physical bodies and independent minds. Most people don't have empathetic or telepathic abilities. We may sense another's mood, but we don't know what everyone is thinking and feeling. We also have an innate drive to reproduce sexually, causing us to connect with one another to engage in the very intimate activity of intercourse. Because human babies emerge from their mothers' wombs as helpless infants, we needed to form clans to rear our children until they could fend for themselves. These features make humans into social beings who are well suited to finding out how it feels to meet one another.

Despite all that, Steiner claimed Original People knew they were one with everything. This truth of Oneness is self-evident to each baby that emerges from their mother's womb to be held attentively and fed at her bosom.

Because Original People are so peaceful and cooperative, their children remain in the state of oneness consciousness they're born with. To transform babies that arrive in oneness

consciousness into individuals who perceive themselves as separate from one another, the One introduced a special type of human. These special people behave in divisive ways that push people apart, causing them to feel separate, thereby making them into individuals who can finally discover how it feels to meet mysterious others—other human beings.

Although these special divisive people are needed to individualize people, their divisive activities could be labeled “evil.” Earlier, I mentioned that Steiner’s cosmology answers the question, “If there is a God, why does God allow evil people to run the world?”

The answer boils down to these special divisive people who exist to individualize every human being on Earth. Without evil activities, people would retain the oneness perspective that we’re born with. Then, without separate individuals, the purpose of the Universe couldn’t be accomplished. However, with divisive people playing divisive roles, everyone is pushed apart, making us into individuals so we can find out how it feels to meet mysterious others, thereby accomplishing the purpose of the Universe.

There are similar questions, like these: If there’s a God, why do bad things happen to good people? If there’s a God, why is there so much war and inequity throughout the world? These questions are resolved by knowing that humanity’s purpose requires humans to be individuals, requiring divisive activities to push us apart.

Because individuality hinges on people feeling separate from other humans, divisive people are needed to push us apart. The push is accomplished via the physical and emotional violence that’s committed by divisive people. The victims lose the oneness perspective they’re born with to become individuals. Then, as individuals, we discover how it feels to meet mysterious others.

Katz explained that Steiner predicted this divisive process will continue to grow more and more divisive as it spreads around the Earth, individualizing every human being worldwide.

Back in the 1920s many Original People still existed. Today there are still some in remote corners of the globe. Because some Original People have remained in their natural state of Oneness consciousness, isolated from the special divisive people, the process isn't complete. The divisive process continues to grow more divisive every day, spreading to the far corners of the globe where Original People retain oneness consciousness.

Steiner prophesied that the divisive process would finally end when all humans are individualized. Moreover, he predicted that the end of that process would take place through a globally transformative event.

In particular, the people who haven't been able to open and follow their hearts and who are not open to love will be removed from the Earth and taken to the Moon. Once the closed-hearted have been removed, the people who have learned to open and follow their hearts and who are open to love will inherit the Earth. After this global removal/inheritance event occurs, the Earth will become peaceful and prosperous simply because the closed-hearted, divisive people will be gone.

I raised my hand and asked if Steiner literally meant the Moon? Dr. Katz simply stated that Steiner said the Moon. The Moon destination seemed ridiculous to me. Still, I continued to listen to the rest of the cosmology. Eventually, I discovered what the Moon destination symbolized, but I needed to learn more about reality to understand that.

Katz continued to explain that the people who go to the Moon will experience their greatest passions to their endgames. Finally, those closed-hearted people will be returned to the One, ending their experiences of being individuals.

Meanwhile, the people who learned to open and follow their hearts and who are open to love will inherit an Earth that's free from divisive activities, providing peace on Earth.

After the big shift, the inheritors will develop subtle empathetic and telepathic abilities. With those abilities, the inheritors will learn that everyone who remained on the Earth wants everyone to be happy.

With everyone knowing that everyone else is interested in global happiness, peace on Earth is ensured.

Additionally, the inheritors will rejuvenate to youthful vigor, coalesce into like-minded groups, meet their Soul-mates, and experience the full blossoming of love while living until the end of time. Because the physical realm is an illusion produced by consciousness, all these miraculous predictions could be accomplished by the underlying consciousness—the source of everything.

Because the billions of divisive who ascend to the Moon must leave behind their possessions, the open-hearted will inherit more than they can use, bestowing prosperity upon the inheritors. Worldwide peace and prosperity will bless the final era of love.

Finally, Katz discussed the end of time, which will arrive when the inheritors complete their exploration of love's blossoming and begin thinking about doing something else. He explained this interest in a new adventure would become a global conversation that will eventually lead to worldwide interest in one specific idea for a new adventure.

Then, with that proposal in everyone's mind, their Souls will guide them to close their eyes and consider how that new adventure might feel. Using their subtle empathy and telepathy, everyone's thoughts and feelings will converge to imagine an identical adventure. With everyone synchronized, time will end as the Universe disappears making way for the new adventure to begin!

I found this cosmology very intriguing.

I felt especially aligned with the beginning of this cosmology, in which a formless consciousness makes everything out of Herself. As I already mentioned, it reminded me of the cloud consciousness theory that came to me in high school. I also appreciated how the cosmology predicts a transition to peace on Earth, something I wished for every birthday.

Still, the part about people going to the Moon sounded silly. Additionally, I had no idea what the phrases “open their hearts” and “follow their hearts” meant. Finally, the predictions of rejuvenation to youthful vigor and living until the end of time were too far-fetched for me to consider realistic back in 1990.

Despite that, a Universe founded on consciousness ought to be adjustable, making all sorts of miraculous things possible. That glimmer of potential kept me interested in considering Steiner’s cosmology.

Three features make Steiner’s cosmology better than others. First, Steiner offers a purpose for humanity. Second, he explains why most humans are divisive. Finally, there’s a way for peace to arrive on Earth, despite how the world continues to grow crueler.

As a peace activist in 1990, I had become keenly aware of how dismal the prospects for peace on Earth looked. However, I had no idea how much the world would become so much more divisive by 2021.

Over the years that followed, I have continued to think about Steiner’s cosmology, keeping it clear in my mind.

Unfortunately, the parts about going to the Moon and living till the end of time kept me from embracing it for many years.

In Chapter 1, I shared the seven-day tantric adventure that Sunshine led me through in 2000, which occurred ten years after Dr. Katz introduced me to Steiner’s cosmology. As you may recall, that adventure led to an inward transcendental journey where I returned to being the One. In that state, I remembered the One running out of things to explore as the only organism. Then, to find out how it feels to meet others, the One created the Universe and human beings.

Even though that powerful experience matched Steiner’s cosmology, the bits about the Moon and living until the end of time kept me from being willing to accepting all of it. Eventually, my resistance was crushed. That shocking story will be shared later.

Chapter 11

My First Inner Journey

In 1990, I went to a regional Rainbow Gathering where my friend who had introduced me to LSD had some tiny purple barrel-shaped LSD pills. He explained that someone had frozen them to preserve them back in the late 1960s or early 1970s. I wasn't aware of how many micrograms (μg) of LSD constituted one dose. Eventually, I learned the doses offered in the 1990s had around $100\mu\text{g}$, whereas the purple barrel had $500\mu\text{g}$ equaling five 1990 doses.

I also didn't know that $500\mu\text{g}$ of LSD is enough to induce a profound transcendental experience.

Without knowing any of that, I put that tiny purple barrel in my mouth, presuming it was a mild dose. In fact, I was so uninformed I asked for a second one. Luckily, my friend told me that one of those was more than enough.

As the sun set, I was laying on the grass near a very lively drumming circle. As a fire raged in the middle, dancers leaped, spun, and moved wildly to the pounding beat of numerous drummers.

As my perception became distorted, it appeared to me that I had grown female breasts, making me both male and female. Figuring the LSD had caused this hallucination, I rested my head on the ground to look up and savor the vibrantly colored sunset. As I watched the flames from the fire rise into the orange sky, my attention returned to my chest as I thought about the bizarre female breasts that had appeared.

While my attention remained on my chest, I began feeling I was about to die. However, I knew I would start a new life, and my next life would be even better than the current one. With my attention still on my chest, I decided to accept death and surrender to the experience of leaving the physical realm. As I let

go, everything flipped inside out and disappeared. All of a sudden, I found myself in a small, dark, quiet space. Next, an expansion took place. As the little space grew larger, it shifted into a white, misty, glowing expanse that extended outward from my central point of awareness.

Soon the glowing expanse had grown beyond my ability to fathom, making it seem infinite.

As I took stock of how I felt, I became aware of comforting warmth and inexplicably ecstatic bliss. Additionally, I had an exaggerated sense that I was home. It was more home than being at my parents' house—some sort of cosmic home.

Soon, I intuitively knew I could ask any question and it would be answered, so I asked to understand how to be a human in the best way.

A beautiful grassy meadow with wildflowers appeared. Butterflies and bees flew around as birds sang delightful songs, and a man and woman were resting upon the soft grass, lovingly embraced.

As I beheld the lovely view, I intuitively knew these lovers were simply following their natural desires to enjoy the delightful setting while comforting each other.

In addition to how the couple enjoyed cuddling, I became aware of how the plants and creatures empathetically felt the soothing sensations being shared by the entwined lovers.

The Secret Life of Plants book and documentary film show how plants are tuned into what takes place around them. Additional research has found that everything, even rubber tires, has conscious awareness of what is taking place nearby. Because everything is part of One gigantic consciousness, the awareness of all things constitutes the One's omnipresence.

So, part of the answer to my question about being human in the best way was to participate in joyful activities to benefit the humans involved in joy and everything nearby.

Promptly, a new scene appeared. In it, a man was picking an apple from an apple tree. As he ate the apple, he urinated on the

ground where the apple tree's roots absorbed his natural fertilizer. While watching this, I intuitively learned how fruits are gifts offered by plants, while our urine and feces are gifts that we can in turn provide to the plants that feed us. Completing this cycle, plants and animals nourish each other in a symbiotic way that promotes health for both.

Beyond mutually supporting each other's health, fruits contain seeds within them. Animals that carry those seeds away from the plant and deposit them on the fertile ground propagate that plant. With that understood, I also learned how fruit's flesh is intended to be food. If an animal doesn't eat that flesh, then insects, bacteria, or fungus will consume it. When a creature eats fruit and spreads the seeds to fertile ground away from the plant, the creature partakes in the plant's procreation. In other words, fruit eaters who plant the seeds are lovers. This makes eating fruit quite different from eating organisms with lives of their own.

So far, the message involved following one's bliss in healthy, natural ways. That included recycling our waste products into fertilizer for plants.

The closing advice was about pain. When pain arrives, it's there to draw attention to losing our way. The pain is like a slap in the face, stopping us to reconsider where we're headed. When we fail to follow the nectar of joy that draws us toward the most favorable direction, pain steps in to stop us. Together, pain and pleasure help us live the best life possible. Joy draws us toward the best path, and pain pushes us away from poor alternatives.

Despite that, there are exceptions. Living in civilization, we encounter unnatural foods like pizza, potato chips, and French fries. These offer distorted pleasure that misguides us. Other enticements like alcohol, heroin, Oxycodone, Xanax, and all sorts of pharmaceutical drugs can entice people to follow destructive paths. It turns out that consuming pizza, potato chips, and French fries causes our body to produce unnaturally high amounts of dopamine, which is nearly identical to heroin. These manmade foods and drugs can misguide people by triggering

euphoric feelings. These unnatural pleasures draw addicts into self-destructive lifestyles.

The message about living the best human life included images of natural settings with naked people, making the entire lesson nature-oriented. This little seminar showed me that life becomes easier, healthier, more magical, and more joyful when living close to nature.

Although many people discover this on their own, most civilized people are misled by PR propaganda claiming that civilization is easier, more comfortable, and so on. Once a person is indoctrinated into viewing reality through civilization's upside-down glasses, they pass on their twisted perspective to the next generation. Over millennia, civilization has managed to draw most people out of nature to enslave them as cogs in the military-industrial complex.

I remember when I believed that the wilderness was more dangerous than civilization. It took years of personal experiences and fact-checking to escape the mental programming and turn my perspective right side up. Eventually, I realized that nature is much safer than civilization.

Beyond that oversimplified dualistic perspective, I eventually discovered the ideal life lies in the middle. By blending some technology with natural living, the most delightful way of life is realized—the Ritz-Carlton of camping.

Chapter 12

Serendipitous Synchronicities

Serendipitous synchronicities are events that appear lucky on the surface. Looking deeper, Souls guide open-hearted people into these marvelous encounters. To accomplish this, Souls use their abilities to affect their hosts' emotions and plant intuitive thoughts into their hosts' minds. Additionally, Souls communicate with each other through the continuum of consciousness that lies at the foundation of everything spread throughout the entire Universe. Souls use these tools and others to arrange the synchronicities we happen upon.

In 1992, I had an experience involving several serendipitous synchronicities.

When I moved back to the full moon gathering dilapidated horse ranch for a couple of months. As soon as I moved in, I noticed a large pile of vines dumped on the ground. Christmas was approaching, and an idea to make these vines into wreaths for Christmas gifts intuitively popped up in my mind.

I asked Bob, the leaseholder, if I could use the vines to make wreaths.

He told me that I was welcome to use the vines for anything, as he was simply leaving them on the ground to compost.

I had become interested in making gifts rather than purchasing them, so I went to work fashioning some of the vines into six medium-sized wreaths. When I finished, I took a moment to step back and look at the wreaths.

They looked okay, but they seemed too bland for Christmas gifts. I intuitively felt they needed to be decorated to make them more gift-like. The idea of using dried flowers to decorate them popped up in my mind, but buying dried flowers from a store didn't feel right. My growing interest in connecting with nature

caused me to prefer making gifts out of natural found objects over store-bought items.

Unfortunately, it was late in the fall when everything had already turned brown. While I could use dried-up brown seed heads for decorations, my heart encouraged me to find colorful decorations.

As I wondered how I might obtain natural dried flowers to decorate the wreaths, the phone rang. It was Ruby, a friend I hadn't seen or talked to in over a year. She told me she was hoping to visit a good friend of hers, a lady who grows flowers organically and dries them. She further explained that her car was broken, so she didn't have a way to get to her friend's place, a long drive out into the country. As she wondered how to get there, the idea to call me had intuitively popped up in her mind. Finally, she asked if I would be interested in visiting the flower farm and making dried flower arrangements.

The fact that I hadn't made a dried flower arrangement in my entire life made this call very unexpected. Besides that, I'm not really into decorating. I'm more interested in function and simplicity. The idea of making the wreaths was a practical use of material destined to decompose. The intuitive idea to decorate them arose once I discovered that they didn't look gift-like.

Miraculously, Ruby called at the perfect moment with the ideal solution to decorate the wreaths.

What I've since discovered is how our Souls in our hearts arrange these fortuitous encounters. Our divine guardians communicate with each other telepathically while using intuition to plant ideas in our minds. Additional research has found that something in the heart influences our feelings. Thus, our Souls guide us into synchronicities.

*Important encounters are planned by the Souls,
long before the bodies see each other.*

—Paulo Coelho (born 1947), author

What had already taken place was a mild miracle in itself, but there's more to this story.

When we arrived at the flower farm, the flower lady took us into her barn. As we entered, we saw a dazzling array of dried flowers that hung from the rafters by strings. Bundles of all different kinds and colors of flowers were suspended at various heights throughout the large, open space, making a spectacularly beautiful and truly unusual scene. The wide variety of colors, shapes, and textures dangling in midair was truly breathtaking.

Another blessing!

The flower lady explained we could pick any flowers we liked. Afterward, she would come up with a price. She also told us that we could use her wood-fired sauna out by the pond and go for a dip in the pond if we wanted to take a break.

Ruby and I fired up the sauna, did most of the flower decorating, sweat together for a while in the sauna, and dove into the pond for a cold dip. After drying off and putting our clothes back on, Ruby pulled out a joint and asked if I wanted to smoke it with her before we went back to the barn. Because I had been focused on paying my debt off, I hadn't smoked for a couple of years. Because I was nearly done paying my debts, I figured a few puffs would be okay.

After smoking a little pot, we went back to the barn, and I decorated the sixth and final wreath.

Ruby and I were both surprised by how much more beautiful the last wreath came out. The other wreaths were okay, but the last one was a masterpiece. It seemed alive and beautiful in an especially natural way, whereas the others were symmetrical and obviously man-made.

I gave the last wreath to my parents. They placed it in the center of a glass table that stood prominently in the most treasured room of their home. They placed a giant three-wick candle in the middle of the wreath, making it into an attractive centerpiece.

Another blessing!

Back at the flower farm, Ruby and I expressed our sincere gratitude to the flower lady, paid a very reasonable fee for the flowers, and left as the sun was setting.

By the time Ruby and I got back to her place, it was pretty late. She suggested I sleep over and head home in the morning.

Before retiring, Ruby shared some Native American wisdom by telling me about the Red Road of Beauty:

*“The Red Road of Beauty is in the middle of everything.
When one is walking on it, one’s life is beautiful.
This road is very narrow, and one can easily fall off of it.
When one falls off, the world is no longer so wonderful.
Once separated from this narrow Red Road, it can be very
difficult to find one’s way back to this narrow road.”*

This was the final blessing!

At that time, I must admit I didn’t really understand what the Red Road of Beauty was. Despite that, I felt that I was on it. Our fateful adventure to the spectacular flower farm and the Red Road of Beauty’s wisdom are precious memories I’ll cherish forever.

Noticing what takes place while following my heart, I learned that serendipitous synchronicities are linked to Soul-intuition. Some of these fortunate events have surpassed anything I could have imagined in my mind.

Beyond following my heart, I discovered that the Red Road of Beauty corresponds to opening one’s heart. Opening the heart is a more powerful aspect of heart-centered living, which is often associated with being in love. Still, there are many forms of love, including loving life itself. Hence, romantic love isn’t the only way to live an open-hearted life, walking on the Red Road of Beauty, and experiencing lots of blessings along the Way of the Heart path.

Chapter 13

Heather

Heather was a dear friend who helped me become comfortable in natural environments. She enjoyed putting her hands in the soil, planting seeds, nurturing the plants that emerged, and eating the delicious produce.

In addition to respecting Heather for her simple way of living, I felt romantically attracted to her. Despite that, she preferred remaining friends. So as friends, Heather and I organized full moon music gatherings in a state park on top of a hill planted with a pine forest. (That tree planting was paid for with the high taxes that made America great.) To attend our gatherings in this lovely forest, people hiked in along a beautiful trail through the woods.

One night, when Heather and I were leaving via the woodland trail, toads were having their own musical gathering at a pond that path edged around. It was genuinely stunning how the deep croaking sounds were so beautifully orchestrated. As we silently listened to the unexpectedly musical toads, we heard all sorts of different tones and styles coming together in enchantingly musical ways.

During the late 1980s and early 1990s, I felt inspired to write a few poems. Some included Heather. Except for one poem shared earlier, my poetry was mediocre. Still, I'll share a few of those poems to reveal what I was feeling about nature back then.

The following poem was inspired by Heather while commuting to my consulting work at Ford Motor Co. To get from my home to the Ford engineering complex, I drove through downtown Detroit where the expressway rose to pass over a huge intersection.

Reality

*What a beautiful morning!
Blue sky and warm from the sun.
Into my car and onto the highway I go.
As I pass the monster incinerator
I take note of the smoke rising straight up.
Then as I come over the hill I noticed grayish yellow sky
What happened to the blue?
As I lean forward and look up the blue is still there.
It's not clouds, it's smog, and it's thick!
Today is Friday and after work
I'm going north to do some gardening with Heather.
She's into gardening, riding her bike, and sleeping outside.
Heather is living in a different reality than most Americans.
A reality that seems more real every day.*

Later, on April 10, 1991, I wrote a poem about spring. That particular spring began with a few very sunny, hot days. Lots of people came out of their homes to enjoy the bright light and warmth of the sun. I also noticed lots of blossoms on the trees growing in the suburbs. This one features Heather and another friend, Cory.

Spring, The Rebirth

*The first hot sunny days of spring
Awakened are the white and pink tree blossoms
Green becomes the grass
Happy are the birds and happy are the people.
Soak up the Sun
Frolic, walk and run
Smiles on all the faces
The rebirth seems to be here.*

*Then in the evening
Cory says to Heather*

*“How are you going to keep the seeds moist”
“It will rain tomorrow” she replies
“I can smell it in the air,” I agreed.*

*Then for two days it rained.
Fresh water from the sky
It washes, it moistens, it replenishes.
As I felt the rain on my face I smiled
The rebirth was truly here
The seeds would sprout
The Earth would live
The rain had made it so!*

Certainly, the sun is essential to our lives, but enjoying the sunshine without appreciating the rain seemed short-sighted to me. With most of humanity disconnected from our food source, many see rain as an inconvenience, even though it's a glorious blessing.

As Heather helped me appreciate the blessings of nature, I felt guided to write the following.

Gratitude

*I appreciate my life and thank all that makes it possible.
I thank the Earth, for the Earth is sturdy, fertile, and generous.
It provides a place to walk and a place to sleep. The Earth
provides river birds and lake basins. The minerals salts and soil
are the heart of all life. Thank you Earth!*

*I thank the Sky, for the Sky is flowing fresh and free. The Sky
provides glorious clouds and fresh winds. The air and the water
from the Sky are the joy of freedom of all life. Thank you Sky!*

*I thank the Sun, for the Sun is bold and full of energy. The Sun
provides amazing sunsets and warm wins. The light and heat
are the spontaneity of all life. Thank you Sun!*

I thank the plants, for the plants are able to form the Earth and Sky with energy from the Sun into fruits, grains, nuts, seeds, and herbs on which all animals depend. The artistic plants form beautiful flowers, branches, and leaves that enhance my life with rich aromas and endless adornment. The generous plants clean the air and water, they are the great laborers of all life.

Thank you plants!

I thank my parents, for through their love for each other and their love of life they brought me into this glorious world, taught me, cared for, nurtured, and loved me. They are the legacy of life. Thank you mother and father!

I thank my friends, for my friends give to me and let me give to them. They allow me to express my love and allow me to receive theirs. I need the Earth, Sky, Sun, plants, and my parents. I need not my friends, therefore I may choose them, and I choose to love them, yes love them for what they are. Thank you friends!

Thank you all!

Given what I know now, I would also thank the marvelous microbes. These invisible workers are the most incredible laborers of all living creatures.

Being an adventurous woman, Heather found a way to live in a cloud forest in southern Mexico near San Cristobal de La Casas. Once she had arranged to live near the top of a mountain, she invited me to visit her.

While hanging out by Heather's tiny home, I saw a Mayan woman coming down a steep path. This woman spoke only native Mayan. Her husband spoke Spanish and Mayan. The two of them and their two children lived next to Heather. Otherwise, this mountain was a reserve without other human inhabitants.

The Mayan mother had collected an enormous bundle of tree branches twice her own size. She tied them together and carried them on her back with a strap across her forehead. In one hand, she held a machete. In a scarf that hung around her neck and shoulder, she cradled her infant. Finally, the toddler walked alongside her barefoot, just like mom.

I had slipped on that steep path using my high-tech hiking sandals, but this woman made it look easy barefoot and overloaded.

She used the wood to make a fire in a little domed hut. To see what she was doing, I walked over and looked in the open doorway. She gestured to enter, so I went inside and sat on the ground near the door. It was a tiny space with a small fire in the center. On a flat, hot rock, she cooked one soft corn tortilla at a time.

Soon she held out a fresh tortilla. To respect her gift, I accepted it, even though I didn't like the frozen tortillas I was familiar with. Figuring I would have to make an effort to eat it, I took the first bite. Her freshly made tortilla was delicious. When I finished eating, I placed my hands on my heart and bowed my head in gratitude.

It was shocking to discover how wonderful a corn tortilla can be. This woman's ancestors developed corn into a delicious and abundant grain, and she knew how to prepare it perfectly.

While lying on my back in the grass, I looked up to see the clouds twisting like intertwined corkscrews as they rose above the mountaintop. Sadly, this was the last cloud forest in Mexico.

Later that day, Heather asked me if I could figure out how to keep the rats out of her house. She hadn't been able to figure out how they got in, but she was very uncomfortable with giant rats scurrying over her as she slept. I looked around to find where they were entering the little one-room cement building. Eventually, I found a gap between the roof and the top of the wall. While looking at the metal gutter, my intuition showed me how it could be removed, adjusted, and reinstalled to close the opening. All I needed was a pair of pliers, a hammer, and a screwdriver to make the change.

Heather talked to the neighbor's husband, who worked on the reserve as a caretaker. He brought the tools I needed the following evening. In about two hours, I made the modifications and reinstalled the gutter.

The following day, Heather was so grateful that no rats had come in to bother her. She told me I had made an enormous improvement in her life. With a safe place to sleep, she claimed I had changed her life.

Everyone wants a safe place to sleep. Without that, life can be very challenging. Homeless people are a rare breed who manage without a safe place to rest. Still, most people want a secure dwelling.

Because I could design and fabricate just about anything, that experience caused me to become interested in designing and building dwellings. In Chapter 1, I shared a bit about how I designed and built simple abodes in Hawai'i. Helping Heather with her gutter was a turning point for me to realize how vital dwellings are. Of course, everyone knows homes are essential for protection, health, and privacy, but most of us take that for granted.

To close this chapter, I'll share one more poem I wrote when developing my relationship with nature.

Nature Calls

*As the Sun plunges into the horizon
Blue, yellow, orange, and red
Transitions into
Indigo and violet twilight
Warm sunny breezes
Become
Cool wisps of night air
Colors call for romance
A chill draws us close
The magic of twilight ignites
The depth and warmth of our sexual souls
Then we sleep
Till the bright morning calls open our eyes*

Chapter 14

Breaking Away From the System

In the winter of 1992–93, I lived and worked in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where I had another car accident, though this time it wasn't my fault. A snowstorm had dropped nearly a foot (30 cm) of snow on the ground, making the roads treacherous. On my way home, while going down a hill through the snow, I noticed a van coming toward me. As the van's front end crossed the center of the road, I thought it was turning into a driveway on my side of the street. Soon the van was completely sideways, blocking the entire road.

Instead of continuing into a driveway, the van remained sideways, blocking the road. I finally realized the driver had lost control, spun out, and stopped, accidentally blocking the road. Hence, I needed to take action to avoid a collision. I tried to stop, but the snow was too slippery, especially because I was going down a hill.

To avoid smashing into the van, I managed to turn off the road and up over the curb with my two right tires, just enough to miss the van. As I barely missed her front end, I recall seeing the driver's wide-open eyes and her face full of fear.

It seemed time had slowed down.

Just beyond her van was a telephone pole. Although I tried to turn back onto the road, the slippery snow caused my car to continue straight into the sturdy pole. I wasn't going very fast by then, but my car was damaged beyond repair. My head hit the windshield, but that didn't hurt too much.

The police arrived and asked the van driver and me to get into the squad car's backseat to discuss what happened. The driver of the van admitted it was her fault. I asked the police officer to be sure to note she was at fault so I wouldn't have to pay my \$500 deductible for my insurance coverage. Despite my request and her admission of guilt, the officer didn't mention her in the police

report. Being very shook up by what happened, I signed the report without checking the details.

It was Friday, so I had a couple of days to shop for a new car. Despite that, I owned a bicycle that I had already used to go to work a few times. To take another step toward simple living, I decided to shift to bicycle transportation.

The snow was cleaned up by the end of the weekend, and I found I could manage on my bike. It was a three-speed with medium-sized tires that could handle dirt trails.

Still paying off my debt, I was working on a big project at a health-care information company. We were moving lots of data and analysis from an old mainframe computer onto a state-of-the-art multiprocessor machine called the Dragon. That washing machine-sized computer stood next to a similar-sized cabinet that contained 100 gigabytes of storage. (Today much more than all of that fits in a laptop.)

While working on that project, I finished paying all my debts and began to save some money. My private office was quite nice, with a large window providing a countryside view. I decorated the office with several potted plants, managed to enjoy the work I was doing and made a few friends. After riding to work on my bike, I'd enter my office, lock the door, take off my cycling apparel, and check my email while cooling down. Soon, I'd put on some office clothing I kept hanging behind the door.

When I got this position, a bidding war was going on between five companies vying for my services. A friend of mine was the vice president in charge of technology at the health-care information company. I told him I'd take the job if he could give me five weeks of vacation and match the latest offer from Sun Microsystems. To achieve that, he offered me a position as a level 13 director even though I was actually a software engineer. My manager had a smaller office without any window at all. The corporate rules matched office size, vacation time, and salary to the employee's title. Being a level 13 director, I got a big office with a view and five weeks of vacation.

During my first meeting with my manager, I explained to him I worked best when I got sufficient sleep and was able to flex my hours. Over the weekends, lots of ideas come to me. On Monday, Tuesday, and sometimes Wednesday, I work late, implementing what had come to mind during the weekend. While doing that and moving forward with new items, I would discover new issues to iron out. Again, the answers would arrive over the following weekend.

I assured him I would put in 40 hours per week. Still, I would perform best when I slept until I woke up naturally. That way, I would receive answers to the innovative problems I was hired to solve. I further explained to the manager that I might put in 40 hours by Thursday afternoon and take a three-day weekend, which would give me more time to refresh myself and receive the solutions to the latest issues.

He complained that the other employees worked 50 to 60 hours a week. He also claimed that everyone would want to flex their hours if I was allowed to do that.

I explained that most people have families and operate on a schedule, but as a bachelor, I was different. As for the number of hours, I told him I could do more work than five of the other people while working only 40 hours per week. I concluded by suggesting that we give my method a try. If he wasn't satisfied with my performance, we could make appropriate adjustments.

He gave me a chance and never complained. I'm sharing this because it shows how effective a person can be when they follow their heart attentively. By closely following my Soul-intuition, I was able to outperform most software engineers. Although many have intuition, most don't trust it, allowing their intellect to misguide them.

Long weekends provided more opportunities for my Soul's answers to be delivered to my conscious-mind in my head. As they popped up, I'd jot down the guidance on napkins or whatever I could find, then I'd bring my notes to the office on Monday morning. Additionally, some ideas popped up in the mornings throughout the workweek.

The key to this process is contemplating questions in the conscious-mind. By working on innovative projects, problems arise as part of the job. To solve them, I do my best to find the issue's crux, the bit I can't solve. Next, I wonder how to deal with that difficulty. By wondering how, I'm asking myself a question. That inner inquiry prompts my Soul to provide the answer.

Despite that system, when starting a big project, it can be challenging to know where to begin and what questions to ask.

To get my bearings on a big project, I'd gather information and talk with the most knowledgeable people available. That would help me avoid rushing into something without sufficient background knowledge. Although my ego-mind may want to dive in, I know in my heart that I need to collect enough pertinent information to understand the territory, its boundaries, the key parameters. Getting solid information from people who have experience is very helpful. There are usually one or two older folks who know nearly everything.

For instance, one of my consulting jobs at Ford Motor Co. placed me on a team with five programmers and a manager. The group had been working together for three years developing a software tool. The tool they strived to create would help the structural engineers visually analyze simulated automobile crash data.

Back then, after crash simulations were computed, the results came as numbers printed on a stack of paper three inches thick. It's nearly impossible to sift through so much data. I discussed the problem with the most highly respected structural engineer at Ford Motor Co. He quickly showed me what data was available and how it was organized on the enormous printout. With a clear understanding of the problem, an intuitive idea to address it popped up.

The team's manager didn't seem to like me without even trying to get to know me. Moreover, he didn't seem interested in using my abilities. With the intuitive idea in mind, I asked him if I could work on my own to put something together he might like. He gave me a couple of weeks to work on my own.

Serendipitously, a high-powered computer had been purchased by his department but wasn't being used. I was acquainted with a general-purpose data visualization system available on that powerful computer. Because that system was so new, no one in the department knew its capabilities nor how to use it. I did, however, so I went to work writing an app to display the enormous amount of automobile crash data pictorially with the crash simulation animated.

In other words, the vehicle would appear on the computer screen crushing and un-crushing. Overlaid onto the surface was a rainbow of colors indicating the value of useful data like stress or deflection of the material. The colors spanned the range of the particular data the user would choose to view. To see hidden structural components, outer components could be dragged away and made translucent or invisible. These features were part of the general-purpose data visualization system.

In just two weeks, I completed a working prototype that read in the enormous amount of data and displayed it in an easy-to-understand visual way. To gauge my app's usefulness, I asked the highly respected engineer to check it out and give me his opinion.

He approvingly exclaimed, "Now that's what we need!"

Amazingly, what I made in a couple of weeks was superior to the app a team of five worked on for three years and hadn't finished.

As I explained earlier, our Souls arrange these sorts of blessings. By following my heart, serendipitous synchronicities keep showing up. As I gained more confidence in my inner guidance, I was better able to trust the process. That made it possible to be super-productive while enjoying my life at the same time.

Despite all of that, the manager felt that my prototype threatened his unfinished app that was still unusable. Sadly, corporate managers often get involved in protection of their department. The more people under them the more powerful they feel. My simple solution could render him useless. He assigned me to help one of his minions until my contract ran out.

I originally discovered how I performed best while working on my inventions and prototypes in the mid-1980s. Working alone gave me the freedom to make my own schedule and wake up naturally. Slowly waking up provided a quiet mind to receive my Soul's answers to innovative questions I pondered. Thus, a flexible work schedule enabled me to access my intuitive guidance most effectively.

Getting back to my job at the health-care information company, I paid my debts and saved a little over \$20,000. With that in the bank, my Soul reminded me of the truck driver who stopped and courageously saved my life by pulling me out of the crushed and burning car back in 1983. Shortly after that accident, I sent the truck driver a letter thanking him for saving my life. I also mentioned I would like to reward him someday. However, being in college then, I didn't have any way to reward him.

Now that I had \$20,000 in the bank, I could send him a significant reward. My mom had kept tabs on that man and was able to give me his current address. My conscience within my heart guided me to follow through and send him a reward. I sent a little note and a check for \$10,000. Although human life is worth more than that, I hoped he would appreciate the gesture.

Soon after, a note from the truck driver came in the mail. His letter admitted that tears came to his eyes when he saw the return address on the envelope. He further wrote about how he had been kicked out of the Teamsters trucking union and blackballed from driving trucks because he stuck up for the younger drivers who were assigned the worst deliveries.

His loss of employment led to a drinking problem that destroyed his marriage. He lost his home, wife, and kids!

He further explained that he had joined Alcoholics Anonymous and had become sober. Currently, he drove a tow truck that kept him on call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. He could pay rent, but he hadn't been able to save up a down payment to buy a house. Finally, he expressed how grateful

he was for the reward that I had sent him. It was enough for him to put a down payment on a house and get out of the rut he had fallen into. He closed the letter saying I had saved his life by giving him a way out of paying rent forever.

Needless to say, tears came to my eyes as I read his letter. Following my inner guidance, I helped bless him for the heroic rescue that he courageously performed while putting himself in danger. Indeed, most people would have stayed away from a burning vehicle, but this guy risked his life to save mine.

He and I exchanged letters for a few years.

At that point in my life, I had decided I wanted to live in an intentional community, which is what communes were being called at that time. To investigate intentional communities, I had obtained a book entitled *Directory of Intentional Communities*. That directory contained listings of 500 communities throughout North America as well as some in other countries.

This directory had a helpful chart that was several pages long. In it, each community occupied one row. Each column contained a distinguishing feature to characterize each of the wide variety of intentional communities listed.

For example, the chart had a column showing if the community was situated in a rural or urban location? Another indicated if it for men only, women only, or coed? Still another column showed if money was shared or held individually?

Remaining columns answered other questions like: What was the community's focus—spiritual, back to the land, political, etc.? Was there a leader, or did it have a group process for decision-making? What type, democratic, consensus, or some other? Did the members grow their own food, and if so, what percentage? Were they vegetarian, vegan, raw, omnivore? How many acres of land was the community situated on? Were guests and new members welcome to inquire? In addition to the chart, one page per community was available for a representative to introduce the community in their own words.

The directory was compiled and published by Twin Oaks, the community where I caught the pear dropping off the pear tree's branch and into my hand. Twin Oaks is a great community that provides a helpful directory for anyone looking for an intentional community that fits their particular interests.

I was looking for a rural community that grew much of their own food, shared financial resources, was group-owned, governed democratically, and was primarily vegetarian or ideally vegan. Because all of those preferences didn't fit a single community, I had to compromise on one feature or another. Still, the directory helped me narrow my search to less than ten communities that fit several of my interests.

By November 1993, my savings had grown to \$32,000. I thought I might keep working and save enough money to purchase land in West Virginia or the Ozark Mountains, where rural land was very inexpensive. For instance, I found a listing of 100 acres for \$60,000 in West Virginia. I knew several people who wanted to build a community of the sort I was interested in. Obtaining land was the biggest obstacle.

Despite that possibility, an unexpected incident intervened.

On a Friday during November of 1993, the health-care information company president held a big company-wide meeting. I brought paper and pen to the meeting and sat between a couple of friends. The president spent a half-hour showing how financially successful the company had been so far. He further showed how the company was exceeding the financial expectations that had been proposed to investors.

Finally, he said, "We're not in it for the good of mankind," implying that we're in it for the money. Of course, that's the nature of business. However, being a health-care information company, it could also have socially responsible interests.

I wrote the president's statement down on my pad of paper, with the word "not" underlined. Then, I showed it to my friends seated on both sides and asked them if the president actually said "not" while pointing to that word on my notepad. Both friends confirmed the president had said that.

As I thought about it, I realized I was working for the money, just like the president and everyone else; therefore, I wasn't in it for the good of mankind, either. Still, I knew I wanted to be working for the good of mankind. After the meeting concluded, other friends asked what I thought about the meeting. I admitted to them, "I feel like resigning."

That was Friday, so I had the weekend to think about it. My girlfriend Frances rode her bicycle from an adjacent town, Ypsilanti, over to my place to sleep over that weekend. On Saturday, I told her about the meeting, what the president said, and how that helped me realize I was simply working for the money. With that understanding, it was hypocritical for me to keep working there. I also showed her the *Directory of Intentional Communities* that I had recently acquired.

The next day, on Sunday morning, a plan popped up in my mind intuitively as I woke up. I could resign and tour the US on my bicycle to investigate intentional communities aligned with my interests. The \$32,000 in my bank account would go far as I would be riding a bike and camping in a tent along the way. Besides, it would be a great adventure for transitioning into a whole new way of life.

I had already been to four national Rainbow Gatherings. These gatherings involved backpacking three to five miles through a national forest to the site. Tens of thousands of people would show up to celebrate the US's 4th of July Independence Day by silently meditating for peace, love, healing the Earth, and, most importantly, healing ourselves. The opportunity to have these gatherings was based on the US's First Amendment right to assemble peacefully on public land.

Rainbow Gatherings started in 1972 in a Colorado National Forest Reserve. I attended six national gatherings from 1990 through 1995. Those Rainbow Gatherings drew approximately 10,000 to 30,000 people who camped on National Forest land for a couple of weeks. Some stayed longer to clean up, seed the trails with native seed, and ensure the site was cared for.

The Rainbow Gatherings helped me connect with nature and people who truly love nature. The gatherings were based on governing ourselves plus three simple rules: no drugs, no weapons, and no buying or selling anything. People could donate money to purchase food, which was then carried in and shared with everyone. A banking council made of volunteers managed the donations to buy food and distribute it to the numerous kitchens erected throughout the large gathering site. Anyone who was interested could volunteer to be a member of the banking council.

If people wanted to exchange goods or services, there was a formal trading circle to negotiate trades.

Most people brought and shared gifts of one sort or another. For example, I always brought a twenty-five-pound (11 kg) bag of organic brown rice. I also led the building of three to four kitchens per gathering. Finally, I took charge of cooking some huge pots of food.

Rainbow Gatherings offered primarily vegan food, with some vegetarian. At a few gatherings, a small amount of roadkill meat was provided by one kitchen.

These gatherings succeeded because people were willing to volunteer in all sorts of ways. It was truly inspiring to see everything get done and everyone's needs attended to. And while there was very little theft or violence, some unfortunate things occurred; when they did, some people took it upon themselves to resolve those problems.

These gatherings allowed me to see how people can come from their hearts to support each other in a generous, loving, and peaceful way. Obviously, purchasing food with money while living in nature would not be sustainable in the long run. Despite that, the mutual support between strangers from all across the US was very inspiring. The Rainbow Gatherings made it easy to imagine how an intentional community could create an internal economy based on mutual support. People do their part, and everything gets done. With enough fertile land, food could be grown to address the food supply issue.

Eventually, I discovered that property taxes posed a fundamental problem for back-to-the-land, self-sufficient intentional communities. Moreover, I learned property taxes originally ruined village communities that had remained outside of civilization's economic system. By imposing property taxes on villagers who had no money and no experience making money, those taxes most often led to government foreclosure. After foreclosure, the sheriff would arrive with technologically advanced weapons and military backing to forcefully remove residents from their land, which the colonizing government claimed without the original inhabitants' consent.

That process spread around the world and is still being used to destroy self-sufficient villages. The tax-and-foreclose method is being used in Hawai'i to acquire indigenous Hawai'ian properties even today.

The legendary Robin Hood fought against this process back in the twelfth century. The woodland people he assembled were folks who had been forced from their ancestral villages by the sheriff of Nottingham. The 2010 movie *Robin Hood* with Russell Crowe shows a reasonably accurate account of how this process took place.

Once the property tax system exists, going back to the land becomes difficult. Even though a self-sufficient intentional community can refrain from using government services, their property is still taxed. Therefore, communities need to have a fruitful cottage industry to pay the property taxes. Thriving communities take this issue seriously and include a viable cottage industry in their initial planning. Those that don't often fail due to tax or mortgage foreclosure.

I brought up the Rainbow Gatherings to point out I had experience backpack camping. Because I had enjoyed those adventures, bike camping seemed like it would be lots of fun.

With my girlfriend visiting, I shared my plans to resign from the health-care information company and bicycle around the country to visit intentional communities that fit my particular interests. Frances liked the idea and wanted to join me.

Although I chose to go on my own, I did take Frances on a trip in the middle of my bicycle adventures. I'll discuss all of that in the next chapter.

Luckily, ATM cards had become available, and a network of ATMs had been installed throughout the US. This relatively new system made it possible for me to access my bank account all across the country. Just fifteen years earlier, that wasn't possible.

On Monday morning, with the bicycle adventure in mind, I rode my bike to work. Once in my office, I wrote a letter of resignation to the president of the company. In it, I thanked him for being candid in saying, "We're not in it for the good of mankind." I further explained that I had things that I wanted to do with my life and decided it was time to do them. I concluded by giving a two-week notice.

Quite by surprise, several people came to my office to share their support regarding my choice to resign. Many explained that having families to support forced them to compromise their ideals. They wished me well and thanked me for being the company's conscience while I was working there.

I hadn't done much and didn't think anyone had noticed the little things I did. I recall finding an easy way to save lots of paper. I also suggested a way for the company to use its wealth of health-care information to help people live healthier lives. So, I was astonished when people I didn't even know came to my office to share their gratitude and blessings.

Because winter was on its way and I didn't want to begin my bicycle trip in the snow, I called a friend who had moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico. I asked if I could visit her for a week or two and then travel on a bike from there.

She graciously welcomed me to stay at her tiny apartment.

Next, I needed to get from Michigan to Albuquerque. I discovered that I could ride an Amtrak train from Detroit to Albuquerque. Conveniently, Amtrak sold huge bicycle boxes for just fifteen dollars. A bicycle with the tires on could be rolled into the box after loosening the handlebars to turn them sideways

and unscrewing the pedals. The fifteen-dollar box charge included a shipping fee for bringing the bike on the train as luggage.

With this handy system available, I took seven train rides during my three-year trip. Those rides allowed me to avoid tedious bicycling across long distances to travel from one group of intentional communities to another. Even with those train rides, I cycled thousands of miles over three years.

Chapter 15

My Bicycle Adventure

To prepare for my open-ended bicycle trip, I gave away all sorts of things like furniture and excess clothing. Some went to my parents, but most to friends in the Ann Arbor area.

I stored a few boxes of books, clothing, and assorted personal items in my parents' basement. It felt great to let go of stuff. I felt lighter, as though burdens had been taken off my shoulders.

As I explained earlier, I stopped listening to the radio back in 1990. Now, at the end of 1993, I gave my moderately high-end stereo and my classical records to my dad. Meanwhile, my collection of thirty-one Jimi Hendrix albums went to a friend who loved Jimi's music.

Frances expressed interest in coming on the trip, but I felt it was something I needed to do alone. Also, when we rode together, she went slowly. That was fine when riding around town; however, I figured her slow speed would frustrate me when riding long distances. So, I decided to go alone.

Just before I left, Frances and I went to a marsh near Ann Arbor to watch sandhill cranes take off as they migrated south for the winter. Sandhill cranes are the largest type of crane with wingspans up to seven feet (213 cm). We expected to see many of them take off together, but they took to the air in small groups of two to four at a time. It was worth seeing, but not nearly as exciting as we had hoped.

Soon after that, I rode my bike from Ann Arbor through Detroit to Grosse Pointe Woods to visit my parents for a week. From there, I hopped on a train in Detroit and rode it to Albuquerque. Although I was hoping to start my adventure in a warm climate, Albuquerque wasn't as warm as I imagined.

While visiting my friend Ann, I discovered that Albuquerque's winter temperatures drop below freezing at night. I didn't know the city was located 6,700 feet (2,042 m) above sea level. That

high elevation gives Albuquerque freezing nights in the winter. By mid-day, the high reaches 70°F (21°C). The dry desert air and absence of clouds allow the temperature to swing 40 degrees (22 degrees C) from the night's low to the day's high.

I went to an outfitter store to get a warm sleeping bag and other gear to deal with these unexpectedly cold conditions.

I also got a map of the state to chart a course. Looking at elevations of various towns and cities, I developed a plan to ride down the Rio Grande River Valley toward Las Cruces, New Mexico, which is 3,996 feet (1,218 m) above sea level, much lower than Albuquerque, making it warmer.

While visiting Ann, I took her out to dinner and the movies. I also did some cooking for the two of us. While she was at work, I went riding around town. Somehow the month of December passed by very quickly, and I was still fooling around in Albuquerque. I asked Ann if she had noticed that an entire month had passed since I arrived.

She simply said, "Yes."

I apologized for how long I had stayed, but she didn't seem to mind. Still, I realized I was unconsciously avoiding the trip and wondered why. My first thought was that it could be due to the cold nights. To get past that, I went on a practice ride to a nearby state park on the Rio Grande River.

Once I found a secluded location, I set up my tent and got into my sleeping bag to warm up and go to sleep. Oddly, I couldn't seem to warm up. Eventually, I started shivering.

The woman who helped me pick out things for my trip at the local outfitter store had given me some tips. She explained it was essential to remove all clothing from the day's ride and put on completely dry clothes to warm up at night. She claimed moisture from perspiration makes the riding garments damp. Then, the dry climate will cause that moisture to evaporate, which has a cooling effect.

While shivering, I got out of the sleeping bag, stripped down, and quickly put on some completely dry fleece clothing. I slid

back into the sleeping bag and felt myself warming up right away.

Once I had warmed up, my mind remained busy worrying about being found camping in the park. After managing to get a little shuteye, dawn arrived. My experiment was a success. I proved to myself I could deal with the cold nights by putting dry clothes on.

I took down my tent, packed everything onto the bike, and rode out of the park. To watch the sunrise, I rode up to the top of a parking garage in town. There I found a beautiful view of the sunrise.

As I watched the sunrise and considered how I could handle the cold nights, I still noticed fearful feelings about my trip. To understand why, I asked myself, “What am I afraid of?”

The answer that came up intuitively was being afraid of boredom while alone on the road, camping by myself. I further realized that discovering I was bored on my own would imply that I was a boring person—someone unable to entertain themselves. And if I’m boring, I reasoned, no one would ever want to be in a long-term relationship with me.

As I considered that, I knew it was time to find out. If I got overly bored on the trip, I could end it at any time, go back to my folks’ house, and develop a new plan. Luckily, I had loving parents who were stable and supportive even though they didn’t always agree with my choices.

Determined to get on with it, I finalized my plans. Up early the following day, I started riding along the Rio Grande River, downstream toward Las Cruces.

My plan was to travel just fifty-five miles on the first day. When looking at the map, I noticed a green area identified as a game reserve. The green color made that area look inviting. Somehow, I didn’t think about what a game reserve actually is.

After getting everything loaded onto my bike, I got started a little later than I had hoped; otherwise, everything was going fine. Along the way, I stopped at a funky little shop on the side of

the road. It offered unpasteurized fresh blackberry juice that was absolutely delicious.

As the sun was nearing the horizon and I was approaching the game reserve, about 300 sandhill cranes took off from a farmer's field and flew along with me. While looking at them, I could see they were looking back at me.

Earlier in Michigan, Frances and I were disappointed with only seeing two or three of these birds taking off there. Apparently, I had caught up to them, and a massive flock was flying right next to me.

The cranes veered off to the left just before I reached the entrance to the game reserve. By reading the sign at the gate, I realized that this marsh was a stopping point for migrating birds. Hunters could enter the game reserve in the morning and evening to shoot the birds, but camping was forbidden. Without a backup plan and seeing how close the sun was to the horizon, I decided to go in and see if I could find a hidden place to camp.

Soon I located a ring of bushes with an open area in the middle. I found a way inside the ring and began erecting my tent on the conveniently flat ground. As I pitched my tent, a large number of blackbirds flew overhead. Minutes later, an even larger flock of white geese flew over.

Then, even more sandhill cranes than I saw while riding passed overhead. Soon, a larger flock of blackbirds came from where the first flock had gone.

As I wondered what was happening, I intuitively realized the birds were assembling their kinds to roost for the night. More flyovers took place as I finished setting up my camp.

After the sunset and the sky turned a stunning deep red, the white geese made their final pass—so many I was astonished. The entire red sky was full of white birds flying just twenty or thirty feet (6 or 9 meters) over my head.

While taking in this magnificent sight, I realized I wasn't bored at all. Instead, I felt like the main character in a movie, and this moment was the mystical turning point in the story.

Tears began to well up in my eyes and drip down my cheeks as I realized I had overcome my fears of boredom simply by facing them.

Once the geese flew by and the colors faded, I got into my sleeping bag. As I began to relax, I realized I ought to write a letter to Frances back in Michigan. She had introduced me to the sandhill cranes and would enjoy hearing about what had just taken place.

My journey of freedom had begun. My first lesson was how unexpected blessings reward those willing to face their fears by following their heart despite how their gut clinches up. The brave of heart venture into their fears to emerge on the other side where they discover the fear was unfounded.

Many year's later I met a woman named Lilith who told me she loved the darkness and found it to be the most beautiful thing. I had been trying to get over my fear of darkness so I asked her to tell me more. She lived in a very rainy part of Maui and told me that she would be drawn outside on very dark rainy nights. Once surrounded by darkness she would embrace it and claimed that it felt like velvet and was the most beautiful thing.

I admitted to her that I held a fear of the darkness and wanted to overcome that fear. Then I asked if she had any advise.

She told me that I needed to resolve all my fears. To do that she explained, when a fear appears, go into it and keep going until you come out the other side. When you get through it that fear will vanish. When you have resolved all your fears then you will be at peace with the darkness. I recalled the first day of my bicycle trip and how I passed through my fear of loneliness by facing it and going through it to emerge free of that fear.

Several years after meeting Lilith, on the winter solstice of 2015 I wrote an essay about that longest night of the year. In it I questioned the common practice of celebrating that longest night by focusing on the return of the light. At that point in my life I had come to see the darkness as the feminine polarity and the light as the masculine polarity. With that in mind it seemed that we ought to embrace the darkness of that long night to celebrate

the feminine polarity. Conversely, it would seem appropriate to celebrate the masculine light polarity on the summer solstice during the longest day of the year. I also proposed that we ought to let go of associating evil with darkness and light with good. I claimed that such an association demonized women who are our mothers, and tend to provide more nurturing than men.

So rather than focusing on the light during the longest night of the year, I recommended focusing on the feminine, our mothers, grandmothers, the Mother Earth and all the women in our lives. I went to a native American sweat lodge ceremony. Inside the sweat lodge it's very dark and considered a womb. When emerging from the lodge one imagines they are reborn.

When I laid down in my bed I was intuitively guided to go outside and venture down the trail to a beautiful waterfall close by my cabin. Barefoot in my robe I went without a flashlight. Despite the full moon the tree's dense canopy darkened the way so much I couldn't see the ground. It was a difficult trail with stone steps down a steep embankment, but I managed.

When I reached the waterfall it was glowing in the moon light that came through the hole in the tree canopy offered by the pool at the bottom of the waterfall. I thanked all the women in my life and the Mother Earth as tears ran down my cheeks. Feeling complete I made my way back to my cabin and realized that I was no longer afraid of the darkness. Finally, I had let go of all my fears.

*****check above passage*****

Getting back to my bicycle trip, I had set up my first camp, crawled into my sleeping bag to write a letter to my girlfriend about the sandhill cranes and the white geese in the red sky.

As I drifted off to sleep, I realized I didn't have any keys in my pocket. Ironically, by not having a car, a home, or any things that required keys, I was finally free.

During the succeeding three years of bicycle adventures, I was amazed by how I found a safe place to pitch my tent and get a good night's sleep on every night but one. On that one occasion, I

had an intuitive feeling I ought to pull off the main road onto a tiny dirt road. At that moment, I was on my way up a mountain, close to reaching the pass. I figured I didn't want to start the following day's ride by going up a steep grade. To avoid that, I decided to continue riding up to the top. Once I made it over the pass, I rolled down the other side and started looking for a camping spot.

By then, it was getting dark, and I couldn't find a good place to camp. Because that side of the mountain faced east, it was darker than the sunset side I just left behind. Eventually, out of desperation, I hid in a shallow depression. Unfortunately, a dog kept barking throughout the night, and I didn't get any sleep. As I listened to that dog, I kept recalling how I had passed up the dirt road on the other side of the mountain pass.

Although that night was uncomfortable, that discomfort firmly reinforced how crucial it was for me to follow my inner guidance, the first idea that pops up. Second intellectual thoughts are often wrong. As soon as I think in my mind that I have a better idea, I'm doomed. It's best to catch the first idea that occurs and stick with it.

As I explained earlier, there is an exception to that rule. When working on creative and innovative endeavors, the intuitive answer may not come until the next day, when the mind is calm. Despite that exception, the Superconscious-Soul always knows what to do or which way to go in the present moment. That guidance is offered right when it's needed.

A good example took place a month later when I was in Arizona, passing through Stafford. On that unusual occasion, my Soul spoke to me using my inner dialogue voice, saying, "Get to the right."

I drifted over to the right of the shoulder as far as I could. Just then, a huge truck flew by, just missing the end of my handlebar. It was shocking, but I was safe, thanks to my Soul's guidance and how I did what my heart guided me to do when I needed to do it.

My three-year excursion was filled with serendipitous synchronicities. Some happened while I was on my own, and

others involved people I met along the way. In addition to visiting intentional communities, I checked out national parks, national forests, quaint towns, and unexpected detours.

For example, after injuring my knee while climbing over a mountain pass near Stafford, Arizona, I slowly rode to a small town called Benson. While there, I went to a cafe for lunch. A stranger approached my table and asked if I was the person with the bicycle parked outside.

I replied, "Yes."

She then asked to join me for lunch. I was happy to have some company. After sitting down, she asked me to tell her about my adventures, so I shared the white geese in the red sky story.

I also told her about the Frisco Hot Springs in western New Mexico, where I camped for several days. While hiking down the San Francisco River, I met a couple living past the hot springs out in the wilderness. When I found the couple, they were making dinner over a tiny fire.

They used flat stones as walls to form an eight-inch (20-cm) square space with a twig fire inside. A metal grate covered the miniature stone fireplace to support a small pot. Some small stones had been placed around the pot to prevent heat from escaping out of the corners. Just a few twigs rapidly boiled water. Using this ingenious method, they cooked lentils and quinoa with wild watercress greens from the nearby river. I was astounded by how efficient their tiny twig stove was.

When the cooking was finished, I got up to avoid imposing, but they graciously asked me to stay and offered to share the meal with me. Although I declined, they insisted. I honestly enjoyed their simple but nutritious meal.

As we talked over dinner, they told me they would hitchhike into Silver City once a month to pick up some dry goods like quinoa and lentils. Then they would return to enjoy the peace and quiet of their little camp and the delightful hot springs located along the river.

I noticed their simple lean-to tarp arrangement with their sleeping bags neatly placed underneath. As I looked around their camp, I recognized that none of the wild plants had been trampled, making it appear as though they had just arrived.

When I asked them how long they had been camping there, they said it had been about five years. They added they had left a few times, only to return and enjoy the peace.

I was amazed by how nearly invisible their impact was over such a long period of time.

The woman at the restaurant in Benson enjoyed my stories, so I told a few more. Then, I asked her what sort of life she lived.

She told me that she was a healer.

Because my knee was injured, I briefly explained how I had injured my knee and asked if she could help it heal.

She said she could and explained that she lived close by. She invited me to come to her place for treatment and mentioned I was welcome to rest my knee at her place for the night. We loaded my bicycle onto the top of her Subaru wagon, and she drove me to her octagonal home.

Once I was lying on her massage table, she placed one of her fingertips on my knee's upper left corner. Then on the lower right corner of that same knee, she placed a fingertip from her other hand. Without moving but simply pressing one finger on each side of my injured knee, I noticed heat building up. Soon it was really warm. Eventually, she removed her fingers, and that was it. The pain was gone. She called her method polarity therapy.

Afterward, she explained I needed to rest my knee for a while so it would have time to mend completely. Wondering how I would be able to rest it, she asked what my plans were.

I told her I was heading to Tucson and wasn't sure what I would do after that.

Fortuitously, she had plans to go to Tucson the following day. The trip was only 50 miles, and she knew a friend who might allow me to camp in her yard for a week or more to give my knee time to heal.

She called her friend and made arrangements to meet.

A little later, this wonderful woman made some delicious dinner. I thanked her for everything and retired to the guest room.

The following day, she drove to her friend's house in Tucson. Luckily, her friend was comfortable with me and welcomed me to set up camp in her yard. She lived on the corner of a residential block in a middle-class neighborhood. Her property was surrounded by a masonry wall that provided privacy.

With nothing to do the following evening, I decided to visit some of the neighbors, hoping to introduce myself and connect with some local people. I began by walking across the street to knock on the nearest door. Once the door opened, I briefly described my situation and that I felt I should introduce myself to the neighbors.

I was invited inside to hang out with some young outlaws, primarily gals. They swapped stories about how young they were when they started doing cocaine and other street drugs. Ages as young as six or eight years old were tossed around. Growing up more sheltered, I was out of my element, but I found their claims interesting. Eventually, I had heard enough and started feeling uncomfortably out of place. I thanked the tenant who lived there and headed toward the door to let myself out.

A young man came outside with me and proceeded to share some more about his past. He explained that his favorite things to do were drive-by shootings, and after beating someone up, he liked to kick them while they laid on the ground so he could watch them wince in pain.

I told him my life was completely different—I was into peace and love.

He explained that his uncle shot him five times when he was twelve years old because he had stolen twenty dollars from him. Miraculously, he survived. Since then, he had been shot two additional times for a total of seven bullet wounds.

As a car drove by, this self-proclaimed tough guy ducked behind a fire hydrant, which looked silly because the hydrant wasn't big enough to hide behind.

Once he got up, I asked him why he ducked.

He pointed out that the driver in the car had looked him in the eyes, and when that happens, it could be a drive-by shooting, so he took cover.

It appeared this young man was living in fear, hoping to be the one who shoots first, but knowing someone will eventually get the drop on him.

Even though he was only 22 years old, he was slinging drugs, doing drive-by shootings, and beating people up.

Of course, I wondered if he was making everything up.

We parted ways, and I walked to the next house. This one was occupied by some college kids.

Again, I shared my situation and my interest in meeting the neighbors.

They invited me in and generously asked if I would like a beer.

I declined because I wasn't drinking at the time.

Just after I closed the front door, a man started banging on it, yelling, "Let me in! They're trying to kill me. Let me in!"

I asked the occupants whether I should let him in. They approved, so I opened the door.

A bloody, beaten man came in and shut the door quickly. He was built like a gorilla, very wide but not much taller than me. I thought to myself, who could have beaten up this guy? He looked like a mobster hitman from the movies, the kind of guy that no one beats up.

He went to the front window and pushed the drapes aside to look outside. Mumbling, he said, "I think they're gone."

I asked him, "What happened?"

He explained he was at the bar just down the road. He and his girlfriend went up to the bar to buy some drinks. There were a couple of strangers sitting at the bar, so he ordered drinks for them too. Soon, one of the strangers started moving in on his girlfriend, so he told the guy, “Take it easy—she’s my girlfriend.”

Without warning, the other fellow cold-cocked him. Then, the two strangers knocked him down onto the floor and began kicking him. He managed to get up and run but had no idea what happened to his girlfriend.

Remembering that and wanting to check on her, he sincerely thanked us and said, “I owe you—I’ll be back to repay you, but I gotta go.”

He rushed out the door and closed it.

We all looked at each other. No one seemed to know what to say. I felt that I had enough drama for the night and excused myself to head back to my tent.

I found that evening very interesting because I had been wondering whether people actually enjoy killing and hurting others or if they do it because they believe their victim needs to be killed or beaten up for their actions. I had realized that it might be possible for serial killers to have some reason for their murders. On the other hand, deranged people could enjoy it. Without knowing any murderers, I was curious. Since I yearned for peace on Earth, I contemplated these sorts of things.

Apparently, the Universe sent me an obvious answer.

The young man who claimed to enjoyed drive-by shootings and kicking people after beating them up supported the idea that some people enjoy killing and hurting others. Even if he had contrived his stories, the second guy had actually been beaten into a bloody mess. His story seemed realistic.

With both of these things occurring back-to-back, it seemed the Universe was teaching me that some human beings enjoy extremely divisive activities. We all know of bullies who like to pick fights. Apparently, some people don’t grow out of those desires.

This didn't bode too well for my ongoing wish for peace on Earth. Even though I should have let go of that dream right then, I optimistically hoped that somehow peace could still arrive on Earth. I had no idea how, but I felt in my heart that peace would eventually prevail.

While in Tucson, I decided to purchase a new mountain bike with 24 gears. The knee injury convinced me that my antique three-speed bike was not the right equipment to climb mountains, especially fully loaded with camping gear.

Soon, I connected with people in Tucson I could relate to. In fact, I enjoyed the town so much I decided to stay there until spring. Because the elevation was only 2,389 feet (728 m), the winter weather was quite comfortable. Another great feature was that all the roads in Tucson had bike lanes. There were even some very well-made bike paths.

I found an urban intentional community just a few blocks from where I was camping. That community opened its doors three nights a week for guests to take saunas next to an in-ground swimming pool that could be used to cool down. One night was for men, another was for women, and the third night was coed. People brought instruments and played music and sang together.

One day I found a beautiful bike path that led to the college campus and ended at the central square. To hang out under the midday sun, I stopped and sat on the lawn. It turned out some of the women were upset that men could sunbathe on the campus lawn topless but the women were required to cover their breasts.

Several women had covered their nipples with tape to protest that inequality, satisfying the letter of the law, while sunbathing topless.

Newspaper reporters were interviewing some of the protesters who had come over to talk with me. When the reporter asked if she could take a photo, I volunteered to tape my nipples and pose with the women. Because I had a big beard, it was evident that I was a man. The gals asked me to get in the middle

of the group to comically emphasize how ridiculous the nipple law was.

That was the only day that I was guided to visit the campus. By following that intuitive feeling, another serendipitous synchronicity blessed me.

Eventually, spring arrived. I had never experienced spring in the desert and was very surprised by how beautiful the desert became. Purple lupines covered entire hillsides. While tying my shoe, I discovered tiny flowers as small as the head of a pin peppering the ground. They stood just one-half inch (13 mm) tall. The large cactus flowers were so vibrant they seemed to glow in the sunlight.

As spring arrived, my knee had completely healed, so I headed northwest to Phoenix, Arizona. There I checked in with my cousins and continued up to Sedona. While I was in Sedona for about a week, springtime blessed that desert, treating me to a second spring.

Later, when I was up in Flagstaff, I found out I needed to go back to Detroit, Michigan, to complete the lawsuit that ten protesters and I had filed against the City of Detroit in 1991. The false arrest and violation of our First Amendment rights case was finally going to trial. To follow through with that, I took a bus back to Detroit.

While there, I stayed at the Community Farm of Ann Arbor. With spring following me, the flowers in southern Michigan bloomed. Some of the farmers' fields were completely covered with dandelions. The vibrantly bright yellow color spread over such large tracts of land was breathtaking to see. It was the third spring I had experienced that year.

The city of Detroit settled the lawsuit out of court by offering a \$55,000 settlement. By doing this, the city admitted that the police had violated our First Amendment rights. Police around the country quashed the opposition to the first Iraqi war, allowing the US to murder thousands of innocent Iraqi people while committing nineteen counts of international war crimes.

But that's what powerful militaristic countries do. They commit crimes against humanity and nature.

Being free to continue my adventure, I purchased a little Geo Metro hatchback to take Frances on a trip to Yosemite National Park. We camped along the way and while at the park by spending the nights in national forests. Yosemite Valley is one of the most majestic sights in the world. On a lovely day, we hiked up to an alpine meadow that stood at 6,000 feet (1,829 m) above sea level. Unbelievably, I was blessed with the fourth springtime in one year. The meadow was covered with several different kinds of wildflowers in all sorts of arrangements.

From there, we headed north to a Rainbow Gathering in the Brigadier Tetons of Wyoming. At 8,000 feet (2,438 m) above sea level, nature blessed me with the spectacular joy that fills one's heart in springtime for the fifth and final time in one year. Frances and I marveled at a nearly endless expanse of wildflowers that carpeted an expansive meadow stretching out along that beautiful mountain range for as far as we could see.

After that Rainbow Gathering, I took Frances home and continued my bicycle trip by heading southeast from Detroit.

I found several intentional communities that I liked much more than conventional living. Still, I didn't feel I had found the home I was looking for. I always felt a kinship with some of the residents, but I also encountered folks I didn't want to live with. The rules and arrangements were all reasonably fair. A few were nearly perfect systems of self-government with remarkably equitable ways to share the workload. However, when it comes to living in a commune, the people are most important.

Experiencing all of that was very educational. When I started my trip, I had no idea there are so many ways for people to live together, govern themselves, and have fun doing it.

Still, in every case, my heart pushed me onward.

The last step in that journey was building the infrastructure for a new eco-village community called Earth Haven, located on 325 acres in western North Carolina near Black Mountain, just

east of Asheville. Most of the community members lived in Asheville back then.

I initially rode to Asheville to explore the possibility of developing an intimate relationship with a woman I had a short love affair with that occurred in the middle of my bicycle adventure while attending a permaculture workshop at the famous “Farm” commune near Summerville, Tennessee.

This fascinating woman had kept in touch with me through my parents by sending notes to their home.

While visiting her, I went to an Earth Haven planning meeting. It seemed to me the community needed someone to stay on the land and coordinate the projects to provide continuity. I volunteered to help with that. They offered to pay a small stipend on top of providing food and any general supplies I needed. I moved onto the land in a tent when just one man was there in a cabin he had built.

Additionally, a tiny camp kitchen space had been started. It had a roof to provide a dry area, but the walls were only partially constructed.

While at Earth Haven, I learned about settling land by working with some old-timers who had all sorts of skills and knowledge they generously shared with me. In exchange, I did a lot of physical work.

While there, I tapped two springs, designed and set up a solar hot shower, and designed and built a composting outhouse that I dug into a clay hillside. The outhouse building was made of straw bale load-bearing walls with a metal roof and windows that retained privacy while providing a view of the woods.

Based on someone else’s design, I led the building of a kitchen, dining hall, and bathhouse facility that was the centerpiece of what they called the hut village. That building was constructed using poplar logs we harvested from the land and stripped off the bark with draw knives. The post and beam walls were filled with straw bales and stuccoed with clay we excavated by hand when digging the building’s foundation.

I also dug and covered a root cellar using black locust logs that were naturally curved to make an arched ceiling covered with a dirt roof.

We used old-fashioned hand tools to do most of the work. The only exceptions were a chainsaw and a portable band sawmill used to make planks for the ceiling, window frames, and doorways. We used hammers, chisels, brace and bit drilling, handsaws, Yankee screwdrivers, and drawknives. I was pleasantly surprised that using those hand tools didn't slow us down very much at all. It was a pleasure to work in nature with birds chirping and the breeze rustling the tree branches while tapping a hammer, and the cutting sound of a handsaw fit right in. Doing the project that old-fashioned way made the worksite an enjoyable place to be.

Community members came out to help with the work and to conduct their weekly community meetings.

The land had a couple of streams and swimming holes where we could take refreshing dips in the heat of the day.

By working on this project, I acquired lots of helpful knowledge that I would use when I moved to Maui and helped tap springs and establish community settings.

Although I didn't find my dream community, my bicycle adventure had brought me into an intimate relationship with nature. It also helped me develop an even deeper connection with my inner guidance. Additionally, I learned about all sorts of approaches to land-based egalitarian community living.

Last and possibly most importantly, in just three years, I learned a lot about folks who govern themselves in remarkably peaceful ways. My world of humanity had grown bigger, broader, and more flexible than the one I had grown up in. This larger worldview held all sorts of cooperative ways for people to live together in arrangements that stretched far beyond what I had learned during 19 years of schooling.

Many of these cooperative arrangements were far superior to the typical American lifestyle. Although I could have settled for one of them, my Soul in my heart pushed me onward.

To close this chapter, I feel guided to mention what I discovered about chlorinated water. During the three years of exploring communities, I found that chlorinated water made my head itch. There were long periods that I didn't encounter chlorinated water to find my dandruff and itching scalp disappeared. Then, as soon as I bathed in chlorinated water, the dandruff and itching scalp would return.

I realized that skin cancer became the most prevalent type of cancer as chemically treated water also become common. Certainly, chlorine, fluoride, and other common municipal water additives are well-known to be toxic. Now that we have discovered the importance of the microbiome covering our bodies, it's best to keep those symbiotic critters healthy.

I stopped using soap and shampoo. I use rainwater or high-quality well water. Starting my shower with solar-heated hot water to open my pores and loosen dirt, I use an Asian bath washcloth to exfoliate my skin. Still using hot water, I brush my hair with a "Scalpmaster Shampoo Brush" without shampoo. Then, to expel dirt in the skin's pores, I switch to cold water and use the cloth and brush again.

It took a few months to transition away from soap and shampoo, but I'll never go back. Of course, I do use soap to wash my hands after working on greasy machines like cars.

Our skin absorbs the chemicals in the water we bathe in. Avoiding toxins is essential for long-term health. The natural oils and bacteria on our skin keep us healthy. Recently, science has come around to support this obvious reality.

Chapter 16

What's Next?

My bicycle trip ended in 1997 when I had investigating all the US communities that I was interested in investigating. Sadly, none of them felt suitable for me. Having used most of my savings, I decided to go back to my parents' place to visit them briefly while forming a new plan.

Once home, I decided to move back to the Ann Arbor area and get a job to build up my savings while I waited for my next step to emerge.

One possibility was to form a new community. Another was to simply live out in the country with a few friends. If I happened to fall in love, that could lead anywhere.

I heard through the grapevine that Jon, my best friend from MIT, had put SolidWorks on the market and sold his company. SolidWorks was equivalent to my technology, giving the military a tool. So, if I sold my technology now, it wouldn't really change the CAD industry significantly. That gave me the freedom to sell my technology and use my computer software skills to earn additional funds.

One of the oldest and most popular CAD products was produced by, Applicon, a company located in Ann Arbor. I showed them my 2D prototype that ran on a Mac. The 3D prototype ran on a rare Lisp machine that wasn't available, so I couldn't demo that more impressive prototype.

Even though ten years has passed since I had made the 2D prototype, it still ran on the new Macs. Sadly, those days of maintaining backward compatibility are long gone today.

Applicon's management was very impressed with my technology. It could give them the ability to compete with Jon's SolidWorks product that was disrupting the industry. Unexpectedly, I was back in the high-tech computer industry, developing software again.

The PC had grown into a mighty machine, dramatically changing the entire computing industry. Applicon's product was a dinosaur; however, it was being ported to run on the PC with hopes of keeping it alive. I got involved in that porting project and refining a portion of the software that would provide an interface to integrate my 2D technology into Applicon's antiquated but still popular product.

When I started working at Applicon, my manager explained that their system included software written from 1969 up to the present. That software was written in five different computer languages, and one was a language invented at Applicon. Additionally, to make the product run on six different operating systems, the source code included thousands of special-case procedures. On top of all that, the software was over 10 million lines of code. With all of those factors adding complications, the manager told me that new people usually take about a year to eighteen months to get acquainted with that monster.

By using my intuition and becoming friends with the oldest old-timer, I was fixing bugs just one week after taking the job. Dave, the vice president of technology, was stunned and came to talk to me about my unusual abilities. He asked if I would be willing to help one of the other programmers with a bug that had been hiding from him for over a month. The fellow who needed help had been working for Applicon for over ten years.

Guided by my Soul in my heart, we fixed the bug by the end of the day! Soul intuition produces genuinely stunning results.

Anyway, I had been assigned a lot of work, so I dove in.

Outside of work, I got involved with a few women and hooked up with the drumming circles, and I enjoyed the full moon parties, old friends, and having a good time.

Because I had been living closer to nature, hiking and walking around outdoors a lot, I started taking long walks around Ann Arbor, a bustling college town with the University of Michigan's buildings sprinkled throughout. Still, it wasn't a big city, and I figured that people there might be similar to country folk.

On my walks, I intentionally looked at the eyes of every person who approached from the other direction. In most cases, I'd see a person heading toward me and focus on their face to watch them as they came close. I was surprised to find how rare it was for a person to look back at me. If someone did see me looking at them, most look away quickly. On a long walk, only one or two people would actually look back into my eyes. When that happened, we would both smile and exchange friendly greetings.

Most people seemed to be in their own world. I suppose urban folks become overwhelmed with all the people they encounter day after day. Despite that, these seemingly antisocial people appeared to be caught up in their inner thoughts. I noticed signs indicating they were talking to themselves in their minds. Some even moved their mouths a bit. I felt sad that most people were so stuck in their minds that they shut out the world around them. Rather than look around to observe their beautiful surroundings, they focused on the ground.

Riding a bicycle for several hours a day for weeks at a time had changed me. I had probably been just like all these people with their heads down, looking at the ground, stuck in their thoughts. However, Being alone on my bike for years and needing to look up ahead to see what was coming as I rode had made me more aware of my surroundings and less stuck in my thoughts. I still thought about things, but in a more relaxed way.

One day, while at a vegan potluck dinner, a stranger I had been conversing with told me he knew a woman who would be perfect for me.

I asked, "How did you meet her?"

He answered, "On the internet."

I commented, "I don't think I'd be interested in her."

He explained, "Her name is Butterflies, and she lives on Maui."

Surprised and interested, I asked, "Do you have her contact info?"

Butterflies and I connected quickly over a few emails. She was part of a vegan community that lived on Maui in Hawai'i and visited the Kaibab National Forest each summer until the early fall. Kaibab is located on the northern rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona. Butterflies explained she was going to be there soon and invited me to meet her.

I flew into St. George, Utah, where a community member picked me up at the airport and brought me out to their camp in a pickup truck full of watermelons and other supplies.

Hanging out in their camp was like being in an R-rated Walt Disney movie. Bambi, her mom, and several other deer would stop by regularly to eat out of vegan animal lovers' hands. As I sat on a log eating my lunch, a chipmunk scurried up my shin and sat on my knee to look into my eyes. That little critter was adorable.

Their community kitchen was a little camping trailer that looked like one I'd seen in a Disney movie. The R-rating was because these folks were often naked. With Bambi in the background and gorgeous naked women in the foreground, I was humorously amused.

Butterflies and I fit together very well in her large tent with a comfortable bed—nudity and sexuality were openly explored in this group, more so than any of the communities I had visited so far. Although I haven't discussed the sexual aspects of my bicycle journey, I encountered lots of alternative lifestyles along the way. After considering many options and trying some, I found old-fashioned monogamy between a woman and me was the best arrangement for me to explore love most deeply.

This new group called their community Gentle World. Everyone was kind, and I was quickly accepted. An older couple led the group; however, Butterflies assured me that they accounted for everyone. I was skeptical and preferred egalitarian arrangements but was willing to check it out and see how well it worked.

On a group hike to a huge tree, the female leader, named Love, offered me a new name, Forest. She explained that being

part of their community would be a new chapter in my life, and having a new name would help me start that new life in a fresh way. I liked the name Forest and accepted it as my name amongst the community members.

After a week of hiking in a beautiful forest, sunbathing naked, sharing delicious vegan meals with gentle folks, watching the sunset every evening, playing music around a fire after dinner, and making love with Butterflies every night, I was hooked.

These people knew how to enjoy life in simple but fulfilling ways that involved nature, healthy food, and cooperation. Plus, they lived on Maui. Although I hadn't been to Maui yet, it had a great reputation. My impetuous nature kicked in, and I decided to give it a try. It felt as though my heart was guiding me to get involved, but it could have been something between my legs.

At the end of the week long trip I returned to Ann Arbor and wrote a letter of resignation with a two-week notice and gave it to my manager. The two projects I had been assigned were completed, so it was a reasonable time to leave.

The manager came to my cubicle and explained that the company president was just about to make me an offer to purchase my technology. He encouraged me to meet with the president and consider the offer.

I agreed.

At the meeting, the president used the common strategy of allowing me to go first. That way, if I were to ask for less than what he is willing to pay, he could counter with an even lower offer but still be ready to meet my price. If he went first and offered more than I wanted, he would end up paying more than he needed to.

Despite how that gave him the upper hand, I accepted his suggestion to go first; however, I didn't put my price on the table. Instead, I explained that I didn't want my technology used to develop offensive military weapons. Therefore, what I wanted was a guarantee that it wouldn't be sold to offensive weapons contractors.

He immediately responded, “We can’t do that.”

I clarified, “You mean you don’t want to do that?”

He explained that the sales department wouldn’t allow it because most of their customers were involved in military contracts. Applicon’s CAD system was being used to design aircraft carriers, bombers, etc.

I explained I understood why he didn’t want such a restriction, and with that discussed, it was his turn. Now he had to go first.

He made a really low offer that included a \$250,000 bonus and a \$100,000 salary for as long as it took to incorporate my technology into their product. The \$250,000 bonus would be paid when the project was successfully completed.

I told him I’d think about it.

Soon after, I saw him at a company picnic. There, I explained how I had fallen in love with a woman who lives on Maui, and I would be willing to accept his offer if I could do the job on Maui. I pointed out that Applicon already had a team in Boston, another in Switzerland, and one guy worked in Israel, so I could set up an office on Maui.

He agreed to think about it.

Soon, I was informed that the company’s management wanted to hire three guys to work with me to learn all about my technology. Then, when I would leave, those three assistants would maintain that portion of their product. To keep a close eye on that, they wanted us working at the main office in Ann Arbor.

I figured it would take a year and a half to two years to complete the project. I shared the offer with my parents, several friends, and Butterflies. Everyone told me to get the money while I had an opportunity to do so. My parents told me that they would never help me with finances if I passed up this golden opportunity.

I felt in my heart it was more important for me to go to Maui. Plus, I knew that weapons contractors would use my tool to develop offensive weapons to kill people. Even though Jon’s

SolidWorks product already provided similar capabilities, I didn't want to add my efforts into the war machine.

Despite everyone's advice, I wrote another letter of resignation. I gave it to the human resources manager because my manager was out of town that day.

Dave, the vice president of technology, came to my cubicle and asked me to reconsider. He explained that they were willing to increase the offer and find a way to make the deal work.

I asked again about doing it on Maui, but they wouldn't budge on that.

One morning, I felt I needed to make a final decision. Either choice was good for me. If I were to go to Maui, I'd be with a woman I love, living in an exciting community. Or, if I were to stay and do the work, I'd make lots of money and end up with my beloved eighteen to twenty-four months later. So, it seemed as if I couldn't lose.

Just then, a thought popped up intuitively: I ought to flip a coin. Synchronistically, there was a 1959 penny sitting on my desk. I was born in 1959, and while buying lunch one day, a 1959 penny was given as change. When returning to my desk after lunch, I placed that penny on my desk. Because it was still there, I picked it up and thought in my mind, "Heads Maui, tails Ann Arbor," then I flipped the penny.

It came out heads and that made me feel good.

However, since it went against everyone's advice, I flipped it again, figuring I would do a two-out-of-three series of flips.

It came out heads again, this time I felt confident that moving to Maui was what I really wanted.

Just for fun, I flipped it a third time, and it came out heads again! Three in a row, I was definitely going to Maui, and that felt great!

Several years later, when writing about how to follow intuition, this incident came to mind regarding the use of divining tools like pendulums, coin flipping, divining rods, tarot cards and other tools. What was most memorable was how

deeply reassuring it felt to have my heart's desires supported. Consequently, I began using such tools to find out how the guidance that comes from a tool feels in my heart and then I can follow that rather than simply accepting the external tool's advice. Eventually I stopped using tools and focused exclusively on my inner guidance.

Back at the office, after deciding Maui was calling me, I packed up my personal belongings by placing them in a cardboard box. Then, I wrote a final letter of resignation, printed out two copies, and slipped them under my manager's door and the human resources manager's door. Both were out of their offices at that time.

Soon, my lunch buddy and I went out to lunch together. While eating, I explained that I wasn't going back to work after lunch. I was done. We had become good friends—he was into bicycling, and we had gone riding together. We said goodbye and wished each other happy trails.

I had resigned without the typical two-week notice and figured doing that burned the bridge between Applicon and me. I was okay with that.

Unexpectedly, my lunch buddy called and said that Dave, Applicon's vice president of technology, had stopped by his office to talk about me. Dave explained that after being in the computer software business for over 30 years, he had never seen anyone who could do what I was able to do. He told the old-timer to let me know that if I ever changed my mind, I was always welcome at Applicon.

Hearing about Dave's praise pushed me to wonder how I was able to find solutions to difficult problems. I recall forming a question in my mind, "Where do all these answers come from?"

Then my inner dialogue voice in my head said, "Your heart."

Although I heard that answer clearly, as if it was spoken inside my head, I couldn't accept it at that time. Being a mechanical engineer, living in a physical human body, and participating in physical reality, I had become very attached to

the popular matter-based view of reality. With a matter-based perspective, I couldn't seriously consider a muscular pump in my chest to be a source of brilliant answers to complex questions.

As I shared earlier, when I was fourteen years old, a consciousness-based theory of the Universe came to me intuitively. Still, that theory didn't change my matter-based perspective. Instead, I viewed that consciousness-based theory to be interesting but not something realistic.

Later, in my twenties, I watched *The Secret Life of Plants* documentary and even later, in my thirties, I read the book with the same name. Both of those provided substantial evidence that plants are conscious. Moreover, *The Secret Life of Plants* claims that consciousness pervades the entire Universe. Even though the research presented made the consciousness-based theory much more likely, I was still attached to the popular matter-based view of reality.

The tricky thing about consciousness is that it's more than just invisible. Consciousness can't be detected or measured with any instruments that we know of. It was difficult for me to admit that something completely undetectable could be a foundation for physical matter, something that feels absolutely solid and must surely be the foundation of reality.

On the other hand, I had experienced a couple of out-of-body experiences, starting with the mushroom induced one in which a spectacular tapestry hung between my eyes and green bubbles appeared on either side. That adventure that took place in 1989. Then, in 1990, I had an inner journey on LSD that transported me into a misty white expanse where guidance on living the best human life was presented. Unfortunately, the use of hallucinogens provides experiences that are difficult to reconcile. Are the experiences simply hallucinations? It's impossible to be sure of what's actually taking place.

So when my inner voice clearly told me I had been receiving answers to difficult questions from my heart, I felt challenged and confused. How could that be right? Something metaphysical

was definitely taking place, but what? How did it work? Was Steiner right? He proposed a consciousness based reality.

It seemed I had more questions than ever.

As you already know, the remarkable tantric experience shared in Chapter 1 would help me adopt to a consciousness-based perspective. Additionally, more transformative experiences would occur.

To have those pivotal experiences, I needed to relocate to Maui. Riding a bike wouldn't get me there. I would have loved to sail to Maui on a sailboat. However, to make it easy, I bought a one-way airplane ticket and flew.

Chapter 17

The Vegan Cult

I landed on Maui at the end of November. The Gentle World community had too many people living in the home they were renting, so Butterflies found a place where I could camp in a tent.

Butterflies and I visited some, but I had dropped in on the group during their peak holiday season. Butterflies managed the community's decorative window painting business, and the holidays were the busiest time for that business. She warned me it was terrible timing, but I convinced her I wanted to come anyway, and camping somewhere else was fine with me.

One week after landing on Maui and camping in the jungle, I found a much better situation at Steve-o's, just a little way down the road from my initial camping spot. Steve-o was passionate about permaculture food production and was in the midst of setting up his five-acre (two-hectare) property with orchards, gardens, and dwellings. He offered a work-trade arrangement for a tent platform. Three work traders worked five hours on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Monday and Friday involved permaculture orchard development, while Wednesdays were focused on growing our own vegetables in a large garden. Some of that work involved enlarging the garden by forming additional terraces.

Steve-o's land bordered a river and overlooked a thirty-foot (10-m) waterfall that poured into a pool called the Emerald pool. There was a steep trail from his property down to the top of the waterfall. From there, a person could jump or dive thirty feet (10 m) to land in the pool. Then, a rock climbing ascent was required to get back to the top of the waterfall. When climbing up that cliff, it helped to remember that a deep pool was at the bottom. If someone slipped, they could push away from the cliff and land in the pool.

Just a little further up the river, more pools and waterfalls with easier access were available. At the end of a typical workday,

we would walk to one of the pools, wash off by swimming around and lying in the sun. Once refreshed and clean, we would harvest fresh food from the garden and make a meal together. In addition to Steve-o and the three work traders, Nancy was Steve-o's partner. She participated in every aspect of the program and added a precious feminine ingredient.

The next-door neighbor, Danya, was a fun-loving artist who did a lot of entertaining. I eventually built a unique ten-sided roundish bedroom for her, but that occurred a few years later. Her kitchen/dining room area was an inviting roof-covered open-air space. A wood-burning stove warmed that space at night while producing enough smoke to repel the mosquitoes that exist in abundance on the rainy North Shore of Maui.

Soon, I was invited by the Gentle World folks to explore the northern part of New Zealand's north island. They were interested in purchasing land there and had already purchased twenty acres on the Big Island, Hawai'i. They wanted to add a winter home in New Zealand. To join them, all I needed to do was to get a plane ticket to Auckland. Some community members planned to pick me up at the airport and take me to a house they had rented for a few months. I got a round-trip ticket that gave me two months in New Zealand.

Before I departed from Maui, I ran into the first Gentle World community member, David. When he was third-in-command, just under the two leaders, he used the name Sky. He explained that the leaders, who called themselves Light and Love, were actually Burt and Merle Walbom from Brooklyn, New York. The three got together when Burt was a janitor and Merle was a substitute teacher. Their threesome eventually grew into a community of thirty-five members. After relocating several times to various places in North America, they eventually moved to Maui.

According to David, there was a community rule that hadn't been explained to me. He claimed that the leaders, Light and Love, could choose to have sexual intimacy with any Gentle World member. To fulfill those sexual interests, the leaders

stopped sleeping with each other. With separate bedrooms, they slept with other lovers.

While the group was living on Maui, Sky brought a woman to the community's main house to meet everyone. Soon Sky told her that Light found her sexually attractive. To become part of Gentle World, she needed to sleep with him. She refused and labeled the group a sex cult. Other members heard her claims and realized that she was right. Soon a mass exodus left Light and Love with just seven members. The split-up involved a financial settlement that was worked out amicably between David and the leaders.

I asked Light and Love about David's story. Without denying anything, they claimed to have learned from that experience. So far, I hadn't been required to sleep with Love. Still, Butterflies had asked me if I found Love attractive. I told Butterflies that I was interested in her, not Love. Despite my lack of interest, Butterflies asked additional times but didn't pressure me. Based on those experiences, I hoped that the split-up had induced real change respecting everyone's preferences.

While I was visiting New Zealand and staying with the group, a couple of women offered to marry me to remain in New Zealand permanently. One was a lovely young woman who seemed very mature for her age. I took her hiking on a gorgeous 364-acre (147-hectare) property I had found while helping the community search for a suitable property. This gal and I had a great time together, so I invited her to meet the Gentle World folks. Soon after we arrived at the house, one of the members took me aside and told me to leave the woman alone because Light wanted her.

I was shocked—they hadn't changed! Light already had a 24-year-old beauty and a 29-year-old goddess sleeping with him every night, even though he was 65 years old. The gal they told me to leave alone had offered to marry me to obtain citizenship, and Light was selfishly stepping in to most likely ruin that opportunity.

On top of that, another issue came up, causing me to be sure that this group was headed in a very different direction than I was interested in.

I explained to Butterflies how I felt. She was committed to Light and Love, so our relationship vanished. Another community member, Meadows, tried to lure me back into the community, but we didn't have a viable connection.

Soon my two months had come to an end, and I went back to Maui to continue my work-trade arrangement at Steve-o's.

Eventually, I learned that Gentle World purchased the amazing 364-acre (147-hectare) property I found for a mere \$120,000 US. Recently, I was told that Love had passed away and Light was not doing well. I hope a leadership change will shift the Gentle World dynamics to allow an egalitarian arrangement to emerge. Additionally, turning away from lustful sex by opening to love would be great.

Sex is a natural drive that perpetuates the species. Sexual desires must be strong enough to ensure procreation takes place. Still, intimate sexual experiences can be much more wonderful when love is the central focus.

Beloveds who open their hearts, open themselves to love, and look into each other's eyes when making love upgrade sex into a sacred practice with tremendous potential.

For instance, the magnificent orgasmic experience I described in Chapter 1 took place while I was practicing tantric love-making with Sunshine, a woman I loved most deeply of all.

If the purpose of the Universe is finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others, loving one another is the final frontier. Love is miraculous, and we need to explore it much more than we already have. Rather than opening to love, most people close their hearts to satisfy their ego-mind's lust for power, pleasure, or some sort of selfish desire.

Despite that, open-hearted people find the power of love to be a galvanizing force with the potential to bring peace to the Earth.

The trillion-dollar question is, how will love prevail?

Chapter 18

Maui, the Trickster

Maui is the name of a male demigod from Polynesian mythology. He was a trickster and a hero. Most sources focus on his heroic successes, while some mention calamities that his trickster aspect churned up. In this chapter, I share a story about a human trickster I crossed paths with on Maui. Over 23 years of living on Maui, I noticed there are many tricksters on this island. That's probably true of the entire world; however, there seems to be an abundance of tricksters on Maui.

Altogether, I spent seven months at Steve-o's permaculture farm. While there, I learned a lot about permaculture orchard design and implementation. I also learned about gardening in Hawai'i, which is more challenging than one might expect. Tropical regions typically have depleted soil; biochar is a game-changer, but making that soil amendment takes time.

Overall, I had a great time at Steve-o's. Helping him on his property was a wonderful experience, but eventually, I started looking for a more egalitarian situation. Steve-o is a triple Leo which makes him a strong leader who refuses to allow group decision-making on his property.

When I felt ready to move on, I met an owner of a nearby hui (a property with multiple owners). He told me his dream was to form a self-governed eco-village on the hui. This man said everything I wanted to hear, making the hui project sound wonderful. Conveniently, it was less than a mile up the river that passed by Steve-o's. The eco-village was a new settlement under construction, and the hui was pretty new as well.

A group of people around my age (39) and younger were camping on the hui land. They worked on developing the eco-village and the owners' portions of the property based on a work-trade arrangement.

I set up my tent, stretched a large tarp above it to provide a dry space, and got involved in several projects.

The seven owners sponsored people who lived in the eco-village. Part of this sponsorship arrangement was to help the sponsor on their portion of the hui for ten hours per week.

I used my spring tapping skills from Earth Haven to design and implement a gravity water system for the entire forty acres (16 hectares).

Soon, my sponsor told me that an issue about me had come up at the owners' weekly meeting. We got together, and he told me about a rumor regarding some sort of inappropriate behavior involving an attractive woman. I had no idea what he was talking about and told him I would investigate it and get back to him. I spoke with the woman and discussed the issue with her. She said it was someone—she didn't have any issues with me. I reported back to my sponsor, and that was that.

Nevertheless, the next week another rumor came up. Another twist of reality was involved. Again, I straightened it out. This pattern continued week after week, wasting the owners' and my time to deal with these fallacious rumors. Since I wasn't actually doing any of this stuff, I can't remember any details.

I had been talking with my parents every week for years to keep in touch. As part of that, I shared these suspicious weekly issues with my folks. On one occasion, my mom asked my dad to pick up another phone in their house to have a three-way conversation. Then my mom asked my dad to tell me his story about a situation that he had endured at work. The following shares that story.

My dad, Harold, was a sculptor, a clay modeler who made automobile body shapes and models of interior dashboards, steering columns, inner door panels, and so on. These clay models were made five years before a car was manufactured and sold. He did this work for thirty-three years at the General Motors Technical Center located in the Detroit area.

For the first twenty years, dad worked for one head modeler. Soon after he started working, dad was promoted to be the assistant head modeler. His boss, the head modeler, secretly took advantage of my dad for 20 years. The boss was supposed to be the lead modeler, but since my dad was so naturally talented, the boss backed off and let my dad take the lead. Meanwhile, the boss did the paperwork part of his job. That included evaluating the performance of all the modelers who worked in his studio. He gave my dad very good but not excellent ratings.

Every so often, the top executives inspected the current designs to evaluate them and decide which clay models progressed toward production and which were dropped. The shows took place in a giant dome gallery where all the model cars were displayed. Before the show, these full-size clay models were relocated to the dome gallery. Once there, the associated modelers would do final touchup work that could go overtime, late into the night, and even into the early morning hours.

Instead of helping with the overtime touchup work, my dad's boss would leave before that work was done, relying on my dad to make the models show quality. To give my dad a benefit, his boss would tell dad that he could sleep in the following day and take that day off. The boss assured dad that he would get paid for the overtime and the next day, making it an extra vacation day.

Then, around five in the morning, when the office was deserted, the boss would sneak into work. Later, during the big show, he would lie to his boss, claiming that he had been there all night, doing the touch-up work. My dad and the other modelers had actually prepared the models without the boss. Meanwhile, when this deception took place, my dad was at home sleeping and enjoying his extra vacation day.

This went on for nearly 20 years without anyone knowing that anything out of the ordinary was taking place.

Then, an unexpected change occurred. The American auto industry was suffering due to the popularity of Japanese automobiles, partially because tariffs had timed out in the late 1970s and were not renewed by President Carter. Open borders

allowed cheap imports made in countries with lower labor rates to take over the market. Additionally, the Japanese cars were built using a new form of quality control that made them exceedingly reliable.

At GM, the loss in sales resulted in frozen wages and salaries. Promotions were forbidden, and many employees were terminated. The terminations left one of the advanced clay modeling studios without a head modeler to run it. The vice president in charge of design staff asked my dad if he would be willing to fill in as an acting head modeler for that studio. The VP made it clear my dad wouldn't get a raise in pay or a promotion because that was forbidden due to the austerity rules.

The VP pointed out that Harold had been an assistant head modeler for nearly 20 years, so he ought to be able to do the job. The VP also explained that my dad could check in with the head modeler across the hall with any questions. Finally, the VP explained the head modeler across the hall would evaluate my dad when the annual employee evaluation came up. To rate dad, the head modeler across the hall would be checking in periodically. Accepting all of that, my dad became an acting head modeler.

When the annual evaluation came up, the guy across the hall gave my dad an excellent in every category. At GM there was an unwritten rule that a perfect score wasn't allowed. Instead, managers should always identify something that could be improved. The VP in charge of design staff talked to the head modeler who had evaluated my dad. Still, that man held his ground, claiming that my dad was the best head modeler at GM and possibly the best in the entire automobile industry.

Further investigation uncovered how my dad's old boss had been taking credit for dad's work. To do that, he trained my dad to do the sculpting part of the job while he simply did the paperwork and showed up early at the crucial shows claiming that he had been there the entire night. The whole tech center was fenced and strictly guarded, with all coming and going monitored and recorded. The gate records revealed what was

taking place. The trickster boss was demoted, and his pay level was lowered.

On the other hand, despite the austerity rules, my humble but skilled dad was given a promotion to make him an executive, which included a pension for life and a new car every three months. On top of that, GM flew both of my parents to Australia and provided lodging for six months. My dad shared his skills with the modelers at Holden, the Australian automobile manufacturer owned by GM.

This story's point is how my dad's boss was able to trick everyone while he took advantage of my dad for twenty years. In the last chapter I will show how much of what human beings presume to be real, is an enormous illusion. It's been going on for millennia. So the deeper point here is how gullible we are.

After sharing all of this, my mom explained that there must be someone making up the fake stories to give me grief. She encouraged me to find the trickster.

I had an intuitive feeling I knew who he was, but I was asked to leave the hui before I could determine for sure. The owners explained I could come back in a month or so, but I needed to go for now. Something the trickster encouraged me to get involved in, appeared to violate a community rule with legal implications. Without asking for my side of the story, the owners unilaterally gave me two days to leave.

When these owners didn't give me a chance to defend myself or question my accuser, the trickster who they indemnified by keeping his identity secret, I realized their approach to governance was less fair and less just than the US government. They claimed be offering a better way to live, but their system was actually worse than conventional society.

I went to each of the owners to explain how their system was far worse than the US justice system. For example, the owners held private meetings to make all their decisions behind closed doors, keeping the eco-village residents at their mercy.

Finally, I made it clear to every owner that I would not be coming back. This was the only time I was asked to leave a community, and it was caused by a trickster's lies.

Eventually, the guy I suspected to be the trickster left the community. During his departure interview, he explained that he fancied himself to be a coyote or trickster. He believed his role was to help people face their issues by stirring things up. Once he left, most of the drama occurring at that hui ended.

I still live nearby and have remained friends with four of the owners. One of them filled me in about the trickster admitting to stirring things up.

As I grew older, I discovered some people are so entirely different from me that I can't imagine how it feels to be in their shoes. While some people claim that we are all reflections of one another, that's a fallacy. The reality that became clearer and clearer to me was how we are all individuals with a wide variety of personalities. Some are strikingly different in comparison to others. Unlike a trickster, I tend to reveal too much truth and have been warned about that several times. Being overly truthful, I couldn't imagine how the life of a lying trickster might feel or what motivates a person to live that way. This challenging experience helped me learn how divisive some people can be.

With just two days to find a new place, I serendipitously met someone who welcomed me to move onto their property. I stayed there for nine months while helping complete several projects. Eventually, the owner of that property wanted me to lie to the police to have someone arrested. I refused to participate in his deceptive scheme.

This man's wife was a psychiatrist who medicated him, but sometimes he didn't take his medication. On those occasions, he would become a very different person. During an episode of not using his medication, he entered a state of mind that was too unstable for me to be willing to live with, so I decided to move on.

I have found many trickster characters that fit with the demigod whom the island was named after.

On one occasion, someone sarcastically asked me, “Didn’t you know that Maui is the largest outdoor insane asylum?”

While I laughed at this fellow’s joke, the truth behind it was disturbing.

On the other hand, Maui’s natural beauty, along with how gentle and safe the wilderness is, makes Maui an incredible paradise. I have shared many spectacular features already.

When it comes to people, we all have our quirks. While Maui may have more oddballs than most places, living on Maui has helped me learn how to interact with all sorts of characters.

Chapter 19

My Roller-Coaster Love Affair

In Chapter 1, I shared a story about setting up a lovely property, living in a A-frame screen cabin, and falling in love with an extraordinary woman, Sunshine. She took me on a seven-day tantric love-making adventure that was the most fantastic experience of my life.

As I mentioned twice already, on the sixth day of that adventure, I felt more deeply in love with Sunshine than anyone. Specifically, I explained earlier:

While making love and looking into my beloved's eyes, I recall thinking, "I love this woman so much that I would be willing to give my life to bring her more joy."

I know this doesn't make logical sense, nonetheless, the feeling of love was so strong that I felt ready and willing to do anything to please her, even give my life.

Then, on the seventh day, I returned to Oneness by dropping into my heart. There I became an infinite orgasm and discovered the purpose of the Universe—to find out how it feels to meet mysterious others.

What I didn't include in Chapter 1 was what happened the very next day. Sunshine discovered her dad had cancer. As a nurse who took care of elderly people, she focused on helping her father with his condition and the debilitating treatments he began receiving.

I discovered this when I telephoned Sunshine to get together as we had planned on the last day of our tantric adventure. The call was short; she told me she needed to help her dad and would call later.

A day went by, and she hadn't called, so I called her to see how things were going. She answered with a business-like tone, curtly saying, "I'm busy. I can't talk now," and hung up.

A few days later, I called Sunshine again and asked for one minute to talk. I explained that I'd like to assist her with caring for her dad. However, she wanted to do it her herself and hung up on me again.

I couldn't believe I had been cut off so coldly. I was more in love with her than anyone ever. We were both deeply moved by the truly spectacular tantric adventure. Even though everything was going great between us, it abruptly ended as if she had fallen off the face of the Earth. Since I was sensitive to being abandoned, her abrupt exit was heart-wrenching for me.

It took a couple of months for me to recover from that painful heartbreak.

Then, three months after disappearing, Sunshine called me out of the blue. She explained her father was in remission, and she asked about getting together as if nothing had happened.

I was immediately concerned she would dump me again. I told her that it took quite a while to recover from the broken heart I suffered after she disappeared and wouldn't even talk on the phone.

She claimed she didn't mean to hurt me.

I told her I didn't want to feel so emotionally crushed again, and to protect myself from such pain, I thought it best to keep some distance from her.

The next day she called again to apologize for hurting me. She had written a letter to explain and asked if I would be willing to meet and read it in her presence. She suggested we meet at a friend's place near my home.

I agreed to meet her.

The letter explained how strongly she felt about helping her father and that it was a very personal thing for her to do that. By diving into that emergency situation 100 percent, she dropped our relationship without considering me. She was apologetic and claimed she felt awful she hurt me.

The letter was several pages long, and as I was reading it, tears began to drip down Sunshine's cheeks.

I had recovered and was able to accept what she sincerely expressed in her letter. When I was done reading, she asked me if I would give her a second chance. I took a deep breath and agreed to give it another try. How could I refuse? It was the most beautiful relationship I had ever experienced.

Although I was willing to get back together, I secretly planned to avoid the tantric sex to keep myself from diving so deeply into love again. I figured we could enjoy our wilderness adventures, conventional sex, and typical love.

Soon, I moved to the most spectacular property I've lived on, Kaliae. It's sixty-four acres (26 hectares) of conservation land on the ocean with two deep river valleys bordering two sides of the steeply sloping terrain. The surrounding land is a state reserve stretching for thousands of acres, placing Kaliae in a wilderness without any human neighbors.

According to the previous owners, no one had lived there in over a hundred years.

This was my sixth project that involved settling raw land. The owners and I set up a large tarp-covered work area sixty feet (18 m) long by thirty feet (9 m) wide to provide a dry base camp. To do that, the owners purchased a backhoe and a bulldozer to sculpt terraces into the steeply slanted land (15 percent grade) that ended at 200 feet (61 m) tall sea cliffs.

Before moving there, I was concerned about using the big machinery to alter such a pristine landscape. To get some guidance, I went on a Hawai'ian Baby Woodrose vision quest. It was the end of 2000, just about a year before I learned about the Soul in the human heart. As I mention on page 192, my inner voice told me that the source was in my heart, but I wasn't able to fit that into my matter-based view of reality. So, even though I had been following my inner guidance for forty years, the source of that guidance remained mysterious.

Without knowing how intuition worked, I had found hallucinogenic substances helped me tap into the source more effectively. In support of that, I learned of the term entheogen which is defined on my Mac as, "A chemical substance, typically

of plant origin, that is ingested to produce a non-ordinary state of consciousness for religious or spiritual purposes.” This word was a better label for the substances that had been labeled hallucinogens by recreational drug users.

Beyond learning of the term entheogen, I had already experienced using plant medicines to experience more profound insight into spirituality, health, and other fields of interest as I shared earlier. So, to help me determine if it was appropriate to use a bulldozer on the Kaliae property, I chose to go on a Hawai‘ian Baby Woodrose seed vision quest. A friend introduced me to these seeds and I had located an old vine that grew along the public roadside, making it easily accessible. I had already harvested some seeds but hadn’t tried them yet.

I used the internet to find instructions that explained how to clean the seeds and how many to eat. Ingesting these substances is a bit scary, especially the first time you try a new one. They all have somewhat similar effects, but the trips can be quite different.

Even though I used entheogenic substances, I’m not recommending that anyone uses them. All the answers are available by just asking the right questions and paying attention to what comes up in your mind intuitively, therefore substances aren’t needed. Beyond that, tantra, meditation, and other substance free methods can be used achieve even better results than the substances provide.

Since I wasn’t aware of that in 2000, I used the Hawai‘ian Baby Woodrose seed vision quest method to obtain guidance.

I carefully cleaned the fuzz off the seeds, then washed them and my hands very well. Next, I set my intention to determine if it was appropriate for me to get involved in this project that employed big machinery to alter exquisite property.

I ate six seeds and laid down on the Earth to connect with her, hoping to get an answer that was in alignment with Mother Earth. My stomach got a bit upset, and I felt pretty weak. Then, I began to get guidance explaining that the powerful machines could be used to make the terraces, creating greater diversity in

the landscape. The resulting terraces could be used to grow food and allow people to experience the magnificent land. If properly formed with a reverse pitch, the soil could become more fertile to support a greater variety of plants.

Over the past twenty years, I've seen a considerable increase in fertility on the terraces that we sculpted into that land. All kinds of healthy plants are growing very well. We only made a few terraces at the top of the land, far from the ocean frontage. Still, the area that was sculpted covered a couple acres. The open terraces have flourished with thick jungle and fruit trees. The remainder provides flat land for a homestead where a caretaker family lives and brings up their children. I continue to go hiking there with friends to share the waterfalls and breathtaking views.

Getting back to when I started working on that land, I built an A-frame screen structure for myself and then set up places for the owners when they came to visit and help for a few days here and there.

On some days, I would go exploring, either by myself or with visitors. We found and cleared ancient switchback trails created by Hawai'ians as part of the King's Highway, a coastal path that encircles the island. The sections we put back into use gave us access to the ocean at two river mouths. At the bottom of one trail, a rocky beach led to a third river with a huge pool and a waterfall over 200-foot (61 m) tall.

To get down to one of the rivers without hiking all the way to the ocean, I made a rope trail down a steep but manageable portion of a 300-foot (91-m) deep canyon. Following my inner guidance, I ended up at the top of a 180-foot waterfall with a beautiful pool just upstream. The rocks in that particular location are smooth and flat, providing comfortable places to lie in the sun next to the pool. Another convenient feature found there is a grassy area on the river bank that's flat enough for camping and high enough to be safe from flash floods.

All three rivers featured numerous waterfalls and pools. There was even a tiny black sand beach where one river meets the ocean.

Over the years, I've rappelled down into some of the difficult-to-access portions of these rivers to find exquisitely beautiful settings. On one occasion, an adventurous young gal and I descended into an unexplored part of one river. Going downstream, we stopped when we found ourselves at the top of a 300-foot (91 m) waterfall pouring into a gigantic pool. Going upstream, we found an unusual waterfall that passed under a rock arch to flow down a lava tube water slide thirty feet (9 m) that poured into a deep, dark pool.

To get to that unusual waterfall, we swam *au naturel* up the river. Vines dangled downward from an undercut cliff on one side of the river to touch the water's surface. Those vines decorated that section of the river with purple flowers that appeared to be hanging from the heavens, producing an unimaginably gorgeous setting.

On the other side of the property, an easily accessible cliff edge offered an exquisite view. From that 500-foot (152 m) cliff, nineteen waterfalls could be seen, all of them very close by. A marble bench was eventually placed on that cliff edge to offer a seat for comfortably enjoying the sublimely majestic beauty.

Once I had opened up a few trails with a machete, the owner began mowing most of them with his tractor. With those trails available, it became easy to visit the numerous highlights offered by this fantastic wonderland.

Kaliae was exceptionally spectacular, and I was being paid a small weekly stipend to live there. To earn my keep, I designed and set up a gravity water system using over 1,000 feet (305 m) of pipe. I also installed 6,000 feet (1,829 m) of underground phone line, a solar hot shower and bath, a small solar-power system to provide electricity, a kitchen, a dining room, and a screened pantry for food. On top of all that, I covered a big base camp with three giant tarp roofs and built a few bedroom spaces for myself, the owners, and helpers.

To acquire supplies, I would simply write three lists: food, materials, and tools. The owners would pick up, pay for, and deliver everything to the land.

Early one morning, when jogging, I stopped at the nineteen-waterfall vista to see a double rainbow arching over the already breathtaking scene. As I took in the startling beauty, I wondered what I had done to deserve such blessings.

Surely, I had passed up big money, and I was being paid just \$125 per week. Still, I didn't have any expenses. Millionaires did the shopping, paid for everything, and delivered it. I was learning how the Way of the Heart path is the ultimate life path. It's not about money or power—miraculous blessings exceed all of that. Truly magical experiences aren't for sale. Money can't buy them. People who remain attentive to their inner guidance receive unexpected blessings that are arranged by our Souls.

To top it all off, Sunshine would come out to visit. We would go hiking right there, or she would take me somewhere else, the crater, out to Hana, or to Mana Wai Nui, an unusual waterfall.

One day Sunshine and I explored a secluded bowl-like area located partway down into a river that bordered Kaliae. This bowl-shaped area had lots of wild banana trees and shampoo ginger plants growing in very thick, spongy grass. We collected lots of juicy ginger flowers—they look like long red pinecones, but these cones are soft and filled with a slippery juice that offers a lovely ginger aroma.

After laying a sarong on top of the soft puffy grass, we took off our clothing and spread the shampoo ginger juice all over our bodies. Once covered with the sweet-smelling slippery juice, we embraced and enjoyed the erotic sensations of our bodies smoothly sliding against one another. Although I had planned to resist practicing tantra, I caved in and looked into Sunshine's eyes. Soon, my love for her returned.

With our love rekindled, our adventures became incredibly wonderful. Despite that, I began to notice important differences between us.

Sunshine was an endorphin junky. She ran barefoot for miles up and down long beaches. She also swam long distances and preferred long, challenging hikes with extended physical

exertion. Conversely, I was interested in going to enchanting destinations, and many existed right where I lived.

When it came to food, she ate meat, but I didn't. She moved into town, but I moved further out into the wilderness. I dreamt of living in a communal arrangement, but she preferred her autonomy. She liked to play in nature, and I wanted to live and play in nature. As I compared our lifestyles, it became clear that we didn't really fit together.

Although we shared extraordinary nature adventures and a fantastic sexual connection, I had a deep desire to find my Soulmate. When discussing this with another friend of mine, she convinced me that I ought to end the relationship with Sunshine to make space for a more compatible partner.

At the end of an adventurous excursion with Sunshine, as she drove us down the access road to Kaliae, I asked her to stop the vehicle. After she did, I explained to her all the ways we didn't fit together. Then I suggested we stop being lovers to make room for more compatible partners.

Unexpectedly, she agreed without a fight, saying, "Okay, but let's make love one last time?"

That seemed reasonable, so I said, "Sure."

Sunshine put her Isuzu Trooper back in gear and continued down the access road to Kaliae. We hopped out and strolled down a path along the cliff edge to my secluded A-frame screen cabin with its fabulous view of the Pacific ocean and beautiful cliffs that stretched out along her edge.

As we began to make love, I realized this was an unusual situation. This love-making session would be the last time we would make love with each other, and I was aware of that before we started. As a generous lover, I usually make an effort to please the woman I'm making love with. Part of why I do that is to impress them, hoping to have future opportunities. Being short and chubby most of my life, I didn't get as many love-making opportunities as I would have liked. In this case, there weren't going to be any future opportunities. This was our last hurrah.

That being the case, I decided to simply enjoy the experience without making any effort to impress her.

Somehow that unbridled freedom made this love-making session remarkably exquisite. An abundance of love and openness emerged from both of us. Afterward, when laying next to each other, I mentioned how unusually wonderful that session was for me. Sunshine concurred by exclaiming something like, “Yeah, that was incredible!”

Soon she asked, “So, what about tomorrow?”

I replied, “There isn’t a tomorrow for us. This is it.”

“After that?” she exclaimed.

In my typical stubborn way, I stuck to our agreement.

Later, we separately performed cord-cutting ceremonies to sever our romantic connection. A platonic friendship in which we occasionally hike developed. Over the years that followed, I’ve thanked Sunshine many times for the spectacular experiences we shared.

In the days and weeks that followed, I reflected on how life was quite different when I was in love compared to when I wasn’t in love. The world appeared more beautiful and felt more enjoyable while in love. I recalled a particular situation in which someone behaved in a way that would usually irritate me. Still, while deeply in love, I viewed that situation quite differently. Somehow, I saw their behavior as a way for them to learn something, and I wasn’t upset by it.

Looking back on what took place between Sunshine and me, I realized that I had gone on a roller coaster ride of falling in love and being broken-hearted. That ride began with learning tantra and being in love more deeply than I had ever been. Then, I suffered heartbreak for a couple of months while Sunshine took care of her dad. Soon after I got over those painful feelings, we got back together, and I fell in love with her again. Finally, we split up, leaving me without a beloved in my life. This experience allowed me to see more clearly than ever the distinct differences

between being in love, being broken-hearted, and simply being without a beloved.

Being in love made my life feel wonderful, while being broken-hearted was painful and sad.

Without a beloved, I could still love life and enjoy myself, but being deeply in love made life exquisite.

Chapter 20

Searching For Love

The roller-coaster love affair ended while I was living at the nature wonderland, Kaliae. I'll return to my life story with what took place there after Sunshine and I shifted from lovers to friends.

After I had established a base camp, other people moved onto that magnificent property to develop the infrastructure. The work included a 6,000 foot (1,828 m) underground phone cable with twenty-four pairs of wires, some small bedroom spaces, a solar-heated shower and bath, trail development and maintenance, planting trees, and lots of other details.

The long-term plan was to create a retreat campground with a staff who lived there on the land in a communal arrangement. I was hoping this would be my dream community. It was by far the most incredible place to live.

To provide a well-thought-out proposal to the appropriate government officials, we decided we needed to learn about the land first. To do that, we were putting in basic infrastructure to experience the land, learn what it had to offer, and then develop a proposal.

As that process progressed, I noticed how the owners treated the workers in a classist way that belittled the workers rather than respecting them for their valuable contributions. Some of the helpers told me about how degrading that treatment felt. I discussed this problem with the owners numerous times and asked them to treat everyone with respect. Eventually, the owners went too far by showing zero consideration for a helpful young man. They disposed of him when he wasn't needed without any notice at all. This convinced me that an egalitarian community wouldn't work with these owners. With that clear, I decided it was time for me to leave.

Being isolated at that remote property for eight months, I wasn't aware of any new opportunities elsewhere. Without anywhere to go, I hitched a ride to my favorite beach and spent the nights sleeping in a cave located up in the adjacent hills. This was an excellent way to clear my head for a couple of weeks.

I realized that the utopian community I was dreaming of finding or building didn't fit into the cosmic plan at that time. Reluctantly, I decided to give up on my community dreams. Things could change, but I needed to let go of that dream for the time being.

It was the fall of 2001. While camping at the beach, four people who knew me asked if I could build one of my screen-and-tarp A-frame bedroom spaces for them on their land. These people wanted to pay me and had the funds to do the project anytime I was available.

Up to that point, the property owners of the places where I worked supplied tools for me to use, so I didn't have my own tools. I also didn't have a vehicle to carry tools nor supplies. However, I did have \$1,000 in the bank. With customers interested in paying me to build my designs for them, I came up with a plan to buy a pickup truck and a basic set of tools and get started with those projects.

I purchased an old Ford F150 pickup with a long bed and an extended cab for \$500. Next, I drove to Home Depot to buy tools. The cashier asked me if I wanted a store credit card. She explained I would get a discount on my first purchase and wouldn't need to make my first payment for a month. I got the card, the tools and still had enough money to live on while getting my little business started.

Soon, I purchased some plywood and other materials to build a tiny bedroom in the truck's long bed. I designed it with a lumber rack on top so I could pick up and deliver materials. My camper bedroom's siding swung upward on hinges, making the walls into awnings that kept rain from coming in the screens hidden underneath those walls. Those awning-covered screen

openings allowed lots of fresh tropical air to flow through the bedroom space, making it an fine place for sleeping.

The A-frame bedrooms went up quickly.

Soon, Danya, the artistic woman who lived next door to Steve-o, contracted me to build a more elaborate, ten-sided round bedroom space with a cupola in the conical roof center. To reduce her costs, we worked out a mutually beneficial trade. While I built her bedroom, she painted beautiful murals on my tiny bedroom camper's sides and back.

On one side of the vehicle, she painted a beautiful rendition of the top of a coconut tree with its palm fronds and ripening coconuts. On the other side, she painted mangos hanging on a branch with gorgeous tropical heliconias and red ginger flowers. On the back, over the doorway, she painted a waterfall with lovely plants on both sides.

Her murals transformed one of the ugliest beat-up sun-scorched trucks into a gorgeous vehicle. One stranger told me, "I love your truck! It's the most beautiful vehicle I've ever seen!" Of course, Danya was responsible for all that beauty.

I eventually named that truck "The Love Shack." While truck camping in this funky but beautiful vehicle, I tried to recover the joyful feelings and positive perspective that accompanied being in love with Sunshine. While looking for love, I went through a string of short sexual flings that didn't really involve love. Without love, those connections were surprisingly disappointing. Throughout these affairs, I wasn't feeling fulfilled. Instead, I felt remorse. Each time, I hoped I had found someone to love and develop a long-lasting relationship with. But that wasn't happening. We would have some sexual fun, but that was all there was to these affairs.

On one occasion, I met a super attractive gal who told me she simply wanted to have some fun. Although the sun had already set, I asked her if she'd like to go to the beach with me. She was totally into that idea and followed me to a secluded beach. I laid out a sheet on the sand for us to lay on. In a few minutes, I discovered that she had male genitals!

That disaster made it exceedingly clear that my sexual escapades were backfiring big time. Looking back on all those love affairs, I could see that sex without love wasn't improving my frame of mind. Rather than feeling more joy and encountering a more beautiful world, I felt remorse, and the world kind of sucked.

After nine disappointing flings and the final genuinely comical episode, I stopped screwing around. I decided to remain celibate until I found someone I actually loved.

Soon after I had made that decision, the people who owned the property where I met Sunshine called me to see if I'd be interested in caretaking their property while they went on a three-week vacation. They made a list of tasks that needed to be accomplished and offered to pay me for any time I spent working on those tasks. Most importantly, they wanted someone to be living there so intruders wouldn't take advantage of a vacant property.

At that point, in the summer of 2002, I'd been living in the truck for nine months, and truck camping was getting old. A couple of times, police woke me up and asked me to relocate my vehicle in the middle of the night. Those intrusions made truck camping feel dangerous.

Having grown tired of being homeless, an opportunity to have a home for a few weeks was just what I needed. I moved back into my little screened A-frame bedroom with its 360-degree view and felt relieved to have a home that felt safe and sound.

While I was taking care of the thirteen acres (5 hectares), I felt guided to investigate why the world felt glorious when deeply in love and why it felt awful when broken-hearted. The roller-coaster love affair and nine months of failed flings left me wondering about emotional dynamics. To learn more, I decided to go on another Hawai'ian Baby Woodrose seed vision quest.

One morning, before eating anything and while still in my A-frame, I prepared some Hawai'ian Baby Woodrose seeds by scraping off the fuze and washing them thoroughly with my bottle of drinking water. Next, I set an intention for my quest by

stating in my mind, “I would like to learn why the world seems so wonderful when I’m in love and why it seems so awful when I’m broken-hearted.”

Then I heard my inner dialogue voice add, “And what does my heart have to do with that?”

I wondered why that bit about my heart seemed to pop up out of nowhere, but to proceed with the vision quest, I simply made a mental note and placed the seeds in my mouth. I also put a date in my mouth to counteract the seed’s bitter taste.

Once I had chewed and swallowed everything, I washed it down with water. With that done, I laid down on my bed, quieted my mind, and waited to learn about being in love.

Soon, an answer arrived:

The heart is the central balance point.

Skyward from the heart is the intellectual, masculine ego polarity that culminates in Father Sky. The upper three chakras are blue, indigo, and violet—colors of the Sky. Thus, the intellectual conscious-mind resides in the head.

Earthward from the heart is the emotional, feminine polarity that culminates in Mother Earth. The lower three chakras are red, orange, and yellow—colors of the Earth. Hence, the emotional subconscious-mind resides in the gut.

In the middle, the heart chakra is green—the color of plants. Plants extend their roots down into Mother Earth while reaching up into Father Sky with their branches and leaves. The magnificent plants bring the masculine and feminine polarities together within themselves to produce most of what we cherish and depend on: fresh air, healthy food, beauty, and lovely fragrances. Similarly, the divine consciousness within the heart (the Superconscious-Soul) combines masculine intellect with feminine emotions to form a whole consciousness that is holy.

When in love, a person’s Soul expands beyond the heart to encompass and overlay the head and gut-minds, altering those minds’ perspectives so they can see the perfection in everything.

This open-hearted state of mind enhances one's life, blessing those in love with ease and grace.

Alternatively, when a person falls out of love, their heart closes. This means that the Soul shrinks back into the heart-center withdraws its divine perspective from the head and gut-minds, leaving the closed-hearted person to view reality from the polarity they're most accustomed to using.

From the masculine intellectual view of reality, people are confused by the feminine emotional aspects of reality because they defy the intellect. Life loses its magic as the intellectual mind in the head questions the Soul's guidance, and we begin to make poor choices. On top of that, the perfection that always exists throughout creation can't be comprehended by the one-sided half perspective offered by the intellect.

On the other hand, from the feminine emotional perspective, a person becomes one-sided in a different way. From the feeling gut polarity, one becomes uncomfortable with the logical portions of reality because they lack emotional warmth. Life loses its magic as the gut-mind's feelings override the Soul's guidance, leading to poor choices. The perfection that always exists can't be grasped by the half perspective of reality provided by the emotions.

Experiencing life from either the masculine or feminine polarity causes a person to fall out of step with nearly half of reality—the half that's aligned with the opposing polarity. Either polarity causes the individual to disengage from their Soul's divine wholeness, causing life to become difficult compared to the open-hearted state of being.

The central Soul's holistic perspective offers people the ability to understand and embrace the full spectrum of reality—masculine to feminine, intellect to emotions, alpha to omega. This holy perspective reveals eternal perfection when one's heart is open.

On top of that, our Souls share their wisdom with open-hearted people most easily, guiding the open-hearted along the serendipitous Red Road of Beauty. Simply pondering questions

in one's mind provokes the Soul to offer correct answers that arise intuitively from the heart.

Thus, to have the most joyful life possible, live with an open heart, walking the Red Road of Beauty.

Much of this information arrived as thoughts or insights with images that emerged as I learned one piece at a time. To share what came with you, I needed to use words. To pick the right words, I wrote this while keeping my heart open to receive guidance from the magnificent Soul in my heart.

Unexpectedly, during this quest, my Soul provided a novel three-part arrangement of human consciousness. The heart's central component was identified to be the Soul; the polar opposite endpoints of intellect and emotions reside in the head and gut, respectively.

Back in 2002, this arrangement of human consciousness was quite unusual. Despite that, people have always been aware of guidance from their hearts and feelings that arise from their gut.

In summary, what I learned was that the heart is the balance point between the intellectual conscious-mind in the head and the emotional subconscious-mind in the gut. The central Superconscious-Soul that resides in the heart contains nearly equal parts of intellect and emotions. With a whole consciousness, the Soul is holy. It can see the perfection that is continually unfolding. Additionally, the Soul has access to all the knowledge that exists, enabling it to provide infallible intuition to the conscious mind (or ego-mind) in the head.

The polarized head and gut-minds both have distorted views that are either too intellectual or too emotional.

However, when a person's heart opens, the Soul's balanced consciousness expands to envelop the head and gut-minds transforming their perspectives to reveal perfection.

Hence, it's always best to live with one's heart open.

Chapter 21

Scientific Support is Delivered

Soon after my vision quest had provided a three-part human consciousness model, scientific support was actually delivered to me. My old girlfriend Sunshine, who had become my hiking buddy, showed up to offer me two books she found too intellectual. She felt I might find them interesting.

The Heart's Code was written by Dr. Paul Pearsall, a neuropsychologist who specialized in dealing with the psychological issues that arise when a new heart is placed in a person's chest. In his book, Pearsall shares astonishing real-life cases indicating that an essential part of human consciousness literally inhabits the heart organ.

For instance, a woman received a donor heart from a murder victim. While she expected to simply gain a healthy muscular pump to better circulate her blood, she also received memories of the heart donor's demise. Those memories included the murderer's identity. The subsequent police investigation, using her leads, recovered the murder weapon and convicted the murderer. For this to be possible, the heart must have contained real memories from the murder victim. Evidently, these memories were not stored in the brain but in the physical heart removed from the murder victim and placed into the recipient's chest.

In another case, a heart transplant recipient who detested Mexican food received a donor heart from a Mexican man. After the transplant, the recipient became quite fond of eating Mexican food. He also changed his sexual style and other personality traits.

According to Pearsall, these types of unexpected changes would take place when a person's heart was removed and a new heart from someone else was placed in their chest. While helping numerous heart transplant recipients, Pearsall found they

commonly undergo significant personality changes after receiving a new heart. His book provides numerous examples of substantial changes in sexual, dietary, and musical preferences; sleep patterns; communication style; and other personal habits, such as cigarette smoking.

In an unusual “domino transplant,” a patient with failing lungs was given a new heart and lungs from a deceased donor. Both organs were transplanted together because the heart and lungs are easier to replace concurrently. The failing lungs and a good heart were removed to make room for the donated heart-lung combo. That heart was then donated to a third man. When this domino transplant process was complete, two men remained alive. One of the patients, Fred, had a new heart that was donated by the other living man who had received a deceased donor’s heart-lung combo.

This case was fascinating to Dr. Pearsall because Fred had a new heart donated by a man who remained alive. Dr. Pearsall had the rare opportunity to discuss post-heart transplant personality changes with the two living men and their wives.

Fred and his wife reported Fred’s new personality traits with the living donor and his wife. They confirmed that the donor had those personality traits before the transplant took place. At the end of the meeting, Fred’s wife exclaimed, “My Fred received a personality transplant.”

When a heart is transplanted, the donor’s persistent behavior—what I’m calling personality—appears to relocate with the heart organ even though the conscious-mind in the recipient’s head remains untouched.

In his book, Dr. Pearsall offers many examples supporting the old idea that one’s personality comes from the heart. These well-documented heart transplant cases prove that the modern theory claiming “it’s all in the head” is false.

Beyond that, some of those facts, like the woman knowing the identity of the donor’s murderer, revive old claims about the heart being a mind. Needless to say, I was astonished to find such convincing support for consciousness in the heart.

The other book Sunshine loaned me was a silver hardcover book. Unfortunately, I failed to record its name. Once I had read both books, I returned them to Sunshine, and she passed them on. Although I've tried to find that silver book's name, I haven't been able to identify it. I do recall it was translated from German, and I think it had two authors. I vaguely remember that it was written in the 1990s. Unfortunately, those details haven't led to finding the book. In the following, I'll share what I read in that book. If you're aware of the book's name, please email me at magnificentsoul@yahoo.com.

After reading the silver book, I wrote an essay that included the book's description of two research projects supporting the proposition that our infallible intuition comes from the heart.

What I read involved Stanford University researchers investigating special human test subjects. These people had developed an ability to place themselves into a trance state. In that state of mind, the subjects' brain wave frequencies were measured to be delta or theta, the brain's two lowest frequency ranges. While in their trance state, the subjects remained awake and aware. Still, their conscious mind stopped having thoughts or ideas that people typically discuss inside their heads using their inner dialogue. In other words, no internal dialogue takes place while a person is in this sort of self-induced trance.

Even so, people with this ability have discovered that they occasionally hear their inner voice make a statement, seemingly on its own. When the researchers were made aware of these mysterious statements emerging within these people, they devised a way to investigate and analyze them.

To do so, the researchers asked the test subjects to enter their trance and wait for the voice to speak. After hearing a statement, each subject was instructed to tell the researchers precisely what was said. The researchers wrote down what the test subjects reported they had heard inside their minds to record the statements.

Upon investigation and after fact-checking each recorded statement, all the statements were found to be true. Surprisingly,

some statements contained information considered impossible for the test subject to be aware of when the experiment occurred, making the findings particularly intriguing. In the research report's conclusion, the mysterious inner voice was named "the infallible voice" to acknowledge its accuracy.

Inspired by these results, follow-up research was devised to determine where the infallible voice was coming from. In the second research project, the same test subjects were placed, one at a time, into a small room outfitted with sophisticated electromagnetic radiation (EMR) sensing equipment. That equipment monitored the EMR within the room, including radiation inside the subject's body. Additionally, the subject could signal when the infallible voice was speaking and not speaking.

Once situated in the room, the subject entered their trance state of mind. When the infallible voice spoke, the researchers discovered that EMR ranging from 250 to 1,000 cycles per second emanated from the top of the subject's heart and beamed upward into the middle of the subject's head. This beam of radiation only appeared when the voice was speaking. Based on this, the researchers wrote in the second research report's conclusion, "The infallible voice comes from the heart."

These two research projects persuasively show that infallible knowledge is transmitted from the heart up into the head.

I was amazed by what these books offered and how Sunshine was guided to bring these books to me shortly after I completed the vision quest described in the previous chapter. Moreover, these were the only books that Sunshine loaned to me.

I began suspecting my life had been guided from an early age to learn about following and opening the heart.

Soon I wondered, How does the ego-mind in the head receive and understand the EMR that's beamed up from the heart? The intuitive answer that came to me intuitively was, "The pineal gland/third-eye."

I called the property owners to ask if I could use their computer to search the internet for pineal gland information, and they approved.

I quickly discovered that the pineal gland had been dissected and microscopically analyzed to find that this gland is a small eyeball with a lens. It also has receptors that are neurologically connected to the visual cortex, much like the two eyes that we use to view our surroundings. The big difference was how this eye is located in the center of the head between the ears and straight back from the top of the nose. While most people think the pineal gland is located close to the forehead, it's actually deep in the brain's center. Many have wondered, "What's an eyeball doing buried in the middle of the brain?"

As an engineer, I knew that EMR frequencies span a vast range that stretches from 0.0 Hz (Hertz are cycles per second) all the way up to 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 Hz.

I also knew that the middle of that spectrum, from 400 trillion to 800 trillion Hz, is the range that human eyes can see.

While thinking about this, I recalled how my intuition often provided answers by placing a picture in my mind. I figured the lower frequency EMR that beam up from the heart and into the head's center could be received by the little pineal gland eye. Because that eye is smaller and the receptors are considerably different, those differences could account for how that eye can see the lower frequency signals that emerge from the heart.

Eventually, I studied the brain enough to develop theories regarding the other forms of intuition, feelings, knowing, and inner voice. Those details can be found in *The Magnificent Soul*.

On the other hand, many of my spiritual friends discussed downloads coming from a heavenly source up above. In some cases, they look up and raise their hands toward the heavens, hoping for divine guidance to come down from above. Obviously, this behavior is based on the popular notion of a God in Heaven.

Despite that, I was discovering that we have a god within ourselves—an infallible source of knowledge that is somehow located inside human hearts!

I had been following my intuition my entire life to receive countless correct answers. That inner guide told me it was located in my heart. The vision quest went even further, clarifying three portions of consciousness with the genius situated in the heart. Then, the books offered convincing support. Therefore, I finally accepted the idea that some sort of superconscious-mind was located in human hearts.

To share this, I wrote a one-page essay and printed several copies. Then, I discussed this with friends and gave them copies of the paper. Some of them found it fascinating; however, it seemed most people politely agreed without really believing a divine consciousness resides in our hearts.

On some rare occasions, a person would offer support and even specific leads to find additional evidence.

For instance, someone told me that some people refer to the third eye as the heart-eye. With that lead, I found verification on the internet.

Someone else told me their Sufi master taught them that god resides within everyone's heart. Over time, I found much more support and even met a Sufi master who taught that Allah lives in our hearts.

Meanwhile, most spiritual and religious people believed in a higher power, residing in a higher realm, presumably Heaven.

Although I had considered the heavenly god theory, it never felt right. On a few occasions, when I explored spiritual chanting, I felt lighter and noticed a sensation of nearly floating. As I walked, it seemed as if my feet barely touched the ground.

After an unusually uplifting Dances of Universal Peace session, a dance and chanting method of spiritual celebration, I felt exalted. As I left that session, holding my head high, I noticed some downtrodden people sitting on the curb at the street's edge.

I remember thinking it was unfortunate that these people couldn't lift themselves up out of the gutter.

Instantly, my conscience guided me to notice how arrogant that thought was. Who was I to judge these people I didn't even know? This incident helped me see that elevating practices can inflate the ego-mind. While ego-inflation feels good, I was intuitively guided to understand how these elevating practices would lead me away from my Soul within my heart.

To move toward the heart, I was being intuitively guided to realize that the heart's middle path is easier to follow with a humble ego, one that's willing to surrender to the divine Soul within. Many consider surrender to be a weakness, but it's actually joining the winners.

With all the accomplishments I had tallied up throughout my life, remaining humble was difficult for me. However, I was learning that a divine guardian who resides in my heart was responsible for all my accomplishments.

To verify that hypothesis, I began to pay attention to what succeeded and what failed. Because I was involved in building shelters and many other systems based on my own designs, I had lots of opportunities to work with my intuition. I also purchased cheap used cars and worked on them myself, giving me even more opportunities to observe the process of following my Soul's guidance.

While wondering how to determine which ideas come from my Soul versus my conscious mind in my head, I was reminded of a memorable experience. In Chapter 4, I shared a story about an American History test. That test involved a lot of reading, which I was guided to skip. To complete the test quickly, I simply read the questions and the multiple-choice answers. Then, I quickly pick the answers that felt best without using my ego-mind to second guess them. Miraculously, I got a perfect score!

With the head-heart-gut consciousness model in mind, I reconsidered that high school experience to notice how the first answer is correct. When the head or gut-minds second-guess the initial Soul answer, they offer incorrect secondary answers.

Despite that rule, I've already discussed the exception. On many occasions, the correct answer would arrive the following morning, when waking up, even though I had pondered the question the previous day. In those cases, it wasn't the first answer that was correct. When considering those exceptions, I recalled my unusual experience at MIT when my Soul guided me to solve the computer programming problem presumed to be unsolvable. In that case, I didn't receive the solution until the next day while I was daydreaming in class.

In all other cases, throughout nineteen years of school tests, the answers were always known. Asking questions with known answers is how school teachers test their students. But, in this one particular case, the answer hadn't been found yet.

I was guided intuitively to realize that an unsolved problem wouldn't have a ready-made answer available in the catalog of divine knowledge that Souls have access to. Hence, innovative solutions to novel problems need to be worked out. That takes time, explaining why new solutions tend to arise the next day when the mind is quiet enough to receive them. Since I had stopped using an alarm clock and woke up naturally, my mind was calm and open to new ideas every morning.

Because my life involved finding answers to lots of unsolved questions, I became familiar with how these answers pop up in my mind long after pondering the questions, often the following morning when waking up slowly.

In one of my consulting experiences, a Sun Microsystems manager asked me to fix more than 100 bugs in a gigantic and complex software application. The manager explained that he didn't think I could fix so many bugs during the six-month contract. However, if I miraculously fixed them all, he provided a list of improvements for me to work on.

With my Soul supplying the answers, I fixed all the bugs, made all the improvements, and came up with an enhancement that made the application run much faster than expected. At that time, Sun Microsystems had the cheapest and slowest workstations compared to IBM, Hewitt-Packard, Digital

Equipment, and Silicon Graphics. Despite that, by utilizing a hardware feature available on the \$10,000 Sun workstation, I made it respond to the user faster than the other companies' \$250,000 workstations!

The manager was so impressed with what my Soul guided me to accomplish that he offered me a full-time job at Sun's corporate office in California. That's when five companies started a bidding war offering me higher and higher salaries. I took the health-care information job in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

All these sorts of historical incidents provided lots of food for thought as I endeavored to understand how a divine consciousness in my heart was guiding me all along.

For instance, going to MIT and doing the consulting work put me in situations that showed me the Soul is more brilliant than the world's top intellectuals. Of course, all Souls are geniuses. The critical issue is how well a person follows their intuition.

The founder and CEO of Apple Inc. until he died, Steve Jobs, affirmed that intuition is "more powerful than the intellect."

As I reflected on my MIT experiences, I recalled how I took an outrageous risk to get to MIT. I passed up other school's offers and went out on a limb without financial resources to back me up. However, by following my heart, everything miraculously worked out. That caused me to wonder, "Why did I follow my inner guidance so attentively?"

Instantly, the black widow spider incident popped up in my mind. As I recalled that incident, I remembered that I intuitively knew the spider was in the box, but I foolishly placed my head in the box to experience intense terror. I was foolishly acting out of alignment with my inner knowing and that led to trauma. That trauma made me afraid to venture far from my Soul's guidance. In other words, I was traumatized into following my heart without knowing what I was doing. Then, over time, it appears my Soul guided me through an unusual life that taught me about my Superconscious-Soul, where it resided, and how to follow its guidance. Beyond that, I learned what opening the heart means and how an opened heart changes our view of reality.

In the years that followed, I have studied my conscious mind's abilities and compared them to my Soul. Over nearly twenty years of observation, I became convinced that my ego-mind is more feeble and gullible than I could have imagined possible. I'm actually an idiot who makes lots of mistakes.

Conversely, the Superconscious-Soul is a god that knows everything. When I realize I've made a mistake, I often recall how I knew it was the other way around, yet I foolishly chose to follow my feeble mind's poor choices. That made me wonder: If our Souls can make our lives better, then why is the feeble ego-mind in charge of making our decisions?

Obviously, there was still more for me to learn about human consciousness, the grand plan of the Universe, and our roles in that plan. Still, my open-hearted life had already enabled me to understand several essential pieces of life's puzzle. Here's a list of the pieces I had already managed to grasp:

- ♥ The Superconscious-Soul resides in the heart.
- ♥ The intellectual ego-mind resides in the head.
- ♥ The emotional subconscious mind resides in the gut.
- ♥ Opening the heart expands the Soul to envelop the head and gut, transforming their perspectives to know that everything is perfect.
- ♥ Following the heart takes place when a person follows the inner guidance that comes from the Soul in their heart.
- ♥ The messages are sent from the Soul using low-frequency EMR and received by the pineal gland, a third eye in the middle of the head.

Some critical questions remained unanswered:

- ♥ How will peace arrive on Earth?
- ♥ Why do we have free will?
- ♥ Why is the ego-mind in the head so feeble and gullible?
- ♥ With a god in our hearts, what's up with the god in Heaven, angels, and all that stuff?

While writing this book and looking back with 20/20 hindsight, I can see that the first two questions had already been answered, but I resisted accepting them.

The first question, “How will peace arrive on earth?” was answered by Rudolf Steiner’s cosmology of the Universe. That cosmology claimed that peace would arrive on Earth when the closed-hearted go to the Moon and the open-hearted inherit the Earth. For me, the going to the Moon claim didn’t make sense. Without a way to deal with that, I rejected Steiner’s cosmology and his prophecy for peace on Earth.

The second question, “Why do we have free will?” was implied by Steiner’s cosmology, which proposes that humans exist to find out how it feels to meet mysterious others. Because the One formless consciousness couldn’t find this out in Her normal state of oneness, the One made us out of Herself to explore meeting others. To be individuals, we must have free will. Without free will, we wouldn’t be individuals; therefore, free will is imperative.

In support of that, I had already gone on the seven-day tantric adventure in which I returned to being the One. That’s when I experienced the infinite orgasm and remembered how the One had made humans for us to explore meeting each other.

Even after that outrageous experience, I still remained reluctant to embrace Steiner’s cosmology. Fundamentally, his cosmology places consciousness at the foundation of reality. To accept that cosmology and all its implications, I would have to let go of my matter-based view of reality and fully embrace consciousness as the foundation of everything.

Because the matter-based perspective fails to explain how a heart transplant can affect the recipient’s personality and memories, the matter-based view of reality had to be wrong. All of this was pushing me away from the matter-based perspective. However, I had been deeply indoctrinated into the matter-based perspective during nineteen years of schooling and many years of television documentaries that presume matter is the foundation of reality. I remind stuck despite all the evidence that supported a consciousness based reality.

Fortunately, a friend played a practical joke on me during an overnight hiking adventure. The two of us and a couple of lovely

gals where exploring the natural wonderland of Kaliae, where I have an open-ended invitation to visit.

After a spectacular day of playing in magnificent waterfalls and being inspired by breathtaking views, we proceeded to the base camp that I had built. There we showered in the solar hot water shower and placed two mattresses side by side under a large tarp-protected area. With no one but the four of us there that evening, we figured we would all sleep together.

Before going to sleep, the opportunity to try a powerful but quick-acting entheogen was offered. Dimethyltryptamine (DMT) comes in various forms, including a smokeable crystal. By heating the crystal, inhaling the vapor, holding it in the lungs for a moment, and exhaling it, the partaker quickly shifts into an alternate reality. Then, a few minutes later, they return to normal without any lingering feelings or hangover.

After everyone else had tried it, my turn arrived. I resisted, but peer pressure persuaded me to do it.

Because the trip comes on so fast, the partaker lays down while an assistant helps. After loading the DMT into the pipe, they hold the pipe and light the lighter.

My mischievous friend offered to assist me. Without telling me, he put many times the usual amount of DMT crystals into the pipe. After he lit the lighter, I began inhaling. When I had only inhaled about halfway, I could already see geometric patterns forming. Although this made me realize that I was taking a huge dose, my intuition guided me to go for it.

So, I inhaled all the way, held the vapor, and let it out. Right then, a strange whining sound grew louder and louder to end with a shocking bang!

All of a sudden, I was brass gear in a vast machine. I couldn't move, but I was aware that I was a gear. Somehow, I could see the gear and the machine from outside of the gear. The machine was sparkling clean and mostly white, with brass gears meshing with one another. It seemed as if this machine was endless.

Soon I remembered how a moment ago I was in bed with two gorgeous women. Now I had become a gear, and I couldn't move. Worried I had made a horrible mistake, I asked for help in getting back to my body. I promised I would never do it again if I could return to being a human being. After a few moments, I was able to see something vaguely resembling reality. Figuring I was returning to being human, I relaxed and waited a few more moments. Once back to normal, I shared what took place with my friends. Finally, we cuddled up to sleep so we would be well-rested for the next day of playing in the wonders of nature.

When morning arrived, I thought about my strange brass gear ordeal, wondering what it meant. Whenever I encounter challenging incidents, I wonder if there's a lesson for me to learn. This bizarre episode was so weird I couldn't get the meaning. Finally, it dawned on me: everything is conscious. Even brass gears are conscious.

I had been considering the possibility of consciousness being at the foundation of reality for most of my life. As I explained earlier, at fourteen, I received the idea that everything is consciousness. Despite that, I continued to hold onto the matter-based perspective. Finally, however, this strange DMT adventure persuaded me to let go of my matter-based perspective and adopt a consciousness-based view of reality. Making this change is huge, so it would take a while to adapt myself to thinking about reality differently. Still, I had made a conscious decision to view reality as something formed by consciousness.

Chapter 22

Learning How to Open My Heart

In 2004, at an Earth Day event that was taking place at Baldwin Beach, lots of happy people were having a great time dancing in the sand to live music. While dancing, I noticed a tall, slender woman with a big, beautiful smile. Her dark skin and beautiful white teeth made her smile exceptionally captivating. Her joyful dancing, combined with her smile, drew me to dance toward her and continue dancing nearby.

When the music stopped, I asked her how she stayed so happy.

She gracefully replied, “I do bliss therapy. If you know anyone who needs bliss therapy, have them call me.”

She pulled out a business card and offered it to me.

I accepted the card and put it in my pocket.

The next song started up, and we resumed dancing.

Later, I looked up her website and resonated with what I read. Her name was Indigo Ocean. As I thought about her name, it felt calming yet mysteriously deep. I was intrigued and called her to make an appointment. During the conversation, she explained that she connects with the client’s Soul by going into a trance. Then she tells the person what their Soul wants them to understand but they haven’t gotten yet. Although I wasn’t into external guidance, her approach seemed perfect for me, so I made an appointment.

At the appointed time, I arrived. Indigo escorted me to a comfortable room where we sat down facing one another. She closed her eyes and remained silent for a moment. Then, with her eyes closed, she told me she was being guided to lead me through a breathing meditation and asked if that was okay.

I replied, “Sure.”

She told me to close my eyes and imagine I was sending a root down from the tail-end of my spine, deep into Mother Earth, all the way down into her red lava core. She asked me to inhale through my nose while imagining that I was drawing red Mother Earth essence up through this root and into my heart. She then told me to hold this red essence in my heart-center while I held my breath. A moment later, she told me to exhale through my mouth, releasing the red essence, and then to repeat that breathing sequence two more times.

Next, she guided me to let go of this lower process and focus up above my head. After a moment of silence, she asked me to imagine white light coming down from Father Sky in a funnel shape, with the small circular end of the funnel resting on the top of my head. That reminded me of the tantric adventure when water sprayed out a circular crack on the top of my head, but in this case, light was pouring in. She told me to inhale through my nose while imagining white Father Sky essence coming down the funnel, into my head, and even further down to my heart. Next, she guided me to hold this essence in my heart while I held my breath, then to let it out while I exhaled through my mouth, and then to repeat that upper breathing sequence two more times.

After practicing the lower and upper parts three times, she directed me to simultaneously draw essence from above and below into my heart as I inhaled through my nose.

Then, while holding my breath, she told me to imagine the red and white essences mixing together in my heart to form “pink-loving wholeness.”

Next, when I was ready to exhale, she instructed me to imagine I was inflating a pink balloon around my heart and filling the balloon with the pink-loving wholeness I had formed in my heart.

As I followed Indigo’s instructions, I thought about how this breathing technique fit with the message I had received on my second Hawai‘ian Baby Woodrose vision quest when I learned that the masculine upper portion of human consciousness was associated with Father Sky and the lower feminine consciousness

was related to Mother Earth. Most importantly, the central heart consciousness combined the upper and lower polarities to produce a whole consciousness that was holy.

Continuing with the session, Indigo told me to repeat the bidirectional breathing sequence again to inflate the pink balloon even more and to continue until the balloon grew larger than me so that I was entirely inside the imaginary pink balloon.

After giving me time to inflate the balloon, she instructed me to meditate inside the balloon for as long as I felt appropriate and then tell her when I was done.

As I sat calmly in the pink balloon, I realized that pink is often associated with love and the human heart. I also noticed that the expanding balloon was like the expanding heart consciousness that came in the Woodrose vision quest about being in love with an open heart. I was astonished by how the breathing method was so well aligned with the path of discovery that my Soul was leading me along.

After contemplating all of that, I told Indigo that I was done.

She shared lots of information about the heart and its role in human lives. It was remarkable how everything she shared fit with what had come to me intuitively, giving me confidence that she was successfully tapping into my Soul.

At the end of the session, Indigo mentioned that my Soul wanted me to adopt a daily practice. Instantly, I wanted to practice the breathing technique.

I thanked her, paid her well, and went on my way.

After practicing the breathing technique for several days, I found it opened my heart, shifting my perspective to place me on the Red Road of Beauty. Here's what Ruby had told me:

*“The Red Road of Beauty is in the middle of everything.
When one is walking on it, one's life is beautiful.
This road is very narrow and one can easily fall off of it.
When one falls off, the world is no longer so wonderful.
Once separated from this narrow Red Road, it can be very
difficult to find one's way back to this narrow road.”*

Indeed, the chaos of the world can trigger challenging emotions that cause our hearts to close. Additionally, focusing on our heads' intellectual thoughts can shift us out of the open-hearted state of mind. These are just two of the ways that people fall off the narrow Red Road of Beauty. Herein lies the most significant challenge: How does one reopen their heart to get back onto the Red Road of Beauty? As we all know, withdrawal and bitterness can make it challenging to reopen our hearts when broken or closed.

Fortuitously, the breathing method Indigo retrieved from my Soul provided a way to reopen my heart. With this tool, I was able to hop onto the Red Road of Beauty every day. Of course, I had to practice the technique regularly to keep my heart open.

I'm so grateful Indigo guided me through this breathing method. Using it transformed my life to become more graceful and joyful despite the calamities that take place. Living with my heart open more than ever before, I became better able to accept life's challenging aspects.

I found it quite interesting that red and white were the colors used in this practice. These colors were already featured in my peace feather dream—the three strings attached to the giant feather were red, and the stone turtle was white.

The same colors appeared at the end of the first day of my bicycle trip when thousands of white geese flew above me in a red sky.

Additionally, I had learned that there are two types of tantra: red is the sexual couple's form, while white tantra is the solo form.

Finally, the Hawai'ian Baby Woodrose vine features beautifully heart-shaped leaves and a trumpet-shaped flower that's white with a red throat. Serendipitously, the entheogenic plant that helped me learn about the three-part human consciousness model links the heart with red and white. A picture of the Hawai'ian Baby Woodrose vine showing the flower and the heart-shaped leaf can be found on the back cover near the lower left-hand corner.

With this heart-opening technique so tightly aligned with my scientifically supported view of human consciousness, I enthusiastically practiced the breathing method every morning.

Upon waking up, I would sit on the edge of my bed and look out of my screen bedroom to view the lush green valley that stretched all the way to the ocean's horizon. While enjoying that beautiful vista, I would practice the breathing method.

Indigo had advised me to close my eyes and visualize the upper and lower linkages with Mother Earth and Father Sky. Still, I chose to make those connections by using tantric muscle tightening at the root of my spine and by raising my eyebrows to produce tension on my scalp. When exhaling, I still imagined a balloon growing around my heart, but I could do that with my eyes open, enjoying the gorgeous view.

After a few weeks of practice, I noticed that each time the balloon grew big enough to envelop my mouth, a smile would emerge from within and appear on my face. Unexpectedly, I found that Chinese medicine claims that the heart is connected to the face and tongue. That seemed to explain why a smile emerges when the heart is open.

I also noticed that this practice changed my perception of the world. Bothersome feelings would disappear by the time the smile had emerged.

I soon developed a simplified version of the breathing practice that I could do throughout the day without anyone noticing. I named the simplified method the Heart-Opening Breath. Eventually, I discovered that I could open my heart in just one breath.

I produced a video showing how to do the Heart-Opening Breath and put it on YouTube.com to freely share the technique. The video can be found on my website, soulcovenant.org/videos. There you'll find a two-minute promotional video entitled Heart-Opening Breath Preview and a fifteen-minute instructional video entitled Guided Meditation to Open Heart—Heart Opening Breath.

Practicing the Heart-Opening Breath helped me walk the Red Road of Beauty more consistently. Combining that with my theory of being guided by consciousness residing in my heart, I became better able to notice when my Soul was assisting me.

Most of the guidance involved tiny things like finding a little screw that I dropped in the grass. Building structures in the jungle, I often drop screws on the ground. When such incidents take place and I looked for the screw, my eyes often look directly at the screw, even when I hadn't seen where it landed.

In some cases, I'd be up on a ladder with a helper on the ground looking for what I had dropped, but she couldn't find it. Then, I'd come down the ladder to help. My eyes would miraculously focus directly on the screw. It was uncanny how often this happened. It was similar to how easily I assembled puzzles when I was a kid.

This uncanny ability to find things also helped me find four-leaf clovers. Earlier, I shared a story about finding a four-leaf clover located seven miles away from where I felt inspired to begin looking. I went on that adventure about two years after Indigo guided me to practice the Heart-Opening Breath.

You might recall that my knee was in quite a bit of pain at the end of the 10.5-mile (17 km) hike to the cabin. Then, as I laid in bed, I used the Heart-Opening Breath to heal my knee. To do that, I exhaled the pink love essence down into my knee, rather than using it to blow up a balloon around my heart. Throughout that night, I woke up several times. Each time I used this alternate form of the breathing technique. When morning arrived, I was surprised to find that my knee was completely healed, with no pain or stiffness at all.

Later, once I had ventured into a remote area, I drank some water that flowed out of the moss. That's when my Soul began speaking to me using my inner dialogue voice in my head. This had only happened on rare occasions with very few words, but loads of information came through on this rare occasion.

In retrospect, it seems that practicing the Heart-Opening Breath throughout the night to heal my knee may have placed me

in an unusually open-hearted state of mind. That could have contributed to the way my intuition was arriving as a voice rather than a subtle knowing or a feeling.

At the end of that adventure, when I located the clover my Soul guided me to, I wondered, “How could something know about a clover seven miles away and show me a picture of it?”

The voice spoke one more time: “It knows everything.”

This fits with the Stanford University research that found the heart’s voice to be infallible.

Another factor that may have amplified my intuition on that wilderness excursion was how I did some of it barefoot. Although that may seem irrelevant, I had read about some people in Ireland who experimented with natural living. Part of their experiment included going barefoot. In a letter they wrote to share their experience, they claimed being barefoot amplified the inner guidance they received. Eventually, in 2015 I stopped wearing shoes, making barefoot living part of my practice.

On top of all that, the four-leaf clover adventure gave me evidence to support the idea that the open-hearted state of mind has a range. I could be a bit open-hearted, incredibly open-hearted, or somewhere in between.

To investigate that theory, on a day when I had no plans, I decided to see what would happen if I practiced the Heart-Opening Breath throughout an entire day. In the morning, I sat on my bed’s edge to breathe into my heart as I had been doing every morning. As I explained earlier, doing the Heart-Opening Breath brought a smile to my face.

For the rest of that day, every time I noticed my smile had faded, I practiced the Heart-Opening Breath again. I used the simplified form of the Heart-Opening Breath until my smile reappeared.

Around noon, as I was hiking along the upper edge of a beach, I stopped to sit in the shade of a coconut tree. I looked at the beautiful panoramic vista with a big smile on my face, noticing that everything seemed to sparkle. I wondered whether it was the

bright lighting or my open-hearted state of mind that made the world appear more beautiful and a bit sparkly.

I walked to a nearby tiny town to see if the sparkling continued while in town, and it did. I realized this shimmering accent was similar to how everything looks at the end of an entheogenic journey. There's an afterglow feeling that can include a lot of smiling, plus everything seems to sparkle. As I continued to pay attention to how wonderful I was feeling, I realized the feeling was how I feel when I'm in love.

That made sense; love is linked to the heart. One's heart opens when they're in love. Doing the Heart-Opening Breath throughout the morning had transformed my perspective to be similar to how one feels when they're in love. On top of that, mild doses of entheogenic substances have a similar effect, especially at the end of the journey.

While in town with my big smile, I noticed a woman who appeared attractive. She pulled out a cigarette and lit it up. Although I was usually put off by cigarette smoking, I reacted differently on this occasion. I intuitively knew that she was learning something by smoking. I didn't know what she was learning; I just knew it was perfect for her to smoke.

This confirmed another feature of open-hearted living, the ability to see the perfection in everything. Even activities that usually upset me felt perfectly fine with my heart wide open.

The sum of all I had experienced at that point in my life made me confident that walking the Red Road of Beauty meant living with an open heart.

In 2006, I met a woman with whom I was becoming acquainted. It seemed that my heart was opening, and I had begun to feel love for her. Just before rendezvousing with her at the beach, I encountered a challenging situation.

I was doing some consulting in which I was hired to tell another fellow what to do to fix a very poorly designed building. So far, he had chosen to ignore my advice and do something else. On the third attempt to guide him over the phone, he told me

that he had again ignored my advice. After telling him to undo what he had done and do what I was now telling him to do for the third time, I hung up.

It was time to rendezvous with my new friend at the beach, so I got in my car and began a twenty-minute drive to the beach. As I drove, I couldn't stop thinking about the frustrating consulting job. The woman who hired me didn't have much money, and it was being wasted because the builder wouldn't follow my advice. It seemed so futile. My mind kept thinking about how clear I was with him and how he defiantly ignored my instructions multiple times. My mind was stuck in a loop, thinking it over again and again.

Soon, I noticed how upset I was. I knew I'd be arriving at the beach in about ten minutes, so I wondered how to let go of this useless rehashing of what wasn't working and cheer myself up.

Intuitively, my Soul advised me to do the Heart-Opening Breath. Even though I was driving, it was an easy road to follow, and the beach was straight ahead, so I began doing the Heart-Opening Breath while driving. Because I had been doing it with my eyes open every morning, I could do it while driving. It was a little challenging to drive the car and do the breathing technique simultaneously, but I managed.

I was so upset that it took twenty breaths for a smile to form on my face. I decided to keep breathing until I arrived.

Once there, I found my friend, and we sat in the shade having a lighthearted conversation for about an hour. Early on, she asked, "Why are you so happy?"

In fact, she asked that same question five times during our one-hour rendezvous.

As I returned to my car, I thought about how I had been in a horrible mood just ten minutes before I arrived at the beach. Nevertheless, after doing the Heart-Opening Breath, I became remarkably happy—so happy this woman asked me why I was so happy, five times in one hour.

Surely, everyone wants to know how to shift from being very upset to extraordinarily happy in ten minutes. Since I had found a method, the Heart-Opening Breath, I was inspired to share it.

To offer that method to other people, I wrote a one-page booklet that was folded in half like a greeting card. On it, I described how to do my simple version of the breathing technique. Along with the instructions, I included a list of advantages that living an open-hearted life provided.

I printed several copies at the copy shop and gave them to friends and acquaintances.

Chapter 23

Soul Healing

Earlier, at the end of Chapter 4, I shared the 1983 story about falling asleep at the wheel of my car and crashing into a big truck. The neck injury I suffered in that accident continued to be a source of mild pain for 22 years up until I used Dr. Zhi Gang Sha's Soul Mind Body healing method in 2005.

Over those 22 years, I learned to roll my head and tilt my neck in a particular way that cracked my neck to relieve the pain. Still, sometimes that didn't work, leaving my neck sore for a few days. When I hadn't been able to crack it for a few days, a friend of mine invited me to a presentation by Dr. Zhi Gang Sha. This Chinese doctor had an MD in western medicine as well as numerous other credentials. Most importantly, he had written a 600-page book entitled *Soul, Mind, Body Medicine*.

As I explained earlier, Dr. Sha guided the entire audience through his general-purpose Soul-mind-body healing technique, a method he claimed to be able to heal virtually any ailment. Because my neck was in quite a bit of pain that day, I stood up along with everyone else and followed Dr. Sha's instructions.

Specifically, I said, "Dear Soul, mind, body of my neck and shoulder, I love you." While saying that, I did my best to sincerely feel love for my neck. Dr. Sha pointed out how sincerity and emotional feelings were essential to make his method work.

I continued by saying, "You have the power to heal yourself."

Then in a demanding way, I stated, "Do a good job!"

Finally, with feelings of gratitude, I said, "Thank you."

That was all there was to Dr. Sha's method.

I didn't think it would work but decided to try it because my neck was unusually tight and painful on that particular day.

Unexpectedly, in a few seconds, I felt tingling and heat in the back of my neck. Then, my neck spontaneously cracked three times even though I stood still. I was shocked and concerned that my neck might hurt if I moved my head after those loud cracks. Eventually, when I finally decided to roll my head around, I was amazed that my neck was totally loose and completely free of pain. Somehow it had healed in less than a minute.

Dr. Sha asked everyone to sit down. After everyone settled into their seats, Sha asked everyone who felt something to raise their hands, but no one did.

When Sha began the lesson, I skeptically imagined he may have placed someone in the audience to claim they experienced some sort of miraculous healing. Now that he was asking people who felt something to raise their hands, I held back to see who would raise their hand and possibly make a suspiciously fantastic claim. Oddly, no one raised their hand.

Dr. Sha asked again and again, but no one raised a hand. Eventually, he raised his voice in desperation, saying, “There must be someone!”

Even though more than a hundred people sat in the audience, no one raised their hand.

Then Sha seemed to give up, asking, “No one?”

Since my skeptical suspicion of someone being planted in the audience was obviously wrong, and I was feeling sympathetic, I raised my hand.

Dr. Sha asked me to stand up and tell everyone about my physical issue and what I felt.

I briefly explained how a car accident that occurred 22 years ago had left me with a damaged neck that was unusually sore. Then, I explained how the tingling, heat, and cracking sounds had occurred spontaneously. Afterward, the pain disappeared, and my neck felt completely loose and healed. Finally, I admitted that it was a miracle.

Later, when reflecting on this miraculous healing, it reminded me of some books that a friend had loaned to me. Those books

were written by Max Freedom Long, who studied the Hawai‘ian *kahuna* and their famous miracles during the 1920s, ‘30s, and ‘40s. One example published in 1948 is entitled *The Secret Science Behind Miracles*.

Long chronicled numerous accounts of *kahuna* performing miraculous healings. One report claimed that a broken leg with the bone sticking out of the skin was healed in minutes by a famous female *kahuna*. That story claimed the woman who suffered a broken leg walked minutes after the bone had been seen sticking out of her calf. Long’s books used the term “*huna*” to name the *kahuna* practices he investigated and wrote about. *Huna* is a Hawai‘ian word that means secret. *Ka* means keeper; thus, *kahuna* literally means “keeper of the secret.”

Even though Long admitted that the *kahuna* seemed to be hiding something from him, he also claimed that he had ascertained the secret. Specifically, he claimed that ‘*Aumakua* hover above people like guardian angels.

Conversely, a widely shared opinion claimed that a person’s spirit animal is their ‘*Aumakua*. Another common belief contended that one’s ancestors were a person’s ‘*Aumakua*. According to *kahuna*, the power to perform miracles comes from the ‘*Aumakua*. Because the *kahuna* method for requesting supernatural assistance involved the ‘*Aumakua*’s location, that particular detail was paramount. Unfortunately, the residence of the ‘*Aumakua* remained unclear.

With all I had learned about the Superconscious-Soul in the heart, I was convinced the ‘*Aumakua* was the Hawai‘ian name for that inner divine consciousness. Therefore, the ‘*Aumakua* must reside in the heart.

In 2001, I went to the Big Island (properly named Hawai‘i) to attend a *huna* workshop. I was hoping to find support for my theory that the ‘*Aumakua* resided in the heart.

The teacher explained to the class that a great *kahuna* named Daddy Bray lived near Kona. He knew all the secrets but died in 1968, taking some *kahuna* wisdom with him. In the workshop, the teacher taught what Max Freedom Long had written in his

books—the ‘Aumakua hovers above a person like a guardian angel.

She also taught new age manifestation techniques I had already explored and stopped using while on my three-year bicycle trip. Although I received literally what I asked for, the result was twisted in one way or another, making it repulsive to me. Based on those unsavory results, I decided to let go of my conscious mind’s aspirations to instead follow my inner guidance.

Once it was clear that the huna teacher was offering techniques oriented toward satisfying the ego-mind’s ambitions, I dropped out of the class to explore the Big Island. Coincidentally, an interesting woman had also lost interest in what was being offered, so we left together.

Because Daddy Bray had passed away with the secrets, I let go of the ‘Aumakua location issue. Little did I know, the future held an answer that will be shared later.

Beyond that critical detail, Long made some important points that I found very interesting. He said that the kahuna had explained that the ‘Aumakua is a guardian with lots of power, but humans have freewill that ‘Aumakua won’t override.

When it comes to our bodies and the injuries we suffer, our freewill choices are often behind our injuries. Because the ‘Aumakua refrain from overriding our free will, they won’t heal us without being asked and given permission to change what needs to be changed to cure the issue. When a person correctly asks their ‘Aumakua for help and gives the ‘Aumakua appropriate permission to perform the healing, miracles can occur.

This freewill issue suggests we need to ask for help when it’s needed. With Dr. Sha’s guidance, I asked for my neck to be healed. Then, to my amazement, miraculous healing actually took place.

Shortly after that, I was intuitively guided to purchase a book at a secondhand store where I was shopping for clothes. It was

very unusual for me to buy a book, and I had never purchased one from a secondhand store. However, in this case, I felt intuitively encouraged to look for a book there. The first one I pulled off of the shelf was red and white. The paper leaf that protected the hardcover was white with a big red heart. Unfortunately, I can't recall the name of the book or the coauthors' names. I loaned it to a friend who passed away and eventually found the book had been disposed of along with her personal belongings.

Anyway, the red and white cover design with a big heart convinced me to buy it. The introduction explained how one of the authors had discovered a method to heal some psychological issues that plagued his wife. Later, other people used the method to heal their psychological problems. Eventually, some people noticed that the technique was also healing physical issues that were thought to be incurable chronic ailments. Having realized that he had stumbled onto something miraculously powerful, the inventor was doing his best to share the method.

In part two of the book, the coauthor shared his story. He was a successful oncologist (cancer specialist) when he contracted Lou Gehrig's disease. At that time, no treatments existed for this fatal neurological motor function disorder. Fortunately, he met the other author while searching for some sort of therapy for his supposedly incurable Lou Gehrig's disease. Given his hopeless situation, he tried the method, and it worked. This second author claimed he was free of Lou Gehrig's disease for ten years when the book was published.

Finally, part three of the book presented the method.

The main feature was a fascinating request for healing. Part of the request asked God to change anything that needs to be changed—physical, psychological, memories, beliefs, things known and unknown to the person requesting God's help. This request gave God permission to alter anything that needed to be adjusted to heal the condition, even things the person wasn't aware of.

Because physical ailments can have psychological causes and those issues can be repressed, the ailment's cause may be unknown to the sufferer. By giving God permission to change memories and beliefs that may be concealed from the person's conscious mind, hidden issues can be repaired.

Although the book's method asked for a Heavenly God's help, I figured the same strategy could be used to ask for help from the inner god—one's Soul.

By combining what I learned from Dr. Sha, Long, and the white and red book, I formulated a way to ask my Soul to heal physical and psychological ailments. In that request, I give my Soul permission to change anything, even what's known and unknown to me. Here's how:

Dear Soul in my heart, I love you.

Do whatever is necessary to fully heal my _____. You have permission to change me in whatever way that is needed to resolve this problem. Change my memories, my beliefs, my fears, or any other aspects of who I am that I may or may not be aware of to permanently heal my _____.

DO A GOOD JOB!

Thank You.

After formulating that request, I developed a severe strain in my knee and ankle when dancing. To address it, I used my new request to heal that problem. It tingled, warmed up, and in one minute, all the pain was gone!

The next day, I further realized that the challenging fantasy I had been plagued with since I was thirteen years old had also disappeared. Providing my Soul permission to adjust anything gave my guardian authority to address my psychological issue and the physical strain.

Beyond healing people, kahuna were also famous for making it rain or stopping the rain, along with other supernatural miracles. Because of the unsavory results that I conjured up using manifestation methods in the 1990s, I figured that it was probably best to resist requesting anything more than healing.

Eventually, an exceptional situation at an annual Mayday celebration caused me to reconsider that.

The owners of the property where I've mostly lived while in Hawai'i were married on May 1. At their wedding, we erected a Maypole featuring colored ribbons attached to a bamboo pole's top. After their marriage ceremony, kids and adults danced around the Maypole, reenacting the ancient European fertility ritual to celebrate spring. Since I had made a Pan outfit for Halloween, I put it on to lead the dance around the Maypole. People enjoyed the Maypole dancing so much that the owners made it a central feature of their annual anniversary party. The picture on the front cover of this book shows one of those Maypole ceremonies—I'm in the center drumming.

The Maypole dance involves half of the people going around the pole clockwise, with the other half going around counterclockwise. As people pass those going in the opposite direction, they weave around them, going inside of one and outside the next. The dancers weave a beautiful sheath around the pole from the top down by holding ribbons attached to the pole's top. To support the dance, I drum with other musicians.

During the 2019 Maypole Celebration, rain began to pour down as soon as we had the pole erected. The sky became entirely gray with no sign of a break in the weather. We set up the potluck meal in the garage while others hung out on the covered back porch to make head wreaths they could wear while dancing around the Maypole. Hours went by with no change in the steady rain.

I was inspired to ask my Soul to open a blue hole in the clouds so we could dance around the Maypole without being rained on. I figured it was safe and appropriate to use my Soul's power to make our Mayday celebration more enjoyable. Plus, it was a tiny thing to stop the rain for a short time in a small area.

Just after asking my Soul for help, someone exclaimed, "Come, George! We're about to begin the dance. You have to get it going!"

I quickly changed into my Pan costume and headed out to the Maypole. It was still raining, but many people were standing in a circle around the Maypole, ready to dance. After offering some guidance regarding the dance, I started playing my drum, and the dance began in the rain.

While I was watching everyone weaving the ribbons around the Maypole, the hole in the sky opened. When the dance was finished, I looked up to find a large blue hole in the clouds above the property. Soon it became larger than the thirteen-acre (5-hectares) property. I was shocked. The blue hole remained open for about thirty minutes, and then it closed up, making the entire sky gray again. The rain returned and continued for the remainder of the afternoon and well into the night.

This may have been a minor miracle, but it certainly surprised me.

On another occasion, I asked my Soul in my heart to help with a bee problem that had developed in the master bathroom of the landlord's big home. They were on their annual three-week vacation when a kindhearted cleaning woman discovered that bees had infested the master bathroom. She called me to asked if I could do something about it. I asked my friend Jonathan, who had a bee suit, to plug some holes that the bees appeared to be using to get into the bathroom.

That seemed to help, and we thought we had the bee problem handled. Unfortunately, they found a new way in, and the situation got even worse. We filled in more holes and hoped we really solved the problem this second time. The next day, only a couple of bees were inside, so it looked like we succeeded.

A week later, when Pat returned to do some more house cleaning, the problem had grown way out of control. When I checked it out, I was amazed by the thousands of bees inside and outside the master bathroom.

Because I had a morning appointment, I made plans to meet with Jonathan that afternoon to fix the challenging bee infestation problem.

On the way home from my appointment, it occurred to me intuitively that the best solution would be for the bees to choose to leave of their own accord. While the method Jonathan and I were using wasn't toxic, some of the bees were dying of exhaustion in the bathroom because they couldn't get out once we plugged the holes. If we couldn't resolve the problem, an exterminator would be hired to deal with the bees, which would probably kill most of them.

If the bees just left, choosing to make their home somewhere else, that would be best for everyone. With that idea in mind, I thought to myself, "That's a great idea, but how in the world could I get that to happen?"

My Soul gave me the answer: I could ask my Soul to talk to the bees' little Souls about leaving. So, while I was driving home, I asked,

"Dear Soul in my heart, I love you. Please tell the bees to leave and relocate their home to avoid being killed. I know you can do it. Do a good job! Thank you."

I did my best to put sincere feelings into the words. Nevertheless, I didn't think it would work.

Soon, I arrived at the house and met Jonathan. Then, while he was getting into his bee suit, we had a neighborly chat. As soon as he was suited up, we walked around the house's corner to view the situation. To our amazement, the bees were gone! We went up into the bathroom to find that the bees had left there as well.

Jonathan had an intuitive feeling that we ought to look into the wall by removing a couple of boards on the top of the wall where a recessed cove offered access into the wall cavity. In that cavity, we found entirely empty wax honeycombs that had been thoroughly cleaned out. No honey or baby bees could be found!

These and other personal experiences have convinced me that human Souls have miraculous powers to heal our minds and bodies, control the weather and perform miracles. Indeed, these are metaphysical events that can't be explained from a matter-based view of reality.

Chapter 24

The Sundance and Peace on Earth

To share the stories about asking my Soul to heal and help, I drifted forward in time. Now I'll get back on the timeline.

At the beginning of 2007, I got a call from an unusual lawyer, Dave. He was involved in legal efforts to protect nature and people who endeavor to live in harmony with nature. After purchasing three acres (1.2 hectares) on the Big Island, he contacted me to develop that property ecologically.

He purchased a couple of plane tickets for the two of us to fly to the Big Island, where he had a truck. Once we arrived at his property, he pulled something out of his backpack. As he unwrapped it, I could see that it was a Native American peace pipe wrapped in red and white fabric. While assembling the peace pipe, he asked if I'd be willing to participate in a pipe ceremony to bless his land.

I responded, "Of course, but could you tell me why the fabric is red and white?"

He explained that red and white are two colors used in Sundance ceremonies. (Sacred ceremonies of the Lakota people that will be explained in detail later.)

I asked if he had participated in those ceremonies.

He humbly said he had danced a few times.

After we completed the blessing, as Dave carefully put his pipe away, he told me he felt very honored to have that particular pipe. It had been handed down six generations to him, making its antiquity and connection to many native Americans rare.

I told him about my personal connections to the red and white colors, including the dream about the big feather with the three red strings and the white turtle peace pipe. I explained how that led to being given the Native American spirit name Peace

Feather, and I mentioned the red sky sunset filled with white geese flying overhead.

I also explained how tantra has red and white forms. Using red tantra, the most spectacular experience of my life occurred, returning to the One to become an infinite orgasm and remember the purpose of the Universe.

Finally, I explained how red and white are the colors used in my Heart-Opening Breath, a breathing method that changed my life. I wrapped up my red and white summary by saying that red and white seem to be a theme in my life.

Dave asked, “Have you read the book *Black Elk Speaks*?”

I replied I had heard of it but hadn’t read it.

Dave explained that Black Elk was a Lakota man born around 1800. When he was young, he dreamt white men would decimate the Lakota people. He told tribal elders about the prophetic dream, and they told him that similar visions had come to them. Then during his life, Black Elk watched white men destroy the Lakota people.

Finally, at the end of his life, Black Elk had another dream in which a man arrives to bring peace. When Black Elk looked at that man, he noticed he was a white man with blue eyes.

At that point, Dave looked me in the eyes and said, “I think you’re that guy—the True White Brother.”

I am a white man, and I do have blue eyes, but I wasn’t ready to believe Dave’s idea about being the True White Brother. However, because I still wished for peace on Earth every birthday, what he said felt very personal and engaging.

Next, he suggested, “You ought to come to the Sundance this summer.”

I had been asked to go to Lakota Sundance ceremonies several times. Still, I never felt drawn to go, so I shared that with Dave.

As a persuasive lawyer, he came back with a very enticing twist, “Thirteen grandmothers from indigenous people around

the world are going to be there. They're having a conference nearby, and then they're coming to the Sundance I've been going to for years. It takes place on a huge horse sanctuary with the Cheyenne River passing through. You would love it."

It sounded unique and intriguing, so I told him I'd think about it.

I was most interested in the thirteen grandmothers. As I explained earlier, I had discovered that female-led cultures were peaceful. Hence, meeting thirteen grandmothers from indigenous people was tempting.

Once back on Maui, trying to decide whether to go to the Sundance, I told a friend of mine, Adam, about my Peace Feather dream and showed him a drawing of the feather. Then I asked him to share what he thought about the feather.

He dove right in, claiming the giant feather was the white man's feather. The tiny white turtle symbolized Mother Earth, and she was dangling from a red string tied around her neck. That indicated how the white man has little or no reverence for Mother Earth. Moreover, the white man has little interest in peace, which fits the peace pipe's small size. On the other hand, the eagle feather is gigantic. Eagles are raptors that seize small creatures that they consume. This behavior is similar to how the white man preys on people and the Earth. Using weapons and mining tools, white men seize what they can use to contend with their insatiable desires. The eagle is the national bird of the US, which has the most powerful military on Earth. Eagles also fly the highest, which coincides with how white men worship a God who resides in the Heavens.

Conversely, red people tend to respect Mother Earth and Father Sky, opening their hearts to walk the Red Road of Beauty. The red people have big red stone pipes with little feathers dangling from them. The peace pipe was given to the red people by the white buffalo calf woman. She offered it to help them find peace.

While sitting on the Earth, red people blow the smoke from their peace pipe up into the sky, making themselves a bridge between the upper and lower polarities.

Adam's interpretation was similar to ideas that had come to me, but I was reluctant to accept that interpretation, thinking it came from how I harshly judge white people, even though I'm a white man.

Next, I asked Adam for his advice regarding my opportunity to go to South Dakota, meet the thirteen grandmothers, and observe a Sundance ceremony.

He offered strong encouragement for me to go.

Finally, I told Adam about Dave, saying that he thought I might be the True White Brother who will bring peace to the Lakota people. I asked him what he thought.

He said, "Someone has to do it. Why not you?"

I had lots of time to think about all of this because the Sundance was months in the future.

In the meantime, Dave and I returned to the Big Island to set up his property with luxury camping accommodations that included a forty-eight-by-thirty foot (15 x 9 m) tarp space that caught rainwater in an elevated barrel for washing and bathing. With a large tent set up underneath the tarp, Dave and his wife and baby could enjoy their land. I also drew up a design for a round space he could build later when he had more funds. Finally, I educated him on cesspools, and we obtained installation prices from people who could install them into the lava that covered his property. Even though there was very little soil, ohea lahua trees, ferns, and strawberry guava trees covered the ground, making the property beautiful and private.

To open up a driveway and create a small flat homestead area, a very skilled heavy equipment operator used a huge D9 bulldozer. That giant machine could break up solid lava and get the job done in one day. I guided the operator to use the trees he pushed over to form a berm that provided additional privacy from the road. The straightest tree trunks were used in the

wooden frame of the big tarp structure. Ohea lahua is a rot-resistant Hawai'ian tree that's a pioneer on lava-covered land. The natural ohea posts added some rustic beauty to the open-air tarp structure.

Dave and I worked together well, and I finally decided to go to the Sundance. I didn't believe I was the True White Brother, but I hoped to find a way to help bring peace to Mother Earth. I imagined meeting with the thirteen grandmothers might result in some sort of opportunity to help.

On one hand, it seemed outrageous and impossible; on the other, it seemed as though I would be negligent if I didn't give it a try. I was clearly aware of how this was an enormous ego inflation issue. I hoped I'd deal with whatever unfolded humbly, keeping my ego from growing out of control if some sort of opportunity did emerge.

Because my brother Grant lived in Seattle, I figured it would make sense to visit him as part of my trip from Maui to South Dakota. While in town, I used my cell phone to call him and find out whether it would work out better to visit him before or after the Sundance. He preferred before, so I planned on getting a ticket to Seattle and presumed I would go the rest of the way by bus or train to save money.

Just as I ended that call and opened the car door to get in, I heard Dave calling my name from behind. When I turned around, he jumped right in, telling me that he was driving from Seattle to the Sundance with his wife and their baby. He said I was welcome to carpool with them—all I needed to do was get to Seattle, and he would drive me to the event, arrange places for us to stay, and bring me back to Seattle after the Sundance. Finally, he said he had an appointment and needed to go. He took off so quickly I couldn't explain that I had just made plans to go to Seattle just before he showed up.

Our plans were lining up so well that I figured it must be my destiny to go to the Sundance. All I needed to do was to finalize the dates and get a roundtrip ticket to Seattle.

Seeing my brother was great. He generously put a day aside to work on my teeth. It was also a treat to see his family. They're such a classic American family with home cooked meals and super polite etiquette. I love them and always enjoy visiting.

Soon, Dave and his family showed up and we we're off to South Dakota. The thirteen grandmothers conference was interesting. Unfortunately, I didn't have an opportunity to meet any grandmothers in person, so I felt a bit disappointed. Still, I hoped I would get a chance to meet them at the Sundance.

After the conference, we went to the horse sanctuary a few days early to see if we could help with preparations. When we arrived at the site, we met some Lakota men who showed us a big stack of rough-cut slab wood they wanted to make into rustic tables and benches for observers to use when eating meals and hanging out.

They also showed us a few posts sticking straight up out of the ground with a partial wall attached. They wanted to use that wall as part of a kitchen with a tarp roof for shade.

Next, they showed us some cordless tools and boxes of screws that could be used to fasten things together.

Finally, they explained they didn't know how to go about doing what needed to be done and wondered if we might help.

Dave knew one of the guys and told him I was just the man for the job. In a couple of days, we built about fifteen picnic tables that use very little wood to provide a table and two benches with just four legs.

To set up the kitchen, we attached a horizontal ridgepole to the posts. Then we stretched a tarp over it to provide the shade needed in that dry, sun-drenched climate.

When I had some free time, I set up my campsite close to the Cheyenne River, which bent around the Sundance grounds. I brought a screen tent and a hyperbolically curved tarp to stretch above it for rain protection.

After my first night there, I woke up to see something odd all over the tent's screen. Upon closer inspection, I discovered that

ticks had spread out, about one inch (25 cm) apart in all directions, dotting the entire screen. Deer ticks are well known to carry Lyme disease, which is a horrible illness that's difficult to cure. These creatures bore a hole in a person's skin with a screw thingy that's very difficult to pull out without the tick's head popping off, leaving the screw in the flesh.

Once attached, ticks fill up with blood to become many times their normal size.

Although I love nature, these little critters creep me out. I checked my body and found two, but I managed to remove them before they had screwed themselves into my flesh.

To get out of the tent, I carefully unzipped the door and slipped out. Then, moving quickly but carefully, I zipped the door closed and left the area, hoping the ticks would leave when I wasn't there to attract them. When I came back later, they were all gone.

The next night, some drunk Lakota men held a sweat lodge ceremony near my campsite, but they told me that there wasn't enough room for me to participate. I had already listened to these guys brag for hours about their jail time, relatives dying of heart disease, diabetes, and cancer at early ages, plus other misadventures. Having heard so much negative information, I figured that it was best that I wasn't included in their sweat.

The day before the Sundance ceremony began, a Lakota woman arrived to run the kitchen I had worked on. Someone told me she was Black Elk's great-great-granddaughter. Her daughter was also there to help.

So, despite the ticks and the drunk men, it seemed like something exciting might be developing. Being shy, I came up with a plan: I would ask the great-great-granddaughter of Black Elk to interpret my peace feather dream. Hopefully, sharing that with her would open doors to connect with the native people who were suffering in many ways. It was clear that many of their lives were in shambles. Maybe I could help, and possibly that would lead to some change involving peace.

My only plan for peace on Earth was to live the way healthy, peaceful people have always lived: growing their own food and living simply. This had been my understanding for quite some time. To reinforce it, on the plane flight to Seattle, I finished reading *Healthy at 100: The Scientifically Proven Secrets of the World's Healthiest and Longest-Lived Peoples* by John Robbins.

In that book, Robbins focuses on four cultures of people who live long, healthy lives, often over 100 years, and then, one night, they don't wake up. Without suffering nor infirmity, these people live happy, peaceful lives and then check out without suffering.

They're simple country people who are mostly vegetarian. The cultures studied were the native Abkhazia found in the Caucasus Mountains of Eastern Europe, the native South American people of Vilcabamba found in the Andes of Ecuador, the Hunza people who have been secluded in a remote valley of the Himalayas in Pakistan, and the native Japanese people of Okinawa.

While modern civilization's life expectancy has been dropping, these peaceful, hospitable people continue to live extraordinarily long and happy lives. I was particularly inspired by how this factual book supported my imagination's ideal lifestyle of old-fashioned cooperative villages. Being optimistic, I thought it might be possible for people to gradually return to this peaceful, healthy way of life.

For instance, a group of Native Americans could intentionally return to the old-fashioned cooperative village lifestyle to be healthier and happier. That initial seed could grow if more people followed that example. Indeed, some modern inventions could be included.

Although the Amish people choose to remain old-fashioned, their strict patriarchal rules and prudish religious doctrines take all the fun out of it.

We know what has worked for tens of thousands of years from people who remain living the old way, so why not live the healthy, happy way?

Unfortunately, few people are interested in simple living, even if it is the healthiest and happiest way to live. Instead, most people are led by mass media to be consumers who participate in a self-destructive, throwaway lifestyle.

Despite that, I naively hoped it might be possible to change that trend. People could choose simple happiness rather than intoxicating self-destruction, couldn't they? Based on trends, it didn't look good. Still, as an optimist, I hoped people could stop running toward the edge of the proverbial cliff and turn back before it's too late.

To get the ball rolling, I talked to a Lakota elder about how I might get Black Elk's descendant to interpret my Peace Feather dream. He told me to offer her a tobacco pouch explaining that if she accepts the tobacco, she is bound to fulfill my request.

I hitched a ride into town to get a tobacco pouch and purchased some organic American Spirit tobacco. She accepted the tobacco and explained that she was busy but would interpret the dream later.

Meanwhile, the Sundance was progressing as the men, and some women had been doing multiple sweat lodge ceremonies per day. Although the strict traditional protocol required fasting for three days without drinking water, this Sundance was more lenient, allowing the participants to drink water. It also allowed non-Lakota people like my friend Dave to participate.

Previously, I never wanted to go to a Sundance because they involved physical mutilation. A medicine man pierces the participant's chest or back with two wooden lances. Each lance is about four inches (102 mm) long by a half-inch (13 mm) wide and a quarter-inch (6 mm) thick. These wooden lances are pushed under one and a half inches (38 mm) of flesh, with the point coming out so both ends stick out of the skin. A twine harness is secured to each of the lances by looping around the protruding ends. This harness is attached to a rope that is connected to the top of the so-called "tree of life," the trunk of a felled tree stuck in a hole to remain upright even though it's dead.

The Sundance participants hook their harness to a rope that's attached to the top of the dead tree trunk. Once attached, they run backward fast enough for the wooden lances to rip through their flesh. Three men spot the sundancer by positioning themselves to catch the dancer when his flesh rips open and he falls backward. Once the spotters catch the dancer, they lay him on the ground gently. Finally, the medicine man dresses the wounds, and the dancer leaves the area so the next man can rip open his chest.

In rare cases, some dancers have the two lances inserted into their back near their shoulder blades. My friend Dave chose this more excruciating option. Once the harness is attached to the rope, other men hoist the dancer into the air, where he hangs until his pierced flesh tears open, and he drops to the ground. Although I didn't watch, I heard that Dave remained hanging for quite a while with his legs crossed until one lance broke through, but the other side remained attached. A spotter pulled downward to rip the other lance out of his back.

I was appalled by all of it.

The Sundance ceremony theory claims that the suffering endured by the dancers alleviates suffering for others.

I believed that each person has the free will to enjoy their life or bring suffering on themselves depending on whether they follow their Soul's guidance or ignore it.

Before the beginning of the three-day ceremony, I had met some of the dancers who arrived early. One of them was a kind, younger man who was a first-time dancer. On the self-mutilation ritual day, this fellow asked me if I'd be willing to catch him.

I felt it would be disrespectful to turn him down, so I told him it would be an honor to catch him. I went to the grounds and followed the other catchers' lead. I couldn't keep my tears back as I watched this young man torture himself. I kept thinking that there has been too much suffering already; we need peace, love, and nurturing. Although it all seemed crazy, there I was right in the middle.

Soon he ripped out the wooden lances and began stumbling backward toward me. I moved forward and caught him as he fell. With tears in my eyes, I gently set him on the ground. The medicine man arrived, and I walked away, having done my little part. It felt appropriate for me to be involved in this way even though I didn't agree with the Sundance principles.

That day the temperature hit 110°F (43°C). The wind blew forty miles per hour (64 kph), making the shade sweltering as the hot breeze felt as if it could burn my face.

To make that day even more exciting, while back at the dinning area, Black Elk's great-great-great-granddaughter, the cook's daughter, came over to give me a piece of her mind. With anger, she schooled me, "We're warriors, we never grew our own food, we enslaved other tribes to grow food for us! We don't want peace with the white man. We want to kill the white man!"

Then she stomped off without giving me a chance to respond.

Obviously, my hopes were far from coming true.

The thirteen grandmothers remained in a roped-off area that wasn't open to visitors, so I wasn't able to meet them.

The following day was the last day when everyone celebrates the conclusion of this ceremony. The dancers could finally eat with everyone else because their fasting had ended.

The cook still hadn't interpreted my dream, even though I had reminded her a couple of times only to be put off each time. This final evening, she was cooking buffalo kidneys on metal grates placed over a few open fires.

All of a sudden, she buckled over and grabbed her side, yelping loudly. I went over to see if I could help. She told me it was a kidney attack. She had already lost one kidney, and the remaining one was failing. She asked a man to drive into town to McDonald's and get her a burger and a coffee as a remedy. Then, she lit a cigarette and took a long draw.

The fact that she was cooking buffalo kidneys seemed to be karmically linked to her painful kidney attack

The next thing that happened was truly unbelievable.

Many people noticed some very dark clouds approaching. Oddly these clouds looked like a row of kidneys, just like the ones lined up on the grates being cooked for dinner.

I had never seen anything like it. Someone claimed these strange clouds were tornado clouds, but that wasn't right. Eventually, the clouds were overhead, darkening the sky to make it resemble nightfall. Then, hail began to fall from those clouds. Luckily, Dave had brought his car near the kitchen and left it unlocked. I got in the car to protect myself from the balls of ice pelting the ground and the vehicle. The hail I saw got to be slightly bigger than golf balls, but not quite as big as a tennis ball.

The next day, when in town, I saw a newspaper that claimed some of the hail balls got as big as softballs and crashed through the roofs of some people's homes!

Offering their perspective, some of the folks at the buffalo kidney dinner told me that hail was a good sign. Apparently, this blessing leaves holes in some people's roofs.

I returned from town as Black Elk's great-great-granddaughter was about to leave. I stopped her and pointed out she had accepted the tobacco, but hadn't interpreted my dream. She realized I had her on this traditional protocol issue, so she sat down at a picnic table to hear my Peace Feather dream.

As I began, someone interrupted, and she conversed with them rather than listening to me. I waited and started again. As I was speaking, she noticed someone and talked to them, rudely ignoring me. I could see it was clearly useless, but I finished the story abbreviating it to minimize the painful process of telling a story to someone who doesn't really want to hear it.

Her interpretation of the dream was quick and totally irrelevant. With her obligation fulfilled, she got up and left.

Later, someone explained that she believed her daughter was the True White Brother even though she's not white or male. More importantly, her daughter was the one who aggressively told me, "We don't want peace with the white man. We want to kill the white man!"

Before leaving, someone told me she wasn't Black Elk's blood descendant but had married into Black Elk's family.

Wow! What a fiasco. Absolutely no opportunities to help with peace on Earth had turned up anywhere. On the contrary, the opposite was coming on quite strong.

As I took down my tent, I thought about the ticks that had covered it the first morning. I began wondering, what could I learn from this disastrous experience? I was baffled, but I remained open to understanding the lesson. Certainly, a string of events this awful must contain an important lesson—something I must be unable to see.

On our way out, we made two stops; one was to watch a horse race through the countryside, and the other was to visit an old friend of Dave's whom he claimed I would love to meet.

I can't recall the details, but Dave's old friend was morbid and loved guns. I couldn't figure out what Dave could have been thinking when he said I would love to meet this guy. I suspect it was a very dry joke because this guy was nearly my opposite.

Then, at the horse race, a delightful young gal I got to know at the Sundance and found to be full of joy and life was severely injured right in front of us. Her horse tripped, and she went sailing through the air to crash on the ground. Soon paramedics arrived and took her away on a stretcher.

To top it all off, Dave and his wife got into a big fight, making the ride back to Seattle very uncomfortable for everyone, including their baby, who cried incessantly.

As we drove for two days, I had a lot of time to let go of all my hopes and make room for a big lesson to arrive—and it finally came. I realized it's impossible to achieve peace on Earth with the people who inhabit the Earth today.

While some people are interested in peace, as many or quite likely more are interested in violence, self-destruction, or any sort of excitement, regardless of the cost or how much pain it might produce.

I was able to see how foolish I was to think that peace could be achieved with the people alive these days.

For instance, I remembered the gangster I met in Tucson who told me his favorite things to do were drive-by shootings and, after beating someone up, watching them writhe in pain on the ground while kicking them. Obviously, that guy wouldn't be happy with peace on Earth.

Then there was the guy who banged on the door at the next house. He had just been beaten up by some men he purchased drinks for at the bar. If his story was true, those men beat him because they enjoyed it. They wouldn't be happy with peace on Earth.

In Detroit, I had personally dealt with bullies in school and was attacked by a man with a machete. Needless to say, all those people enjoy violence.

In 2007, serial killers existed, mass shootings were becoming more common, and wars were more popular than ever. On top of all that, kinky sex involving torture was becoming more popular.

In sports, mixed martial arts (MMA) was becoming increasingly popular. It's more brutal than boxing, indicating that an awful lot of people enjoy violence.

Even though I had stopped watching television and listening to the radio, I still watched movies at theaters. I enjoyed love stories, comedies, romantic comedies, heartfelt true stories, documentaries, and action movies that included romance and humor. Going to movies often, I noticed that more than half were horrific psychodramas, thrillers, and super-violent action movies—films sadistic people would enjoy. Those people would be bored with peace on Earth.

By looking up the statistics on sadists, I found that 54 percent of human beings are sadistic, meaning they enjoy watching others in pain and/or enjoy inflicting pain on others. I also learned that sadism isn't considered a personality disorder by the American Psychiatric Association. Instead, it's a personality trait.

Taking all of this into account, it became clear I was very naïve to seriously think that peace could arrive on Earth. A realistic view of humanity reveals that peace is impossible with the people who inhabit the Earth. Incarcerating or executing the people who aren't interested in peace was obviously not peaceful, making that approach to peace on Earth ridiculous hypocrisy.

I knew of a historical example in which force was used in an attempt to create peace on Earth. My mom was Macedonian. One day she gave me a copy of Alexander the Great's proclamation of peace on Earth. She had gone to the Detroit Institute of Arts, Cleopatra Exhibit and discovered that Cleopatra was Macedonian. It turns out that Alexander had conquered Egypt. Subsequently, one of his generals was appointed by Alexander to be the pharaoh of Egypt. To maintain a pure bloodline, that pharaoh conceived a child with his sister. This sort of incest is common among royalty. Eventually, Cleopatra was a descendant of the Macedonian general. This story and Alexander's peace proclamation were available at the Cleopatra exhibit, so my mom brought them home. In his peace proclamation, Alexander explained that there were no longer different people with different rulers. Therefore, there wouldn't be any more wars, and that constitutes peace on Earth.

Unfortunately, Alexander died around the age of thirty-one or thirty-two years old, soon after he proclaimed peace. Some believe his generals killed him, but the actual cause of his death is uncertain. Afterward, his five generals divided the Macedonian Empire between themselves.

Of course, Alexander hadn't actually conquered the entire world. In fact, he was defeated in India, where he retreated. Regardless, he had formed the largest empire in recorded history. This example supports the theory that using force to make peace doesn't work. Alexander made a truly valiant effort, but it failed.

By taking my peace-on-Earth blinders off, I could finally see that most people prefer violence over peace. Humanity as it is makes peace unattainable. Hence, working to obtain peace on

Earth is destined to fail. With no chance of succeeding, the only sensible step for me to take was to let go of my childish dream for peace on Earth.

As that sunk in, I felt a huge weight lift off my shoulders. By letting go of my hopes to help bring peace to the Earth, I could simply live my life. I felt humbled, relieved, and free from a vast self-imposed burden.

Now that my ego's dreams had evaporated, I was ready to chart a new course, a much more practical course.

As I relaxed my mind and let go of the burden I had been carrying, I began to wonder what I ought to do with my life. I was still interested in living in an egalitarian community.

After visiting communities all around the US on my bike and then helping to build several, I never found anything that felt like home. I had nearly given up on fulfilling that dream.

My current situation involved a work trade on land that was owned by a fair-minded couple. We had worked together setting up their property and had become comfortable with each other. On top of that, I was genuinely enjoying the magnificent paradise island of Maui.

Despite all I had going for me, being a serf on property controlled by landlords who owned it felt uncomfortable. My yearning to live with peers who share our gifts from our hearts was still unfulfilled.

As I wondered who I would most like to explore that with, Suzi came to mind. I haven't mentioned her but it seemed that we had a special connection that hadn't had a chance to develop. I contacted her and told her about the Sundance and how that led me to consider building a community with her.

She was interested, so we began discussing how, where, and when.

Chapter 25

A New Perspective

After I contacted Suzi and began the discussion about forming an egalitarian community together, she sent me an email suggesting I visit a website.

There I found a video of a woman telling her fantastic story. She had accidentally driven off of a bridge into a river. After taking her seat belt off, she couldn't get her son's seat belt to release. Eventually, after more than 20 minutes of being underwater, paramedics freed her son from the vehicle. Surprisingly, they managed to resuscitate the boy, but he didn't regain consciousness.

While her son remained in a coma, she claimed some otherworldly beings came to visit her. They presented her with a way to heal her son. Following their instructions, she enlisted as many friends and relatives as she could find to visit her son at his bedside in the hospital. Each person was instructed to send love from their heart to the boy to heal him. Many people showed up to provide their support. Once everyone had done their part, her son woke up. Miraculously, he didn't have any brain damage.

Afterward, the mysterious beings returned to request a favor. They asked the woman to organize a one-hour global meditation with the participants sending love from their hearts to Mother Earth, whose suffering and needs loving support.

The woman was happy to assist the beings with their positive group meditation project. They specified that the meditation would take place on 7/7/07 from noon to 1 p.m. Greenwich Mean Time. This is the only time of day occurs on the same day worldwide. Other times don't work out that way.

To set it all up, she built the website that offered the video.

In addition to providing the video of her story, the website included a chart showing when the appointed time occurred in

all the world's time zones. The website also offered music that the mysterious beings guided a musician to arrange and record specifically for people to play while sending their love from their hearts to Mother Earth. The music and the lyrics could be downloaded for free.

After downloading the music and lyrics, I took a look at the lyrics. Oddly, the first verse of the most highly recommended song contained strange words that seemed to be from various antiquated languages. Still, the rest of the song was in English.

Since I didn't like singing or chanting in unfamiliar languages, I was put off by the cryptic first verse. As I wondered what to do about it, I was intuitively guided to decode the message. Because I was on a computer connected to the internet, I could quickly search the internet for each word to find English equivalents. As I worked on that, some words turned out to be archaic Latin, others Ancient Greek, and a couple were Aramaic (which is related to Hebrew).

Once I had obtained English translations for all of the words, I assembled them to form two sentences:

*“Golden boxes in the sky, amaze all of Earth.
They come down and take people away.”*

The word that translated to “boxes” also meant “enclosures,” which could be interpreted as spaceships to make the first sentence,

“Golden spaceships in the sky, amaze all of Earth.”

Obviously, this message was surprising. Why would this sort of hidden message be included in a healing meditation for the Earth? It didn't seem to fit.

It was nearing dinner time, and some friends had invited me to join them for dinner, so I turned off the computer and went to visit my friends. They had been members of the vegan community, Gentle World, the one I moved to Maui to join and be with Butterflies. This couple had dropped out of the commune together to get married and raise a family. The guy had been

given the name Home, while the gal was named Brook when I met her, but later her name was upgraded to Angel.

While Brook and Home worked on dinner, I told them about the Earth-healing meditation event and the strange lyrics I had just decoded. After explaining that, I asked if they had any ideas about why a song associated with healing the Earth would contain a coded message about spaceships taking people away.

Home, who was part Hawai‘ian, answered with a story about his older brother, who was also part Hawai‘ian. He explained that his brother had attended fine schools to obtain a master’s degree in environmental science. Being the favorite son, the family put their financial resources into his education. Upon completing that education, the family had a special dinner to celebrate his academic achievement. At that dinner, the family asked the older brother what he planned to do, now that he had completed his education.

The brother shared how he had learned that humanity had destroyed the Earth. Believing that the Earth’s condition was beyond repair, he figured that the only way humanity could survive is by colonizing other planets. Therefore, he had decided to focus on space exploration to colonize other planets.

After hearing that story, an intuitive thought popped up, and I shared it: “If all the people who don’t appreciate the Earth left, then the small fraction of people who sincerely love and respect the Earth would be able to live happily ever after.”

Just after sharing that idea, another intuitive message emerged. “There’s a passage in the bible about the meek inheriting the Earth.”

That caused me to recall Steiner’s prophesy that closed-hearted people go to the Moon while open-hearted people inherit the Earth. As I’ve mentioned, this Moon destination part of Steiner’s cosmology had kept me from accepting it.

Seventeen years later, in 2007, colonizing space was being seriously considered. That helped me regard the Moon as a much more reasonable possibility.

After dinner, I searched the internet for an online Bible. The Bible Gateway website offered tools to search the Judea-Christian Holy Bible. I searched for the word “meek” to find several fascinating passages using “meek.” The one that most clearly supported the removal versus inheritance prophecy was Psalm 37 by King David. The English Standard Version (ESV) of that Psalm is presented here:

37:1 Fret not yourself because of evildoers; be not envious of wrongdoers! 2 For they will soon fade like the grass and wither like the green herb.

3 Trust in the LORD, and do good; dwell in the land and befriend faithfulness. 4 Delight yourself in the LORD, and he will give you the desires of your heart.

5 Commit your way to the LORD; trust in him, and he will act. 6 He will bring forth your righteousness as the light, and your justice as the noonday.

7 Be still before the LORD and wait patiently for him; fret not yourself over the one who prospers in his way, over the man who carries out evil devices!

8 Refrain from anger, and forsake wrath! Fret not yourself; it tends only to evil. 9 For the evildoers shall be cut off, but those who wait for the LORD shall inherit the land.

10 In just a little while, the wicked will be no more; though you look carefully at his place, he will not be there. 11 But the meek shall inherit the land and delight themselves in abundant peace.

12 The wicked plots against the righteous and gnashes his teeth at him, 13 but the Lord laughs at the wicked, for he sees that his day is coming.

14 The wicked draw the sword and bend their bows to bring down the poor and needy, to slay those whose way is upright; 15 their sword shall enter their own heart, and their bows shall be broken.

16 Better is the little that the righteous has than the abundance of many wicked. 17 For the arms of the wicked shall be broken, but the LORD upholds the righteous.

18 The LORD knows the days of the blameless, and their heritage will remain forever; 19 they are not put to shame in evil times; in the days of famine they have abundance. 20 But the wicked will perish; the enemies of the LORD are like the glory of the pastures; they vanish—like smoke they vanish away.

21 The wicked borrows but does not pay back, but the righteous is generous and gives; 22 for those blessed by the LORD shall inherit the land, but those cursed by him shall be cut off.

23 The steps of a man are established by the LORD, when he delights in his way; 24 though he fall, he shall not be cast headlong, for the LORD upholds his hand.

25 I have been young, and now am old, yet I have not seen the righteous forsaken or his children begging for bread. 26 He is ever lending generously, and his children become a blessing.

27 Turn away from evil and do good; so shall you dwell forever. 28 For the LORD loves justice; he will not forsake his saints. They are preserved forever, but the children of the wicked shall be cut off. 29 The righteous shall inherit the land and dwell upon it forever.

30 The mouth of the righteous utters wisdom, and his tongue speaks justice. **31 The law of his God is in his heart; his steps do not slip.** 32 The wicked watches for the righteous and seeks to put him to death. 33 The LORD will not abandon him to his power or let him be condemned when he is brought to trial.

34 Wait for the LORD and keep his way, and he will exalt you to inherit the land; you will look on when the wicked are cut off.

35 I have seen a wicked, ruthless man, spreading himself like a green laurel tree. 36 But he passed away, and behold, he was no more; though I sought him, he could not be found.

37 Mark the blameless and behold the upright, for there is a future for the man of peace. 38 But transgressors shall be altogether destroyed; the future of the wicked shall be cut off.

39 The salvation of the righteous is from the LORD; he is their stronghold in the time of trouble. 40 The LORD helps them and delivers them; he delivers them from the wicked and saves them, because they take refuge in him.

I was surprised to find so much about inheritance in one Psalm. Removing the wicked was repeated many times, but where they'll be taken is never mentioned. To fill in that missing detail, I found the location identified in Matthew 5:3-5 (ESV) where Jesus, a direct descendant of King David, is reported to have said this:

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs shall be the kingdom of heaven. . . . Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the Earth.

Being “poor in spirit” would fit people who have turned away from their Soul—the Holy Spirit in Christian terminology.

These two beatitudes have been a conundrum for theologians who presume that good people go to Heaven. Despite that, those folks also claim that sinners can ascend to Heaven by accepting Jesus as one's savior.

Despite orthodox claims, Jesus clearly contrasts the "poor in spirit" with the "meek," in the same way that David contrasts the wicked and the meek. The former are removed from the Earth while the latter inherit the Earth. Therefore, it appeared to me that the Holy Bible is prophesying the wicked or poor in spirit will be relocated to Heaven. Because the Moon is in the Heavens, that agrees with Steiner's prediction.

Beyond that, I noticed that Psalm 37 begins by predicting that the meek will inherit the Earth. Then, in verse 12, David starts referring to the inheritors as the righteous. Because the meek and the righteous both inherit the Earth, these two labels must identify the same sort of people.

Eventually, in verse 31, while describing the righteous, David asserts, "**The law of his God is in his heart; his steps do not slip.**"

I used bold type to emphasize the importance of this line. This key sentence claims that the meek/righteous follow a God whose law is found in their hearts. The "**his steps do not slip**" part implies that they follow this God's law closely. In other words, David is explaining that people who obediently follow the law found in their hearts are "the righteous."

Because the meek and the righteous appear to be equivalent, that implies that the meek also follow their hearts. Noah and Moses were both identified as the meekest men in their respective lifetimes. Psalm 37:31 proclaims that the righteous God's law resides in peoples' hearts. Thus, to be one of the meek or righteous who inherits the Earth, one must follow the guidance that emerges from their heart.

To provide this inheritance, Jesus claims that the poor in spirit (those who don't follow the Holy Spirit in their hearts) will go to Heaven. To visit the Moon?

Based on these passages, I found the Holy Bible to be consistent with Seiner's predictions.

Another example of support can be found in the New Testament's Book of James (ESV), chapter 1, in the following section:

Hearing and Doing the Word

*19 Know this, my beloved brothers: let every person be quick to hear, slow to speak, slow to anger; 20 for the anger of man does not produce the righteousness of God. 21 Therefore put away all filthiness and rampant wickedness and **receive with meekness the implanted word, which is able to save your souls.***

*22 But **be doers of the word, and not hearers only**, deceiving yourselves. 23 For if anyone is a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like a man who looks intently at his natural face in a mirror. 24 For he looks at himself and goes away and at once forgets what he was like. 25 But the one who looks into the perfect law, the law of liberty, and perseveres, being no hearer who forgets but a doer who acts, he will be blessed in his doing.*

*26 If anyone thinks he is religious and does not bridle his tongue but **deceives his heart**, this person's religion is worthless.*

James' advice to "**receive with meekness the implanted word, which is able to save your souls**" corresponds to listening to intuition and conscience. Obviously, the **implanted word** isn't written in a book; rather, it's planted inside ourselves. Then, James' advice to "**be doers of the word, and not hearers only**" corresponds to following the guidance that arises as intuition and conscience. Finally, in the last line, James states that a person who "**deceives his heart**" has a worthless religion. Thus, people who ignore their inner guidance that emerges from their heart to arrogantly follow their ego mind's choices have a worthless religion. James appears to propose that following the implanted word is the most important thing a person can do.

Because most Christians have been taught that God's word is written in the Bible, they can undervalue the **implanted word** that comes from inside themselves. Focusing on a book rather than listening to their hearts means the intimate relationship with their Souls (or Holy Spirit) is lost. Hence, following a book leads people away from righteousness and toward wickedness.

While some people revere the Catholic Church, others estimate that Catholicism is responsible for over 70 million murders. Many of those involved torture, burning people alive, and so on. Being associated with these wicked acts, most religious people look forward to leaving the Earth to ascend to Heaven. Could this destination be where the wicked are taken to remove them from the Earth? Could the Moon simply be a symbol that points toward the Heavens? Possibly, but there may be more to this.

In my investigation of the Christian denominations, I found the Quakers believe the Holy Spirit resides within everyone's heart. They also believe in following their intuition and conscience. To avoid being persecuted by the Catholic Church, the Quakers left Europe to practice their open-hearted form of Christianity in America.

In another passage in the Gospel of John, (ESV) Jesus' disciple John directs his followers to their inner God:

4:4 Little children, you are from God . . . for he who is in you is greater than he who is in the world. . . . 12 No one has ever seen God; if we love one another, God abides in us and his love is perfected in us. 13 By this we know that we abide in him and he in us, because he has given us of his Spirit.

Obviously, God's spirit—the Holy Spirit—abides in people who love one another.

Finally, in chapter 17 of Luke (ESV), Jesus explains that the kingdom of God is within:

20 Being asked by the Pharisees when the kingdom of God would come, he [Jesus] answered them, "The kingdom of God is not coming with signs to be observed, 21 nor will they say, 'Look, here it is!' or 'There!' for behold, the kingdom of God is in the midst of you."

In my MacBook's dictionary "Midst" is defined "in the middle of" and is a synonym for "heart". Thus, Jesus locates the kingdom of God in our hearts. This is clearly different from the kingdom of Heaven, where the Father resides.

Eventually, I searched the Muslim Koran and the Hindu scriptures to find support for following God's guidance that emerges from within the human heart to inherit the Earth. I learned this mostly ignored ascension versus inheritance prophecy can be found in all the world's primary religious texts.

Despite that, most religious people worship external deities, while a small minority focus on their inner guidance.

In all cases, religious scriptures can be used to support a wide variety of viewpoints. Even the same passage can be interpreted in many different ways.

Using computer searching tools to investigate scriptures from all the major world religions, I found support for Steiner's prophecy. Divisive closed-hearted people will be removed from the Earth to leave behind open-hearted people who inherit the Earth.

Further investigation revealed that hardly any people pay attention to the passages that support this removal/ascension versus inheritance scenario. Instead, most people simply focus on going to Heaven or ascending to a superior existence. What's strangest is how the righteous are left on Earth while the wicked are removed to Heaven. That's the opposite of the popular notion of Heaven being best. Many people claim that the Earth is Hell. If that's true, then why do the righteous inherit the Earth and live in it forever? Obviously, there's something off.

During my investigation, I found a few religious leaders who offer their interpretation regarding the famously bewildering passage, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Unfortunately, those leaders failed to link the meek with being righteous people who follow their hearts.

When investigating the new age spiritual movement, I found spiritual teachings that also focus on ascension. However, some spiritual people redefine ascension to mean something other than traveling upward, even though “ascension” is clearly derived from “ascend,” which means going upward.

New age spiritual people are similar to typical religious people because they all believe they will ascend to a better place or condition. Meanwhile, they appear to ignore the alternative of inheriting the Earth.

The popular perspective of Christianity holds that Jesus died on the cross to save sinners and ensure their place in Heaven. If it's the sinners who go to Heaven, wouldn't that leave the righteous on Earth as inheritors? Somehow, people don't consider the side effects of ascension. They simply hope to get to Heaven. What takes place afterward on Earth isn't considered.

By searching the scriptures with a computer, I was able to find that ascension versus inheritance is supported by the scriptures of all the major religions except Buddhism, which only addresses ascension. I share an explanation for that exception and passages from the other religions in *The Magnificent Soul*.

At this point, I feel intuitively guided to summarize the curious sequence of events that pushed me to find scriptural support for the ascension/inheritance prophesy.

Dave persuaded me to go to the Sundance after I shared my list of connections to the red and white colors. The awful mishaps that transpired at the Sundance pushed me to let go of my old perspective in which I naively hoped that it was possible to create peace on Earth. This was when I finally accepted how many people prefer violence over peace and let go of my hopes for achieving peace on Earth.

With my hopes for peace on Earth quashed, my desire to live in an egalitarian community was reawakened. To work on that, I contacted Suzi. She emailed me about the website with the song written in multiple archaic languages.

Using the internet to decode that message, I found it said,

*“Golden boxes in the sky, amaze all of Earth.
They come down and take people away.”*

At that point in my life, I had personally experienced the miraculous healing of a chronic problem that had bothered me for 22 years. Dr. Sha’s Soul, Mind, Body healing really worked.

I had also returned to experience being the One to remember why the Universe was created. That purpose and the formless consciousness behind it matched the purpose Steiner offered in his cosmology.

Additionally, Steiner’s cosmology claimed that the people who learn to open and follow their hearts and are open to love will inherit the Earth. Without consciously choosing to, I had been guided by my Soul to learn how to open my heart using the Heart-Opening Breath. I also realized I had been following my heart for my entire life. Finally, I was guided to learn a lot about love and how it emerges from the Souls in our hearts.

This peculiar sequence of events taught me how to see ascension to Heaven in a completely different way than most people. I couldn’t be sure this alternate view was accurate, but so much fit together so perfectly that I was fascinated by the idea and curious to investigate this possibility further.

Besides, this bizarre puzzle wasn’t finished yet. There were still a couple of pieces missing. One missing piece was how the removal of the closed-hearted people would occur.

Going to the Moon still seemed outlandish to me. Even though UFOs and space exploration offered possibilities that many people had dedicated their lives to investigating, colonizing other planets didn’t feel right.

Since achieving peace on Earth after ascension would probably involve a gigantic miracle, the details could be a secret that would spoil the surprise if humans knew how that would occur.

When contemplating going to the Moon, my intuition told me that the Moon was symbolic, but I didn't know what it symbolized. Because that answer wasn't popping up in my mind, I figured the actual destination may be a secret that my Soul couldn't share with me.

As I decoded the song to find a completely different way to view ascension, I started feeling like a character in a Dan Brown mystery novel. However, this was a real mystery involving the future of humanity and our home, Mother Earth.

While contemplating Steiner's cosmology, I was reminded of another issue that didn't seem to fit reality. He claimed that the Original People were not individuals. I couldn't imagine how a human being with an independent body and free will to do as they pleased could be anything other than an individual. It seemed to me that humans are individuals due to our physical separateness.

Could Steiner be right about this? Was I missing something?

While hanging out in front of Mana Foods, a fantastic health food store with a delicious buffet, I met a woman and asked her, "So, what are you into?"

"I'm an anthropologist," was her simple reply.

I realized that she might know about the Original People, so I asked, "Did you ever meet Original People? Hunter-gatherers who had just been discovered?"

She replied, "Yes, I lived with some during my internship."

I further inquired, "Were those people individuals?"

She responded, "That's a strange question. No one has ever asked me that."

I came back with, "Okay, take some time to think about it. I would love to know your thoughts on that."

After taking a moment to think, she confidently declared, "Absolutely not!"

To ensure clarity, I asked, "Absolutely not, what?"

She replied, "Those people were absolutely not individuals."

Finally, I asked her, “Why? What made it appear that they were not individuals?”

She explained, “They hardly spoke, and they never discussed differences of opinion. When a group project had to be done, they would all stand up at the same time without anyone saying anything. Then they would complete the project without uttering a single word the entire time. Finally, they would all sit down. It was as if they were one organism.”

Wow! This was very interesting. Steiner could be right.

Not long after that, I met two more anthropologists and asked each one the same questions. Without letting them know I had already discussed this with other anthropologists, all three offered nearly identical answers. They all clearly affirmed that the Original People they encountered were definitely not individuals.

When I was trying to comprehend how this could be true, I recalled what I found in Jean Liedloff’s classic book *The Continuum Concept: In Search of Happiness Lost*. Liedloff spent two and a half years in the Venezuelan jungle, living with a clan of Original People. She was especially moved by how these people cared for their children. Liedloff claimed that the mothers would hold their infants continuously for one and a half to two years. When a baby pushed away from the mother, she would allow the infant to venture out on its own without concern. If the baby returned, the mother would hold it again. Once the baby left and failed to return to the mother, her duties ended.

Once on its own, the child would mimic the older folks and become a contributing member of the clan around four years old. No training, punishment, or encouragement was needed. How could this be?

My Soul guided me to realize how each Original Person’s Soul can teach them to do their part by simply imitating older clan members. With inner guidance from our Souls, no external guidance or education is needed.

This fits with my experiences at MIT and my computer consulting work. I found that Souls know more than the most revered professors and experts in the world. The best answers come from within.

Similarly, animals don't need training. They instinctively know how to survive. Scientists use the term instincts to label countless inexplicable behaviors. Unfortunately, scientists haven't determined where instincts come from. My Soul informed me that each creature's Soul provides instincts. Soul-intuition resolves this unsolved mystery with a simple consciousness-based solution.

Returning to the Original People Liedloff observed, she watched them operate in an egalitarian way, sharing all the clan's food evenly amongst everyone. Even Liedloff was given an equal share of what was gathered daily. This is the only way to share what's been gathered when everyone is considered part of one organism—a single being with multiple parts connected through the web of life—consciousness.

This oneness perspective is illustrated by one of Liedloff's observations involving a boy who shot an arrow that landed in another boy's chest. The mother of the shooter arrived at the scene, wondering what happened. After the mother was informed of how her son shot an arrow that landed in another boy's chest, she showed great surprise because of the accident's unusual nature. Oddly, however, she didn't blame or reprimand her son, even though he shot the arrow.

To understand how this could be true, imagine you're using a handsaw to cut a piece of wood. With one hand, you're holding the piece of wood, and with the other hand, you're pushing the saw to cut through the wood. As you push the saw, it jumps, and you accidentally cut your hand that's holding the wood. Would you blame the hand that was pushing the saw for cutting your other hand?

Of course not, because both hands are yours. It doesn't make sense for you to blame or punish one of your hands for cutting your other hand. If you scolded one of your hands for being

careless and hurting the other hand, people would think you had lost your mind. If you went even further and punished one hand, people would be sure that you were nuts. Both hands are yours, so blame and punishment don't apply.

Next, consider a different situation. You hold a piece of wood for me to cut, and I push the saw in a way that causes it to jump and cut your hand. You would probably get upset and blame me. Because I'm a separate individual, that makes sense.

Blame, credit, gratitude, hatred, love, and many other aspects of modern civilized reality are based on how we behave as if each person is a separate individual.

From my perspective, I intellectually believe that everything is part of One formless consciousness. However, I still behave as though I'm a separate individual. Therefore, my intellectual beliefs aren't as strong as the ingrained perspective of individuality developed during my life. That ingrained sense of individuality drives my behavior. Consequently, I find myself engaging in blame even though I believe that we're all one.

On the other hand, the primal truth of oneness that the Original People held doesn't include blame, which is why the mother of the boy who shot the arrow didn't blame or reprimand her son. Instead, she simply expressed her surprise at the unusual nature of the accident. Her ingrained perspective that everything is one organism caused her to see her son and the boy with the arrow in his chest as two parts of that organism.

Original People are naturally kind, considerate, hospitable, and gentle with each other because of their oneness perspective. Because everything is one, their kindness extends to strangers who are viewed as parts of themselves. Even though physical separation exists, at a deeper level, in the foundation of the Universe, everything is One formless consciousness. The oneness point of view that comes from that ultimate truth makes Original Peoples' behavior quite confounding to individual civilized people who see every person as a separate individual.

The first three paragraphs of Howard Zinn's well-known book *A People's History of the United States* demonstrates the type of unusual behavior I'm referring to:

Arawak men and women, naked, tawny, and full of wonder, emerged from their villages onto the island's beaches and swam out to get a closer look at the strange big boat. When Columbus and his sailors came ashore, carrying swords, speaking oddly, the Arawaks ran to greet them, brought them food, water, gifts. He later wrote of this in his log:

"They . . . brought us parrots and balls of cotton and spears and many other things, which they exchanged for the glass beads and hawks' bells. They willingly traded everything they owned. . . They were well-built, with good bodies and handsome features. . . They do not bear arms, and do not know them, for I showed them a sword, they took it by the edge and cut themselves out of ignorance. They have no iron. Their spears are made of cane. . . They would make fine servants. . . With fifty men we could subjugate them all and make them do whatever we want."

These Arawaks of the Bahama Islands were much like Indians on the mainland, who were remarkable (European observers were to say again and again) for their hospitality, their belief in sharing. These traits did not stand out in the Europe of the Renaissance, dominated as it was by the religion of popes, the government of kings, the frenzy for money that marked Western civilization and its first messenger to the Americas, Christopher Columbus.

In case you're wondering, Arawaks used spears for fishing.

Civilized people have always found it bewildering to learn about the gentle kindness so-called "savages" express when they're first encountered. This is because we're not aware that these Original People view the entire world as one organism. Even rocks, water, air, and plants are part of the oneness perspective, which is quite likely more accurate than the individualistic view of civilized people.

Indeed, it's difficult to imagine what it's like to view everything, even strangers, as parts of one whole, and therefore as parts of ourselves. To overcome that difficulty, we can approximate that oneness perspective by considering how we view various parts of our bodies.

Earlier, the example of cutting a finger with a saw revealed how helpful this analogy can be. By overlaying how you view the parts of your own body onto the entire world, you can imagine how the Original People viewed the world. With everything being parts of oneself, Original People lacked fear, lacked blame, had childlike openness, were willing to share everything they own, lacked hierarchy, and never discussed differing viewpoints. All of these characteristics fit the way we view and treat various parts of ourselves.

People have noticed how the Original Peoples' traits are similar to those of young children who have loving mothers. My Soul guided me to understand why well-cared-for young children are so much like Original People.

Before a child is born, the fetus resides in the mother's womb, making mother and child essentially one organism, even though they have separate minds and Souls.

Then, when the baby is born, the umbilical cord remains connected to the placenta. In some cases, it's cut quickly, while in other cases, the midwife waits until it stops pulsing. Jean Liedloff's book *The Continuum Concept*, plus other changes reintroduced by midwives, have brought back older methods of natural childbirth. Using those techniques make the birthing process gentler and slower, allowing the baby's physical separation from the mother to be more gradual and less traumatic, even unnoticeable to the infant.

When using these methods, the newborn baby is often placed on the mother's bare belly in a dimly lit room. When the umbilical cord stops pulsing, it's cut. Then, when the baby seems ready, the mother gently shifts the baby's position to offer the newborn her breast.

This process is so gradual that one wonders, when does the baby come to see itself as a separate individual? Having become aware of the little-known fact that Original People can live their entire lives with a perspective of oneness, this question arises:

When and how do civilized babies become individuals?

The answer would certainly depend on the particular child and the experiences they encounter. What type of treatment do they receive? Does a doctor hang the baby by its feet and whack it on its butt? Or are gradual, gentle childbirth methods used? How available is the mother? Does she hold the baby continuously until it chooses to push away of its own volition, as Liedloff witnessed among Original People?

Looking at birth this way, it becomes apparent that all babies begin their lives viewing the world as one thing they are a little part of. Indeed, those in civilization become individuals soon after birth due to people who behave divisively.

With three anthropologists confirming Steiner's claim that Original People were not individuals, and with a way to understand that surprising truth, another piece of the puzzle was locked in place.

With their oneness point of view, Original People couldn't find out how it feels to meet mysterious others. Even though they were physically separate, they needed to become psychologically individualized to see others as mysterious.

Steiner's cosmology simply stated that divisive people were introduced to push people apart. Unfortunately, he didn't explain how that was done or who the divisive people are. This left two unexplained details: How did the divisive people arrive, and who are they?

Even without those missing details, this cosmology explains much that other theories fail to address.

For instance, Steiner's cosmology explains why bad things happen to good people: bad things happen to everyone to make us into individuals who can accomplish the purpose of the Universe—finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others.

This answer has a monumental implication; divisive people are needed to accomplish the purpose of finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others. To make everyone into individuals, we all encounter bad things that push us apart.

While it's common to believe that humanity fell from grace, Steiner's cosmology claims that divisive humans were intentionally introduced to individualize everyone. Once individualized, we become able to discover something new: how it feels to meet mysterious others—something the One had never experienced as One!

If this is true, then the divisive people are part of the divine plan. Even though divisive people may appear to be misguided, their disruptive activities are essential for producing individuals. Then, as individuals, we explore entirely new territory, the landscape of individuals, relationships, love, etc.

With individuals formed out of formless consciousness, countless new opportunities become available, things like competition, fighting, cooperating, caring about another, making friends, making enemies, hating others, and—my personal favorite—loving one another.

At this point in my life my perspective had shifted significantly. I had let go of my hopes for peace on Earth to develop amongst everyone. Instead, the likelihood that Steiner's cosmology was accurate had become paramount. With that in mind, I moved forward realizing that what was most important was following my heart and open to love.

When it comes to loving one another, Soul-mates or twin flames are often regarded as the most precious romantic love connection. It's important to remember the detail in Steiner's cosmology predicting that the full blossoming of love will take place after the closed-hearted people go to the Moon. Beyond that, Dr. Katz asserted, the open-hearted inheritors would rejuvenate to youthful vigor and meet their Soul-mates to experience the full blossoming of love while they live until the end of time.

I discovered that all the major religions' scriptures predict that those who inherit the Earth will live forever.

Steiner adds two critical ingredients to the post inheritance era: soul-mates' meet, and the full blossoming of love ensues till the end of time.

If love is the final frontier, I decided to focus more on love than I had already. In my personal life, I had already learned quite a bit, still I could certainly expand my horizons and open to love even more.

Meanwhile, I began to investigate the literature on love, the history, etc.

I did, try to start a community with Suzi. I packed up my tools and important belongings in a crate and sent it on a ship while I flew to Michigan. Sadly, things went awry in a few days. It became obvious to me that it wouldn't work so I hung out with my parents for a couple of weeks and flew back to Maui. As soon as I got to my parents house I contacted the shipping company and rerouted my crate back to Maui which reduced the cost of that shipment.

I'm very grateful that Suzi connected me with the 7/7/07 Earth healing event. Otherwise I wouldn't have discovered that strange song about golden boxes in the sky amazing all of Earth to take people away.

I feel love for Suzi, but we don't seem to be compatible, at least not now.

Chapter 26

The Many Forms of Love

For most of my life, I've seen the word love carelessly used in all sorts of glib slogans claiming: I love fishing, I love sailing, I love New York, and so on. This precious word "love" and the popular heart symbol linked to love are used everywhere. Despite the popularity of love, I hadn't been able to find a clear and realistic definition of love. I even asked numerous elders, but they weren't helpful.

Luckily, a description of love that captured what I had personally experienced to be the essence of love came to me in a book a dear friend loaned to me. I don't have that book to reference, so I'll simply share what I learned in my own words.

To describe love, it helps to begin by describing lust. Lust occurs when a person sees something they believe can bring them sensual enjoyment and, hopefully, happiness. A person can lust after food, objects, power, money, people, etc.

For instance, when I see a chocolate cake, my mouth waters, and I imagine eating that cake will be enjoyable. Hopefully, the experience will make me happier than I was before I ate the cake. Eating the cake may be pleasant, but the feeling doesn't last very long. Once the flavor has disappeared, the joy fades. Some mood-altering chemicals in chocolate prolong the enjoyable effects beyond the initial taste sensation, but those wear off soon enough.

Lust for a sexually attractive person involves the belief that a sexual encounter with that person will be enjoyable and that sensual pleasure will bring happiness with it. As with chocolate, chemicals are produced during sexual activities that prolong the joyful feelings after the encounter ends. Still, that chemistry also dissipates.

In the case of sexual lust, people who are used as sexual objects to fulfill someone's lustful desires often feel misused and degraded. At its core, lust is selfishly taking what one desires without regard for how that selfish activity may negatively affect others.

On the other hand, love is nearly the opposite of lust. With love, a person feels a willingness to sacrifice themselves to please the one they love. In a boomerang way, sacrifices made to please one's beloved bring joy and happiness to the giver and their beloved. This makes love a selfless win-win arrangement that brings people closer together. When love is mutual, the reciprocal willingness to please one another is wondrously beneficial for both parties.

In Chapter 1, I shared the story of my seven-day tantric adventure. On the sixth day, while making love, I thought to myself, "I love this woman so much that I would be willing to give my life to bring her more joy."

I had no particular idea of how giving my life might bring her more joy. I simply noticed how I felt willing to sacrifice myself if some unexpected situation provided an opportunity for me to help my beloved by offering my life.

Later, when my heart was less wide open, it seemed absurd for me to sacrifice my life simply to increase my beloved's happiness. Despite that intellectual judgment of how I felt while deeply in love, the book my friend loaned me described love as a willingness to sacrifice oneself to please their beloved.

While reading that, I recalled my feelings of being willing to sacrifice myself for my beloved. I also remembered how that took place when I felt more in love than ever. Those feelings finally made sense. I realized that being willing to sacrifice my life to benefit my beloved revealed the depth and sincerity of my love for that woman at that moment—a moment I will never forget.

There are many romantic love stories in which one or both lovers sacrifice their lives for their beloved. *Romeo and Juliet* is one. The movie *Casablanca* is another classic. In that story, two men love the same woman so much that they're both willing to

take a bullet to give the woman and the other man an opportunity to escape the relentless Nazis.

Having experienced the willingness to sacrifice my life for my beloved, I had a glimpse into how surprisingly powerful love can be. What's more, it became evident that love is about giving, and giving aligns love with open-hearted people who give generously from their hearts.

Conversely, the ego-mind in the head tends to be more lustful. It looks for ways to make itself more powerful and more highly regarded without concern for how that effects others.

With intuitive guidance from our Souls who prepare things behind the scenes, what one person is guided to offer their beloved can be precisely what their beloved desires. This coordination is arranged by the lovers' Souls as those divine spirits communicate telepathically and work together, guiding their hosts to synchronize with each other. Indeed, the full blossoming of love will abound with serendipitous synchronicities. Because our Souls are the key to wonderful love connections, the term Soul-mate fits.

To understand love more, my Soul guided me to investigate the history of love. A summary follows:

The ancient Greeks had five separate words for five different types of love: *eros* is sexual passion, *philia* is deep friendship, *ludus* is playful love, *agape* is love for everyone, and *philautia* is love of oneself. In the 1970s, John Allen Lee added *pragma* to be a practical form of love intended to help modern marriages survive after the honeymoon is over. Ancient Greek plays included comedy, satire, and tragedy, but the concepts of romance and Soul-mate are curiously missing from the ancient Greek language and their famous plays.

Moving forward in time more than 1,000 years, courtly love emerged during the late eleventh century in medieval Europe. This was a new form of love that took place between a knight and a noblewoman. Initially practiced in France, courtly love spread to English courts, where it was practiced from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries. Historians believe that courtly love

developed into romantic love around 1600 AD. That's when *Romeo and Juliet* debuted.

Unexpectedly, my research found that romantic love is only 400 years old. Some historians suggest that the modern view of romantic love emerged during the late 1800s and early 1900s, making the current view of romantic love just over 100 years old.

Fictional books and movies that take place in ancient times often insert romantic love into the storyline, misleading us to believe that romantic love always existed. Despite those fictitious stories, historians have found that romantic love emerged only 400 years ago, with the modern form just over 100 years old.

Finally, I found the term *Soul-mate* had first appeared in an 1822 letter from the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge, making that concept less than 200 years old.

Looking at accurate historical accounts of pre-civilized Original Peoples, I found those folks casually changed partners without heartache or offense. In the multivolume *History of the Indies* by Bartolome de las Casas, who participated in the conquest of Cuba beginning in 1508, las Casas has the following to say about the Original People he personally encountered:

“Marriage laws are non-existent: men and women alike choose their mates and leave them as they please, without offense, jealousy or anger.”

When it comes to lust, Las Casas reports:

“Indian men and women look upon total nakedness with as much casualness as we look upon a man's head or at his hands.”

Those first-hand accounts indicate that the Original People didn't experience love or lust, which would make sense given their oneness perspective. People who see everything and everyone as parts of themselves wouldn't experience lust or love because those feelings occur between individuals. So, before the advent of individuality, lovers didn't exist.

As they say, it takes two to tango. Love and lust both take place across a gap of separation.

Love of oneself exists, but the first account of it comes from the Greek story of Narcissus, who fell in love with his image reflected back to him by a pool of still water. That reflection created the separation needed for narcissistic self-love to emerge.

All relationships take place across a gap of separation, a gap that human individuality provides. When this is realized, it becomes clear why the One pushed humans to develop the horrendously divisive tragedy we call civilization. With separate individuals, love was finally able to emerge.

Considering all sorts of relationships, those that include some type of love are exceptionally wonderful to experience. Indeed, there's still much to learn about this complex and powerful relationship dynamic we call love.

Regardless of where love came from or when it first appeared, love is undoubtedly the most wonderful way to connect with a mysterious separate individual.

To experience the full blossoming of love, people must open their hearts wide. To do that, we need a peaceful environment that feels safe enough for us to completely unbridle our hearts.

Unfortunately, the world is currently filled with all sorts of dangers. For instance, con artists pretend to be in love so they can take advantage of a patsy. Many divisive activities take advantage of open-hearted people's generosity, making it challenging to explore love much further than we already have.

Suppose world peace and abundant prosperity actually arrive on Earth. In that case, open-hearted people could explore love much more deeply than we have so far.

At this point in my life, I was convinced that learning to open and follow my heart and being open to love were the most critical issues for me to focus on.

Chapter 27

My New Path

As I mentioned earlier, I had embarked on a new path, rather than creating peace on Earth, I actually needed to prepare myself to be among the inheritors who will live in abundant peace and prosperity to experience the full blossoming of love. To do that, I needed to learn how to open my heart, follow my heart, and be open to love.

Indeed, I was already on that path, but other people must have already worked this out, right? There must be a roadmap, guide, or teacher that could help. While looking for forerunners who had already walked this path, I found the following quote from Swami Vivekananda (1863–1902), the Hindu sage who brought Hinduism to the Western world:

*“You have to grow from the inside out.
None can teach you, none can make you spiritual.
There is no other teacher but your own soul.”*

Of all that my Soul was revealing to me, a key ingredient was accepting that humans have two general paths to choose from:

1. The inner Way of the Heart path leads to inheriting the Earth and experiencing the full blossoming of love in a world of abundant peace and prosperity.
2. The outer path involves searching outside of oneself to find and take possession of what one desires. This second path provides an important divisive side effect that individualizes human beings.

Once the closed-hearted people succeed in sufficiently individualizing all humans, Steiner claims these folks will be ushered up to the Moon or whatever that symbolizes. After arriving at their Heavenly destination, the closed-hearted are predicted to fulfill their greatest passions and finally return to the One, which marks their end.

Meanwhile, open-hearted people on the Way of the Heart path inherit the Earth to experience the full blossoming of love in physical bodies.

So far, I had found support for this scenario in the scriptures of all the world's primary religions. At forty-seven years old, I had a life history full of the benefits realized by following my heart. The Sundance fiasco that led me to contact Suzi, allowed me to reconsider humanity's divisive civilization to see how it's an evil necessary for separating people into individuals.

All of that caused me to view the ascension/inheritance prophecy as more realistic than anything I've considered.

My lifelong hope for peace on Earth and my attraction to love surely motivated me to grab ahold of this thread of hope. Without a realistic chance for peace developing in a world that's growing more violent and divisive every day, the ascension/inheritance prophecy was the only sensible possibility. Metaphysical miracles had already occurred in my life. Indeed, a huge miracle could fulfill the ascension/inheritance prediction.

Unfortunately, I wasn't finding anyone who could articulate how open-hearted living leads to inheritance.

I had been talking about opening and following our hearts with friends and acquaintances for several years. I mostly found people who focused on ascension, higher vibrations, higher consciousness, returning to the one, attaining oneness consciousness, and so on. Many of these folks referred to physical reality with disgust while looking forward to ascending to a superior realm, a higher dimension, or higher density.

I also encountered born-again Christians who wanted to help me get to Heaven by accepting Christ as my savior, but that was just another ascension scenario. When these folks claimed the only way to Heaven is through Jesus Christ, I would remind them that Matthew 5:3 and 5:5 claim that Jesus said:

*“Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.”*

Then I'd explain that King David's Psalm 37 reveals how the meek are the righteous who follow the God whose law is in their hearts. I'd explain I believe that God is the Holy Spirit who resides in everyone's hearts. Then I'd conclude by saying I'm focused on following the inner God, so I will be one of the meek who inherits the Earth.

Unexpectedly, some born-again Christians actually found that intriguing and wanted to know more. However, most held on to their single-pointed belief that Heaven is the place to go and Jesus is the only way to get there.

When they spoke of Jesus suffering for everyone's sins, I was reminded of the Sundance ceremony and all those men suffering.

Thankfully, on encouraging occasions, I'd meet people who loved Mother Earth and their precious lives. After sharing the ascension/inheritance message with open-hearted people, they would respond with an abundance of gratitude. Finding kindred spirits was deeply reassuring.

The contrast between these unusually grounded people and most people was genuinely startling.

As I looked for people teaching the Way of the Heart, I found workshops on ascension, higher vibrations, higher consciousness, returning to the one, and attaining oneness consciousness, but these popular teachings were all directed upward or toward returning to oneness consciousness. Oddly, I couldn't find a single workshop on opening the heart and following the heart back in 2007. Certainly, that has changed in the past fourteen years, as I've seen more and more about following one's heart in recent years.

I was able to find a couple of classes on intuition. Still, the teachers claimed the source of intuition resided outside the human being. It came from an angel or some higher consciousness situated above the person. The Stanford research conclusively showed that the infallible voice comes from the heart, and that's what my Soul told me.

I was amazed by how it appeared that I had arrived at an understanding of reality that was substantially different from anything I could find.

More recently, I found teachers like Sai Baba who focused on teaching people to follow their hearts' consciousness. Despite that, when I was looking for that fourteen years ago, I wasn't able to find those teachers.

The cornerstone of my worldview had become my version of Steiner's cosmology. Because that cosmology included ascension to the Moon, my perspective included the popular notion of going to Heaven or some alluring upper realm, but that wasn't the path I was interested in following. Instead, I was hoping to be one of the meek who inherits the Earth.

At a birthday party, the birthday girl gave me a book by Steiner that focused on ascension. In it, Steiner supported the popular ideas of raising one's consciousness to ascend into some sort of spirit realm to unite with God. Unexpectedly, that book gave me the impression that Steiner was interested in ascension himself. However, because he gave lectures on many subjects, that book could have been intended for people interested in ascension without implying that Steiner preferred that path.

Despite all that, I was able to find explicit support for the inheritance path in the spiritual texts of the world's most popular religions, Judaism, Christianity, Muslim, and Hinduism. Of course, thousands of pages are focused on divisive human activities and ascension, offering a way to escape the suffering associated with a divisive closed-hearted life.

In my investigation into Buddhism, I found it to be more of a philosophy than a religion. Buddha was fascinated by suffering and developed a middle way to avoid suffering. This involved four noble truths and an eight-fold path. In its simplest definition, the middle path of Buddhism is a balanced approach to life. This middle path is navigated intellectually, not intuitively. In fact, Buddha openly proclaimed that the Atman (Hindu term) or Soul doesn't exist. So, rather than following one's heart down a middle way of love, Buddha offered a middle

path of moderation based on intellectual contemplation while meditating.

Buddhism's ultimate goal is to reach Nirvana, an enlightened state of mind often associated with Seventh Heaven. This Heavenly goal aligns Buddhism with ascension. So far, I haven't found any inheritance alternative offered by Buddhism, making it the only major religion that lacks the inheritance option.

It was still 2007, and I continued to live on the North Shore of Maui near Paia. That area attracts lots of new-age spiritual folks. In 2007, very few of those people believed that following their heart was important. Instead, new-age folks focused on some sort of ascension goal.

Despite the majority's focus on ascension, I occasionally met people who were tuned into their Souls in their hearts. Those folks were grateful to hear what I had to share about open-hearted living, the Heart-Opening Breath, etc.

Desperately looking for a message that aligned with mine, I went to bookstores to see if I could find any books that covered what my Soul had guided me to learn, but I couldn't find any. I read *The Seat of the Soul* by Gary Zukav, but by the end of that book, Zukav offers his own ascension scenario. Conversely, he doesn't mention any sort of golden age on Earth. More importantly, he doesn't consider the Soul to be a divine guardian.

I searched the internet for Earth inheritance but could only find a couple of slightly similar ideas briefly stated. Still, none of them linked the Earth inheritance to opening one's heart, following the heart, and being open to love.

I ran into a few oddballs who claimed that all spiritual teachers focused on the heart path. If that was true, then why couldn't I find them? I did find some gurus who discussed dropping into the heart to experience tremendous bliss. Still, they didn't talk about following the guidance that arrives as intuition and conscience while in a normal state of mind.

I found bits and pieces of the Way of the Heart here and there, but the entire package that my Soul had led me to call the

Way of the Heart wasn't available anywhere that I was able to find at that time.

The people who treasured what I was sharing encouraged me to offer workshops to teach the Way of the Heart path. However, I didn't feel I was capable of organizing workshops or promoting myself. Throughout my life, people had asked me to help them, and employers offered jobs. I had zero experience with publicity, marketing, advertising, and sales. Therefore, I hoped an event organizer would offer to help me, but that didn't happen.

Meanwhile, more people encouraged me to put my message out there, so I posted a flier at a health food store. It explained I could be found at the Baldwin Beach cove every Wednesday from 5 p.m. until sunset. To help people find me, I attached a sign to a stick, stuck it in the sand at the beach, and sat next to it, ready and willing to share my message.

A few people came out to find out what I had to offer. I taught them the Heart-Opening Breath and told them Steiner's cosmology with a few of my own enhancements. For instance, I explained how three anthropologists confirmed that Original People aren't individuals.

I did that for several weeks, hoping the message would generate interest, but attendance dwindled. Some people showed up, but eventually, no one did at all.

It seemed I could connect with more people by simply hanging out around dinner time at a couple of local health food stores with buffets. At those shops, I would get dinner for myself and hang out with friends, acquaintances, and visitors from all over the world. Often I would share something about the Way of the Heart casually. I still do this and enjoy connecting with people to share in a friendly way. If the Way of the Heart comes up, that's great, but I enjoy simply connecting with people.

Because I couldn't find anything like my Way of the Heart perspective and I didn't feel capable of promoting myself to lecture about it, I decided to write a book. I had known this in my heart for a while already, but I didn't think I could write a book, so I resisted following that guidance.

I had written a bachelor's thesis and a master's thesis. Still, because I didn't feel my writing ability was good enough for me to be able to write a decent book that people would be interested in reading, I tried to find someone to write the book for me.

I ran into writers, and some liked what I had to share, but they all had their own books they were working on. A few were willing to be ghostwriters if I paid them, but I couldn't afford that. I offered to work together as coauthors who would share the royalties, but I couldn't find anyone willing to help.

While looking for a writer, at the beginning of 2008, I read Eckhart Tolle's *A New Earth* and genuinely enjoyed it. Still, I was disappointed that he didn't identify the physical locations of what he called the ego, the presence, and the pain body. I felt confident that the ego was in the head and the presence was in the heart, and I suspected that what he called the pain body was in the gut. Nevertheless, Tolle didn't offer locations for those components.

Because the Heart-Opening Breath involved the locations of the three-part model of human consciousness, I felt those locations were important. Knowing those three locations, I was better able to open my heart and tune in to my Soul's guidance. Surely, knowing where intuition comes from would help people tune into it.

The breathing practice showed me that focusing my attention on my heart helps me live with an open heart. I also learned that transcendental journeys into my heart were magnificently glorious. Conversely, the outward journeys turned out creepy, twisted, but still tempting in devious ways. This inner versus outer difference seemed to be linked to the inheritance versus ascension alternatives, respectively.

Looking beyond my personal experiences, I realized that psychology could go further with a valid human consciousness model. The Triality model of human consciousness could breathe new life into psychology by aligning it with human consciousness's three components—especially psychology's namesake, the Soul.

By investigating psychology and the Soul, I discovered that psychology was dragged into the scientific community's materialistic view of reality. The Soul was discarded from psychology around 1930 to shoehorn psychology into the popular myth of materialism—the belief that everything is founded on physical matter. This happened even though the word “psychology” originally meant “study of the soul.”

This transformation took place in stages. For example, the Greek term *psych* was gradually altered from the original definition of “soul, breath, and life,” to mean “mind” instead. These sorts of gradual changes separated psychologists from the Soul. They realigned their beliefs with modern materialistic science by adopting the idea that the brain is a biological machine that produced consciousness. Having redefined *psych* to mean mind, psychology became the study of the mind. By 1930, the Soul had been withdrawn from psychology.

When I searched the internet for information linking psychology to the Soul, I discovered a classic book entitled *Psychology and the Soul: A Study of the Origin, Conceptual Evolution, and Nature of the Soul* by Otto Rank.

This curious book was published in 1930 at the same time the Soul was being removed from psychology. The author was one of the most highly regarded psychoanalysts at that time. His book was translated into English for the second time in 1998. The first English translation appeared in 1950. My Soul inspired me to obtain a copy.

Once the book arrived in the mail, I discovered Esther Menaker's reason for translating it into English a second time. She asserted that the book “is important for our time of transition from a materialistic determinism to a more spiritual view of reality.” This statement was located on the paper cover jacket that protected the hardcover. If I hadn't purchased the book, I wouldn't have found Menaker's explanation.

Today most scientists believe that the brain creates consciousness. However, some people involved in psychology

and/or science retain the old idea that a divine consciousness resides in the human heart.

In Rank's book, he explains how the Soul is beyond matter-based science:

“Contemporary psychology may be a science, but its basis, the soul, cannot be explained by science. The psyche is neither brain functions, as modern neurology believes, nor sublimated biological drives, as Freud conceived it.”

Despite Rank's effort to keep the Soul in the branch of science dedicated to studying it, matter-based psychology dispensed with the Soul, leaving most psychologists to ignore it.

Regardless of where the scientific world was headed, I agreed with Rank. Furthermore, I hoped to persuade others to seriously consider the three-part model of human consciousness. If psychologists and other scientists seriously considered the three-part model, that could lead to a much better understanding of human psychology.

Convinced that my Soul had led me to see reality as it really is, I sat down in October 2008 to write a small book on my own. I began by naming it *The Way of the Heart*.

After I had written a few chapters, I needed a break. Someone had told me that Oprah had a series of interviews with Eckhart Tolle regarding his latest book, *A New Earth*. I intuitively felt that he would reveal the locations of the three portions of consciousness in the interviews. To investigate that and take a break from writing, I searched Oprah's website and quickly located the Eckhart Tolle interviews.

Oprah began with an introduction saying, “This series is really about the way of the heart.”

Since I had named my book *The Way of the Heart*, her introductory statement gave me some much-needed support.

As I watched the interview, Tolle used both hands to point all ten of his fingers toward his forehead when he said, “ego.” This clearly located that portion of consciousness in the head. Similarly, he pointed all of his fingers at his chest when he said,

“presence.” This confirmed the divine portion of human consciousness was located in the heart. He pointed with all ten fingers several times, making it clear that these two locations agreed with the head-heart-gut model that I was writing about.

Unfortunately, in his view, the pain-body was part of the ego. He didn't clearly link it to the gut with gestures or pointing. He did talk about the emotions rising up into the mind, which offered an indication that the pain-body could be located somewhere below the head. Considering how intellectual Tolle is, he may have overemphasized the ego-mind in the head, accidentally placing the guts features there. Because the head and gut brains are connected together with the spinal cord, lumping the two together would be an easy mistake. Also, because mainstream science wouldn't identify the gut-brain for another seven years, it was common to make that mistake.

Regardless of that discrepancy, the most important parts—the ego-mind in the head and the heart's divine presence—matched.

During that first episode, Oprah took a moment to explain that she had grown up as a Baptist and that she prayed regularly, but she only had one prayer. That prayer went something like this,

God, please help me know what you want me to do and give me the ability to do it.

Clearly, Oprah was asking for divine guidance, and she was dedicated to following that guidance. That is the essence of the Way of the Heart. Together, Eckhart and Oprah inspired me to continue writing.

Soon, Thanksgiving arrived, and I attended a party where I met Sherrie. We had a long conversation in which I excitedly told her about the open-hearted people inheriting the Earth and how thrilled I was about the book I was writing.

She needed a ride home, so I offered to give her a ride. When we arrived at her little farm, she invited me in, and I slept over. We became romantically involved instantly. Part of what hooked me was her dedication to growing organic food and living simply.

Feeling a strong connection on many levels, I moved in and began living with Sherrie without spending another night at my previous residence.

In addition to growing lots of food, Sherrie worked three jobs six to seven days a week. Although she had four children with three different fathers, only her youngest child lived with her, Tulsi, a very playful ten-year-old girl. Sherrie's mostly paralyzed sister and her elderly mom also lived in her home. Sherrie's mother took care of the disabled sister, and those two kept each other busy and gave Sherrie time to work and grow food.

Sherrie had a few rental cabins dotting her property that needed lots of repairs. Some of her tenants helped out on the land, trading work for their humble accommodations. Others paid rent, which helped Sherrie make the mortgage payments.

Although I continued writing my book, most of my time involved transforming Sherrie's situation to improve everyone's quality of life.

With one of the tenant's help, we removed five dead cars that littered the property and overloaded a big truck with eight piles of junk that had accumulated. While working on that, I fixed and upgraded one cabin after the other. One of the cabins was so awful we eventually evicted the tenant and tore it down. Once that space was cleaned up, I erected one of my simple tarp structures in its place.

I also built a tiny treehouse and a clubhouse for Tulsi.

The biggest project was making a three-bedroom rental by dividing the big house in half with a middle wall. Then I connected the house's rental side to a nearby octagon that became that unit's kitchen and dining room. Once that remodeling was complete, I got it HUD-approved, and we rented it to friends, a single mother with two kids.

With everything cleaned up and rented out, I refinanced the property, lowering the monthly mortgage payments enough so the rental income could pay for that large expense.

One of Sherrie's three jobs was landscaping the "Garden of Eden," a twenty-six-acre arboretum. After I finished upgrading the property, I offered to help Sherrie with that job. Together, we took care of the property, working on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, until around 1 p.m. We worked together well and improved the Garden of Eden's beauty so much that the owner told us it had never looked so beautiful. Sherrie was surprised by the owner's enthusiasm. She explained that Alan, the owner of the Garden of Eden, had always complained about something, but now he was offering sincere praise without a single complaint.

With the mortgage covered by the rental income, this big landscaping job covered all our additional expenses. With Sherrie and I working just three half days a week, we made our lives quite enjoyable. After I had been living with her for a little over a year, she gave me a Christmas card with this note:

*Dearest Beloved,
I'm so thankful for the love we share between us on this beautiful Christmas morning. I also have been appreciating the love you have been giving to Tulsì, and she has accepted you as her stepdad. Wow!*

I feel your Heart and our Hearts are so opened together that we flow so well in harmony and have so much peace around us. This is a great blessing for us that I feel very fulfilled in my life now. I really cherish seeing the love beaming from your bright eyes and smile. Your Heart fills my Heart with so much warmth, trust, and love.

May all of your dreams come true from this day forward forevermore. May our lives flourish and be positive vibrations filling the air so that our love reverberates throughout the Universe.

*You have brought me the greatest joy any man has ever brought into my life. I wish to do the same for you throughout our lives and into eternity. I love you so . . . much and respect your ways and honor you for celebrating **The Way of the Heart** with all of your being. May love, light and peace fill your life and our lives forever more.*

I was deeply touched and impressed with your poem this morning! Keep writing; you have a special talent.

*Love,
Sherrie*

That letter makes it seem as though our relationship was perfect; however, there were difficulties, and we had arguments. Fortunately, the disagreements provided an unexpected opportunity.

When fighting about our differences, I noticed Sherrie's statements were very emotional. Being more intellectual, I couldn't understand what she was saying. At the same time, she didn't understand my intellectual remarks either.

Given that situation, I was intuitively guided to realize that Sherrie came from her emotional gut. In contrast, I came from my intellectual head. My Soul guided me to realize that we needed to meet in the middle—in our hearts. From there, we could both speak the language of our hearts, a language we could both understand. To get there, I was guided to persuade Sherrie to practice the Heart-Opening Breath with me.

We discussed this idea the day after our first argument. I was delightfully surprised that Sherrie was willing to try it. We made an agreement to practice the Heart-Opening Breath together whenever one of us asked the other to breathe together, even during a heated fight.

Sherrie wanted to work out exactly how we would go about breathing together. I was guided to recommend that we come together and hug each other. Then with our heads looking over each other's shoulders, we could breathe together. Finally, once smiles appeared on both of our faces, we would be done. With this plan in place, we were ready for our next disagreement.

In the middle of our next argument, I was intuitively reminded to ask Sherrie to breathe with me. Once we had finished practicing the Heart-Opening Breath together, we found ourselves in love again. Our argument vanished as soon as our hearts opened. Miraculously, this method worked every time we did it.

In some cases, after we finished breathing together, we couldn't remember what we were fighting about.

Everything was going so well that Sherrie wanted to get married, but I didn't want to involve the government in my love life. I had also discovered that being a bachelor made it easier for me to follow my heart. Additionally, I wasn't convinced our relationship would last. It was going very well, but my track record wasn't something to be proud of. Being with Sherrie was the closest I've gotten to being married.

One thing that already felt out of balance was how I always suggested that we breathe together. After a couple of years of doing that, I stopped asking. Although I was aware of the imbalance, I didn't intentionally choose to stop asking Sherrie to breathe with me. Instead, I felt I was pushing Sherrie into being someone she wasn't. So, without thinking about it, I simply stopped asking her to breathe when fights occurred.

Soon, I noticed that Sherrie was speaking to me with an unpleasant whiny tone. Her displeasure was probably caused by me being less interested in sex than she was. Regardless of why she spoke to me in a whiny way, I told her I'd leave if she kept talking to me that way.

After she had been whining for a couple of months, a friend saw us arguing and asked, "Why don't you do that breathing thing you talk about?"

Sherrie and I looked at each other and acknowledged we hadn't done the Heart-Opening Breath together in months. We approached each other, embraced, and practiced the technique together. Miraculously, we were in love again!

Soon, though, Sherrie resumed the whining for a few more months. One evening she said something that pushed me to leave. I got in my car and drove away.

With nowhere to go, I called an old girlfriend, explained to her what had happened, and asked if I could spend the night on her couch. In the morning, while hanging out at her house, I noticed a large chart on her wall entitled "Taoist Inner Alchemy Anatomy Chart." It was designed by the famous Taoist master Mantak Chia. The human organs were shown in an exploded

view to clearly illustrate them and provide notes concerning the organ's features.

I was into the heart, so I wondered what this chart had to say about it. Here's what I found:

- ♥ *Heart Energy Center is the seat of love, joy, respect and surrender.*
- ♥ *Heart's nature; joy, honor, sincerity, love, respect and kindness.*
- ♥ *Open: one feels honor and respect.*
- ♥ *Closed: sense of worry and panic.*
- ♥ *The (negative) emotion of the heart is impatience, cruelty, hot temper, and violence.*

While most of that information matches what I was already aware of, negative emotions were new. Still, those emotions had emerged from me on several occasions. As I mentioned in Chapter 2, I have a hot temper.

By asking myself how these negative features of the heart operate, what emerged intuitively was how they are lionhearted defenders that arise from the heart when someone violates the heart's natural qualities: joy, honor, sincerity, love, respect, and kindness.

When a person follows their inner guidance closely, they express the Soul's positive nature, making them appear virtuous. However, when they witness someone violating those virtues, the open-hearted person may be pushed by their Soul to pounce on the violator. Even when an open-hearted person remains attuned to their inner guidance, the seemingly out-of-place character traits—impatience, cruelty, hot temper, and violence—can emerge from open-hearted people who are ordinarily joyful, honorable, sincere, loving, respectful, and kind.

I eventually found additional support for this idea in Henry Drummond's famous book, *The Greatest Thing in the World*. Drummond explains,

"The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men who are all but perfect, and women who would be entirely

perfect, but for an easily ruffled, quick-tempered or touchy disposition. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics.”

Drummond uses “ill temper” to identify the heart’s negative emotions. What Drummond finds so remarkable is how ill temper is well-known to be compatible with high moral character. Still, Drummond doesn’t know why ill temper is often found in otherwise noble people.

The basis of why “ill temper is the vice of the virtuous” is revealed in Mantak Chia’s “Taoist Inner Alchemy Anatomy Chart,” where all the heart properties are provided. The negative emotions are included with otherwise virtuous features linking ill temper with virtuous traits.

In the Bible’s Book of John 2:15 (ESV), Jesus displayed ill temper when he cleansed the temple:

And making a whip of cords, [Jesus] drove them all out of the temple, with the sheep and oxen. And he poured out the coins of the money-changers and overturned their tables.

That violent incident provided a reason for the Roman guards to arrest Jesus, and that arrest led to his crucifixion. Somehow, most Christians fail to notice this connection even though the timing and sequence of events are reasonably easy to verify with what’s reported in the Bible.

As for my hot temper, I’m not even a saint, let alone a person who some call god. However, I, along with everyone in the entire world, have a divine Soul within my heart. There are many ways that these holy portions of the One use their powers to fulfill the divine plan. Because the heart’s negative emotions are included in our Souls’ tool kits, these little-known features must help achieve the Universe’s purpose.

That introduced a new question: How do these negative emotions help with the grand plan?

Before learning about the heart’s negative emotions, I believed I wasn’t following my heart well enough and needed to follow it better. When I expressed the heart’s negative emotions by impatiently using violent or cruel words in hot-tempered

ways, friends would insist I wasn't following my heart. However, once I learned these are features of the heart, I started noticing a pattern. My hot temper emerged when I saw someone violating the heart's natural qualities: joy, honor, sincerity, love, respect, and kindness.

It felt I was defending those virtuous qualities with the lionhearted negative emotions of my heart.

It's interesting to mention that I wouldn't have learned about the heart's negative emotions if Sherrie hadn't pushed me away. This is another instance of evil's silver lining. By whining Sherrie helped me to grow and learn.

While I was taking my three-day break from Sherrie, an additional synchronicity occurred. A movie I attended ended with Allen Roberts' song *You Always Hurt the One You Love*. I felt sure that the heart's negative emotions had something to do with the relationship dynamic that song referred to. Later, I investigated hurting the ones we love to find it's considered one of the most common and frustrating relationship dynamics known.

Clearly, Sherrie and I had fallen into this horrible dynamic of hurting loved ones. It was remarkable how the Heart-Opening Breath could shift us back to love in one minute. In *The Magnificent Soul*, I dedicated an entire chapter to the heart's negative emotions. All of what I learned is available there. I'll summarize the key points here.

The basic idea is that we all close our hearts at times. When that happens to one of two people in a committed, loving relationship, the one who closed their heart may do or say something that violates the heart's natural qualities. The other person, whose heart is still open, will be pushed to pounce with their lionhearted defender to shut down their beloved's poor behavior. Despite the open-hearted person's valiant intent, their lionhearted approach will appear horrible to the closed-hearted person, and often a fight will commence.

The lionhearted reaction can occur whenever an open-hearted person observes someone acting in these ways:

- ♥ *Tormenting, which violates being **joyful***
- ♥ *Dishonorable, which violates being **honorable***
- ♥ *Insincere, which violates being **sincere***
- ♥ *Hateful, which violates being **loving***
- ♥ *Disrespectful, which violates being **respectful***
- ♥ *Mean, which violates being **kind***

The open-hearted witness will feel at least one of the negative emotions (impatience, cruelty, hot temper, and/or violence) emerging from within. Moreover, the open-hearted person may be pushed by their Soul to take a stand to right the wrong. In many cases, the effort to rectify the injustice escalates the situation into a battle that can quickly spiral out of control.

Eventually, I realized how this confounding arrangement prevents open-hearted people from experiencing peace on Earth as long as closed-hearted people remain on Earth. This reinforced what I learned at the Lakota Sundance—peace on Earth can't be achieved while divisive people remain on Earth.

Paradoxically, opening my heart very wide enabled me to see how everything was perfect. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to keep my heart open wide enough while participating in the complexities of a civilized lifestyle. In the final analysis, I realized that a bumpy road was appropriate at this stage of the divine plan. Later, suppose the ascension/inheritance takes place. In that case, peace will bless the Earth. The Era of Love will be even more wonderful due to the contrast between peace on Earth and the painful conflict we endured during the current Era of Individuation.

Given this unexpected new development, I wondered what other Way of the Heart features remained hidden. Of course, no one knows what they don't know until they learn it. Despite that, knowing I already had a lot to share, I continued writing about what I had discovered so far.

Although I left Sherrie for a 3 day break, when I returned, she told me that she had cried for a couple of days, deeply hurt by how I walked out on her. To help her rebound, a friend introduced Sherrie to a new man, and she dove into that relationship to fill the void I had left.

Since Sherrie had moved on to a new man, I moved back to the land where I was living before I met Sherrie, and my life went back to being a bachelor.

The two and a half years I spent with Sherrie were crucial. I learned about the negative emotions of the heart. I experienced how the Heart-Opening Breath could reopen our hearts, even when Sherrie and I were involved in serious fights.

I also learned about how we hurt the ones we love and how the Heart-Opening Breath could overcome that.

Also, while I was living with Sherrie, a key to understanding reality become crystal clear—something my Soul guided me to name Triality.

Chapter 28

Triality

After working a long day building an A-frame bedroom on a neighbor's property, I had a friendly conversation with some of the residents before heading home. While we spoke, the sunset had made the sky an unusual yellow color I hadn't seen before. As I turned to my right to examine that strange color, I noticed a greenish beam of light shooting through a gap in the rim of the Haleakala crater. To draw everyone's attention to the surrealistically beautiful green shaft of light beaming across the yellow sky, I looked back toward the group. Without saying a word, my attention was captured by the most spectacular rainbow I've ever seen.

As I surveyed this brightly shimmering rainbow, it took time to grasp what I was seeing. It was a sextuple rainbow that cascaded upward and downward from a thick red arc in the middle of six rainbows.

To describe it clearly, I'll start at the thick red arc in the middle. From there, the spectrum of colors repeated three times, going upward as well as downward three times to produce six rainbows spooned together. This outrageously thick and unbelievably bright sextuple rainbow took my breath away.

To describe it another way, start with a double rainbow and add four more rainbows to fill in the gap between the two. That would make this sextuple rainbow. From the smallest one upward, each rainbow was slightly larger, spooning together tightly without any gaps.

Up until then, I hadn't noticed that the two rainbows in a double rainbow display their colors in opposite directions. The upper goes from red at the bottom to violet on top, but the smaller inner rainbow goes from violet on the bottom to red on top.

We all stood there, speechless and awestricken. Finally, I managed to ask the others if they also saw several rainbows one after the other. Everyone affirmed they did while remaining fixated on the mind-blowing spectacle.

Soon, the fine misty rain was upon us, the colors began to fade, and we went our separate ways to take cover.

I've only seen this rare sextuple rainbow once, but I'll never forget how stunning and mesmerizing it was.

Later, as I thought about this magnificent rainbow, I remembered how it took place just when the sun was setting. The green beam of light emanated from the sun that was approaching the western horizon. Most people who have lived on Maui know that Maui's northern shore provides perfect conditions for rainbows.

Here's why: The trade winds that blow often come from slightly north of due east. Those winds blow moist, warm air from the ocean up the steep northeastern slopes of the 10,024-foot (3,055-m) tall Haleakala volcano. As that warm moist air rises, it cools, condensing to form clouds that precipitate the moisture as rain. As the trade winds continue to propel the air over the mountaintop and further west, it descends the southwestern slopes, reversing the effect, causing the clouds to disappear. That clear dry air allows the afternoon sun to shine unobstructed, illuminating the misty rain falling on the windward side. That produces loads of rainbows.

As I contemplated all of this, my Soul pointed out how the shimmering rainbows are similar to the beautiful tapestry that appeared in my 1989 mushroom trip. That tapestry featured all the colors of the rainbow, dynamically transforming from one gorgeous pattern into another.

The tapestry and rainbows both contain all the colors, making them exceptionally beautiful. Another similarity is how the tapestry and rainbows are both thin, drape-like aberrations.

Going deeper, my Soul showed me how the bright sunlight on one side of a rainbow versus the dark rain on the other side corresponds to the tapestry's good versus evil bubbles.

In both cases, opposite polarities appear on either side of a rainbow-colored, shimmering tapestry draped in the middle.

Altogether, there are three parts: two opposites located on either side of a magnificent centerpiece.

With that understood, my Soul guided me to notice how the giant eagle feather from my dream had three red strings. The noteworthy white turtle peace pipe hung in the middle. The two plain strings dangled on either side, forming a three-part grouping similar to the tapestry and rainbows.

Next, my Soul reminded me how our consciousness features the magnificent Soul in the middle with intellect versus emotions, above and below. That's another three-part arrangement with the most remarkable element in the middle.

After being guided to recognize this pattern with an exceptional central component and less impressive opposing polarities on either side, I began to see all sorts of these trialitys.

For instance, while I was sitting on the beach in a spot where I could see the top of the Haleakala volcano, my intuition helped me see elevation as a Triality. The upper polarity of the Earth's surface elevation is the top of the tallest mountain, Mount Everest. Conversely, the lowest elevation lies down at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean in the Mariana Trench.

The deep trenches of the ocean and the towering mountaintops beckon to us in a powerfully seductive way, due in part to their mysterious nature, as few have visited these extreme polarities. These extremes draw our attention so strongly that they've obtained truly famous recognition—so much so that many people are familiar with their names, Mount Everest and the Mariana Trench.

Despite their notoriety, these endpoints of elevation are so harsh that most life-forms would quickly die if exposed to the challenging environments found at these polar extremes. The

only organisms living in these severe environments are extremophiles—highly specialized organisms, usually microbes, that thrive in extreme conditions. The extreme cold and lack of oxygen at the top of Mount Everest make that environment unable to support most life-forms. Similarly, down in the Mariana Trench, only extremophiles can survive the high pressure and lack of light.

Sea level is the middle elevation that gave birth to these polarities. As some portions of the Earth's surface rose and other parts fell, deep depressions and vaulted mountains developed over time. Volcanic activity, earthquakes, tectonic plate movement, meteorite collisions, and other activities fashioned the polarities out of what was originally a smoother surface.

The coastal regions at the middle of elevation, sea level, are host to a remarkably diverse variety of life forms. Additionally, the undulating dance of water, land, and air that's found at the ocean's shores provides a lively and complex reality that's especially conducive to life. The playful surf and sandy beaches make this middle region of elevation delightful to play in. Conversely, either of the extreme polarities is inhospitable.

Like the other trialities, the central component is much more wonderful than the opposite polarities. To emphasize the central component's importance, my Soul guided me to label them *Quintessential Cores*.

In this elevation example, water in the ocean and air up in the mountains combine at the central coastline. The crushing water pressure in the ocean's depths and the rarified air atop Everest moderate to a healthy level at the coastline. The opposite polarities are combined and balanced at the coastline, where we find a primal enlivening power that's missing at the nearly lifeless extreme polarities.

The miraculous power found in Quintessential Cores is a principle my Soul guided to name the *Supreme Power of Wholeness*. This principle recognizes a striking power that emerges from the balanced wholeness in the Quintessential Cores of all trialities. In a more general sense, the Supreme

Power of Wholeness principle claims anything containing its essential parts, correctly assembled, has a power exceeding those parts' simple sum. In the elevation example, the coastline combines land, water, air, and moderate pressure to produce a spectacular environment. Indeed, beaches beckon our childlike wonder from deep in our hearts while providing ideal conditions for life to flourish in breathtaking abundance.

In the numerous examples of trialities my Soul guided me to see all around me, I discovered how patterns often considered dualities contain Quintessential Cores in the middle. For instance, the intellectual mind in the head versus the emotional mind in the gut are considered a duality; however, in the middle we find the Superconscious-Soul that includes intellect and emotions to provide the Supreme Power of Wholeness.

This central essence combines the dualistic polarities to produce a core element that is more magnificent than the simple sum of the opposites.

In *The Magnificent Soul*, the fourth chapter shows how the Triality model contains essential features of reality missing in the oversimplified duality model. The key difference is how Triality includes the central balance point that is of utmost importance. By including this central Quintessential Core, trialities offer a far superior model of reality.

Another feature of Triality is how the opposite polarities of a Triality become quite similar when examining their extremes. To show how prevalent this Similarity of Opposites principle is, consider the duality of light versus dark. These opposites seem as if they could never be similar, especially at their extremes.

Even so, extremely bright light is blinding, as is total darkness. Thus, the blinding nature of extremely bright light is surprisingly similar to that of extreme darkness. Both are useless for seeing.

Conversely, between these extreme opposites, a middle level of light empowers a person to see quite well. Because light is crucial for seeing, extremely bright light and absolute darkness

are equally ineffective, but the middle level of light is a powerful ally that enables us to see with exceptional clarity.

Photographers refer to the hour nearest sunset and sunrise as the golden hour because the moderate level of light produces the most beautiful photographs. On the other hand, during high noon and midnight, the dark and light extremes are both poor for photography. Thus, the Quintessential Core in the middle is superior and unexpectedly quite different from both of the extreme opposites that are oddly similar.

My Soul guided me to notice more inspiring principles that relate to what I've already discussed. For instance, the Beneficence of the Quintessential Core and the Maleficence of Extremes are additional principles discussed in *The Magnificent Soul*. Real-life examples illustrate these features that the duality model fails to capture because it's too simple.

By including the critical central component, Triality leapfrogs beyond duality into a new reality that embraces moderation. Quintessential Cores extinguish the battle between opposites by revealing how all polarities merge harmoniously in the central balance point. Far from being a compromise or the simple sum of the two opposites, Quintessential Cores contain both polarities woven together in a way that produces something quite extraordinary.

For instance, weaving together the warp and weft threads on a loom to make fabric illustrates two opposites combining to produce something remarkable, cloth. Weaving requires the warp threads to lie perpendicular to the weft threads to produce fabric. If all the threads lie in one direction or all in the other, weaving isn't possible.

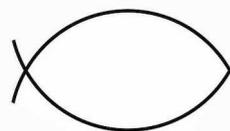
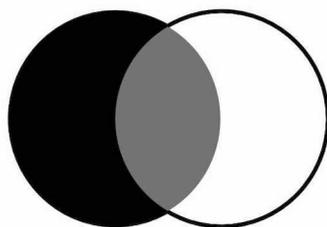
Instead, threads must be placed across one another to weave them into cloth. Surely, fabric has many uses that unwoven threads can't provide. Thus, the ancient art of weaving illustrates how two opposites, the warp and weft threads, can be woven together to produce a wholeness—fabric, which is more useful than the threads themselves.

Quintessential Cores draw our attention to the alchemical magic contained in the central wholeness that is Holy. Even beyond that, the Quintessential Core in our hearts—our Souls—have conjured up love. Love urges us to join together in selfless ways that foster mutually beneficial relationships.

When a woman and a man open their hearts and embrace in love, they open the door to weaving their lives together, giving them the power to create new life. Precious children have the potential to explore love and cooperation even more deeply than their predecessors.

I eventually discovered that the Triality idea existed long ago.

For instance, the overlapping circles shown on the right depict the Triality concept. The black and white circles overlap in the middle, where they form a gray, almond-shaped union. This symbol is named “mandorla,” the Italian word for almond. Another name is “vesica piscis” which especially fits the Christian fish symbol shown on the right.

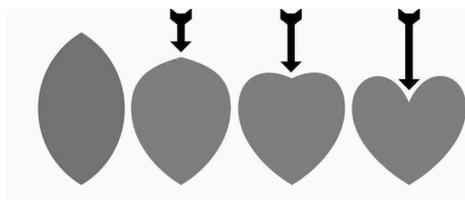


In Christianity, mandorlas are used to frame divine persons like Jesus, as shown in the image on the right. Placing a God in the central component of a mandorla links this Quintessential Core component to divinity. Additionally, because mandorla means almond, that label points to the central component of the more complete two circle symbol emphasizing that key part. Unfortunately, the union of opposites notion is lost when the complete circles are left out.



One morning when I was waking up, my Soul showed me how the modern heart symbol over comes this deficiency.

In my mind's eye, I could see the simple version of the



mandorla transform into a heart. The sequence of images on the left illustrate what I saw. The top vertex moved downward as the arrows indicate to gradually

transform the upper tip into a dimple. The resulting heart symbol contains a feminine valley at the top and a masculine protrusion at the bottom. By incorporating both masculine and feminine features, the heart symbol retains the union of opposites notion that's lost in the older mandorla symbol which is usually presented without the circles.

So far, I've discussed how to combine polarities to produce Quintessential Cores. Eventually, my Soul showed me how Quintessential Cores make polarities to form a Triality. This opposite perspective unveils the fundamental basis of creation. One formless consciousness produced all sorts of opposites to create everything out of itself. Examples include electrons versus protons, waves versus particles, matter versus antimatter, hot versus cold, and light versus dark.

The simplest forms of life, cells and microbes, mimic this process by asexually dividing—one cell becomes two.

Hermes' ancient Emerald Tablet is considered the origin of alchemy, astrology, and theosophy. Over centuries many renowned people translated this legendary tablet. Sir Isaac Newton's translation of this remarkable tablet begins as follows:

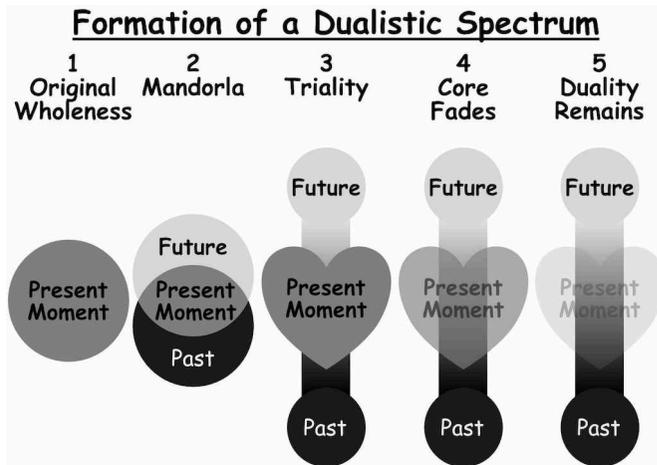
- 1. Tis true without lying, certain & most true.*
- 2. That which is below is like that which is above & that which is above is like that which is below to do the miracles of one only thing.*
- 3. And as all things have been & arose from one by the meditation of one:
so all things have their birth
from this one thing by adaptation.*

This proposes that two opposites, above and below, are similar. Moreover, One thing produced them both. Furthermore, that One birthed everything!

The tablet's ending declares that Hermes' surname is Trismegistus, which means "thrice greatest," linking that tablet's message to the Triality model.

My Soul showed me how a Quintessential Core produces two opposites that grab our attention causing us to see a duality.

To show the formation of duality from oneness, I'll use time as an example. The following illustration shows how the present moment forms the time Triality and fades away to leave a dualistic spectrum.



1. The present moment is the Quintessential Core wholeness.
2. Then, the Core forms two opposite polarities by bisecting itself into opposites that begin to extend into the past and future. The mandorla depicts two emerging from one.
3. Next, the polarities are extended to form a Triality. The Quintessential Core and two opposite endpoints are clearly defined.
4. Mysteriously, the Quintessential Core begins to disappear.
5. Finally, a dualistic spectrum, a gradient between opposites, remains apparent. The barely noticeable present moment shows how the present moment nearly disappears. This shows how we tend to focus on the past and future while ignoring the present moment's importance.

This progression shows how Quintessential Cores have an elusive quality that causes many of them to be unnoticed by most people because we tend to focus on extreme polarities. Sadly, most ignore the magnificent wholeness that resides in the center. Beyond that, the extreme opposite polarities have an alluring quality that draws people's attention away from the more beneficial central component. Nonetheless, with careful examination, elusive Quintessential Cores can be found and appreciated for their outstanding qualities. One notable exception is the way rainbows capture our attention.

When it comes to time, we may have great memories of the past and exciting hopes for the future; still, we all know that the marvel of life occurs in the present moment.

Despite that, the most important ingredient of time, the present moment, is virtually ignored by the oversimplified dualistic model. That model features memories of the past and hopes for the future which are reasonably stable. Conversely, the ever-changing nature of "now" causes the present moment to flit by in an elusive way that's easily ignored.

Now can't be paused for careful examination. The present moment drifts by like a wisp of air carrying a subtle though clearly noticeable fragrance—an aroma that fades as quickly as it emerges. The mental memory of the intriguing scent remains in one's mind after the air currents have carried the fragrance away.

Similarly, as the present moment drifts by, we capture memories of important events as they occur. We record memories when the actual events take place. Afterward, memories of the past, like frames of a movie, can be analyzed forever. The long-lasting nature of memories makes them seem more tangible than the present moment, which remains in elusive motion. Hence, the relatively stable nature of memories makes them convenient to contemplate and share.

Even so, memories aren't as powerful or as fulfilling as the actual experience was. Recalling a memory is less exhilarating and less authentic than the real-life experience occurring in the present moment that instantly becomes the past.

Hence, the present moment produces the past, as depicted in Step 2 of the five-step Formation of a Dualistic Spectrum diagram. That step is shown again on the right.

Just as the past emerges from below the present moment, the future extends up above the present moment. That indicates our hopes and dreams also formed during the present moment.

As predicted, we conjure up our dreams and store them in our memory banks during the present moment. By keeping our hopes as memories, they become unexpectedly similar to memories of the past. The Similarity of Opposites principle presented earlier predicts this.

Continuing with time formation, the polarities that emerge in Step 2 move further apart to become the more well-known dualistic spectrum that stretches from past to future. Meanwhile, the Quintessential Core remains in the central balance point, representing the present moment. Thus, Step 3 is a complete Triality.

Then, to cause the core component to disappear, a type of parlor magic called misdirection is employed. Even though the past and future don't really exist, those intriguing memories distract people's attention, drawing our focus away from the essential present moment, the only aspect of time that's real.

In some magic tricks, mirrors distract the observer's attention. Even though the mirror's reflection isn't an actual object, making it attractive the observer's attention can be lured away so the illusion can be inconspicuously pulled off.

Similarly, the past and future are not actual experiences; they're mental pictures that pale compared to the fullness of life that exists right now. Despite that, our mental images of the past and future draw our attention, forming an illusion that makes time appear to be a dualistic spectrum.

Step 2 Mandorla



Once we capture the past and future in our memory, we can think about those moments and discuss them with our family, friends, and business associates. Human beings spend a lot of time discussing these phantoms of time. Meanwhile, we ignore the present moment as it flits by.

It's as if the present moment is less important than the memories, even though now is the only time to effect change, make decisions, and act. Curiously, people rushing to get a project done often look ahead to see what's left to do and what the next steps might be to finish the job. Conversely, staying focused on the current action, remaining in the present moment will get the project done the fastest.

You've probably noticed how common it is for people to fritter away the truly precious present moment. Eckhart Tolle's bestselling book *The Power of Now: A Guide to Spiritual Enlightenment* is all about the present moment's importance. The same is true of Ram Dass's landmark book *Be Here Now*.

Using the Triality model to investigate time, the present moment's importance becomes obvious.

This importance is true of all Quintessential Cores that lie in the middle of all dualities or dualistic spectrums.

Mathematics offers a logical way to investigate Triality. When developing my CAD technology, I dealt with the issues that arise when dividing by zero. In prototyping my technology, I found a way to use the difficulty of division by zero as a tool. Then when I became aware of the Triality concept, I realized how the division by zero issue illustrates the power of Quintessential Cores.

I'll keep this math discussion as simple as possible.

First of all, the integers go from negative infinity ($-\infty$) to positive infinity ($+\infty$), as shown here:

$-\infty \dots -3, -2, -1, 0, +1, +2, +3 \dots +\infty$

The definition of infinity is "a number greater than any assignable quantity or countable number."

Consequently, no matter how far one heads toward positive or negative infinity, they won't be able to reach infinity because it's forever further—that's the definition of infinity.

Despite the roadblock that keeps us from reaching infinity directly, there is a way to get there. Ironically, zero has the power to reach infinity. Here are three math examples:

$$1 / 0 = +\infty \quad 5 / 0 = +\infty \quad -12 / 0 = -\infty$$

As you can see, the key to reaching infinity is division by zero. The numerator can be any whole number except zero. Zero divided by zero is a special case with no specific answer, that outcome is labeled indeterminate in mathematics.

This math example reveals how it's impossible to reach infinity when grasping for a polarity's outer limits. Instead, the path to infinity lies in the middle of the number line at zero.

Accessing infinity through division by zero is similar to returning to the One by dropping into our heart center, where the Quintessential Core of human consciousness resides. I presented two inward transcendental experiences earlier.

Triality reveals how balance and moderation bring us into the Quintessential Core of whatever we're involved in. But, most importantly, Triality shows that abandoning polarized perspectives to embrace the central essence in the middle aligns us with the One Who is All—the infinite consciousness at the foundation of the entire Universe.

Our Souls are our personal representatives of this central wholeness. Gratefully, they reside within our hearts, always ready to guide us along the Way of the Heart path.

In a sensational book, *Crucial Conversations: Tools For Talking When Stakes Are High*, the authors explain how to have candid conversations and strengthen our relationships simultaneously. They point out how most people fight or run when confronted with thorny interpersonal challenges that arise in business, friendships, family, and all sorts of relationships.

In all cases, the communication experts who wrote *Crucial Conversations* claim that fighting or running when a conflict

emerges are both poor choices because there's a far better third option. They show how this middle alternative involves having a candid conversation while maintaining *respect* to strengthen the relationship and resolve the issue.

As I read *Crucial Conversations*, it became clear that the technique they teach shows how to delve into the issue with a Quintessential Core approach. To access our Superconscious-Soul they offer specific questions for people to ask themselves at crucial junctures in conversations. By asking these questions people give their Soul an opportunity to help them with the conversation. In fact, Chapter 4 is entitled "Start With Heart."

I highly recommend *Crucial Conversations*.

Unfortunately, formal debates completely ignore the Quintessential Core in the middle because debates are based on the duality model. In competitive debates, opposing teams are assigned one side of an issue or the other. Then the opposing sides argue to promote their side while discrediting their opponents' position. Rather than maintaining respect and working to find the middle ground that is better than either side, debates are wars of words and ideas that often lack respect.

In general, all sorts of debates could be resolved with more gratifying results by using the *Crucial Conversations* techniques to find a solution that respects everyone's personal values.

Ironically, civilization is founded on conflict, division, and fighting. Even our sports and games place people in adversarial situations. Many include teams that encourage cooperation within the team, but the ultimate goal is to win. Thus, dualistic opposition is an underlying basis that results in winners and losers in team and solo sports and games.

On this book's cover, the Maypole dance is an old playful ceremony in which everyone wins. Even though half of the participants circle clockwise while the other half circle counterclockwise, the ribbons weave into a sheath that gradually draws everyone toward the Maypole. Thus, in alignment with the Triality model, the Maypole brings everyone together. With mutual respect we unite to engage in peace and love.

Chapter 29

Visiting Hopiland

In 2009, while I was still living with Sherrie, I went on a trip to Hopiland. I became interested in the Hopi people when someone told me that these Native Americans have a prophecy that's similar to the ascension/inheritance concept. I was aware of these legendary people, but I didn't know much about them.

By doing a little research, I discovered that their full name, "Hopituh Shi-nu-mu," means "The Peaceful People," or "Peaceful Little Ones." To investigate their prophecy, I searched the internet and found some articles presenting some of the Hopi prophecies. Those articles mentioned a True White Brother who:

- ♥ Followed his heart
- ♥ Spoke the truth, unlike other white men
- ♥ Taught how to heal the red and white
- ♥ Held the missing piece of a sacred stone tablet

My life's purpose had become all about following my heart, so the first feature fit my life.

Sherrie and my brother had told me that I was the most honest person they had ever met, making the second feature fit.

When I do the Heart-Opening Breath, I bring together red and white essences from Mother Earth and the Father Sky to produce pink love essence, which could be a way to heal the red and white. In any case, discovering that red and white were important for the Hopi fit with how those two colors kept popping up in my life.

Fortunately, the fourth feature, having the missing piece of a sacred stone tablet, didn't match up with me at all.

According to what I read, the Hopi elders have held on to their Tiponi Tablet, waiting for this True White Brother to return with the missing piece for thousands of years.

Beyond having the missing piece of their sacred Tiponi Tablet, there are two main reasons this True White Brother is so important to the Hopi.

First, he is supposed to understand the symbolic message depicted on the Tablet.

Second, their prophecy predicts that the teachings of the True White Brother will be part of humanity's shift from the fourth stage of man into the fifth and final stage of man. As I explained earlier, that shift appears to involve a split in humanity that will bring peace to the Earth.

The Hopi identify their five stages of man as follows:

1. Stone
2. Plant
3. Animal
4. Human
5. The Great Spirit in human form.

When I discovered that their final stage of humanity is to become the Great Spirit in human form, I had an intuitive epiphany.

Suppose a human opens their heart and follows their Soul's guidance attentively, surrendering to the divinity within themselves fully. If they do, they become the Great Spirit in human form. Because the Great Spirit lives within us as our Soul, all we need to do is surrender to Her, placing the Great Spirit in charge of our lives. Could it be that simple? I mean conceptually simple. Surrendering entirely to one's Soul may not be simple to do, but it is a simple concept.

All of this made me very curious about the Hopi. Coincidentally, I was planning a trip to visit my folks. To get there, I would be flying from Maui, Hawai'i, to Detroit, Michigan. Because Phoenix, Arizona, is in between, I decided to arrange a two-day layover in Phoenix to visit Hopiland.

On the overnight plane trip from Maui to Phoenix, I wondered if the white stone turtle in my Peace Feather dream could be the missing piece of the Tiponi Tablet. That was a long

shot, but having an ego and being an optimist, I imagined that was possible. However, based on how the South Dakota Sundance was such a huge disaster, I knew it wasn't sensible for me to consider such possibilities.

After landing in Phoenix at dawn, I rented a car. From there, I drove up to Hopiland with three copies of the seventh version of my book. Back then, I printed a few copies at a time at a copy shop. As additional ideas arrived, I gradually adjusted the book, slowly improving it. I found writing helped me to clarify my understanding of what I was learning. Once I began writing, that process became enjoyable and edifying.

After a five-hour drive, I arrived at the oldest Hopi village, Oraibi. There, I pulled over on the side of the road and got out to stretch my legs. As I stood next to the rental car, a young man near a small stone structure asked, "Who are you, and why have you come?"

I explained that I was working on a book I thought the Hopi people might find interesting. I also mentioned that I was hoping to find an elder to share what I had written.

That prompted the young Hopi man, Wayland Namingha, Jr., to ask, "What's your book about?"

I strolled over to where he was hulling dried Hopi beans he had grown and harvested. He invited me to join him while we discussed my book. As we took the beans out of their dry hulls, I began. However, before I had said much at all, six more men pulled up in a pickup truck and joined us. They all wanted to hear about my book, so I started again.

When I finished sharing my book's message, one man asked, "How is it that you know more about the Hopi way than we do?"

That question surprised me. I didn't know much about the Hopi people and hadn't even heard of the "Hopi Way." I had only read a few short articles about these folks. So I answered, "I don't know about the Hopi Way. I just shared what's in my book."

"That's the Hopi Way!" the man exclaimed.

Although I didn't know it yet, I later learned that the Hopi people embody the ideals of humbly following one's heart.

Rather than following leaders, the Hopi expect everyone to live according to what's true, deep within their hearts. Without chiefs or formal leaders, the Hopi have remained a living example of responsible individuals who govern themselves. This way of life exemplifies the original meaning of the term anarchy. Peter Kropotkin introduced the term anarchy to express the absence of hierarchy among tribal people who expected everyone to be personally responsible. I had witnessed how this sort of self-government can work at the national Rainbow Gatherings I attended for six years. When people follow their hearts, life unfolds in serendipitously synchronistic ways that our Souls arrange. It's beautiful to be part of that.

After telling me that my book described the Hopi Way, one young man asked, "You've been here before, haven't you?"

"No, I got here just before all of you showed up."

One of the men stood up and told me there was something he wanted to show me. I rose to follow him, and all the men joined us. Just a short walk down a trail brought us to a large boulder known as Prophecy Rock. We all viewed the petroglyph that was carved into it, as shown in the picture below.



One of the men explained that the four upper human figures didn't have heads initially. Someone had carved heads onto those figures recently. He also told me that the Hopi call these upper figures "two-hearted," while the one figure located on the right end of the lower line is called "one-hearted."

As we looked at the petroglyph, one of the men asked for my thoughts.

I explained, "It supports the idea of many people leaving the Earth while a minority inherit Earth. That's an important part of my book's message. Also, the one-hearted could be people who follow their central heart while the two-hearted could be those who follow their head and gut-minds."

I provide a detailed analysis of this petroglyph in *The Magnificent Soul*.

Next, one of the men told me I needed to see Martin, who lived in Hotevilla, the next village down the main road.

I asked, "Who's Martin?"

One of the men explained, "He's the last living elder who lived the old-fashioned way."

I ignorantly asked, "Do you have his phone number?"

Living the old-fashioned way didn't include phone service or electricity. Without explaining all that, in a kind and gentle way, the men encouraged me to head further down the main road to the next village Hotevilla where I would find Martin.

Wayland kindly offered, "If you need a place to stay tonight, you can come back here."

I thanked all the men, went back to my rental car, and headed toward Hotevilla. Soon, I spotted a sign at an intersection that read "Hotevilla." A car was waiting on the small dirt road, ready to pull out onto the main road I was on. To ask the driver for directions, I waved out my window for her to wait. Then, I pulled onto the dirt road and got out of my car to ask for directions to Martin's place.

The woman in the car suggested I follow her. As I got back into my car, she turned her car around to head back down the dirt road into Hotevilla. I followed her along the winding dirt road through the sparse desert to a little cabin. As we got out of our cars, I felt a cool wind blowing. It was getting dark, and I thought it was a bit odd to show up unannounced after sundown.

Despite that, the Hopi woman walked briskly to the door of the cabin and knocked very loudly.

Soon, the door opened, and an old man greeted us. The helpful woman said something in Hopi to this man and then introduced me to Martin.

We shook hands, and he kindly welcomed me in. As I thanked the woman and stepped past her to go inside, she whispered that Martin was losing his hearing.

I was surprised how sparse the cabin was. It had minimal furniture and no decorations. It was all natural wood, with no paint or trimmings of any kind.

Martin and I sat down in front of a coffee table and spent a couple of hours sharing information. Luckily, I had brought a pad of paper and a pen to draw pictures and make notes. I asked him to read a few key sections of my book, drew sketches to share ideas, and wrote things on paper to communicate with him.

He spoke clearly and told me that his sources claimed that Iran was going to nuke Israel. Afterward, China and Russia would get involved to nuke the US, triggering the transition to a New Earth. Back at the beginning of 2009, that sounded far-fetched, but today it seems quite possible.

Eventually, Martin said, "It's getting late. Could you come back tomorrow so we can talk some more?"

I wrote the question, "How about 8 a.m.?"

He said that would be fine. We shook hands, and I departed.

Because Wayland, the first Hopi man I met, had invited me to spend the night at his place, I drove back to where I met him.

Wayland's home was a tiny stone structure. His lovely spouse Jenny and their two adorable children were home. As I went to sleep on the couch near their fireplace, I felt touched by the open-hearted hospitality these people so readily offered to me. I was finding every Hopi person I met to be kind, humble, and accommodating.

In the morning, I folded the blankets, expressed my gratitude, and headed back to Martin's.

Once we sat down, Martin began unwrapping a bundle that was sitting in his lap. The wrappings took a while to unravel.

Finally, Martin handed me the stone tablet illustrated on the right. With it in my hands, he asked, "Do you have the corner?"

I realized Martin was testing me to see if I was the True White Brother. There I sat, and Martin had just asked me if I had the missing corner of the sacred Tiponi Tablet that he had placed into my hands.

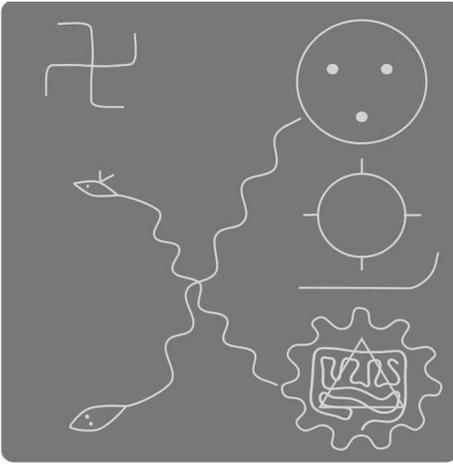


The missing corner wasn't shaped like the white stone turtle from my Peace Feather dream, plus, the piece needed to be dark gray, not white. Therefore, I answered, "No, I don't have the corner. I'm not the guy."

Martin looked at me intently and appeared to be deliberating.

To avoid staring at each other, I looked back at the tablet and examined it more closely. It was unexpectedly smooth and perfectly flat. It appeared to be made with modern machinery in a very precise way. This seemed odd because the tablet was purported to have been held by the Hopi from before the Great Flood, making it about 6,000 years old.

Unexpectedly, Martin took that tablet out of my hands and handed me a master copy that's illustrated on the next page.



When I saw the entire tablet, it looked like a symbolic representation of the Heart-Opening Breath. In fact, it was similar to one of the pictures I had drawn for Martin the previous night.

In *The Magnificent Soul*, I discuss this tablet's symbols in detail to show how they fit the breathing technique. In the following, I offer some of that

discussion.

The snakes that emerge from the head and gut polarities, cross in the middle, and then spread apart correspond to the three stages of the breath. The inhalation is represented by those snakes emerging from the head and gut to meet near the middle. Then, the crossing of the snakes fits with the mixing that occurs while holding the breath. Finally, the snakes continue to travel upward and downward past the crossing point to depict the expanding balloon that occurs during the exhalation.

The swastika in the upper left-hand corner is thousands of years old and has been used in Hindu, Buddhist, and Native American spiritual traditions. Some Native Americans use it to represent the union of the Sun and Earth. This meaning fits how the Heart-Opening Breath brings together Father Sky essence (the Sun) and Mother Earth essence.

Obviously, the symbols on the right edge of the tablet align with the head-heart-gut Triality of human consciousness.

One oddity is the line located under the heart-center circle. That line could be intended to emphasize the importance of the central heart by underlining it in a fancy way. Alternatively, a few years after my visit to Hopiland, an acupuncturist pointed out how that curved line looks similar to the Chinese Xin symbol, shown on the next page.

While investigating Xin symbol, I discovered that Chinese Taoists identify three primary tantiens (or focuses of essence) located in the head, heart, and gut, just like the Triality model of human consciousness.



Suppose the three dots featured in the Xin symbol correspond to these three tantiens. In that case, Xin depicts the Triality of human consciousness with the middle dot corresponding to the heart. As you can see, the curved line underscores that dot.

On the tablet, the curved underline is also under the heart.

What's truly astounding is that this Xin symbol means heart-mind in Chinese. According to a research paper published in the *Journal of Languages and Culture*, June, 2013 by Jing Li et al. entitled *The meaning of the Chinese cultural keyword xin*, the heart-mind is a consciousness that combines intellect and emotions. It also represents the physical heart, which is considered to be a bowl that holds the consciousness of this highly revered heart-mind. All of this fits with what my Soul had taught me.

The paper's authors emphasize this symbol's cultural importance and show how Xin is featured in numerous important Chinese words. The paper goes on to support essentially everything I learned about the Soul: the guidance it provides, the importance of following that guidance, its divinity, and that the heart-mind is the source of miracles, happiness, love, health, and more.

Now that I shared what I eventually discovered about the Xin symbol, I'll return to the point in my story when Martin took away the test tablet with the corner to hand me the master copy illustrated on the previous page.

Having pen and paper handy, I drew an illustration of the master tablet. Then I annotated the drawing to share my interpretation of its message with Martin. Without knowing anything about the Xin back then, I labeled that line, "An underline meant to emphasize the importance of the heart."

When Martin examined my illustration, he pointed to that line and exclaimed in a loud corrective tone, “That’s China!”

As I mentioned earlier, Martin had predicted a nuclear attack involving China. With that still fresh in my mind, I mistakenly imagined that he viewed the tablet’s message from a geopolitical perspective. Conversely, I considered it to be about the Triality of human consciousness, opening our hearts, and how we must attentively follow the divine Soul within.

Figuring our viewpoints were too far apart for further discussion, I didn’t know what to say. Speechless, I stood up, and Martin retrieved the tablet. He also took the illustration I had drawn. Being astonished and confused, and feeling out of place, I thanked Martin, gave him a copy of my book, and left.

Soon after leaving Martin’s cabin, I pulled over and drew another illustration of the tablet as accurately as possible. Since I had just drawn the image and annotated it, my memory was very clear. The pictures presented earlier were based on that drawing.

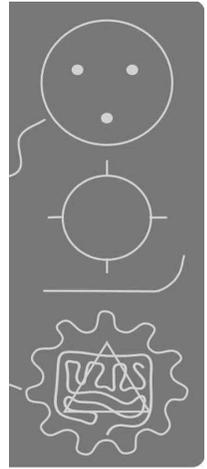
A few years later, when I showed my illustration to a woman who had studied acupuncture in China, she told me that the underline looked like the Chinese Xin symbol. When searching the internet for “meaning of Xin,” I was amazed by how well the definition fit the Soul and its home—the human heart. Finally, the confusion about China was resolved.

More recently, I noticed how the three dots fit the head-heart-gut Triality of consciousness and looked for support. That investigation led me to find the research paper discussed earlier.

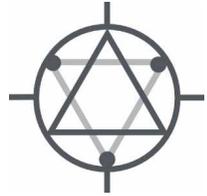
Although that research paper didn’t mention the dots, it supported everything I had learned about the Soul. Finally, I fit this little but important piece of the puzzle tightly in place.

It was inspiring to learn that the ancient Hopi Tablet aligned with the breathing technique and human consciousness’s Triality arrangement.

An unusual element shown on the right is an equilateral triangle in the gut that's intermingled with the intestines. The meaning of this curious triangle stumped me, so I showed my illustration of the tablet to one of Sherrie's tenants. He noticed how the three dots in the head formed a second triangle pointing downward. Then, moving both triangles into the heart-center, they form a six-pointed star also depicted on the right.

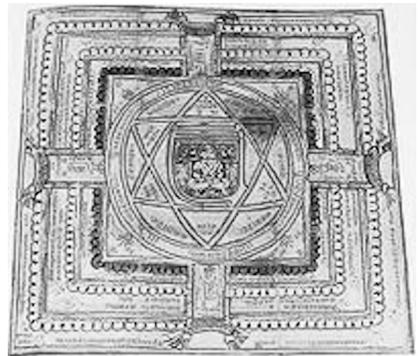


Moving these triangles into the heart-center corresponds to the direction the triangles are pointing. It also fits the inhale of the Heart-Opening Breath when drawing Father Sky essence down and Mother Earth essence up into the heart.



Soon after resolving that, my Soul guided me to find a Hindu mandala that featured a six-pointed star inside a circle with four lines (see lower image). The following description accompanied the mandala.

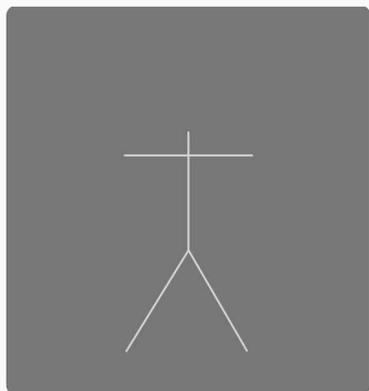
“In Hinduism, the six-pointed star is generally understood to consist of two triangles—one pointed up and the other down—locked in harmonious embrace. The two components symbolize humanities’ position between Earth and sky. The downward triangle symbolizes Shakti, the sacred embodiment of femininity, and the upward triangle symbolizes Shiva, the focused aspects of masculinity. The union of the two triangles represents creation, occurring through the divine union of male and female.”



source: ediccafe.blogspot.com/2014/05/the-lotus-and-other-vedic-symbols-in.html

That supports much of what I learned on the Hawai’ian Baby Woodrose vision quest shared earlier on pages 221 and 222. The Soul combines the masculine intellect and the feminine emotions to form a whole consciousness with divine abilities.

There's one additional feature of the Tiponi Tablet I



haven't revealed yet. The back of the tablet has a single human figure with no head, as shown on the left. This headless figure links the back of the tablet to the Prophecy Rock petroglyph. Specifically, the Hopi men had explained the figures standing on the upper path that ended with a stairway-like line leading up and away from the Earth were initially headless.

With the front of the tablet aligned with opening and following the heart, which would lead to inheriting the Earth, the backside provides the alternative—leaving the Earth. Because the figures ascending upward had no heads, the ascension process would quite likely involve dying.

Since ascension to Heaven is a common notion regarding what occurs after death, the jagged stairway-like line leading upward fits well known ideas about death—going to Heaven and leaving behind an inheritance for those who remain alive.

Dr. Kat's description of Steiner's cosmology didn't mention death. Instead, he explained that the people unable to open their hearts, follow their hearts, nor open to love would go to the Moon.

At this point, these questions remained unanswered:

- ♥ When and how would this transition take place?
- ♥ Where exactly do the closed-hearted go, the Moon or something the Moon symbolizes?
- ♥ If the closed-hearted die, how do they experience all of their passions to their endgame once they're dead?

Those details don't necessarily need to be ironed out. All that's really important for people interested in love is learning to open their hearts, follow their hearts, and be open to love. Otherwise they will be removed to experience other desires.

While my curiosity made me interested in learning more about the global transition, my suspicion that such details remain undisclosed secrets kept growing stronger.

I had become aware of many theories regarding ascension; however, those theories glorified the ascension scenario and completely ignored the inheritance alternative. The new age spiritual movement remained focused on raising their consciousness and their vibrations to become light beings who shifted into a marvelous new experience. To do that, they needed to shed their dense physical bodies that kept them stuck in the three-dimensional physical reality here on Earth.

I figured the shedding of their physical bodies probably corresponded to dying, but how would that be a glorious shift into a more glorious reality? There was something I was definitely missing, but what was it?

Instead of putting a lot of effort into investigating these missing pieces, I continued to focus on sharing what I had learned.

It was clear that opening the heart, following the heart, and opening ourselves to love were the keys to joyful lives here and now, regardless of what might occur in the future.

The inheritance was a theoretical prophesy that was interesting and worth sharing, but living the Way of the Heart in the present moment was more important than predictions that may not come true.

Chapter 30

The Hawai‘i–Hopi Connection

After visiting Hopiland and my parents, I returned to Hawai‘i. Being excited about the Hopi people, their sacred tablet, and the petroglyph, I added a new chapter to my evolving book sharing that inspiring adventure.

After completing that chapter, I ran into a couple of friends who asked what was new in my life.

I told them about the Hopi people, the tablet, and how it fits my heart-centered perspective.

They suggested I contact Jeff Munoz, who had been adopted and taught by Daddy Bray, a Hawai‘ian kahuna who had a fascinating connection with the Hopi people. They had Jeff’s phone number and gave it to me.

Upon calling Jeff, he asked, “Who are you? What are you all about?”

Because that was a long story, the idea to send him an email with the latest version of my book attached popped up intuitively. That would be a convenient way to share who I was and what I was all about. So, I asked Jeff if he had a computer with an internet connection.

He said he did, so I explained I had a draft of a book that told all about who I was and what I was about, and I could email it to him. I pointed out that it was less than ninety pages, making it an easy read.

He was open to checking it out, so I emailed it to him.

A month later, Jeff called me and said, “I read your book.”

I asked him if he liked it.

He said, “Your book explains what Daddy Bray taught me.”

Earlier, I mentioned how the legendary Daddy Bray had supposedly passed away without revealing important kahuna

secrets. Back then, I presumed that I wouldn't be able to find the truth about the location of the 'Aumakua, but now I realized Jeff may have learned this essential detail.

Jeff continued, "I'd like to meet you."

He explained that he lived in a remote hermitage and rarely went into town and asked if I would be willing to come up to meet with him.

I was very interested and told him it would be my pleasure.

He emailed detailed directions, and I went up to his remote hermitage to meet him.

Jeff confirmed that the 'Aumakua resided in the heart. It turned out that this was the primary secret kept by the Hawai'ian kahuna, the "keepers of the secret."

Beyond that, Hawai'ian kahuna support the Triality of human consciousness theory with their own three Hawai'ian minds:

- ♥ The conscious-mind in the head is named 'uhane.
- ♥ The superconscious-mind is named 'Aumakua.
- ♥ The subconscious-mind in the gut is named 'unihipili.

Kahuna claim that the 'uhane is intellectual, while the 'unihipili is emotional. Most importantly, the 'Aumakua is divine and has the power to perform miracles. All of this fits perfectly with the Triality of human consciousness my Soul had revealed to me.

Bray often told Jeff that the most important thing is one's relationship with the Mother-Father God in their heart—the 'Aumakua.

I asked Jeff why the heart location of the 'Aumakua was such a tightly guarded secret.

He revealed that kahuna were concerned that misguided people would misuse the miraculous power of their 'Aumakua. Because the kahuna method for asking the 'Aumakua for help involved the location, they kept the location secret.

To demonstrate the supernatural power of 'Aumakua, Bray asked his 'Aumakua to make it rain on a very dry crystal clear day

near Kona, Hawai'i. Even though the sky was completely blue, and despite how arid the Kona area is, soon after Bray made his request, a dark cloud formed in the sky, and out of it, heavy rain poured down.

On other occasions, Jeff witnessed more miracles in which Bray unveiled additional powers. In all three cases, Bray used the power in a humble way that didn't involve gaining recognition for himself. Instead, he asked his 'Aumakua to use its power for Jeff's training, for safety, and to save Jeff's life when a fatal health condition advanced quickly. These examples convinced Jeff the powers are real. Jeff provides details in his book *Islands of Refuge: Adventures with a Living Kahuna*.

Daddy Bray's connection to the Hopi people developed when he went to the mainland to meet spiritual people. Starting in California, he met lots of new-age folks. Their arrogant ascension perspective involving higher consciousness and higher vibrations didn't fit his humble heart-centered path.

Because he couldn't find humble people who followed the Mother-Father God within their hearts, Bray was about to give up and head back to Hawai'i when a man asked Bray if he was Hopi. Bray hadn't heard of the Hopi, so the man provided some background and told Bray that he looked like a Hopi and said things that sounded like things Hopi people say.

Given this lead, Bray went to Hopiland. When he arrived, the Hopi elders recognized him as one of their own. They invited him into their elder's kiva (an underground meeting place).

Once they descended into the kiva, the elders told Bray that they originally came from Mu. Thousands of years ago, when that continent was sinking, they traveled from one atoll to the next, moving southeast until they discovered the Hawai'ian Islands. Several people chose to remain in Hawai'i, while most continued migrating to Central America.

From there, the Hopi traveled to the four extremes of the Americas: south to the tip of South America, north to the Arctic Circle, east to the East Coast of North America, and west to the West Coast. Some Hopi people decided to stop migrating to

make their homes in appealing locations found along the lengthy route. The people who chose to shorten their migration include Native American people throughout North, South, and Central America. Finally, many settled where the Hopi live today, Hopiland.

The Hopi elders further explained how 1,000 years ago, they received a psychic distress call from their relatives who had remained in the Hawai‘ian Islands. Some Hopi men decided to walk to the West Coast of North America, carve out a giant canoe, and paddle it out to the islands, hoping to help their brothers.

Finally, the elders confessed they didn’t know what had happened to the men who responded to the distress call. Ever since then, the elders have wondered whether those men made it to Hawai‘i, and if they did, were they able to help.

Finally, they asked Bray if he had heard a story about men arriving in Hawai‘i in a big canoe about a thousand years ago.

Bray explained he had heard a story about men coming to Hawai‘i in a big canoe about a thousand years ago; however, the difficulty involved Tahitians who arrived at that time. Being huge, fierce warriors, the Tahitians forcefully colonized the islands and dominated the peaceful and smaller people. Still, some of the friendly people survived, intermarried, and so on.

So, even though men in a big canoe arrived about a thousand years ago, those men were not able to stop the formidable Tahitian warriors who formed hierarchical power structures with royalty, rules, and penalties that included beheadings—things the smaller peaceful people never needed because they followed the ‘Aumakua in their hearts.

After the Tahitian colonization of Hawai‘i, battles between island leaders were commonplace. They finally ended about 800 years later in 1821 when Queen Ka‘ahumanu, as regent of the Kingdom, married Kaumuali‘i, the hereditary chief-king of Kaua‘i and Ni‘ihau. That marriage consolidated control forty years after Captain Cook arrived in Hawai‘i in 1778.

When I shared this story with an acquaintance, she claimed the Hopi made the big canoe out of a California redwood log. By searching the internet for “Redwood Canoe Hawai’i,” I found the following support at www.waimea.com/culture/canoes.html:

“It was reported that some of the largest Hawai’ian canoes were carved from California redwood logs. . . . In the 1870s there was a 108-foot long hull that was said to have been discovered, which is now gone.”

After Daddy Bray answered the elders’ question about men arriving in a big canoe, he felt guided to sing the most sacred song he knew. He mentioned this but explained how that song was only sung in specific circumstances. Although sitting in a kiva didn’t fit the protocol, Bray still felt he ought to sing it.

The Hopi elders encouraged Bray to follow his guidance and sing the song. Once Bray began singing, the elders sang along with him; they knew the words. When they all finished singing, the elders explained that song was their most sacred song, and they only sing it in the elder’s kiva, right where they just sang it. They further explained that most Hopi people don’t know the sacred song—only the elders know it.

Finally, they asked Bray, “How is it that you know our most sacred song?”

Of course, Daddy Bray’s knowledge of that song confirms the Hopi story that claims some Hopi people had remained in Hawai’i long ago. Those original inhabitants must have passed that song through many generations to Bray, a descendant of the original Hawai’ians.

The gentleman who helped Bray find his distant Hopi relatives noticed that he looked similar to the North American Hopi, indicating an ancestral link.

I had already heard of these legendary original Hawai’ians. Supposedly they had no leaders, followed their hearts, and did their part sharing cooperatively with their neighbors.

The traditional Hopi people continue to live this way in Hopiland, where hierarchical leadership hasn’t emerged.

Unlike most Native Americans, the Hopi never relocated and never signed a treaty with the United States of America. Hopiland remains a sovereign nation located inside the 2,500-square-mile Four Corners Native American Reservation, which lies in Arizona's northeastern corner.

Thomas Banyacya, a Hopi elder and spokesman, demonstrated Hopi sovereignty by making a Hopi passport. It included an eagle feather encased in buckskin. Banyacya successfully used his homemade passport to attend several foreign conferences regarding indigenous issues.

According to archeologists, the oldest Hopi village, Oraibi, has been inhabited continuously for over 2,600 years, making it the longest continuously inhabited village in North America.

While some Hopi retain the old ways, their tiny nation is changing. Surely the US government and white men have impinged on the Hopi way of life, but much less than in relocated tribes. Still, most Hopi people have drifted away from their traditional way of life.

As for the Hopi who settled Hawai'i, popular history has twisted the story quite a bit. The Tahitian warriors who colonized Hawai'i about 1,000 years ago seem to have transformed the peaceful people of ancient Hawai'i into mythical Menehune, legendary dwarves who supposedly work diligently at night, building stone structures and then hide in the forest during the day. Some people claim to have caught glimpses of these industrious Menehune. Similarly, modern civilization tends to misrepresent Original People and even ignore their existence.

During the twenty-two years I've lived on Maui, Hawai'i, I've met many Hawai'ians who are open-hearted yet cautious. Moreover, these gentle Hawai'ians are usually physically small. I've also met big, arrogant locals who deny the legend of pre-Tahitian inhabitants. Since conquerors establish popular history, the Menehune myth is predominant. Simultaneously, the legend of peaceful little people living in Hawai'i before the Tahitians lives on. Of course, some of the peaceful little ones have survived along with their alternative version of history.

For instance, I recently met a Hawai‘ian man who was about my age. After sharing with him much of what I presented in this chapter, he told me he lives on family land near La Perouse Bay, where his great-grandmother was a kahuna. She told him that the power was in his heart, confirming what has been shared. Then as we parted, we put our hands on our hearts and bowed our heads to each other.

After giving another Hawai‘ian gentleman a copy of my book *The Magnificent Soul*, he gave me a copy of *Maui: A History* by Cummins E. Speakmans. In that book, I found remarkable support for the presence of Hopi people near La Perouse Bay. Speakmans’ book reports that on May 30, 1786, Admiral La Perouse landed on Maui in what was later named La Perouse Bay. While anchored there, he found a village of people standing an average height of 5 foot 3 inches (160 cm) tall. These couldn’t have been Tahitians, who are well-known for being some of the world’s largest people. The physical features La Perouse noted in his ship’s log included the traditional Hopi haircut featuring bangs, making their straight hair look like a helmet. Regarding their peaceful attitude, La Perouse wrote, “I had no idea of a people so mild and attentive.” These could have been Hopi, but definitely not Tahitians who are very large.

There’s one more connection between the Hopi and Bray. The Hopi live in a desert without a river anywhere nearby. They plant their corn and bean seeds nine inches deep, using a digging stick to make a deep hole. Then, to water their crops, they perform ceremonies asking for rain. There are springs from which they obtain drinking water, but their prayers for rain have been the miraculous key to their survival. People visit Hopiland to witness firsthand the legendary rain ceremonies.

For over 2,600 years, these humble, generous people have been praying for rain in a desert that has no river for miles. Their prayers for rain have brought the precious water needed to grow their beans and corn.

Daddy Bray also knew how to pray for rain. As I explained earlier, the key is the Soul or ‘Aumakua that resides in the heart.

Discovering all of this about the Hopi and Hawai'i provided tremendous support for a Triality of human consciousness and the Superconscious-Soul's importance. If I hadn't moved to Hawai'i, it would have been nearly impossible for me to find all of this support. Sunshine, the Hawai'ian Baby Woodrose seeds, Daddy Bray, Jeff, the gentle nature of Maui, and many others, helped me learn so much. Of course, my Soul in my heart led me to Hawai'i and taught me through intuitive guidance and essential uploads.

As you may recall, flipping a 1959 penny that came up heads three times in a row pushed me to choose Maui over Ann Arbor. When I needed to make that decision, everyone in my life encouraged me to take the opportunity to make money.

Suppose I had remained in Ann Arbor. The Applicon software I would have worked on couldn't compete with Jon's SolidWorks product, so it's no longer available. I don't know the details, but my efforts to improve Applicon's product offering may have been too little, too late. Applicon wanted my 2D technology, while Jon's product already had 3D technology. If I had chosen to make money by working for Applicon, it could have been a complete waste of time.

Regarding riches, Oscar Wilde (1854–1900) wrote this:

*“Ordinary riches can be stolen; real riches cannot.
In your Soul are infinitely precious things
that cannot be taken from you.”*

Instead of focusing on ordinary money, my heart guided me to real riches. I'll share even more of them below.

As time marched forward, my life became evermore intriguing, uncovering hidden secrets that fit together in interlocking ways to reveal humanity's destiny. I hadn't intended to embark on this adventure. By simply following my heart, the astonishing miracles emerged.

Having learned that Souls or 'Aumakua can make it rain, heal our bodies, and save lives, I figured they ought to be able to control the result of a coin flip, even three heads in a row.

Despite the obscure secrets that were turning up, we all know the common adages: open your heart, listen to your heart, follow your heart, and open yourself to love. While living on Maui, I've met people from all over the world who vacation on this island paradise. For several years I asked foreigners if they have sayings about following one's heart in their native language. Everyone I've asked so far confirmed they indeed have those sorts of adages in their homeland.

In addition to that well known wisdom, in the previous chapter, I discussed the Chinese Xin, a symbol representing most of what I learned about the Soul and its home in our hearts.

So, on the one hand, the Soul in the heart is a secret, but on the other hand, it's part of what everyone knows. Nevertheless, most people don't believe that the adages about our hearts are true. Instead, most presume that those pearls of wisdom are just fanciful sayings from a time when people believed our minds resided in our hearts. Even though a Superconscious-Mind does reside in the heart, the limitations of modern science's matter-based perspective prevents most people from believing in the existence of a heart-mind. Hence, following your heart is placed on the fairy tale bookshelf.

Considering this confusion, it was becoming clear that my life's work could involve helping people realize that these adages about the heart are realistic, life-defining recommendations.

As years passed, I continued editing and rewriting the message, endeavoring to present what I had learned in persuasive ways. Meanwhile, more support and clarity continued to arrive. Near the end of my relationship with Sherrie, I self-published *The Way of The Heart* on Amazon in 2012.

Over the following several years, I remained inspired to write about the same subject in a variety of ways with new titles. From 2012 to 2016, I wrote several booklets and printed them at the photocopy store. To make booklets out of letter-size paper, I used a long-reach stapler to bind the middle of the pages together, and then I folded them in half, along the row of staples. I would print

one to ten booklets at a time. Nearly every printing was different as I continued to make minor changes along the way.

Recently a friend who had saved several different versions that I had given her over the years asked me if I would like to have the booklets she accumulated. I accepted her offer and put them in storage. Those booklet titles included these:

Following Your Inner Wisdom

*Stepping out of Duality
into the New Paradigm
The Middle Path of Love!*

Following Your Heart's Wisdom

*Becoming One of the Meek
Who Shall Inherit the Earth
to Live in Abundant
Peace and Prosperity
Forever!*

Your Inner Source of Happiness

*Living Your Life with
Your Inner Fountain of
Joy and Infallible Guidance
Open and Flowing*

Surfing Your Inner Wave of Joy

*Your Complete Guide To
Opening Your Heart
Listening to Your Heart &
Following Your Heart*

Being eager to share what I was learning, I gave most of the booklets away. Despite all my work, and even though I received many compliments throughout the years, I didn't feel that what I had written was worthy of conveying this vital message.

As I worked to refine my delivery, I continued to discover additional quotes, more scientific research, fitting biblical passages, and other support.

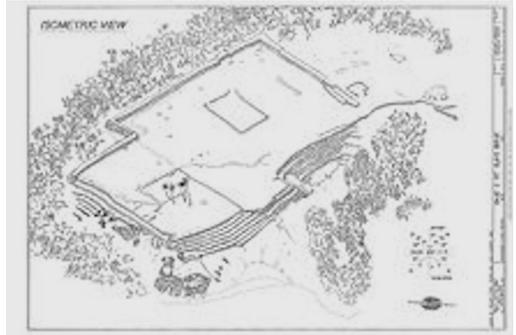
For example, in the Pacific Ocean between Hawai'i and Japan, stone structures have been discovered underwater.

On the right, one is shown in a photograph taken by Dr. Masaaki Kimura from Okinawa, Japan.



Some claim these are the remains of Mu's legendary continent, where the Hopi elders tell us they left when it sank.

In Hawai'i, old stone *heiau* look similar. On the right, a drawing of a heiau supports the Hopi elder's story claiming that the early Hawai'ians were people who escaped Mu's sinking. The myth of Menehune building stone structures also fits.



When I wondered how Mu fits into Steiner's cosmology, my Soul informed me that human individuation methods were tested on Mu and Atlantis.

In the Atlantic Ocean, near the island of Bimini, large, flat, rectangular basalt slabs appear to form a road on the ocean floor, as shown in the picture on the right. Also, large carved stone columns lie nearby, as pictured lower right.



These artifacts appear to be the remains of the sunken civilization that Plato referred to as Atlantis.

Regardless of what took place in these locations,



these artifacts located under the largest oceans on Earth are evidence of two ancient civilizations that sank.

Legends claim that something went wrong in Mu and Atlantis; consequently, they were destroyed or self-destructed, ultimately sinking to be covered by the great oceans.

Fortunately, folklore has kept these legends alive and inspired people to find physical evidence of their existence.

The One could have used these prehistoric civilizations to experiment with various divisive methods to make Original People into separate individuals humans. Transforming the One into individuals has turned out to be a challenging endeavor. The final step involves divisive people who push everyone apart.

To explore the joy involved in friendly relationships, the divisive methods used would need to produce cooperative individuals interested in socializing with one another. While cooperation and divisive separation are opposites, individuals are necessary to explore cooperation between people. Therefore, many individuals interested in cooperation had to emerge from the divisive process to adequately explore relationships that involve cooperation. The One must have used tests to find divisive methods that divide people while keeping them interested in cooperative relationships.

Without cooperative individuals, the magic of love wouldn't have emerged.

According to my inner guidance, Atlantis and Mu were established to experiment with this tricky individuation process. Once testing verified appropriate methods, Mu and Atlantis were lowered into the great oceans, sinking them to eliminate the experiments' unsuccessful results.

Despite that, some people with desirable features survived to repopulate the Earth. The Hopi claim to be among the survivors. Because the Chinese Xin symbol is found on the Tiponi Tablet brought from Mu, other survivors must have headed west to Asia, where the Chinese still use the Xin.

Over the thousands of years that followed, new civilizations emerged in Asia, India, Africa, Mesopotamia, and the Americas. Any of these could have fine tuned the primary individuation system. Although we don't know why some civilizations disappeared, we know that the Mesopotamian Judeo-Christian and Muslim systems became the predominant individuation systems.

Those divisive systems include male domination, war, violence, power-hungry leaders, and excessive wealth contrasted by extreme poverty. Despite how heartless humanity's divisive practices have been, they have produced numerous loving, open-hearted people. Open-hearted people may be a minority; however, many people enjoy cooperative arrangements, follow their hearts, and champion the fascinating power of love.

While trying to understand how divisive activities can produce open-hearted people, my Soul helped me see how the negative can achieve positive results. While many awful activities take place daily, this boomerang effect has caused love to emerge in many people's hearts. I've already shown how several adverse events magically turned around to produce very positive outcomes in my life.

These are some examples:

- ♥ The black widow spider terror made me afraid to turn away from my heart, so I followed it better than most.
- ♥ Cutting my finger and damaging the tendon on the big saw provided time to have the most fantastic experience of my life, the seven-day tantric lovemaking adventure.
- ♥ Crushing my ego's dreams of creating peace on Earth at the Sundance positioned me to reconsider Steiner's cogent cosmology.
- ♥ Going through a roller-coaster romance that broke my heart, pushed me to go on a vision quest using Hawai'ian Baby Woodrose seeds. On that journey, I learned about the Triality of human consciousness and what opening one's heart means.

Eventually, my Soul guided me to label this boomerang effect Evil's Silver Lining.

While considering silver linings, I want to take a moment to mention how densely populated cities may have lots of divisive activities taking place. Still, cities also offer countless opportunities for people to meet one another. Worldwide, big cities provide opportunities to socialize with literally millions of people. So even though I've focused mostly on civilization's divisive features, the social opportunities offered in densely populated cities could be seen as a silver lining of civilization.

We find social opportunities at clubs, bars, arenas, concert halls, restaurants, and other places. Conversely, the country offers fewer opportunities for people to meet one another, especially in big groups.

Even while all of that is true, I've found it challenging to connect with people in the crowded venues found in cities. Instead, I've found it easier to meet people in rural settings. Even though there are fewer people, those folks tend to be more open to personal interactions. Friendly exchanges are a well-known feature of country living, while the cold shoulder without eye contact is common in big cities.

Anyway, Evil's Silver Lining is a great thing to keep in mind when difficulties arise. Even though some challenges may trip you up, in the end a miracle may save the day.

With the curious Tiponi Tablet, the Hopi Petroglyph, Mu, underwater stone structures, kahuna magic, and California Redwood Canoes appearing in Hawai'i, I had become a character in my own mystery novel. In this real life story, my Superconscious-Soul had guided me to find the pieces to a fascinating puzzle that holds answers to some of humanity's oldest questions of all.

I just wish my writing was as awesome as my story.

Chapter 31

Encountering a Ghost

During 2012–2014, I moved to a beautiful twenty-acre (8-hectare) property to work-trade as the caretaker. That property features a thirty-foot (11 m) waterfall that falls into a gorgeous valley with a swimmable pool called the Woodrose pool. The river flowing out of that pool crosses the property as it travels down the valley to another waterfall pool. The lower pool is a popular swimming hole called Flat Rock because it has large flat rock surfaces that people use to lie in the sun between dips in the pool. Flat Rock has reasonably easy access, which adds to its popularity.

The jungle between those pools features lots of tall mango trees with various vines hanging to the ground in a way that brings Tarzan to mind. Over the years, people have planted many ornamental flowering plants, including red ginger, blue ginger, a variety of beautiful heliconias, an unusual hanging hibiscus bush, and a pink angel's trumpet tree. All of those gorgeous flowering plants blend with the more common plants to make that valley unusually colorful and truly remarkable to visit.

I renovated and lived in a little cabin on the upper edge of that valley overlooking it from a wooden deck. Nearby my cabin, just beyond a giant ficus tree, was the top of an old stone stairway descending along the valley wall to the river near the Woodrose pool. I hiked up the river from Flat Rock to Woodrose for many years to appreciate the extraordinary beauty. Even though it was truly gorgeous, I always noticed a slightly creepy feeling there.

Legends claimed that the successful Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young folk rock group had stayed there back in the early 1970s. Their famous song “Our House” was supposedly written when they lived in the main house on the edge of the valley just a bit downstream from my cabin.

More recently, a Buddhist monk had drowned in the pool. Some people claimed that others had passed away there, and the creepy feeling came from their spirits who haunted that area. When I moved in, the tenant living in the main house warned me about ghosts haunting the property. She claimed to be a witch with an ability to sense them.

Although I had suspected that ghosts existed, I presumed they would leave me alone. However, even though I wasn't sensitive to how things or places feel, the Woodrose pool felt creepy, as I already mentioned.

While living there, two women told me stories about their encounters with ghosts. The most interesting came from an older woman who had been the manager of a thoroughbred racehorse ranch for several years somewhere on the mainland. One of the ranch hands passed away in an accident that occurred while he was drunk.

During the years that followed, mysterious things transpired, but no one admitted responsibility. Curiously these incidents corresponded to matters associated with the deceased rancher.

One evening, a woman came to visit the manager in the main house. She left the room for some reason and later returned with a bizarre look on her face. When she spoke, her voice sounded similar to the fellow who had passed away. As the manager looked closer, she could see that the visitor's contorted face resembled the man who had died and seemed to be haunting the ranch ever since.

The manager telling the story claimed she held a two-hour conversation with the man's spirit who possessed the visitor's body and spoke like the dead rancher. During their discussion, the man confessed his jealousy of the pampering the horses received. The manager told him that one of the horses had just been placed in a fold to give birth. She suggested that he possess the newborn horse to experience being a pampered racehorse.

After that evening, the haunting stopped. The manager claimed the possessed horse exhibited aspects of the dead

rancher's personality. A couple of years later, that horse died in an accident, but the haunting never returned.

In addition to personal stories about ghosts, a friend of mine loaned me some of Max Freedom Long's Hawai'ian kahuna books. Those books included chapters that discussed ghosts and shared specific stories purported to be true. I wasn't particularly interested in these sorts of things and hadn't seriously investigated the paranormal.

In my early thirties, I had read *Communion* by Whitley Strieber, but that supposedly true story creeped me out and pushed me away from the subject. Rather than clarifying bizarre metaphysical issues, it left me perplexed and uncomfortable. Figuring that these sorts of supernatural phenomena were beyond understanding, I chose to resist studying them.

While caretaking the Woodrose property, a friend called and asked if he could bring his wife to the property and access the pool via the trail near my cabin. I welcomed them and led them along the path and down the stone stairs to the beautiful pool. As we sat on some boulders and had a friendly conversation, my friend pulled out a joint, lit it up, and offered it to me.

I rarely smoke during the day and hadn't been smoking much at all. However, I had completed my work in the morning, and it was Friday, so I graciously accepted his offer. It was a big joint, his wife didn't smoke, and the herb was potent.

After we finished smoking, I figured it would be best for me to leave them to enjoy the pool. I thanked my friend and headed up to my cabin. Upon arrival, I felt so tired from the pot that I laid down on my bed to rest at 2 p.m. When I woke up, it was dark out. I was surprised that I had slept for at least five hours. When I got up, I felt weak and noticed a sharp pain on my head's right side. I figured that I was hungover from the pot and ate some dinner, hoping to regain my strength and feel better.

The headache and weakness continued for three more days. I also noticed I was slumped over in an unusual posture. Overall, I didn't feel like myself. In particular, headaches were rare for me

to have at all, let alone for four days in a row. Something unusual was going on.

On the third day, Sunday, a friend called and asked if she could come over to hang out and go to the waterfall with me. Diana was a kind woman who enjoyed hiking and had joined me for some fun-filled nature adventures. We loved each other as friends but hadn't explored any sexual activities. I was happy to hear from her and welcomed her to come over for a visit.

Once she arrived and we made our way down to the waterfall, I found a comfortable place to sit down and rest against a mango tree's trunk.

Since I was still feeling tired, I figured I would make myself comfortable. After falling asleep, I woke up just enough to open my eyes and see Diana's face for a moment, and then I fell back to sleep. I recall that occurring three times.

The next thing I knew, I was waking up because she was saying, "Come on, we need to go—it's getting dark." Surprisingly, I had slept through our entire afternoon at the waterfall. That never happened to me before.

We climbed up the stone stairway to arrive at my cabin, where I went to work preparing some food for dinner while Diana sat out on the porch. As I prepared dinner, she asked, "Do you really love me?"

Caught by surprise, I tilted my head and looked at her inquisitively through the screen, wondering why she was asking that. Before I said anything, she could see I was perplexed and added, "Because down at the waterfall, you said you loved me a thousand times."

I replied, "I was asleep."

She countered, "No you weren't—you were all animated, talking and pointing things out the whole time, and you kept on saying that you loved me, over and over again."

I had no idea what she was referring to. Without thinking it through, I reactively replied, "That wasn't me."

She politely asked, "Well? Do you love me?"

I answered, “I love you, but I’m not in love with you.”

She responded by saying, “Okay, that’s fine. It’s all good. It was just what I needed to hear.”

It seemed she was depressed, so saying I love you repeatedly was helpful. The question is, how did that happen? I couldn’t have done that and completely forgotten it. She wouldn’t be making it up. So what happened?

Without any answers, I let it go and focused on making dinner. After dinner, Diana slept over in my bed, but we kept on our respective sides. The next evening was Monday night. We decided to go to a music jam and dance gathering at a friend’s house. Because we arrived on time, which is early on Maui, only one person was there.

I didn’t recognize this woman but found her attractive, so I introduced myself. As we conversed, I shared the story about saying I love you to my friend a thousand times while I remember sleeping by the pool.

The woman asked, “Can we go outside? There’s something that I’d like to check.”

I said, “Sure,” and we strolled out to the backyard.

She took out a crystal attached to a delicate silver chain and began to swing it back and forth as she walked around me. She raised her pendulum up next to my head and then down near my torso, swinging it as she walked around me. Soon she said, “They’re in your head.”

I asked, “What’s in my head?”

“Entities,” was her response.

For clarification, I asked, “I have entities in my head?”

“Yes, but don’t worry—you can tell them to leave.”

Thinking this was silly but being willing to play along, I said, “Okay, how do I tell them to leave?”

“Are you okay with repeating after me? I’m a professional exorcist, and I know what I’m doing.”

“Sure, go ahead.”

She guided me to say, “Any entities or energies that are not truly me, you are no longer welcome in my body. Leave now.”

As soon as I said it, my posture straightened up, the headache vanished, my usual level of vitality returned, and I felt like myself again. Shocked by the instant changes, I exclaimed, “Those things must have been in me for four days!”

I wouldn’t have been able to sincerely believe that possession occurs until I experienced this episode of being possessed myself.

Another woman showed up just in time to hear what I said to drive the spirits out. She explained that there’s a better way to get rid of entities so they won’t come back. If you tell them to leave your body, they will, but later they can return.

Being interest in her method, I asked her to explain.

She began by pointing out that the Creator lives in everyone’s hearts, which I already believed in my own way. Based on that, she claimed it’s better to tell the entities to enter your heart, where the Creator will take them to their proper home.

Humans may not know where wayward spirits belong, but it seemed sensible that our Souls would know and be able to help them get home. Finding her advice practical, I thanked her for sharing that alternate method and assured her it made sense.

The exorcist offered some additional information by explaining that people who die while unconscious or overly inebriated don’t know that they’ve died, so they remain Earth-bound ghosts, wandering around and learning how to possess people. She also told me that possession had become such a widespread problem that many people have learned how to exorcise spirits. She claimed that exorcists are located everywhere throughout the US. Finally, she explained, the entities find it easier to enter intoxicated people, so they often hang out in and around bars.

Of course, that fit with how stoned I was when the possession symptoms started. Without choosing to, I was learning about ghosts. Next, my parents passed away.

Chapter 32

Mom and Dad Pass Over

In October 2015, my dad was in the hospital seeking help with his worsening congestive heart failure condition when he lost consciousness. Dad had made it clear to mom, me, and my brother Grant that he never wanted to be hooked up to machines in a hospital while unconscious. Despite his position on that, it unexpectedly came to be.

Grant called me to let me know that dad would pass soon, so I booked a flight from Maui to Detroit. Unfortunately, it was going to be two days before I would arrive in Detroit.

My brother called again, asking if I wanted them to wait for me to arrive before they pulled the life support machines' plug to accommodate dad's wishes. Because dad was unconscious, I wouldn't be able speak with him even if they waited, so I told them to do whatever felt right.

I had been talking with my parents on the phone at least once a week ever since I left home at 18 years old. We spoke openly about all sorts of things. We ended our conversations with, "I love you." Because it seemed that we had said everything we needed to say, I didn't have any reason to prolong the inevitable.

Grant called a third time to let me know they had turned off the life support. Dad took one last breath and passed away peacefully.

My mom explained to my brother and me how she and dad decided they wanted to be cremated. They didn't want any service or gathering of any kind. They had grown weary of attending numerous funerals and didn't want to add two more funerals to their friends' calendars.

Grant and I suggested a small lunch for a few close friends, but mom said no. An obituary in the newspaper was all they wanted. The ashes would be taken care of by the survivors.

My dad loved sailing so much that we put some of his ashes in the lake where he enjoyed sailing. We kept most of the ashes for after mom passed so we could put them somewhere together.

My parents had been married for 61 years when dad passed.

Moving forward to deal with my dad's belongings, mom and Grant explained they felt it would be best to give dad's sailboat to Larry, my dad's sailing buddy. Larry and dad worked together at Design Staff in the General Motors Technical Center. After dad retired and began suffering the debilitating effects of congestive heart disease, he became unable to go sailing independently. Larry became an adopted son who would go out sailing with dad. Since Grant lived on the West Coast and I lived on Maui, we weren't available to help dad sail on Lake St. Clair. To show Larry our family's appreciation for sailing with our dad, we offered him the boat.

To tell Larry about that, my mom and I took Larry and his wife out to lunch. At that meeting, I also told Larry that he was welcome to have my dad's tools. I already had tools on Maui, and shipping heavy tools like my dad's big bandsaw would cost too much. After lunch, Larry came over to check out dad's tools.

While showing him the tools, I noticed an antique tool hanging on the wall that reminded me of an exciting incident. I told Larry that I was reminded of a story I ought to tell.

Larry quickly replied, "I already heard that story."

I pointed out, "I haven't even started. How could you know what story I'm referring to?"

Larry explained to me that my dad spent a lot of time telling stories about me. He claimed he had heard all my stories a hundred times.

I asked, "What about my brother?"

Larry replied, "He would talk about Grant sometimes, but he went on and on about you."

I didn't know my dad told stories about me and found that surprising, considering how accomplished my brother was. Grant was a three-time world champion sailor in the Thunderbird class.

More importantly, he was a highly regarded dentist with walls full of awards. Grant had developed revolutionary techniques for tooth restoration that were more affordable and superior to what had been previously available. He spoke at symposiums and shared his methods in classes other dentists attended to learn how to utilize his revolutionary techniques.

Another noteworthy aspect of my brother was his fruitful marriage to a wonderful woman who was a successful lawyer. Their two children were healthy, happy, and had much to offer the world, making all their grandparents proud.

Based on all that, plus the way I had walked away from promising financial opportunities and marriage proposals, I figured my parents were much prouder of Grant.

I knew my parents loved me, but I figured they saw me as a bit of a failure. I was happy with my life and even suspected that my life was more fulfilling than my brother's. Despite that, Grant's life was a much greater success based on conventional values. Given a choice between living my life and Grant's, I figured most people would choose Grant's life over mine.

So, finding out my dad told stories about me more than he talked about my brother was a huge surprise. It was so unexpected I would have had a hard time believing Larry if another curious artifact hadn't already popped up.

A few days earlier, when my brother and I packed up my dad's clothing and other items to donate everything to Salvation Army, I ran into a bewildering situation.

The top of my dad's dresser was nearly empty. On it, I found his keys, wallet, and a pair of glasses. Besides those essential items, just one other thing was there, a little ceramic picture frame that Helen, my brother's daughter, had made. That frame displayed the four-leaf clover that I found in the Haleakala crater on Maui. Considering all of the things that he could have placed on his dresser, the only decoration he put there was a reminder of my most fantastic nature adventure. A picture of Helen's ceramic frame with the four-leaf clover inside is on this book's back cover in the lower right-hand corner.

Because everyone loves Helen, finding something from her on dad's dresser made sense. However, finding that little clover in her frame where dad would see it every day indicated to me that dad appreciated me in a way I only discovered after he departed. It's odd how common it is for people to avoid telling our loved ones how much we appreciate them and why.

Although I've told Grant I appreciate him, I feel moved to write how caring, generous, and kind he is. On top of all the usual ways a successful brother can be kind and generous, Grant has given me lots of free dental care that I couldn't have afforded. Even if I could have paid for dental care, Grant's care and skill are world-renowned. Beyond that, he arranged some wonderful surprises for my parents and purchased plane tickets to include me when I couldn't afford the tickets. He's truly a great guy.

After Grant went back to his West Coast home and dental business, I stayed with mom for a few weeks to deal with numerous details such as transferring titles of ownership as everything was in dad's name. It was a difficult time for mom, but we managed to make the best of it. By sharing that time, I felt mom and I connected more deeply than ever before. She was the only woman in our immediate family, so what the guys enjoyed doing left her out all too often. With just her and I present, we had time to bond as mother and son quite deeply.

My mom loved to learn about people. She asked people all sorts of questions that made them feel appreciated. Each person took my mom's attention very personally, but I suspect she was just curious about people. Regardless of what was behind her curiosity, the way she engaged people made them light up. The neighbors loved her because she took the time to chat with them to stay current, knowing what was going on in everyone's lives.

As a reward for my help with her transition, my mom gave me a new laptop for my writing. I had been sending my parents versions of my book for several years. My old computer had become antiquated, and I couldn't afford a new one. Needing an upgrade, I was very grateful that she and Grant decided to reward me that way.

Two months later, just after the holiday season ended, mom developed flu symptoms. Then during a phone call she fainted and probably fell. No one was there to witness exactly what happened, but the person she was conversing with on the phone called 911. Paramedics responded and a neighbor saw that she was shaken up. The paramedics took her to the hospital where the staff ran tests and replenished her fluids. The doctors talked to Grant and got his approval to keep her overnight for observation. That night she passed away.

Since he felt something was a miss Grant asked for an autopsy but that wasn't done. Instead the body was cremated so an autopsy couldn't be performed.

The cause of death given on the death certificate was erased and altered, indicating the hospital staff may have contributed to her death. Other circumstances indicated that possibility was highly probable. Grant and I decided an investigation wouldn't bring her back to life, so we chose to let it go. We figured everyone makes mistakes. If her death involved an error, nothing could undo it.

By that time it had become clear to us that mom wasn't happy living without her beloved husband. My brother and I learned that close couples often pass around the same time. Exactly how that occurred wasn't important and couldn't be changed.

Although I was surprised and sad about my parents passing, it was a blessing that they didn't suffer from excessive infirmity. Both had begun to show signs that typical old age issues had started to develop into noticeable conditions that would only get worse. Gratefully, before those conditions progressed too far, both of them passed quickly and in their sleep. I miss them and hope they're already growing up in new healthy bodies preparing to meet each other again.

I flew back to Detroit when mom passed and spent a few months remodeling their house, preparing to sell it. My brother came out to help on a few weekends. One weekend Grant and his wife both came to help. They were especially helpful in going through an overwhelming amount of personal stuff.

More importantly, their support was emotionally uplifting in a way that helped me get the job done.

When we put the house on the market, it sold in less than a week.

I've heard lots of horror stories about siblings fighting over the inheritance. However, in our case, the process brought me, Grant, and my sister-in-law more tightly together than we had ever been.

Chapter 33

Focusing on the Book

By continuing to live the simple lifestyle I was accustomed to, the small inheritance I received from my parents gave me the ability to focus on writing more than ever. I continued to help out on the property where I live. However, I turned down most of the requests for my design, building, and handyman services. Instead, I focused on writing the best book about my favorite subject, the Way of the Heart.

I tried several different approaches to discussing the topic, but each attempt failed. Eventually I felt I wasn't dealing with the subject appropriately. It seemed my ego's displeasure with closed-hearted divisive people and my excitement about my adventures kept me from presenting the message in a clear, balanced way detached from my ego.

For example, I peeked behind the curtain of patriotism to find a PR propaganda machine. While propaganda has convinced most people that the US military protects our country from foreign invaders, I learned it's the most brutal terrorist organization in the world. I even found that the US government funds arms and trains terrorist organizations like Al-Qaeda, ISIS, and numerous South and Central American death squads.

At home, the military and police protect the elite parasites from the wage slaves who provide those psychopathic rulers with luxury. If the military and police didn't exist, the workers would rebel against the unfair distribution of wealth that continues to grow worse.

Ironically, working people who accept the propaganda become traitors who hold down the other workers to protect the elite ruling class. Even worse, everything is paid for by funds extorted from the workers themselves.

The propaganda is so widespread that most people don't see behind the veil of deception. We grow up bombarded with

Head of Household		
Marginal Tax Rate	Tax Brackets	
	Over	But Not Over
20.0%	\$0	\$2,000
21.0%	\$2,000	\$4,000
24.0%	\$4,000	\$6,000
26.0%	\$6,000	\$8,000
30.0%	\$8,000	\$10,000
32.0%	\$10,000	\$12,000
36.0%	\$12,000	\$14,000
39.0%	\$14,000	\$16,000
42.0%	\$16,000	\$18,000
43.0%	\$18,000	\$20,000
47.0%	\$20,000	\$22,000
49.0%	\$22,000	\$24,000
52.0%	\$24,000	\$28,000
54.0%	\$28,000	\$32,000
58.0%	\$32,000	\$38,000
62.0%	\$38,000	\$44,000
66.0%	\$44,000	\$50,000
68.0%	\$50,000	\$60,000
71.0%	\$60,000	\$70,000
74.0%	\$70,000	\$80,000
76.0%	\$80,000	\$90,000
80.0%	\$90,000	\$100,000
83.0%	\$100,000	\$150,000
87.0%	\$150,000	\$200,000
90.0%	\$200,000	\$300,000
91.0%	\$300,000	-

television, radio, and schooling that relentlessly reinforces a huge lie that places the rich on pedestals despite while their parasitic behavior is swept under the rug. Meanwhile, people who want the wealthy heavily taxed to level the playing field are labeled communists and that word has been unfairly linked to tyranny even though most dictators are capitalists. Thus, climbing the ladder is considered the only alternative to working for crumbs.

Earlier I mentioned high taxes but now I'll offer supporting facts. I grew up, in the 1960s and 1970s, when the US taxed the elite heavily. For example, in 1963 the highest tax bracket took 91 percent of income exceeding \$300,000. The tiered tax schedule for 1963 Head of Household is shown upper left.

Tax schedules like that one emerged after the Great

Married Filing Jointly		
Marginal Tax Rate	Tax Brackets	
	Over	But Not Over
23.0%	\$0	\$2,000
25.0%	\$2,000	\$4,000
29.0%	\$4,000	\$6,000
33.0%	\$6,000	\$8,000
37.0%	\$8,000	\$10,000
41.0%	\$10,000	\$12,000
46.0%	\$12,000	\$14,000
50.0%	\$14,000	\$16,000
53.0%	\$16,000	\$18,000
56.0%	\$18,000	\$20,000
59.0%	\$20,000	\$22,000
62.0%	\$22,000	\$26,000
65.0%	\$26,000	\$32,000
68.0%	\$32,000	\$38,000
72.0%	\$38,000	\$44,000
75.0%	\$44,000	\$50,000
78.0%	\$50,000	\$60,000
81.0%	\$60,000	\$70,000
84.0%	\$70,000	\$80,000
87.0%	\$80,000	\$90,000
90.0%	\$90,000	\$100,000
92.0%	\$100,000	\$150,000
93.0%	\$150,000	\$200,000
94.0%	\$200,000	-

Depression when Franklin D. Roosevelt raised the highest tax bracket to 94 percent. Most people forgot or never knew that the US levied such high taxes during our glory years of greatness. That began in 1944 when the highest tax tier raked in a whopping 94 percent of income exceeding \$200,000. See that tax schedule on the lower left.

In 1965 the highest tier dropped from 91 percent to 70 percent of income exceeding \$100,000. That continued until 1982, when Ronald Reagan dropped the top tier down to 50 percent. By the end of Reagan's presidency, he lowered the highest tier to just 28 percent.

That returned our country to the low taxes levied in the 1920s when the federal flat tax was 25 percent for everyone. As we all know, that policy led to the Great Depression of 1929. Enormous suffering ensued for most. Sadly, it seems that a similar economic disaster is on its way.

Indeed, the ruling class squeezes as much profit as possible out of the workers. Once that's accomplished, the wealthy don't want their ill-gotten gains to be taxed to help the very workers they successfully exploit. It would run counter to the elite's goals to return that income to the peasants by providing universal health care, paid maternity leave, and so on.

With a strong police force and the most prominent military, the US has become a country run by the elite. For instance, in 2008, Barak Obama gave the greedy bankers two no-strings-attached gifts of \$800 billion each. That's a total of \$1.6 trillion dollars in US government welfare handed out to some of the wealthiest people in the world!

The excuse for this was that these poor bankers needed a bailout to save the economy. Historically, we know that money in workers' hands stimulates the economy because working people spend their money locally on goods and services. Conversely, the wealthy tend to invest overseas, remove money from our economy, drain it, and slow it down by investing in foreign countries.

Meanwhile, in Iceland, the prime minister put the same sort of wealthy bankers in jail for the criminal lending practices they had perpetrated. Of course, the news agencies owned by the elite in America never told that story.

Beyond all of that, I learned most of the money supply is imaginary "checkbook money." Bankers create that fictitious money every time they issue a loan. I discuss the details in the concluding chapter.

Certainly, many divisive people aren't clever enough to become wealthy. Still, their activities involve deception and taking advantage of others.

My point is, by knowing so much about how unfair the divisive people are, anger was simmering in my blood. I couldn't keep my feelings about the exploitation of workers from bleeding out onto the pages I wrote. Even though I wanted to explain how good and evil people are both divisive agents needed to individualize everyone while the middle Way of the Heart awards the most satisfying life, I couldn't manage to do it without sounding arrogant, self-righteous, or condemning. My feelings would seep out, no matter how hard I tried to remain neutral.

After eight attempts, I decided to leave out Steiner's cosmology and my personal stories to write a smaller and simpler book about opening the heart and following the Soul's guidance, one that would share the consciousness view of reality and the Triality of human consciousness as a foundation to substantiate the well-known adages encouraging people to open their hearts, follow their hearts, and open themselves to love.

As I made progress on that smaller book, an unexpected incident took place.

For many years, I have made a smoothie primarily with frozen bananas and coconut water. I harvested both of those ingredients from the land where I live. I added some cacao powder, a dash of cinnamon, and some vanilla extract to make it more enjoyable and stimulating. My delicious and nutritious chocolate banana smoothies have been my favorite breakfast for over ten years.

After taking the first sip of one of these healthy treats, I would express my gratitude to the Great Spirit for everything. Then, I specifically thanked the banana trees, coconut trees, cacao trees, cinnamon trees, and vanilla vines. Because I'm most grateful to my Soul in my heart, I would end my little expression of gratitude with, "Dear Soul in my heart, thank you!"

I did all of this using my inner dialogue voice in my head.

One morning, at the end of my inner expression of gratitude, I heard, "I love you." That little addition came right after, "Dear Soul in my heart, thank you!" So the entire ending that I heard in my head was, "Dear Soul in my heart, thank you. I love you."

I wasn't sure if I added the I love you part myself or if my Soul added that ending using my inner voice.

Despite that uncertainty, as I thought about this, I realized that I (meaning the ego-mind in my head) had never thought of loving my Soul in my heart. I wrote about how this divine portion of consciousness is each person's perfect parent. A holy guardian, the mother-father God who is always present to offer infallible guidance, and even answer requests with miracles. However, I never considered loving my inner divine parent.

Because my human parents passed on, the only parental figure that remained in my life was my Soul in my heart. Since my Soul had made my life a wonderful experience, healed me, and been there with me through every moment of my life, it made perfect sense to love my Soul. Still, I hadn't considered that previously. I suppose that opportunity for love hadn't occurred to me because my Soul resides inside my heart.

Eventually, I wrote a four-page chapter entitled Soul Love that shared this novel way to love oneself without being narcissistic. Rather than a self-absorbed ego loving itself, Soul love involves the ego-mind loving the divine Soul, a guardian spirit who resides within one's heart.

The morning after opening to love my Soul, I woke up with a bit of a song in my mind:

*Dear Soul in my heart,
You're the love of my life.
Dear Soul in my heart,
I love you.*

Then, the next morning I woke up with a second stanza:

*If there's a god for me to love,
It's the one inside my heart.
It's the One that is me.
I love you.*

I still sing this little song while I drive my car or when hanging out at the beach watching the sunset with my Soul right there inside me.

Even though the Soul Love chapter is only four pages long, I believe it conveys a fundamental shift in perspective. One's ego-mind views the divine consciousness in their heart as a guardian spirit, a beloved parent that's distinctly separate from their head and gut-minds.

My niece worked at a Quaker college. When I heard about that, I was intuitively guided to discover Quaker support for this idea. Quakers believe the Holy Spirit lives in our hearts to guide us. They see everyone as equals who have God located in all of our hearts. In their meeting houses, everyone sits in a circle to share from their hearts without a priest.

In the Christian Bible's Book of Mark (ESV), Mark asks:
8:36 For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

If our Souls can be lost, then they must be separate. Furthermore, Mark's question implies that all the world's riches are less valuable than one person's Soul.

In Hinduism's Bhagavad-gita, Krishna explains that he is the Supreme Lord, a "Supersoul" residing in everyone's heart:
8:4 Physical nature is known to be endlessly mutable. The Universe is the cosmic form of the Supreme Lord, and I am that Lord represented as the Supersoul, dwelling in the heart of every embodied being.

The idea that the Soul is a separate spirit is supported in scriptures of all the major religions (except Buddhism).

When it comes to science, the heart transplant patients discussed in Paul Pearsall's *The Heart's Code* exhibited personality changes when people receive new hearts. All the while, their head and gut-minds remain the same, knowing their name, where they live, and other personal details.

If all three portions of consciousness were one interconnected bundle of consciousness, then the Soul would not be

interchangeable via a heart transplant. Yet Dr. Pearsall found that some people's personalities change after receiving a new heart, so the heart portion of human consciousness must be an independent spirit. That independence makes it interchangeable.

Pearsall also points out how some heart transplant patients claim to retain their personality. In those cases, the original Soul could have remained in the heart center, waiting to occupy the new heart once it's transplanted. Meanwhile, the donor's Soul could leave the donated heart to reside in a new heart forming in the fetus inside a mother's womb.

Both scenarios are possible if Souls are separate spirits, independent from our head and gut-minds.

Soon after opening to love my Soul, She guided me to investigate the origin of the word "genius" which provided additional support for this separate spirit theory.

ORIGIN [of genius]: late Middle English: from Latin, 'attendant spirit present from one's birth, innate ability or inclination', from the root of gignere 'beget'. The original sense 'spirit attendant on a person' gave rise to a sense 'a person's characteristic disposition' (late 16th century), which led to a sense 'a person's natural ability', and finally 'exceptional natural ability' (mid 17th century).

Source: My MacBook Pro's Dictionary

To my surprise, the word genius originally referred to a guardian spirit that attends a person from birth. This spirit was associated with people's innate abilities and inclinations. What my Soul taught me fits the original meaning of genius perfectly. So, it seems that the Soul is a separate interchangeable spirit that provides genius abilities while serving as a person's guardian.

While investigating the origin of words related to intuition, I found the original definitions are often entirely accurate. Then, over time, the meaning drifts away from the truth captured further back in time. This divergence from truth grew along with the acceptance of the matter-based view that excludes spirits. Because spirits aren't matter-based entities, the matter-based view of reality can't explain spirits, even though they exist. This metaphysical discrepancy proves the matter-based view wrong.

The word “metaphysical” is a general name for everything that’s beyond physical explanation. Once the matter-based perspective was adopted by science, the word metaphysics was needed to identify everything beyond physical reality.

Even though the matter-based perspective has provided many technological advancements, those advancements most likely emerged from our Souls via intuition. Meanwhile, our ego-minds have taken credit for what originally came as divine inspiration from the genius within, the Superconscious-Soul, a nonphysical spirit. Ironically, many modern scientists don’t believe in human Souls or any sort of spirits. Despite modern science’s ignorance, our Souls are quite likely the source of scientific progress.

The Greek scientist Aristotle (384 BC–322 BC) wrote,

“Intuition is the source of scientific knowledge.”

The most celebrated architect of the twentieth century, Frank Lloyd Wright (1867–1959), offered his support as well:

“The heart is the chief feature of a functioning mind.”

Albert Einstein (1879–1955), the world’s most famous physicist, expressed his agreement in three different ways:

*“The intuitive mind is a sacred gift and
the rational mind is a faithful servant.*

*We have created a society that
honors the servant and has forgotten the gift.”*

*“The intellect has little to do on the road to discovery.
There comes a leap in consciousness,
call it intuition or what you will, and
the solution comes to you and you don’t know how or why.”*

*“The state of mind which enables a man
to do work of this kind [theoretical physics],
is akin to that of the religious worshipper or the lover;
the daily effort comes from no deliberate intention or program,
but straight from the heart.”*

Those three quotes affirm that we make scientific discoveries using Soul-intuition—not intellect. Additionally, Einstein points out that our head’s rational mind ought to serve the intuitive mind that resides in the heart. In the third quote, he specifically identifies the source of genius to come “straight from the heart.”

While writing, my Soul guided me to investigate “esoteric” and “exoteric.” My MacBook’s definition for esoteric is:

esoteric: adjective

intended for or likely to be understood by only a small number of people with a specialized knowledge or interest: esoteric philosophical debates.

ORIGIN mid 17th cent.: from Greek esōterikos, from esōterō, comparative of esō, ‘within.’

That definition claims that esoteric refers to specialized knowledge for a small group of people, even though the origin is from the Greek root *esō*, which simply means **within**.

In Ancient Greece, Mystery Schools only accepted small groups of students, making what they taught appear to be intended for a small group of special people. These schools were known to teach esoteric knowledge. Still, the secret nature of the school’s actual teachings left humanity with this question:

What exactly is esoteric knowledge?

Intellectual philosophers have tossed this question around so much that an entire branch of philosophy named “esotericism” is dedicated to considering that question.

The opposite of esoteric is exoteric, which is defined by my MacBook as follows:

exoteric: adjective formal

(especially of a doctrine or mode of speech) intended for or likely to be understood by the general public: an exoteric, literal meaning and an esoteric, inner teaching. The opposite of esoteric.

ORIGIN mid 17th century: via Latin from Greek exōterikos, from exōterō ‘outer,’ comparative of exō, ‘outside.’

The origins of these two words are simply:

♥ *Esoteric originated from esō, meaning **within**.*

♥ *Exoteric originated from exō, meaning **outside**.*

Having discovered that Soul-intuition is the best source of accurate knowledge, it seem evident that esoteric knowledge originally referred to the intuitive knowledge that comes from the Soul. The infallible genius who resides **within** our hearts. Conversely, exoteric knowledge would refer to knowledge from external sources like books, people, the internet, etc.

By retrieving the original essence of the words esoteric and exoteric, the confusion that has distorted the meaning of these words is stripped away. The original meaning deals with the source being internal or external. Because the matter-based view of reality doesn't include inner knowledge, materialists shoehorned these words into materialism. Now, esoteric and exoteric are used to identify the appropriate *audience* rather than the *source*.

The machine brain myth claims that we come into this world without any knowledge within ourselves. To obtain knowledge, we need experience, mentors, books, and the internet.

Conversely, I and countless others have ascertained that the knowledge and wisdom residing inside our hearts is essentially infinite, infallible, and divinely predictive. Hence, esoteric inner knowledge is better than exoteric knowledge from outside.

Amazingly, the highest quality knowledge is available by simply pondering a question in one's mind. Geniuses are people who have learned to listen to and accept the esoteric answers that emerge from within our hearts. Conversely, idiots depend on their feeble intellectual ego-mind in their head, the emotional mind in their gut, and unreliable exoteric knowledge from external sources like books and the internet.

By recognizing that my Soul is a super-genius guardian who resides in my heart, I found it easy to love and honor my Soul.

With love and deep respect for my Soul, I continued writing. It seemed easier to write while loving my Soul. Soon I completed several new pages in just a couple of days and emailed them to my editor.

Unexpectedly, he called to ask, “What happened to your writing?”

The skeptical tone of his voice made me wonder what he was asking, so I asked, “What do you mean?”

He explained, “Your writing is ten times better than it was two days ago! What happened?”

“I opened to loving my Soul,” was my reply.

Two days before my editor’s phone call was when I began loving my Soul. I noticed that writing felt more effortless, but I hadn’t realized the quality had improved.

By developing an intimate relationship with my Soul, that inner spirit upgraded my writing to make the book something I’m proud to share with the world. Most importantly, it communicated what my Soul had taught me.

In love with my Soul, and knowing that my Soul was the source of what I wrote, it occurred to me I ought to give credit to my Soul throughout the book. So, rather than writing, “It seemed as though” or “I suspected that” I began writing, “My Soul guided me to see,” “I intuitively learned that,” “By following my heart,” and so on.

By repeatedly giving credit to my Soul, I shared my experience of receiving intuitive guidance.

As I continued writing from my heart, giving credit to my Soul, the book grew beyond 300 pages. While that was taking place, my Soul guided me to include a few stories from my life. But I kept them brief and only shared a few. By assigning credit to my Soul, I openly shared the perpetual experience of receiving intuitive guidance. As you have found, I continue to give credit to my dear Soul in this book.

As this writing process progressed, my Soul gradually guided me to bring Steiner’s cosmology back into the narrative. That took place in stages that helped me resist judging the divisive people and their activities that individualize humanity.

For example, my Soul guided me to label the divisive closed-hearted people “Pragmatic” people. The open-hearted folks

became the “Romantic” people. These labels helped me portray the two types of people in a reasonably even-handed way. Many people prefer to be pragmatic, while others prefer to be romantic. Both terms have positive and negative traits, depending on the critic’s viewpoint and personal preferences.

My Soul also guided me to see life as a play. The Universe is the stage, and humans are the actors. In that play, the divisive pragmatic people push people apart, making everyone into individuals who can meet one another. Various actors are needed; some play villains, others play victims, some play heroes, and so on. Showing respect for all the actors, regardless of their role in the play, felt important to me.

Although I’ve expressed lots of criticism about city folk and industry in this book, I didn’t feel *The Magnificent Soul* was an appropriate book to share those personal opinions. In this book, I share my life, which includes my views, struggles, disappointments, and successes.

Regardless of my personal feelings, an objective view of the big picture finds the divisive Pragmatic people essential for individualizing everyone. That makes the divisive people important actors in the play.

The biblical labels of wicked versus righteous felt antiquated and inappropriately judgmental. The grand play needs many different types of people to accomplish the Universe’s purpose: finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others.

Eventually, a forgiveness and gratitude chapter emerged from my heart, focusing on how pragmatic divisive people are needed—and were intentionally introduced by the One—to individualize everyone. That practical reason to include divisive people offers a way to forgive and even be grateful for people who play divisive roles. Indeed, holding onto grudges only hurts the grudge-holder. Taking revenge adds to the divisive process and leads people away from their hearts. Revenge is counterproductive for people who are interested in opening to love. Therefore finding a way to forgive the Pragmatic people is essential to opening one’s heart and opening to love.

As my Soul wrote the book through me, that genius also guided me to search the internet for support regarding particular points or theories. Without taking much time to do this research, my Soul helped me find numerous supporting books, quotes, and articles that added credibility to the claims being made.

A notable example is cardiologist Pim van Lommel. He designed and performed an extensive research project to investigate near-death experiences that take place on the operating table. Under the controlled environment of a cluster of hospitals with medically trained staff, van Lommel systematically studied near-death experiences in a wide variety of patients who survived cardiac arrest. After twenty years of research, van Lommel published his results in *The Lancet*.

Then, to more widely share what he discovered, van Lommel published *Consciousness Beyond Life: The Science of the Near-Death Experience* in 2007. That book provides evidence that the near-death phenomenon is an authentic experience that cannot be attributed to imagination, psychosis, or oxygen deprivation. Based on his extensive research, van Lommel shows that our consciousness does not always coincide with brain functions. Moreover, consciousness can even be experienced separately from the human body.

This research proves the popular machine-brain theory false, making it a myth. Despite that, most scientists and most of the general public believe the machine-brain myth, even though it has been proven false.

Beyond van Lommel's research, my Soul guided me to find another way the machine-brain myth has been proven false.

Jim Tucker, MD, and Ian Stevenson, MD, spent fifty years meticulously documenting 2,500 validated reincarnation cases. Their validation process begins by carefully interviewing a young child who claimed to remember a previous life. Next, an in-depth investigation uncovered facts that corroborated the detailed memories reported during the interview. Tucker's book *Return to Life: Extraordinary Cases of Children Who Remember Past Lives* shares examples and explanations

showing that a child's brain could not have memories of events from before the child's birth. Because these children aren't descendants of the people they recall being in their previous life, DNA can't be used to explain the memory transfer. Something apart from all physical aspects of reality must have carried those memories into a new life. Possibly their conscious and subconscious minds survive physical death and reincarnate into a new life as another human being while retaining their previous life's memories.

The enormous catalog of 2,500 documented cases essentially proves that consciousness survives beyond the physical experience we call life. Certainly, a young child's physical brain can't hold the details of a departed person's life, such as their residence, profession, relatives, and actual events that took place involving that person. Therefore, those memories must have survived that person's death and relocated into the unrelated child who holds specific memories of a previous life. A few cases could be coincidental; however, 2,500 instances of reincarnation drive the final nail into the coffin of the machine-brain myth.

My Soul-guided research also led me to find support for the gut-mind. Justin and Erica Sonnenburg's article *Gut Feelings—the "Second Brain" in Our Gastrointestinal Systems*, was published in the highly respected periodical *Scientific American* on May 1, 2015. The authors explain that the gut-mind influences the head-brain through bidirectional communication via the spinal cord. This gut-mind's residence can be physically identified as a massive neurological network, the enteric-nervous system, making its residence similar to the ego-mind's home—the physical brain.

As my Soul guided me to scientific support for what that inner spirit taught me during my vision quests, new questions about particular details emerged. For example, I wondered, "If the brain doesn't produce consciousness, what is its purpose?"

My Soul's answer was quite simple: the physical brain is a receptacle similar to the multi-pin connector that links a computer's central processor with the screen, keyboard,

trackpad, hard drive, speakers, and other physically connected devices.

In a human, the conscious mind plugs into the physical brain by residing inside the neocortex. When a conscious mind locates itself inside a human head, it gains access to the entire body's neurological network, giving that mind the ability to animate the body and receive signals from the five senses.

Similarly, the subconscious mind resides in the gut enteric-nervous system to play an emotional memory role. Additionally, the gut consciousness manages internal bodily functions involving organs, digestion, and so on.

Thus, the human neurological system is a complex wiring harness with two very elaborate connectors: the head-brain's neocortex and the gut's enteric-nervous system. Rather than using copper wires, the human body employs biological neurons that transmit signals to and from these brains that interface with whatever consciousness is located inside them.

In the case of possession, a spirit positions their consciousness inside the head and or gut of the person they choose to possess.

I further wondered about physical neurological damage, like paralysis. My Soul informed me that an accident, toxin, or other influence can damage part of the neurological network. Once damaged, that portion of the network won't operate properly, leaving the person with paralysis or some other sort of malfunction.

Conversely, consciousness isn't physical, so the physical realm can't damage it. Still, physical damage can affect neurological receptacles and other parts of the neurological network. Therefore, physical damage can cause paralysis and other neurological problems.

A more difficult question was, "What causes some people to become closed-hearted Pragmatic people while other people turn out to be open-hearted Romantics?"

What came up was how people have free will to turn away from their Souls' inner guidance. Because Souls tend to guide most people away from monetary wealth, people who yearn for power must ignore their conscience to become powerful. Indeed, wealth can be used in positive ways by conscientious people. However, most wealthy people use their money in selfish ways.

Based on this reality, the Apostle Mark asked,
“For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”

Source: The Holy Bible's Book of Mark (ESV) 8:36

Hence, it's more common for working-class people who humbly accept their place in life to remain aligned with their Soul's guidance. These people are the salt of the Earth. They do the tasks that are needed to make our societies function. By being willing to do what is needed, working people find it easier to follow their hearts.

Meanwhile, heartbreak can cause people to turn away from their inner guidance. People who fall in love open their hearts to experience the Red Road of Beauty. Then, if loss or rejection breaks their heart, some decide the pain is too much to bear. To avoid another broken heart, some people reject their heart's guidance.

Of course, people turn away from their inner guidance for other reasons as well. For example, sexual abuse and other forms of mistreatment can place people into a perpetual fight-or-flight mode of living.

Once a person is pushed or chooses to ignore their Soul's guidance, there's two more steps involved in becoming a closed-hearted person.

Earlier, I mentioned the pineal gland or third eye that's located in the middle of the human head. That eye receives intuition as low-frequency EMR from the Soul in the heart. It turns out that most people's pineal glands are calcified. Skull x-rays show that most adults' pineal glands have hardened into a bonelike material that's laden with calcium—bone material.

Once a person's pineal gland is calcified, the calcium blocks the intuitive messages from reaching their conscious mind.

When I wondered how calcification takes place, my Soul guided me to learn how the Soul was responsible. While the blood-brain barrier shields most parts of the brain, the pineal gland's blood comes directly from the heart, even though that gland is located in the middle of the brain. This unusual physical feature of the circulatory system's plumbing enables the Soul in the heart to send calcium-rich blood into the pineal gland and calcify it.

Once a person's pineal gland is sufficiently calcified, they'll no longer receive intuitive messages from their Soul.

Of course, gut intuition will still arrive because that guidance travels up the spinal cord. Despite what many people say about trusting your gut, I've found my gut intuition to be misleading. It's the Soul's guidance that's always correct. Distinguishing between these two sources of intuition is discussed in *The Magnificent Soul*.

My Soul informed me that a person's Soul chooses to calcify their hosts pineal gland when that person chooses to turn away from their Soul's guidance. Then, once cut off from Soul-intuition, the Soul shifts to play a new type of guardian role, one in which the Soul pushes its host to reach for extreme desires of one sort or another. Even though some extremes are considered good and others judged evil, all extremes are divisive.

Hiding right in the middle of the good-versus-evil duality is the Way of the Heart, a third component that makes that duality into a Triality. The middle Way of the Heart path is associated with love, making it nurturing and cooperative.

The Triality model predicts these properties of reality. In particular, the Beneficence of the Quintessential Core and the Maleficence of Extremes principals predict that extremes will lead to difficulties, while moderation provides health and happiness.

To learn how Souls control people's desires after the pineal gland is calcified, I was guided to research conducted at the HeartMath Institute of Boulder Creek, California.

In a well-documented scientific study, HeartMath researchers placed a few EMR sensors on a human test subject's chest. The scientists also monitored the subject's blood pressure and heart rate with sensors.

Then the subject sat in front of a computer screen. An application running on the computer randomly selected an image and displayed it on the computer screen. The computer's database contained two types of images: disturbing images and calming images. As these two types of images appeared on the screen, one at a time, the sensors near the subject's heart received two significantly different EMR signals. One type of signal occurred when viewing a disturbing image, and the other corresponded to calming images. These results confirmed the researchers' suspicions that the heart was involved in the subject's reactions to these pictures.

This conclusion is reasonable, but the researchers discovered a much more fascinating phenomenon after analyzing the data. They noticed the heart began reacting to the image three to five seconds *before* the image appeared on the screen.

Remarkably, the heart began its reaction even before the random image selection application had selected the corresponding image. This astonishing result implied that the heart—or something in the heart—is aware of the future!

Additional research conducted at HeartMath found that the heart's EMR signals in these emotionally charged situations induce glands in the brainstem to release chemicals that cause people to feel emotions. This means that something in the heart has the power to control how we feel about things we encounter, in these studies, disturbing and soothing images.

According to HeartMath's Director of Research Rollin McCraty, these studies' results have been duplicated in labs around the world, ensuring their validity and accuracy.

While considering this fascinating research, my Soul intuitively offered the following insight:

Because the Soul residing in the subject's heart has foreknowledge that an emotionally charged image is about to appear, it can send a specific EMR signal into the head before the image appears. This EMR signal induces corresponding glands to initiate the process of injecting chemicals into the brain. The timing is synchronized to cause the feelings generated by those chemicals to kick in when the image appears.

Suppose the Soul doesn't send the EMR signal until the image has already appeared. In that case, the person's emotional response will occur too late. However, because the Soul knows the future, it can take advantage of the available time gap between its foreknowledge of the emotional event and the event's actual occurrence. During the interceding moment, the Soul can choose which EMR signal to send to the glands in the brainstem. The signal the Soul sends will determine the amount and type of psychoactive chemicals released into the brain. This arrangement gives the Soul control over which feelings arise in the person, propelling them to act accordingly, thereby influencing their personality.

With divine knowledge of the future and the ability to induce glandular activity in the brainstem, the Soul controls a person's likes and dislikes—and even how strong those feelings are.

The heart transplant cases presented earlier support this theory by showing that something in the heart affects their personality, food they desire, sexual preferences, etc. A new heart with a new Soul offers new desires that result in new choices. None of this involves the pineal gland, which receives Soul intuition. So, even when a person's pineal gland is calcified, the Soul can still influence a person's desires and choices.

Throughout my life, I've become aware that I can't control my desires. They are what they are. Sometimes I might have an idea as to why I have particular desires, but often those desires are inexplicable. Additionally, I've found I can't intellectually choose

to like something other than what I truly desire, confirming that my conscious mind doesn't control my desires.

Most people presume our subconscious mind is responsible for our desires. Conversely, my Soul showed me how to interpret the HeartMath research to see how the Superconscious-Soul has a way to control our desires. If this is true, then a divine portion of consciousness that knows the future and resides in our hearts influences who a person is and how they react to their surroundings. That powerful spirit is our Soul.

When it comes to closed-hearted Pragmatic people, their Souls push them to develop extreme desires. When those desires aren't socially acceptable, the person may hide their deviant desires to avoid criticism and possibly criminal charges. An unfortunate part of this closed-hearted path is how extreme desires lead to the suffering that Buddha identified. The Buddhist middle path subdues extreme desires by consciously choosing moderation. Otherwise, the distress that arises can become so painful that some Pragmatic people commit suicide. However, despite their insatiable desires, many Pragmatic people march on.

It's common for good extremists to reach for the stars hoping to obtain the recognition their egos yearn for. Others head in the opposite direction to pursue evil experiences that usually occur out of sight, possibly garnering disgrace or punishment if the perpetrator is apprehended. In all cases of extremes, escaping the suffering that results makes Buddhism a perfect practice for Pragmatic people.

The goal of Buddhism is to end the cycle of birth, death, and rebirth. Ultimately, ascension up and away from the Earth to Nirvana is appealing for divisive extremists.

Until the ascension event arrives, these extremists act in divisive ways that ensure civilized humans become individuals. Even the most open-hearted people learn to be practical about self-preservation. We lock our doors and keep our valuable possessions safe.

As these details emerged, the ascension method remained mysterious.

What had become clear was that our Souls propel us through our lives by controlling our desires. Even people who choose to live closed-hearted lives by ignoring their intuition and conscience find it nearly impossible to ignore their desires.

Thus, Souls have levers available to direct each human through the play we call life.

To direct that play, Souls use their ability to know the future and their abilities to communicate with each other telepathically to make arrangements. Then to implement those plans, Souls use the tools they have to propel each person. Thus, Souls are puppet masters, while humans and other living organisms are living puppets. Even though we have ego-minds with the free will to make our own decisions, our Souls affect our desires to influence our choices.

Even if the Way of the Heart path does lead to the full blossoming of love on Earth and the closed-hearted path actually leads to ascension, neither path is right or wrong. Both are needed, and both lead to satisfying opportunities for everyone.

To reward everyone for playing their role in the play of life, we all get what we desire. Some get their rewards here on Earth in the full blossoming of love, while others get theirs somewhere else. Possibly on the Moon.

What was still left to be resolved boils down to two questions:

- ♥ What exactly does “going to the Moon to experience one’s greatest passions to their endgame” really mean?
- ♥ How does that miracle take place?

Even without being able to find answers to those questions, I published *The Magnificent Soul*. On one hand, I figured the details may be secrets that are best left unknown. On the other hand, my curious nature kept me open and interested to find answers to those questions.

To establish a presence on the internet I hired a woman with experience in making websites to help me build a website. We

purchased the domain name SoulCovenant.org. Soon she set up a basic website and then I took over developing it further.

Since I remain interested in living with open-hearted people in a simple egalitarian village community, and have dreams of a world in which everyone lives in peaceful village communities, I made that vision the theme of the website. Being hopeful that many people will eventually join in to promote this joyous way of life, and since many of my friends are already interest in this way of the heart lifestyle, I present the website as if a group were involved using “we” rather than “I”. Even though it’s just me at this time, I was guided to design the website in a way that leaves the door wide open for other people to get involved.

The home page explains: “We define Soul: A superconscious-spirit residing in the Heart, The Holy Spirit, A Guardian, Mother Father God, A Mini-One!”

Scrolling down, the “SOUL COVENANT MISSION” is presented, “We encourage people to make a covenant with their Soul to follow its guidance.”

Scrolling down further “Our Goals” are presented as:

** Reach out to share the Soul Covenant concept with people worldwide.*

** Establish sanctuaries where people can live this Way of The Heart life style.*

** Show how the Soul Covenant concept offers the most wonderful life possible.*

** Share the Heart-Opening Breath technique.*

The “Soul Covenant concept” is explained in *The Magnificent Soul’s* Appendix A: The Ark of the Covenant. Briefly, I was guided to investigate the Ark of the Covenant and discovered the information linked the ark to the human chest and the contents of the ark fit the Soul in several ways. All the specific linkages are detailed in Appendix A of *The Magnificent Soul*.

When I wondered why this legendary chest is named the Ark of the Covenant, my Soul guided me to realize that the most important covenant a person can make is to follow their Soul's divine guidance.

According to my MacBook's dictionary, the theological definition of *covenant* is "an agreement which brings about a relationship of commitment between God and his people. The Jewish faith is based on the biblical covenants made with Abraham, Moses, and David. See also Ark of the Covenant."

Earlier on pages 278 and 279 I quoted King David's Psalm 37. In verses 30 and 31, David explains:

30 The mouth of the righteous utters wisdom, and his tongue speaks justice. 31 The law of his God is in his heart; his steps do not slip.

With King David explaining that the righteous follow the inner God, and since that God resides in our chest, it follows that we ought to bring about a relationship of commitment with our inner God by making a Soul covenant. An example follows.

*Dear Soul in my heart,
I love you and make a commitment to follow your guidance as well as I'm able. Please help me to clearly receive your divine guidance and give me the ability to follow. This is my covenant with you for the rest of my life.*

Hence, the Soul Covenant Organization is dedicated to encouraging people to make a covenant to follow their Soul's guidance. Obviously, my books support the Soul Covenant idea.

Currently the website offers the Heart-Opening Breath videos, my books, and the idea that a person can make a covenant to follow the inner divine consciousness that's found in their heart.

Beyond that, the website encourages the formation of Soul Covenant communities, and offers a way for people to contact me.

Chapter 34

The Final Puzzle Piece

After publishing, *The Magnificent Soul: The Art of Living in a World Founded on Consciousness*, I attended a workshop conducted on Maui by the International Academy of Consciousness (IAC). It was a forty hour intensive workshop. The subject was astral projection, which is also called astral travel or simply out-of-body travel. All of these are names for metaphysical out-of-body experiences (OBEs).

I had already been on some out-of-body experiences using mushrooms, LSD, meditation, and tantra, and I presumed the alternate realities I encountered were hallucinations of some sort. Imagining that explanation was sufficient, I hadn't been interested in looking deeper.

The fact that the IAC included the word consciousness in their name caught my attention. When I attended their one-hour introductory presentation, I learned that the IAC had offices worldwide and a campus in Portugal with laboratories and a spherical projectarium. Additionally, their founder had written books on OBEs, which he had studied for many years. After the presentation, I felt impressed and intuitively guided to attend their workshop.

The two instructors were both around 50 years old and had begun astral traveling in their teens. These seasoned astral travelers shared some fascinating information about what they called the astral realm.

Before going any further, I ought to warn you that what I'm about to share may seem unrealistic or overly fanciful. However, I assure you that this chapter offers explanations for paranormal and metaphysical abnormalities that most people encounter but find hard to explain.

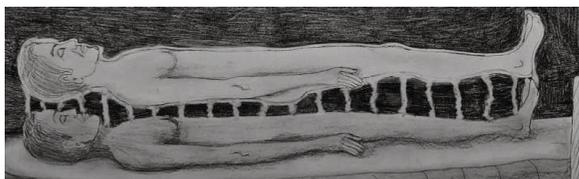
The IAC instructors began by explaining how every person has two bodies, an astral or spirit body and a physical body. When a person is alive and awake, the astral body remains hidden inside the physical body. When the physical body dies, the astral body emerges with the person's conscious and subconscious minds inside their astral body. From that astral body, the deceased person views reality from the "other side of the veil"—the spirit side. Just as physical eyes in a physical body show us the physical realm, astral eyes in an astral body show the astral realm.

The natural separation of the physical and astral bodies occurs during near-death experiences when people view reality from their astral body. While clinically dead, it's common for near-death survivors to observe their physical body from above. Some notice they're viewing everything from a second body—their astral body.

In addition to dying, there are other ways to investigate the astral realm. The IAC's methods for astral projection include many OBE techniques discussed in numerous books on the subject.

In addition to the IAC, there are other astral travel schools, including The Phase School, School of Astral Travel–Life Foundation, The Monroe Institute, and others. All these schools teach techniques that help people explore the astral realm for themselves.

In the workshop, the IAC instructors shared an interesting fact. When a person falls asleep, their astral body raises up and



out of their physical body and hovers two to three inches above the physical body, as illustrated on the left.

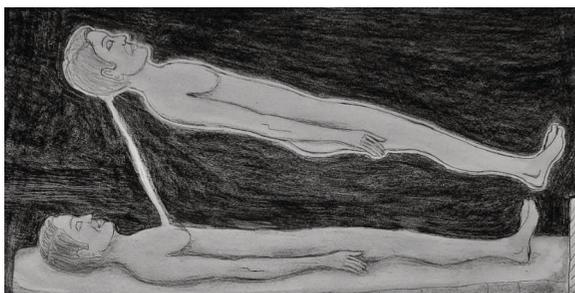
Both of the instructors had observed this separation numerous times while on astral adventures.

They further explained that people can't see astral bodies when awake and in their physical bodies, making this hovering condition invisible.

Conversely, a person in their astral body can see the physical realm and astral spirits simultaneously.

The instructors further explained how astral travel techniques utilize this separation, which automatically occurs when a person falls asleep. The trick to most astral traveling methods is to keep the conscious mind awake while allowing the physical body to fall asleep. Most of these techniques involve repetitive thoughts the person focuses on while lying in bed with their body relaxed.

Eventually, once the physical body falls asleep and the astral body automatically rises up, the person uses their mind's willpower to direct the astral body upward even further. This lifts them up and away from the physical body that remains on the bed sleeping. The drawing on the right depicts this initial liftoff.



Additional skills can improve a person's ability to achieve a successful liftoff. Still, the basic astral projection process involves putting the physical body to sleep while the conscious mind remains awake.

Unexpectedly, without using a technique, some people accidentally find themselves in their astral body exploring the astral realm. Dreams are the most common example of accidental astral adventures.

When I started the workshop, I imagined it would be interesting to experiment with astral travel. Then, after learning much about the astral realm, at the end of the second to the last day of the workshop, the instructors explained the last day would involve practicing astral projection methods. Right then, my Soul guided me to resist the temptation to explore the astral realm and instead drop out of the class, so that's what I did.

Despite avoiding the astral realm myself, I felt guided to learn more about this curious realm from veteran travelers, occasional travelers, research, and my Soul's intuitive guidance. What I found is shared throughout the rest of this chapter.

First, a person's astral body usually looks much like their physical body, but it may be younger to fit their self-image.

When a person's physical body is still alive, but they're traveling around in their astral body, a silver cord connects the two bodies. That cord attaches to the astral body where the back of the head meets the neck (see drawing on the previous page). When a person's consciousness is needed back in their physical body, the silver cord reels the astral body back into the physical body.

However, when the physical body dies, the silver cord is cut, freeing the spirit person to reside in the afterlife astral realm.

My Soul told me that the Soul remains in the physical heart to guard the physical body and reel in the silver cord when the host is needed in their physical body. The Soul also cuts the silver cord when the physical body dies, freeing the person's spirit from that dead body.

The physical realm and our physical bodies are visible to astral travelers; however, the subtle astral bodies effortlessly pass through physical objects, walls, people, and so on. Accordingly, an astral body's hands can't touch physical things, pick them up, or move them.

An advantage of the subtle astral body is how its weightlessness allows astral travelers to fly like Superman by simply using their conscious mind's willpower. Many have been able to leave the Earth's atmosphere and fly to distant solar systems at speeds many times faster than light! Without any need for food, water, or air, spirits can explore the Universe. For instance, a round trip to the Pleiades star cluster and back is more than 888 light years, but astral travelers claim to have made that trip in one night with time to meet Pleiadians.

Although that may seem ridiculous, my Soul informed me that this faster-than-light-speed travel is accomplished via the consciousness that lies at the foundation of everything, connecting everything as One. The One underlying consciousness provides an instantaneous subway that goes within or underneath two enormous illusions. The physical realm is the living illusion, and the astral is the afterlife illusion.

In the physical realm, the underlying consciousness is responsible for Einstein's "spooky action at a distance," more recently called "entanglement." This mysterious linkage spans any distance because a formless consciousness is the foundation of reality. All inexplicable phenomena become easy to explain with consciousness at the foundation of a physical versus astral realm arrangement.

This three-part arrangement is another Triality. Consciousness forms the central Quintessential Core, while the physical and astral realms occupy the opposite polarities. The first statement in the Bible is this:

In the beginning, God created the Heavens and the Earth.

Source: Genesis 1:1 ESV

God is the One Quintessential Core consciousness. The Heavens are the astral realm, and the Earth is the physical realm. Thus, the first sentence of the Bible describes the fundamental Triality of creation. However, rather than creating something separate from Herself, God creates everything out of Herself, consciousness.

While realizing this, my intuition helped me unravel a longstanding mystery. Why is the Hebrew word *Elohim* used for God in that first sentence of Genesis shared above?

The problem with *Elohim* is that it's the plural form of *eloah*, which denotes a single deity. So, why use a word identifying multiple deities, when Judaic, Christian, and Muslim religions are all monotheistic, clearly claiming there is only one true God. So, why is that one God identified as *Elohim*, which means multiple gods? The intuitive answer reminded me that Steiner's cosmology begins before the beginning of time when the One

made many mini-Ones out of Herself. Later, when those mini-Ones found they knew all about one another telepathically, the One decided to form the Heavens and the Earth. By then, the One held many mini-Ones within Herself, making this formless consciousness many gods in One. Thus the One had become *Elohim* just prior to forming the Heavens and the Earth.

With help from a friend, I discovered that Kabbalistic mystics had developed another term *Ein-Sof*. That word is found in kabbalistic literature after 1200. Ein-Sof identifies God transcendent, in Her pure essence apart from Her relationship to the created world. Ein-Sof is the One found when a person drops inward.

With another longstanding mystery solved, I'll get back to discussing the astral realm.

Because astral experiences can seem challenging to believe, the IAC employed scientific methods to confirm their astral adventures' validity. For example, one of the IAC instructors giving the workshop described the following experiment which I'll paraphrase:

At an IAC conference with many astral travelers, the IAC hired an unbiased man to assist with an experiment. This man rented a room in the hotel where the conference was taking place. He also selected an object, known only to himself, and placed it in the middle of the room he had rented. After leaving the room, he locked the door and stood guard to ensure that no physical people entered the room. Next, numerous astral travelers who had gathered in the hotel's auditorium took off on astral adventures. Once free from their physical bodies, they flew in their astral bodies through the hotel's physical walls and into the guarded room without being seen by the guard. Each traveler found the object in the center of the room, identified it, and then flew back to the auditorium to reunite with their physical body. Once back in their physical bodies, each person wrote down a description of what they found in the room, sealed it in an envelope, and gave it to the hired man. Finally, he opened the

envelopes, examined the written descriptions, and confirmed that everyone had correctly identified the object.

This experiment proved to the participants that their astral experiences were not hallucinations. Instead, these astral travelers left their physical bodies in the auditorium as their minds traveled in astral bodies into the locked and guarded room, where they identified the object that was far away from their physical bodies.

In another experiment, one instructor traveled thousands of miles from Europe across the Atlantic Ocean to South America to identify several objects in a friend's house. Then she returned to record what she found. She completed this mission in less time than a physical human can make that trip. More importantly, she telephoned her friend to verify that what she saw in his home was accurate. The next day she flew there to see everything for herself.

On other occasions, people have gone on group adventures to explore the astral realm together. Then, at the end of their adventures, they compare notes. The travelers confirm for each other that they all saw the same things.

Using these and other testing methods, astral travelers have validated numerous astral realm features.

If you aren't familiar with astral travel, what I've shared already must seem quite outrageous. When I was first introduced to astral travel, it seemed outlandish to me. Soon I began asking friends and acquaintances if they knew about astral travel and found many were aware of it. Some had traveled themselves. A few of those people were friends I trusted. These experienced travelers helped me to accept what has been documented by many independent sources.

Although many people have experienced the metaphysical astral realm, most avoid talking about it because uninformed people may question their sanity. Accordingly, most astral travelers don't discuss their astral traveling hobby to avoid ridicule and loss of credibility. Similarly, most people who experience seeing metaphysical events avoid discussing them. If

you're not familiar with the astral realm, consider asking your friends if they're aware of it and if they've explored it themselves. By bringing up the subject, you'll be letting them know that you're already aware of this realm. That will encourage them to open up and discuss this mysterious subject.

Continuing with what I learned, the astral realm is quite similar to the physical realm when traveling near the Earth's surface, or in what many sources refer to as the middle-Earth layer. When flying around in an astral body, everything physical is visible. One difference is how objects appear to shimmer, giving the astral view of the physical realm a glamorous mystique, something like a Van Gogh painting.

A much more significant difference is how deceased people's spirits exist on the other side, cruising around in subtle astral bodies as ghosts. The middle-Earth layer extends beyond the Earth to include the entire physical Universe, so that middle layer could be called the "physical layer."

Exploring beyond this central layer, experienced astral travelers have found additional outer layers. Most sources describe a total of seven layers, with the physical Earth layer located in the middle. The lower three layers are described as hellish, while heavenly qualities appear in the upper three. The further a layer is from the middle, the more hellish or heavenly it is.

When human spirits of deceased people inhabit the middle-Earth layer, they're called ghosts. Being between Heaven and Hell, their predicament fits the purgatory notion—an intermediate state after death.

Additional features found when astral traveling include the pearly gates, angels, the Father, Jesus, Zeus, Aphrodite, other-worldly spirit guides, and all sorts of extraterrestrials.

A review of numerous near-death accounts reveals how the outer astral layers accommodate each person's beliefs regarding what occurs after death. Often, Jesus or a personally appropriate god or goddess appears in astral Heaven. For many, deceased

relatives are found there. Some people descend to Hell, which proves its existence for them.

A specific example that shows how astral Heaven adapts to individual beliefs comes from a man who firmly believed in the machine-brain theory. During his lengthy near-death experience, he found a massive network of spheres interconnected by long tubes. He was inside one of the tubes where he could see what appeared to be a vast neurological network. That experience supported this man's ardent belief that the brain produces consciousness, even though conclusive research presented earlier has proven that consciousness operates outside the brain.

Because people find whatever they're looking for when exploring outer astral layers, what they find can't be used to discern truth from fiction. Instead, the outer layers offer each traveler lordship over their own domain, where their thoughts and desires create their reality.

Over thousands of years, lots of confusion has come from people who believe that what they discover in the astral realm provides a clearer understanding of reality. After returning to their physical body, many try to apply what they found to the physical realm.

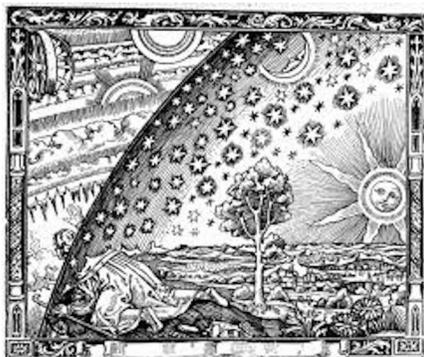
For instance, the popular theory that we create our reality came from astral Heaven, where thoughts and desires trigger the formation of a personalized domain to satisfy each visitor's desires. Despite how that occurs in astral Heaven, the physical realm doesn't operate that way.

When alive in a physical body, we all experience one reality that is essentially the same for everyone. The astral realm's middle-Earth layer is like a bridge connecting the stable physical realm with the magical outer astral layers that respond to desires and thoughts.

Usually, when a person is in the physically alive state, with their consciousness located in their physical body, they don't see the astral—it remains mostly hidden. However, there are exceptions when some people see through the veil into the other side. For example, people have reported seeing a deceased

relative, a ghost, fairy, elf, or saint while still awake and in their physical body. Meanwhile, those same beings are routinely encountered by astral travelers, indicating that the afterlife astral realm is their home.

On the right, you can see a classic painting of a man viewing the astral realm. He's poking his head out of a star-covered dome that portrays the veil. On the other side, he sees a bizarre layered realm. Despite the veil and layers, this painting fails to capture how the physical and astral realms occupy the same space—something a picture can't convey.



In the opposite direction, some astral spirit beings have found ways to enter people's dreams or trance-like practices. Even beyond that, there are some rare cases in which multiple people have seen an astral being like St. Germaine, Jesus, or Sai Baba while physically alive and awake. That means that some astral beings can make themselves visible to physical people. Still, these cases are very rare.

It's more common for a living person to enter a trance state and allow a spirit to use their body as a channel. In those cases, an astral spirit enters the channel's physical body to use its voice to speak to people who are interested in that spirit's message. The spirit gains control of the person's neurological network by positioning its conscious mind in the person's brain. Once inside, the spirit's mind can use the brain to speak in the same way the person's conscious mind uses the brain.

These channeled messages often predict an approaching transition to a higher reality. That transition usually involves ascending out of the dense physical human body to become a light being with godlike powers. While that may seem extraordinary to someone unfamiliar with astral traveling, it's

simply what occurs when astral traveling to Heaven. Moreover, it's what happens when a human being dies.

Deceased people shed their dense physical body to explore the afterlife astral realm's outer layers in their subtle astral bodies. In those outer layers, the astral ghost obtains godlike powers to experience whatever they desire.

Living astral travelers have confirmed this by obtaining godlike powers as they explore the outer layers on their brief astral adventures. The primary power they receive is the ability to manifest whatever they desire or contemplate in their mind giving them the ability to fulfill their desires.

This convenient way to satisfy one's desires has produced a popular belief that astral Heaven is a better place where you get whatever you desire. Conversely, on Earth in the physical realm, fulfilling desires can be complicated if not impossible.

Going even further, some spiritual masters claim the outermost layer offers true godhood.

Various versions of this belief have existed since civilization began. Hermes was a man who traveled to Elysium, the Greek word for Heaven. There he met with gods and goddesses, then relayed their messages back to Earth. Eventually, he became a god himself. In Egypt, he was called Thoth, while the Romans called him Mercury, the gods' messenger.

A well-known book that provides details about this astral ascension process is *Autobiography of a Yogi* by Paramhansa Yogananda, first published in 1946. Yogananda's best-selling book was influential in launching the new age spiritual movement that aligns with the astral realm, focusing on the upper layers where humans become gods. In the book, Yogananda's deceased guru returned from the astral realm three days after his death. The deceased guru provided Yogananda with instructions for ascension to godhood. This nonphysical deceased guru claims that he already became God by following the process!

The popularity of Yogananda's autobiography indicates that many people are interested in the godlike powers available in the astral realm.

Soon I realized that the astral realm must be what Steiner means when he claims that the closed-hearted people will go to the Moon. As you may recall, he claims those people will experience their greatest passions to their endgame and then return to the One. Yogananda offers similar details in his book.

Once that became clear to me, I revised *The Magnificent Soul* to add that general idea. Because it's published by a print-on-demand publisher, revisions can be made at any time to provide the new version to new readers.

After that update, I continued to learn more about the astral realm and fully integrated this bizarre aspect of reality into *The Magnificent Soul*.

My extended investigation exposed how the enticing astral realm's opportunities for personal power were making astral travel very popular. For instance, Eckankar is a fast-growing religious movement that endorses astral travel. It was founded by Paul Twitchell in 1965 and already boasts members in over 100 countries.

Spirits, Heaven, Hell, and the afterlife have been fundamental features of all religions. Even Buddhism claims the ultimate destination is Nirvana, a seventh Heaven state of being that Buddhists assert ends suffering and the cycle of birth and death.

In addition to religions featuring astral Heaven, entheogenic journeys can lead practitioners to the astral realm.

In the book *Inner Paths to Outer Space*, coauthor Rick Strassman, MD, discusses his 1990-1995 government-approved and funded research on the psychological effects of DMT, a well-known entheogen. When given high enough doses, most of the subjects encountered extraterrestrials, much like the abduction cases compiled at Harvard University by Professor John Mack, MD. His book *Abduction: Human Encounters with Aliens* was

first published in 1990 and provides details of the encounters his patients reported.

In Strassman's study at the University of New Mexico, the physical bodies of the human test subjects had intravenous drip needles inserted into them. Additionally, attendants carefully watched each test subject, ensuring their physical bodies remained safe and undisturbed.

Because their physical bodies weren't abducted and no aliens were seen entering the laboratory, what really happened?

It turns out that sufficient levels of DMT help liberate the astral body from the physical body. That shifts the subject's view to see from the astral side of the veil, where astral spirits reside. These spirit beings can abduct the person's astral body to spirit it away. Because the abductee's conscious and subconscious minds accompany their astral body, they experience being abducted. Meanwhile, their physical body remains undisturbed in the laboratory.

In a study during the 1980s Harvard Professor John Mack, MD, interviewed 100 people who claimed to have been abducted by aliens. Those incidents occurred when asleep or going to sleep. That's when astral bodies naturally emerge from the physical body, shifting that person over to the astral side of the veil where the spirit beings, who are thought to be aliens, reside.

Another implication of all of this is that our dreams take place in the astral realm. Personally, I've had countless dreams in which I was able to fly. Now I realize that ability comes with my subtle astral body that I inhabit when asleep.

Additional clarification comes from the South American shamans who prepare and drink *ayahuasca*, a brew containing DMT. On their entheogenic adventures, they meet beings they call their spirit brothers and sisters. Some of those shamans have drawn illustrations depicting the classic gray aliens and the praying-mantis-like beings that the Harvard and New Mexico subjects also identified with descriptions and drawings.

So it seems that astral people are being visited and abducted by astral spirits mistakenly imagined to be aliens. Vital support that links all of these experiences to the afterlife is how many near-death survivors have met the gray aliens while clinically dead. After being revived, some share stories of meeting these curious astral spirit beings when they were temporarily dead.

To explain the top-secret reports of spaceships and aliens, my Soul guided me to watch *Mirage Men: How the US Government Created a Myth That Took Over the World*. In that documentary, a counterintelligence officer claims he manufactured false documents and gave them to a leading “ufologist,” creating the famous Roswell UFO incident. That misinformation was intended to distract people from discovering the top-secret stealth aircraft development program and test flight crashes that took place in and around Area 51.

Even though no physical aliens or spaceships existed, people continue to refer to the misinformation that included fake photographs of the little gray beings partially dissected. After 60 years of remaining silent, the Freedom of Information Act allowed the retired counterintelligence officer to reveal the truth. All the UFO information was fake. The actual crashed vehicles were prototype stealth aircraft being developed and tested by the US Air Force.

Unfortunately, this misinformation has muddied the waters leading many to believe that spirit beings are physical creatures. In this chapter, I endeavor to clarify the distinction between the physical and astral realms.

Continuing with the astral realm, I found that some people intentionally explore that realm to meet with spirit guides, ascended masters, angels, and so on. Sufficient DMT levels launch people into the astral realm, making the transition to the other side of the veil easier than using astral projection techniques. The DMT molecule is nearly identical to LSD, psilocybin (from magic mushrooms), ibotenic acid (from amanita mushrooms) and mescaline (from the peyote cactus).

These chemicals and others are entheogenic, meaning they are chemicals that induce spiritual experiences.

My Soul eventually guided me to see how people who are temporarily dead, astral traveling, asleep, and on entheogenic trips all find themselves in the astral realm. An astral commonality shared in all these situations is that such people have reported seeing the little gray “aliens,” as depicted on the right. However, rather than suspecting these creatures are physical aliens, ayahuasca shamans call them their spirit brothers and sisters.



Because these shamans spend lots of their time in the astral realm they develop life long relationships with their spirit brother and sisters. However, it's clear they know these beings exist in the land of the dead, the astral realm. One linkage is the word ayahuasca which can be translated to mean “vine of the dead.” In the Quechua languages used by ayahuasca shamans, *aya* can mean “dead body,” and *waska* means “woody vine.” Hence, these shamans who prepare ayahuasca must know that their brew provides people who ingest it with an opportunity to visit the afterlife side of the veil. A small dose offers a glimpse, while a large amount can provide total immersion into the mysterious astral realm complete with an astral body.

As I was researching all of this, I realized that some of my OBEs fit astral projection. One clear example is my mushroom-induced adventure featuring a beautiful tapestry with green bubbles on either side. In that OBE, I had the astral Heaven power to create whatever I desired.

On the other hand, I also realized that some of my entheogenic experiences involved something quite different. On a few occasions I dropped into the foundational realm of pure consciousness. I found that alternative inner destination supported in the DMT trip reports presented in Rick Strassman's book, *Inner Paths to Outer Space*. In particular, one of his subjects reported a journey that fits dropping inward toward the realm of pure consciousness. All of the other trip reports offered

in Strassman's book fit the astral type of OBE that involves projecting outward into the astral realm.

Adventures to the astral and pure consciousness realms are commonly lumped together under the heading "spiritual experiences" despite their substantial differences. One difference is how the astral realm is found outside one's physical body via astral projection or out-of-body travel, while the realm of pure consciousness is found inside by dropping into one's heart center as the physical body disappears, disintegrates, or everything flips inside out.

Another clear difference is how the astral realm contains other beings; however, in the realm of pure consciousness, all is One. While in the inner state of oneness and receiving answers to questions I pondered, visions have appeared to illustrate the answers, but they're just 3D images, not interactive spirit beings.

A final difference between the inner and outer experiences is how astral travelers have astral bodies. Conversely, dropping inward leads to becoming a single point of awareness that knows it's everything while no one else exists.

The only similarity between the astral and pure consciousness realms is how they're both quite different from being alive on Earth in a physical body while experiencing the physical realm.

By personally experiencing all three realms—physical, astral, and pure consciousness—I realized that the original foundational realm of pure consciousness returns the explorer to the state of being One. While located in that inner realm, I found that contemplating questions invoked clear answers that can be relied on to be true.

Conversely, the astral realm's outer layers accommodate each person's beliefs, making those adventures playful fantasies. They can be truly spectacular, but they're also confusing. For example, my mushroom-induced bubble experience left me with a false view of good versus evil, and it took many years for me to untangle that confusion.

Earlier I mentioned that some people who have discovered how the outer layers of the astral realm enable them to form their own reality had come back to the physical realm claiming that we create our own physical reality, even though that's not true. My Soul guided me to notice that the "create your own reality" misconception has produced a false belief system that can cause people to feel responsible for much that they haven't created.

Each person is responsible for how they deal with the physical reality that exists; they're also responsible for many issues in their lives. Indeed, everyone chooses how they interpret what they perceive. However, here in Earth's stable physical realm, we don't create our reality with our thoughts. The One has formed a shared reality where we can explore relationships with each other. Conversely, an unstable mutable setting like astral Heaven would produce constant distractions that would lure us away from the purpose of the Universe, finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others. To do that we need to connect with one another in a stable reality that we share. Having the power to alter reality with our thoughts would disrupt that process.

Alternatively, in the astral realm, each individual has the opportunity to explore their personal desires. The power to create one's own reality is useful in that realm.

When someone's physical body dies, the astral body separates from the physical body. The silver cord is cut. They become an astral spirit who resides in the afterlife astral realm may reincarnate into a new physical body to experience another life in the physical realm. Of course, the reincarnation process can repeat again and again. Understanding this process reveals how some people could retain memories from a previous life.

Unfortunately, thrillers and horror stories portray the afterlife as a demonic realm filled with wickedly sadistic beings who have bizarrely awful agendas. Conversely, the deepest truth reveals all beings to be portions of the One who is all. Accordingly, in one way or another, everything plays a role in fulfilling the purpose of the Universe. When it comes to civilized humans, we're the separate individuals who find out how it feels to meet mysterious

others, thereby accomplishing the purpose of the Universe. The rest of the Universe, supports that purpose. Even spirits who reside in the astral realm provide assistance to accomplish the purpose.

Although many people have aspirations to be more than a mortal human, ordinary human beings who follow their hearts are most useful in fulfilling the One's goal for this Universe. By following the guidance of our Souls we can be led into particularly interesting situations to engage with other open-hearted people. Conversely, people who turn away from their Souls, are not as helpful in accomplishing the One's purpose.

Spirit beings who reside in the astral realm work behind the veil, supporting the play taking place in the physical realm. It's brilliant that the One designed the Heavens so that spirits can be in the midst of the physical realm, yet they're invisible to physical people. Gods, goddesses, angels, little gray spirit beings, and countless other portions of the One remain hidden behind the veil, working to help the universal play continue running according to the script.

For example, according to Greek mythology, Zeus was responsible for thunder and lightning. His mother Gaia was responsible for the Earth. Those divine portions of consciousness appear in the outer astral layers. In particular, an astral traveler can find Zeus in astral Heaven either because he exists as a spirit or because the seeker has a preconceived idea of who and what Zeus is. In the latter case, the astral realm accommodates the seeker by serving up that which is sought, imagined, or desired, even when it doesn't exist. The astral realm's accommodation of people's desires and ideas has been thoroughly documented by experience astral travelers.

In my mushroom-induced astral bubble experience, I was able to conjure up whatever I wanted. That gave me a personal experience that exemplifies this accommodating feature of the outer astral layers. Therefore, I was able to accept this remarkable aspect of the Heavens.

Although materialistic science has labeled claims of divine Souls and spirits myths, those old theories are substantiated in our hearts and the astral realm. Mainstream matter-based science still claims random chance and physical laws formed and control the physical Universe, despite how unlikely that theory is. However, some insightful and courageous scientists have proposed that a creative consciousness must be behind the curtain. At this point, my life experiences had convinced me that consciousness is behind everything.

Physical laws may govern the physical realm in many ways; however, divine beings are behind metaphysical irregularities that override those laws on miraculous occasions.

At the deepest level, the consciousness at the foundation of everything takes the place of random chance to ensure the divinely devised plan remains on track.

Our Souls are personalized portions of that guiding consciousness placed in our hearts to guide and guard us. Indeed, all spirits are also portions of the underlying One who is all. Even so-called demons are parts of the One. My Soul had convince me that demons are instrumental in introducing divisive activities that individualize humans so we can find out how it feels to meet mysterious others.

Given the Oneness of everything, it seems sensible to conclude that all spirits must be worthy of being followed. Because all spirits are portions of the One, following your Soul in your heart ought to be essentially equivalent to following an external spirit who resides in the astral realm. Even though that makes logical sense, some important differences are discussed in the following.

A person can follow the Soul residing in their heart without even knowing it because the Soul provides guidance as intuitive thoughts, one's conscience, and the desires that arise within. Those avenues of influence are typical features of a healthy human being. By honoring one's intuition, conscience, and desires, a person simply lives in alignment with who they are. This is often described as an authentic life.

When a person follows their Soul in their heart, they don't need to take time out to check in with an external spirit guide for instructions regarding their decisions. Instead, Souls are integrated into the person's physical body. Using very low-frequency radio waves (under 1,000 Hz), a Soul projects intuitive guidance into the pineal gland, conveying the message to the ego-mind. Souls also use low-frequency radio waves to trigger glands in our brainstem to produce chemicals that affect our desires. Those processes are typical features of being human.

Souls have always guided human beings. These divine spirits are focused on their host. These guardians weave people's lives together, determining how we fit into the grand play of life.

If all humans followed their hearts, peace and harmony would emerge. The Hopi people are living examples of that potential.

By naturally following their hearts, peace and harmony allowed the Original People to remain in oneness consciousness. However, such effortless cooperation prevented the Original People from finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others.

To push people apart and individualize us, divisive people were needed. Introducing divisive people is a fascinating process that my Soul guided me to see how astral spirits have been instrumental in accomplishing. Those parts of the One have lured many humans away from their Souls to follow astral spirits instead.

The first humans who became involved with astral spirit guides were shamans. These legendary people were spiritual medicine practitioners who introduced humans to spirits, religion, and medicine.

In the book *Supernatural: Meetings With the Ancient Teachers of Mankind*, Graham Hancock shares what the South American ayahuasca shamans told him. They explained that their spirit brothers and sisters, the little gray alien characters

depicted left, told them that the big God is in Heaven. This is how the notion of an astral godhead emerged. Spirit beings (angels) from the astral realm have been guiding shamans who form religions to tell everyone



about the big God in Heaven. That's how all of that emerged.

The process of astral spirits stepping in to guide humans is what the famous Garden of Eden story is about. To begin with, the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil refers to a hallucinogenic mushroom, the *amanita muscaria*. According to the story in Genesis, the Garden of Eden was located in Mesopotamia, where *amanita* grows. Many scholars have found more than enough evidence to confirm this. John M. Allegro, Vladimir Nikolaevich Toporov, Prof. Carl A. P. Ruck of Boston University, Jan R. Irvin, Judith Anne Brown, and other scholars have published books showing the Judeo-Christian Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil is the *amanita muscaria* mushroom.

Consuming that entheogen gave some Original People a way to visit the astral realm and interact with the spirits found there. For instance, the Serpent who enticed Eve to eat the mushroom is found when using entheogenic substances. In a few of my entheogenic astral adventures, I met a serpent-like spirit, a beautifully enticing being. Still, I had a strong intuitive feeling I ought to resist that spirit being. Conversely, people who choose to develop a relationship with the Serpent and possibly other astral spirits are turning away from their Souls. Some of these people become shamans.

This process continues today. For example, I have a friend who depends on his spirit guide to help people heal their physical and psychological problems. He doesn't claim to be a shaman, but that's what he is.

Long before the great flood, when only Original People existed, shamans emerged as the first distinguished human beings. They were the first upper-class people who introduced religion and medicine to humanity.

That landmark event produced the first rung in the ladder of hierarchy. The seeds of religion and medicine sprouted into civilization, which grew into tall pyramids of hierarchy. That divisive system split Original People into separate individuals.

As civilization's hierarchy grew taller, humans developed powerful religions, slavery, money, banking, industry, and

eventually pharmaceutical mega-corporations. These and countless other divisive aspects of civilization have gradually increased individuality, pushing humans ever further apart.

The demonic underworld of crime emerged. However, as many investigators have discovered, those hidden features are most prevalent amongst the upper crust. Following the money leads to wealthy aristocrats. For example, it's popular to glorify castles and royalty based on their outer appearance which is certainly impressive; however, the dungeons located in the basements reveal a horrifying feature of wealth and power. Domination and slavery are needed to support aristocrats. Eventually, wage slavery replaced chains with money. In the last chapter I'll discuss how that took place.

For now, the Garden of Eden story that's shared in Genesis reveals how the divisive process began. Our initial loyalty is to our Soul, which is represented by the Tree of Life. Conversely, the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, the amanita muscaria mushroom, is also planted in the garden. Good and evil represent the divisive opposites needed to individualize humans.

A common misconception presumes Adam is the first man, but that's not what Genesis states. According to Genesis, humans were created on the sixth day of creation. Then later, after the seventh day when God rested, the Lord notices, "There is no man to till the soil." That's when God forms Adam out of soil and places him in the Garden of Eden. Eve is formed to provide Adam with a friend and lover. Next, the Serpent entices Eve to eat from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, the amanita muscaria mushroom. This is when Adam and Eve change their allegiance from following their Soul's inner guidance, symbolized by the Tree of Life located in the center of the garden, to following the external Serpent's advice which is clearly linked to the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.

After disobeying God by aligning with the Serpent, God throws Adam and Eve out of the garden and declares, "Now we have a man to till the soil." Tilling is breaking the soil into tiny pieces, something civilized people do but Original People don't.

Still, a metaphorical meaning is quite obvious. Because Adam is made of soil and has become a tiller of the soil, he is allegorically a tiller of men. Tilling men is the process of separating Original People into individuals. Thus, Adam and Eve are the first shamans. Cain, their child meets one of the Original People, has child with her and forms the first city. That clearly links civilization with the Serpent, shamans, and entheogenic substances.

On the other hand, our Souls that correspond to the Tree of Life guide us along a middle path between good and evil extremes. This middle Way of the Heart path guides open-hearted people through healthy lives so we can explore love.

Hopefully, the last few pages have clarified the key differences between following one's Soul versus following external spirits. The primary difference boils down to how our Souls in our hearts naturally unite us while astral spirits lure people onto paths that push people apart, making us into individuals.

Skipping to the end of the Bible, the Book of Life is mentioned on Judgment Day. That book contains names of the open-hearted who retain allegiance to our Souls that are symbolically represented by the Tree of Life. Hence, one's name remains in the Book of Life by maintaining allegiance to one's Soul, a spirit who guides us to open our heart and open ourselves to love.

According to all the major religions' prophecies, the open-hearted people will inherit the Earth to live until the end of time. Excerpts are provided in *The Magnificent Soul*.

Conversely, the duality of good and evil leads to lustful desires. To bequeath the Earth to the open-hearted, the closed-hearted ascend to the Heavens. There, they experience their greatest desires. Gratefully, everyone is rewarded for playing their part. Clearly this is what Steiner meant by the Moon.

However, before that transition occurs, lustful desires push the closed-hearted to divide all of humanity. Lust for power is often the endgame. Power over many necessitates dividing the masses to conquer them. The resulting separation leaves most people yearning for connections with others. As we connect with

one another, we fulfill the Universe's purpose, finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others.

Everyone is needed to play the many roles in the divine plan.

While the *amanita muscaria* mushroom helped some civilizations emerge, other entheogenic substances helped others get started. Some primitive people are still involved in the early shamanic stage of development that eventually leads to civilization. A well-documented example is the South American shamans who drink ayahuasca and regularly meet with their astral spirit brothers and sisters.

Entheogenic substances open the door to the astral realm. In that realm, spirit guides meet with potential shamans to lure them away from their Souls. These clever astral spirits take advantage of the feeble gullible minds in our heads and guts. The ingenious spirits persuade many people to rise above their brothers and sisters to form an upper class. Indeed, those who seek ego expansion will follow such opportunities.

This gradual shift from peaceful oneness consciousness toward divisive civilization has been labeled "the fall of man." Unfortunately, that phrase hides the reality that astral spirits are actively facilitating this so-called fall by luring potential human followers into becoming higher-class leaders.

While falling means tumbling downward, this so-called fall of man actually involves climbing upward. Eventually, the closed-hearted reach for the stars and ascend to astral Heaven.

The first step is turning away from one's Souls in their heart to instead follow an astral spirit guide. This constitutes a change of allegiance from following the Holy Spirit within to instead follow an external spirit that resides in the astral realm. Unexpectedly, this fall of man is a leap upward to climb the pyramid of hierarchy.

This fundamental difference between following a divine guide who resides in Heaven and following our inner divine Soul cleaves humanity into two very different groups, the open-hearted and the closed-hearted.

As fame, fortune, and influential positions emerged in developing civilizations, some people began reaching for power without needing astral spirits to lead them away from their Souls. The desire for power or fame can be enough to cause a person to ignore their conscience and override their intuition. Regardless of what causes a person to turn away from their Soul, breaking the original covenant of allegiance to one's inner divine guardian leads to becoming a closed-hearted person.

At the top tier of the pyramid, astral spirits are guiding world leaders to increase human individuality. A stunning example is Hitler. In the book *Young Hitler* by Claus Hant et al., the authors examine Hitler's early years to show that Hitler's family was poor and his drunken father would beat him. After leaving home, he failed as an artist. Demoralized, he was a run-of-the-mill figure, poor, eccentric, and boring without exceptional traits or talents.

Then while fighting in WWI, on October 14, 1918, at Werwicq in Belgium, the opposing forces gassed Hitler and his comrades. At the Bavarian Field Hospital No53 at Qudenaarde near Brussels, Hitler was diagnosed as a "war neurotic." Because soldiers unable to cope with fighting on the front line were banned from being medically treated alongside normal injured men, Hitler was taken to a small hospital in Pasewalk, a remote town on the German border with Poland. There he was examined by psychiatrist Dr. Edmund Forster, who diagnosed him as "a psychopath with hysterical symptoms."

Years later, when Hitler was ascending to power, he described his dreadful war experience in spiritual terms. He claimed that the Almighty appeared to tell him his destiny was to be Germany's savior. Indeed, his leadership helped in rebuilding Germany after the Great Depression of 1929.

According to Hant et al., Hitler frequently associated himself with Jesus Christ. For example, at a Christmas celebration in 1926, Hitler said, "The work that Christ had begun but had been unable to finish [I will] complete." On another occasion, he said he would be crucified if he failed to fulfill his spiritual

obligations. His growing success convinced Hitler that he was truly an instrument of destiny. Surely he was.

Hant et al.'s investigation into this pivotal portion of Hitler's life indicates that this iconic psychopathic leader was visited by an astral spirit who led him into power. As we all know, his leadership promoted Aryan supremacy and extreme racial divisiveness. Thus, Hitler was helpful in increasing human individuality more than ever before.

According to Gardiner Morse, senior editor at *Harvard Business Review*,

“Roughly 1% of the population are certifiably psychopathic. True psychopaths are diagnosed according to very specific clinical criteria, and they're nothing like the popular conception. What stands out about bona fide psychopaths is that they're so hard to spot. They're chameleons. They have a cunning ability to act perfectly normal and indeed to be utterly charming, as they wreak havoc on the lives of the people around them and the companies they inhabit.

Many of psychopaths' defining characteristics—their polish, charm, cool decisiveness, and fondness for the fast lane—are easily, and often, mistaken for leadership qualities. That's why they may be singled out for promotion. But along with their charisma come the traits that make psychopaths so destructive: They're cunning, manipulative, untrustworthy, unethical, parasitic, and utterly remorseless. There's nothing they won't do, and no one they won't exploit, to get what they want. A psychopathic manager with his eye on a colleague's job, for instance, will doctor financial results, plant rumors, turn coworkers against each other, and shift his persona, as needed, to destroy his target. He'll do it, and his bosses will never know.”

The entire article can be found at hbr.org/2004/10/executive-psychopaths

In an article from *Business Insider* entitled “The 10 Professions With the Most Psychopaths,” I found that the number one profession for psychopaths is chief executive officer—the folks who run corporations.

Here's the entire list of top professions for psychopaths:

1. CEOs
2. Lawyers
3. Media people in TV and radio
4. Salespeople
5. Surgeons
6. Journalists
7. Police officers
8. Clergy
9. Chefs
10. Civil servants

Because psychopaths have potent impacts on businesses, their coworkers, and the world-at-large, *Business Insider* ran a five-part series on these chameleons.

Since psychopaths don't have a conscience, putting them in charge of soulless corporations produces monstrous institutions that overwork and poison employees, pollute the environment, and cover it all up with PR propaganda. Anyone who is paying attention to what's going on knows that largest corporations are wreaking havoc by using and producing toxins.

The government agencies that are supposed to regulate such activity to protect workers and the environment have been captured by the industries themselves. In the US, the FCC, FDA, CDC, EPA, and more are run by former high-ranking industry leaders. With wolves guarding the hen house, regulations are adjusted to increase corporate profits rather than protect the environment and the workers.

On top of that, lawmakers are most often lawyers—the profession with the second-largest number of psychopaths. While we're taught in mandatory schooling that law is an essential pillar of civility, psychopaths have enacted laws that protect toxin-spewing corporations and the men who own them.

A glaring example is the 1986 federal law (Title 42 U.S. Code § 300aa-22 - Standards of responsibility) that made it illegal to sue manufacturer's of "injectable virus protection serums" for adverse reactions like death, autism, and so on.

Meanwhile, sane, healthy people with a conscience are sprinkled throughout humanity. We do our best to live righteous lives by following our hearts and taking into account how our actions affect others. Still, in the same world, psychopaths with zero empathy, no conscience, or any sense of right or wrong walk among us. In between those extremes lies a spectrum of people with various degrees of empathy and conscience.

A group of three mental disorders labeled the “dark triad” includes sociopaths, narcissists, and psychopaths. These three disorders overlap with numerous similarities. Because people with one or more of these disorders often ascend into leadership positions, civilization has delivered an upside-down view of reality. These mischief-makers are celebrated as they lead humanity in lockstep toward a self-destructive cliff of despair.

Conversely, open-hearted folks who use their intuition to uncover scams embedded in civilization are censored and labeled “conspiracy theorists.” I prefer collusion analysts.

Meanwhile, the polished, charming mischief-makers are ruthlessly climbing ladders in their chosen fields to arrive in powerful positions like police chief, president, CEO, lawmaker, guru, etc. This mental health condition has culminated into a globally divisive reset involving a disease. The recent events have produced an unprecedented increase in individuality. Mandates issued by leaders who are statistically more likely to be sociopaths, narcissists, and/or psychopaths are forcing people to cover their faces and remain six feet apart.

This global power play appears to have instigated a world-wide battle between people who are fighting for their freedom and the leaders who are imposing mandates and controls reminiscent of nazi Germany. Could this current event be the prophesied Armageddon, the last battle between good and evil before Judgment Day?

Hopefully the open-hearted will inherit the Earth soon. More about this fateful event will be presented in the last chapter.

For now, I'll finish weaving the astral realm and Steiner's cosmology together.

Because the purpose of the Universe is to find out how it feels to meet mysterious others, we must encounter enough challenging situations to sufficiently individualize us all. Without being aware of the ultimate purpose of the Universe, many people wonder, “If there is a God, why do bad things happen to good people?” or “If God’s in charge, why is there so much war and inequity throughout the world?”

Although I discussed these questions earlier, now I can add the role spirits play in causing bad things to push us all apart.

It’s actually quite common to blame divisive issues on a demon or demons like Lucifer, Satan, and so on. While those spirits can be found in the astral realm, all spirits are portions of the One, just as everything is part of the One who is all.

What’s special about astral spirits is how their assigned roles involve luring us away from our Souls to recruit willing followers who will help to individualize humanity.

This process of divisive individualization has been a primary feature of civilization. Because individuality hinges on people feeling separate from other humans, divisive humans and the spirits who guide them are essential in making us all into separate individuals. As our separation from one another increases, the mysterious nature of others increases.

Some divisive people are attracted to what may be labeled good roles, and others choose criminal roles, which fits the notion of good versus evil. The resulting battles push everyone to feel separate. Accordingly, divisive people who are lured away from their Souls push everyone apart.

Many battles are fought locally. Examples include the war on drugs, the war against viruses, and the republicans versus the democrats. Battles over politics are often fought in our homes.

Certainly there are many reasons for people to ignore their conscience today. Even without astral spirits influencing people, fame, fortune, revenge, and all sorts of compelling lures can draw people away from their inner guidance.

Still, to get the divisive process started, astral spirits lured some Original People into becoming shamans.

The idea of being lured away from one's Soul by evil spirits is legendary. Examples include stories of people selling their Soul to the Devil. For example, Paganini, the greatest violin virtuoso in history, was believed to have sold his Soul to the devil.

Those stories dramatize the process, as if an actual sale or contractual agreement is signed with a demon. In reality, this legend refers to how astral spirits lure people away from their Soul to follow external spirit guides who mysteriously reside on the other side of the veil where we go when we die.

In Hitler's case, the divine guidance caused him to believe he was completing Jesus' work. While most see Hitler as demonic, he and his followers considered the Führer a savior. The Triality's Similarity of Opposites principle predicts this interchangeability of good and evil. However, balance always remains in the middle where the divine wholeness of the Quintessential Core resides.

By learning what's shared above about the astral realm, I finally discovered where the closed-hearted people would go when they leave the Earth at the end of this era. This huge piece of life's puzzle also revealed how the divisive process emerged when astral spirits lured people away from their inner spirit guides, their Souls.

Becoming aware of this hidden realm and the Triality model, I was able to understand the difference between internal Soul guidance and external spirit guides. Although inside versus outside could be thought of as a duality, it's actually a Triality. Outside has many good-versus-evil alternatives that a closed-hearted person can choose between. Meanwhile, inside we find the middle, where open-hearted people connect with their Superconscious-Soul, the Quintessential Core in our hearts. This central divine consciousness leads us along a middle path of love—a state of being that has no opposite.

While people like myself find love most fascinating, many people find fame, fortune, or some other alternative more

important than love. For people who find something other than love more captivating, choosing to follow an external guide makes sense. However, because love was most important to me, following my heart guided me to explore love.

Getting back to the astral realm, Graham Hancock found that humans have been exploring that realm for a very long time. French cave paintings estimated to be over 25,000 years old feature a little gray spirit being with the classic eerie features illustrated on the right.



Today, astral travel methods and entheogenic substances are readily available. These medicines give people the opportunity to fly with gods and goddesses. That exciting opportunity accounts for the fast-growing popularity of Eckankar, the astral travel religion mentioned earlier.

Another example is the Santo Daime church. This modern-day Catholic-style church uses ayahuasca as a sacrament to enter the astral realm. Legal status for ayahuasca has been granted in Canada, the Netherlands, France, Italy, the US, and Brazil. This church and others like it provide a way to see how older more established religions began.

Additional ways to visit the astral and pure-consciousness realms include holotropic breathwork, shamanic drumming, meditation, and so on.

Of course, the astral realm is an external illusion, a parallel universe we shift into when our astral bodies separate from our physical body. In between, pure consciousness is the source of both polarities. The One is the Quintessential Core that's found in the center of each person's universe—in one's heart.

After avoiding the astral realm for most of my life, I finally dug into that colossal topic and learned about it quickly.

What I discovered pushed me to revise my book to include this famously mysterious realm. Still, I didn't want to get too distracted by attempting to address the seemingly endless details. Indeed, this mystical alternate reality is enchanting and

could easily distract readers away from the Way of the Heart message that *The Magnificent Soul* focused on.

Adding the astral realm to the complex physical realm that we live in, produces what some have called an “unfathomable Great Mystery.” Despite the existence of the astral realm, living with one’s heart open, following inner guidance, and opening up to love doesn’t require any knowledge of the afterlife side of the veil. In fact, delving into bizarre astral phenomenon can easily distract a person away from deepening their relationship with their Soul.

The Soul in the heart can be embraced by anyone who chooses to acknowledge their Superconscious-Soul. Even without knowing about the Soul or where it resides, a person can simply follow their intuition-, conscience-, and Soul-imparted desires to live an open-hearted life. The living word of the One emerges from within those who remain attentive to their Soul’s inner whisper. Soul guidance applies to what’s taking place in the present moment.

Following that guidance is the Way of the Heart.

On the other hand, the astral realm offers an infinite variety of enticing alternatives to the Way of the Heart path.

Because the astral realm’s outer layers accommodate each person’s beliefs and desires, using astral travel to ascertain truth will almost certainly lead to misunderstandings. Regardless of how fallacious a person’s theories about reality may be, visiting astral Heaven can support those false beliefs by fulfilling them. Then, presuming a reliable confirmation has been personally experienced, many astral travelers share their fantastic discoveries in blogs, books, videos, and in person. Examples include reports of direct alien encounters, mind-over-matter theories, and create-your-own-reality beliefs.

Indeed, people’s minds can control the astral realm. It fulfills people’s desires and is home to all sorts of spirits that may claim to be aliens. Those and more amazing features of the spirit realm can cause people to mistakenly presume that the physical realm could offer similar features, even though it doesn’t. The astral

realm is a spiritual illusion, while the physical realm is a physical illusion—each has its specific features.

By believing that the big God resides in Heaven, religions claim ascension to Heaven is the ultimate goal.

Despite that, the One Who Is All is a formless consciousness that birthed everything and everyone. To experience the indescribable magnificence of that consciousness, a human can drop into their heart. Once the physical and spiritual illusions dissolve, formless consciousness is all that remains. Once there, an expansion produces an infinite luminous expanse. A warm home in which unparalleled ecstatic bliss surrounds one's point of awareness that has returned to the original state of pure consciousness.

By finding the One inside my heart, I knew without any doubt “the kingdom of God is in the midst of you,” confirming what Jesus said in Luke 17:21.

After learning about the astral realm and how easy it is to manifest any experience one desires, I wondered why the One went through all the effort of creating the physical realm with billions of unique people and trillions of animals. Couldn't we explore all sorts of experiences in the mentally controllable astral realm? Why didn't the One simply form the Heavens and then explore meeting mysterious others there?

To understand that, I needed to peer back to before the beginning of time, when the Heavens and the Earth hadn't been formed, when the One hadn't met a mysterious other. Back then, the dynamics involved in such meetings were utterly unknown. The One's interest in discovering how meeting mysterious others would feel caused the One to form the physical realm. Indeed, solid separate bodies containing separate ego-minds provided an appropriate setting to produce individuals out of the One.

Now that countless meetings have taken place and we are familiar with meeting others, we could use what we know to conjure up fantasies and experience them in the astral realm. For example, meeting one's Soul-mate is something I've desired and imagined. Going to astral Heaven to explore my fantasy is

certainly possible. Still, I don't really know how meeting my Soul-mate will actually feel, nor do I know precisely how such a special connection will begin, progress, and end.

In contrast, the physical realm is home to separate people with open hearts who can explore many different scenarios by meeting their mysterious Soul-mates. When those meetings occur here on Earth in our physical bodies, we will finally discover how those deep, loving connections feel by experiencing them.

In the meantime, as more loving experiences take place in the physical realm, the One becomes more acquainted with the extraordinary nature of love. The loving relationships that individual humans experience are witnessed by our Souls. These portions of the One catalogue all our experiences.

Over the thousands of years that individual humans have existed, we have already discovered how countless meetings of mysterious others has felt. Surely, the One has recorded all of those experiences.

It's really quite amazing that feeble humans are exploring the new frontiers of interpersonal relationships. The illusion of individuality and our gullible acceptance of separation makes us perfectly designed to learn all about meeting mysterious others.

Conversely, despite the magnificence of the One, being singular with no peer, it's impossible for the One to experience meeting a mysterious other as one.

Oddly, the One who is all needs gullible humans to act as Her finger puppets to explore meetings with mysterious others.

Chapter 35

Life in Lockdown

The nearly global lockdown has pushed human individuality further than ever. PR propaganda has frightened those who gullibly accept the lies presented by popular media without investigating the issues themselves. Once frightened, people easily comply with directives to wear masks, stay six feet (2 m) apart, and close gathering places and small businesses. Then, censorship is muzzling alternative perspectives. All of these directives have increased human separation.

As this unprecedented global event began, the worldwide tyrannical response to a flu outbreak was shocking. I had already investigated death rates for traffic accidents, shark attacks, and all causes of death combined. With 154,000 people dying daily from all causes and 3,700 dying from traffic accidents, the number dying from the dreaded disease was less than those killed in daily traffic accidents. Being aware of that, shutting down society seemed absurd, especially because lockdowns cause increases in suicide, alcoholism, domestic violence, psychological regression in children, bankruptcies, and all sorts of socially devastating effects.

Because it was clear early on that most people dying from the disease were over 60 years old with the average age around 79, a response that focused on the elderly would have been appropriate. However, shutting down schools and businesses was more damaging than helpful.

Given the heavy-handed response and how inappropriate it felt, I was intuitively guided to do my own investigation.

Having already researched the effects that cell phones and Wi-Fi have on our health, the lockdown pushed me to expand that research to include a broader investigation into the fundamental causes of disease and viruses in particular.

I found that the biology and evolution taught in schools and universities is very antiquated. Most of what I investigated remains unknown to most people because it hasn't been integrated into the popular view of reality. Schooling and mainstream media remain aligned with old theories that have been overturned by unsung geniuses.

Although it's common for high-tech discoveries that get lots of press, important breakthroughs in biology that would upset the highly profitable medical industry are routinely buried. Legitimate discoveries are labeled false based on antiquated theories that need to be set aside and replaced by alternate wisdom that has emerged.

Unfortunately, because lots of money is being made based on the old theories, financial pressures and vested interests keep antiquated theories known to be false alive. Meanwhile, profound advancements in biology and medicine are not just ignored—they are actively suppressed.

Fortunately, some open-minded people see the value and appreciate the wisdom behind revolutionary discoveries that require important changes to the popular paradigm. Some of those folks share monumental advancements in books and articles that are often considered heretical to the orthodox scientism. I'm grateful to all of those conscientious radicals. Without their efforts, I wouldn't have been able to learn so much in just one and a half years of investigation. Guided by my intuition I gradually purchased and read twenty books.

For instance, the flu or influenza, which is essentially what the lockdown is fighting, has a rich history that scientifically reveals its cause. Arthur Firstenberg's landmark book *The Invisible Rainbow: A History of Electricity and Life* includes much of that history in an incredibly well-researched book that was unexpectedly fascinating to read. Firstenberg convincingly shows how electromagnetic radiation (what I'll label electro-smog) is a toxin that has been found to be responsible for a vast array of human diseases.

Firstenberg documents the history of electro-smog sources, including telegraph, electricity, radio, radar, and cell phones. Along the way, he shows how heart disease, cancer, diabetes, influenza, neurological disorders, depression, tinnitus, digestive problems, and more arose with the expansion of electro-smog. Most importantly, Firstenberg shows that electro-smog may be the leading cause of these modern health problems.

Considering the lockdown, a fitting example is influenza.

The word “influenza” has roots that harken back to the thirteenth century when Scholastic Latin was used to express the idea that invisible or indirect action exerted forces that caused changes. This idea emerged regarding astrological forces affecting human destiny. In other words, influenza derives from the theory claiming influences from the stars. Although that may seem ridiculous initially, consider that the sun is a star that definitely influences life on Earth.

Before 1665, major influenza outbreaks were well-known to occur every eleven years, with mild sporadic flu cases occurring during the ten years between.

During the early 1600s, Galileo and others began to use the newly invented telescope to observe planets and sunspots. Sunspots are darker than most of the Sun, making them visible from Earth when using a telescope. According to NASA, more sunspots correspond to more electro-smog reaching the Earth.

Many researchers have linked influenza and other pandemics to numerous sunspots or electro-smog. Firstenberg provides this list: John Yeung (2006), Fred Hoyle (1990), J. D. Douglas Webster (1940), Aleksandr Chizkevskiy (1936), C. Conyers Morrell (1936), W.M.M. Hewetson (1936), Sir William Hamer (1936), Gunnar Edstrom (1935), Clifford Gill (1928), C. M. Richter (1921), Willy Hellwach (1911), Weir Mitchell (1893), Charles Dana (1890), Louise Fische Bryson (1890), and Louise and Noah Webster (1799).

Life involves electrochemical processes that are affected by electro-smog. Because more sunspots correspond to more solar electro-smog, it's evident that influenza was originally a disease influenced by the Sun's radiation. Certainly, other factors like diet, toxins, and genetics determine who gets ill and who doesn't.

Remarkably, from 1665 to 1715, very few sunspots appeared. Astronomers name those fifty years the Maunder Minimum. During those fifty years with very few sunspots, the spectacular northern lights failed to appear. People growing up during the Maunder Minimum suspected that the dazzling northern lights were a myth. After 1715, when the number of sunspots finally increased, the northern lights returned, revealing that natural electro-smog from the sun produces the northern lights.

More importantly, no major influenza outbreaks struck during the fifty-year Maunder Minimum. Later, in 1727, the sunspot number passed 100 for the first time in over a century. Then, during the corresponding winter of 1728, the worst flu pandemic in nearly 150 years covered the Earth. Because traveling around the Earth took several months back then, a contagion couldn't have been responsible. However, electro-smog from the sun could have been the cause.

Miraculously, the Maunder Minimum is a negative scientific control that occurred naturally. Still, a scientist can compare those pandemic-free fifty years to typical solar activity featuring an eleven-year solar sunspot cycle. Hundreds of years of regular solar activity clearly show that numerous sunspots every eleven years correspond to influenza pandemics. Hence, a scientist can confidently conclude that solar electro-smog from sunspots is a primary cause for influenza pandemics on Earth. In this case, Mother Nature provided the negative scientific control—the Maunder Minimum—to make that conclusion scientifically.

More recently, from 1918 to 1920, the Spanish flu pandemic took 20 to 100 million lives, more than any other flu pandemic. Why? In 1917, radio towers were erected and activated by Guglielmo Marconi. Experiments with music occurred first.

Then, in 1918, the voice was broadcast. Finally, in 1919, the first clear transmission of human speech was accomplished.

The frequencies that Marconi used are reflected by the ionosphere, an electrically charged layer of the Earth's atmosphere. That reflection off the ionosphere's shell bounces shortwave radio signals around the globe to spread human-made electro-smog worldwide.

With Marconi's radio-produced electro-smog adding to natural solar radiation, the infamous Spanish flu arrived in the winter of 1918. Then, during the summer of 1918, additional higher-powered radio towers installed by the US Navy began broadcasting. One pumped out 500,000 watts of electro-smog, while two other antennas emitted 200,000 watts each. That triggered the second wave of the horrible Spanish flu. Additional toxins and malnutrition caused by WWI may have added additional factors to cause so many deaths, but electro-smog is an important toxin that I have already shown to be responsible for influenza.

Even though many scientists linked the Spanish flu with radio-produced electro-smog, germ theorists disagreed, claiming that a virus caused the pandemic.

Back then, the word "virus" had a very different definition than it does today. Before the advent of the electron microscope, physicians noticed the presence of something so small they couldn't filter it out. The minuscule size of viruses allowed those particles to pass through the finest filters available back then. However, using a centrifuge, viruses produced a sludge layer at the bottom of the spun vile. Because they wouldn't filter out, scientists presumed the viruses were a thick toxic liquid, similar to snake's venom. Because the Latin word for snake's venom is virus, that word was used to name the mysterious substance.

In 1918 and 1919, leading germ theorists made several attempts to show that the Spanish flu was caused by a contagious virus. For example, mucous of the mouth, nose, throat, and bronchi of inflicted patients were placed into the nostrils, throat, and eyes of 100 healthy subjects, but none contracted the illness.

Additionally, researchers transferred blood from sick people to healthy subjects with no transmission of symptoms. Finally, influenza sufferers coughed directly into the mouths of healthy subjects with no effect. Thus, all attempts to show that a contagion caused influenza failed. Here are two 1919 reports:
www.nejm.org/doi/full/10.1056/NEJM191912111812401
www.jstor.org/stable/4574984#metadata_info_tab_contents

Incidentally, in 1919, Rudolf Steiner was asked if the virus caused the Spanish flu. He professed radio waves had caused the illness, and that toxin provoked the body to produce viral material to detoxify itself. Soon, I will show that Steiner's claim was essentially correct. However, to learn how close to the mark Steiner was, I continued my intuitively guided investigation.

Near the end of my research, someone sent me an email with a link to an article about an open-minded and brilliant German virologist Dr. Stefan Lanka. This scientist noticed that the method used by virologists to claim that a particular disease is caused by a virus lacks the comparative negative control needed to make virology scientific.

In other words, modern virology is not scientific because it lacks a negative control. Consequently, the methods used in virology fail to scientifically show that viruses cause diseases.

Virologists don't actually isolate viruses to determine whether they cause disease. Instead, tissue, mucus, or blood presumed to contain the virus being studied is added to bovine fetal tissue that is kept alive in a test tube by gradually supplying food. Also, supposedly to ensure that no bacteria are present in the tissue, toxic antibiotics are added to the concoction. The food supply is reduced to starve the tissue. Then, when the tissue cells begin dying at abnormally high rates, the virologist claims the virus caused the accelerated cell death rate.

Dr. Lanka noticed that this modern virology method is missing a negative control experiment that must be performed to make the process scientific. In this case, a negative control would include all the steps used in the modern virology method, minus the virus. To accomplish that, no tissue, mucus, or blood

presumed to contain the virus would be added so the control concoction is virus-free. The control batch would be processed the same way as the virus-containing batch and the results of the negative control would be compared to the virus batch results.

In April of 2021 Stefan Lanka performed a negative control by simply doing all the normal steps except he didn't add tissue, mucus, or blood presumed to contain the virus being studied. Without the virus, the negative control experiment caused the accelerated cell death rate, just like the virus-containing experiments. This negative control reveals that the accelerated cell death rate was caused by something other than the virus. Possibly the antibiotics and the food reduction caused accelerated cell death. Most importantly, we know it wasn't caused by the virus because it wasn't present.

Unfortunately, virologists don't use a negative control, making the modern virology method unscientific. Amazingly, modern virology doesn't prove anything! This means that all the studies claiming that viruses cause disease must be discarded.

Several years earlier, Dr. Lanka had offered a reward of 100,000 euros to anyone who could prove the existence of the measles virus using a published scientific study. Dr. David Bardens attempted to claim the reward by providing six published virology studies claiming measles is caused by a virus.

In the initial court battle, Dr. Bardens won. Later, Lanka appealed the case to a higher German court. That court reversed the ruling on February 16, 2016, stating, "As a result, the appeal, insofar as it is admissible, is successful because the plaintiff did not meet the criterion of claiming to prove the existence of the measles virus by 'a scientific publication.'" Finally, in 2017, the Supreme Court of Germany refused to hear Bardens' appeal leaving Lanka the winner and virology the loser.

Virologists need to use a negative control experiment to properly show a disease is caused by a virus. Without a negative control for comparison, all the existing studies that claim viruses cause diseases are unscientific and inconclusive. Moreover, the journals that published such studies ought to retract them.

By investigating the history of virology, Dr. Lanka found that the methods used today originated in 1954:

“This completely unscientific approach originated in June 1954, when an unscientific and refutable speculative article was published, according to which the death of tissue in a test tube was considered . . . possible evidence for the presence of a virus. Six months later, on 10 December 1954, the main author of this opinion [John Franklin Enders] was awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine for another equally speculative theory. The speculation from June 1954 was then raised to a scientific fact and became a dogma which has never been challenged to this date.”

Source: thefreedomarticles.com/dr-stefan-lanka-2020-article-reveals-virus-misconception/

Dr. Lanka single-handedly debunked the past 67 years of virology. Reversals of false beliefs in science have occurred countless times. Unfortunately, the new theories that take their place can take quite a while to become accepted by the scientific community and humanity at large. In the meantime the invalid theories can remain in place for decades or even centuries.

Indeed, the billions of dollars made from selling vaccines and antiviral remedies keeps virology well funded by profitable pharmaceutical companies. Those companies also provide approximately 70 percent of popular media funding. They also spend more on lobbyists than any other industry. To keep the money flowing in, some of the vaccine profits are used to maintain the erroneous belief in viral diseases.

Before I move on, there's a bit more to share about the unscientific nature of virology. After claiming a specific virus causes a disease, virologists need to clarify the identity of the virus. Because they haven't actually isolated the virus, they don't know what DNA or RNA is located inside the virus's protein shell. Therefore a committee is formed to name the virus and piece together an approximate genetic signature.

Today the committee of virologists use an AI program to invent the genetic signature. Then they have the audacity to claim that their contrived genetic signature identifies an actual virus that causes a particular disease. This important detail is what Lanka focused on in his 100,000 euros reward.

With an imaginary virus defined, portions of the imagined genetic code can be used to test for infection. If the genetic sequence is found in a person's mucus sample, that match is presumed to indicate the person has the disease. As we all know, many people who test positive don't get sick at all. Those people are labeled asymptomatic, meaning they don't exhibit symptoms of the disease even though medical practitioners claim they are carriers of their imaginary virus.

It's important to mention that virologists have redefined the word *isolate* for use in virology. Their strange meaning claims that a virus is "isolated" when the unscientific modern virology method discussed earlier results in accelerated cell death and the virologists dream up a genetic signature for the virus. The resulting concoction is called an "isolate" even though the virus has not been separated out.

The next unscientific step uses the invented viral genetic signature to test people and see if their body contains specified portions of the contrived virus genome. To do that, the Polymerase Chain Reaction (PCR) machine is used to make billions of copies of the DNA and RNA found in a human sample to compare it to selected portions of the imaginary virus's genes.

When it comes to the current global disease, the picture of a spiked virus is simply an artistically enhanced image of a virus. Showing that picture causes people to presume that the little bugger has been found, isolated (meaning completely separated), and determined to be the culprit, but virologists don't do any of that. Properly devised methods to scientifically show viruses cause diseases have never been used to support the virus disease myth. Thus, all claims that viruses cause diseases are based on a careless mistake made in 1954!

Unfortunately, because we humans are quite feeble and gullible, this mistake continues to be promoted by virologists 67 years after the original error was made. Despite the fact that Dr. Lanka has exposed this catastrophic mistake in virology, virologists continue using their flawed method.

Sadly, antiquated information on the internet doesn't help. Wikipedia still claims, "Measles is a highly contagious infectious disease caused by the measles virus." Additionally, Wikipedia's "Measles Virus" page shows a picture of that virus, even though it has never been scientifically shown to exist!

Another example of antiquated misinformation is an article I found on the orthodox medical website *medicaldaily.com*. The title says it all: "Anti-Vaxxer Biologist Stefan Lanka Bets Over \$100K Measles Isn't a Virus; Court Orders Him to Pay Up." That article was written on March 13, 2015, before the higher German Court sided with Dr. Lanka and overturned the original order.

When will all of the out-of-date and now false information regarding viruses be removed from the internet or corrected? Countless historical artifacts pollute the internet with falsehoods that fact-checkers presume to be true and enable them to claim that Dr Lanka is wrong, when he is actually correct.

In a related controversy, the scientist who won a Nobel Prize for inventing the PCR machine, Kary Mullis, wrote an interesting forward to Dr. Peter Duesberg's book, *Inventing the AIDS Virus*. In his forward, Mullis discusses his search for a scientific study showing that AIDS is caused by the human immunodeficiency virus (HIV). The search ended when Mullis found that no research had shown that HIV caused AIDS. Hence, Duesberg's book is entitled *Inventing the AIDS Virus*.

Going even further, Dawn Lester and David Parker wrote, *What Really Makes You Ill? Why Everything You Thought You Knew about Disease Is Wrong*. That 777-page book goes through nearly every known disease to show that toxins (both chemical and electromagnetic), emotional stress, and/or malnutrition has been found to cause all known diseases. Often, poor sanitation results in the accumulation of disease causing toxins. In many cases, the authors show how toxins and malnutrition were present when notable outbreaks occurred.

For example, the toxins that cause polio are pesticides which include DDT, lead arsenic and others. DDT was sprayed in American neighborhoods seasonally for mosquito control.

Consequently, polio appeared seasonally following the annual DDT spraying.

Sadly, children were misinformed by authorities who claimed that DDT was safe so they played in the DDT dust as it was being sprayed. When sharing this example with a friend of mine, he recalled playing in the DDT powder when it was sprayed in his neighborhood during his childhood. Fortunately, his strong immune system managed to keep him healthy.

Later, when DDT was banned in the US, it was introduced to other countries including the Philippines and India, where polio emerged to plague more children. In all cases, vaccines were introduced after the spraying was discontinued which made it appear as though the vaccines resolved the polio problem.

By offering sensible toxin, sanitation, and/or nutrition causes for all diseases, *What Really Makes You Ill* helped me seriously question the theory that germs cause disease. Additional sources, offered intriguing support claiming that toxins, emotional stress, genetics, and nutrition are the causes of all diseases.

Unfortunately, toxins are mostly ignored by professional biologists because there's hardly any funding available for toxicity research—most research funding comes from profit-oriented industries and the CDC that appears to place profits above human health.

When germs are claimed to cause disease, then vaccines, antibiotics, antivirals, chemotherapy, and radiation therapy can be sold for billions in profits. Captains of industry have been found to invest their money in ways that make more money. So, even though viruses may not cause disease, vaccines are very profitable, making investments in such research and development terribly profitable.

Furthermore, research grant proposals to investigate toxins are most often rejected. As long as most toxins remain untested and unregulated, industries can continue to pollute. If toxins were proven to cause disease then corporations would be found responsible. To address such problems, those corporations

would need to spend lots of money building waste treatment facilities or retooling to use safe processes and safe chemicals.

Beyond industrial waste, many chemical toxins are found in consumer products. Today, the FDA and FCC regulatory agencies have been infiltrated by industry cronies who are being sued regarding their lack of needed health regulations.

Meanwhile, more antennas are being installed. Their radiation is poisoning the atmosphere with additional electro-smog, causing increases in disease rates. One example is influenza, which has been striking every year since radio broadcasts began back in 1917. Today, the most powerful radio transmitter pumps out 2.5 million watts of toxic electro-smog. On top of that, additional electro-smog comes from radar, Wi-Fi, cell towers, tablets, smart devices, Bluetooth, etc. There are 16 billion cell phones in service today, and those devices can emit up to 32 billion watts of radiation! Unexpectedly, our little cell phones could be the biggest electro-smog health problem ever.

Oddly, during the lockdown, when only essential activities were allowed, the latest cell phone system was being installed worldwide. That faster data transfer technology is brand new—how could something new be considered essential? Obviously, we never needed it before, so it can't possibly be essential. So, why was this new untested technology installed during the lockdown?

Worldwide, more than 1,000 peer-reviewed scientific studies have found that electro-smog from cell phones causes biological damage at unexpectedly low levels.

The highly revered National Toxicology Program (NTP) of the US Department of Health and Human Services completed a \$30-million study on 2G and 3G cell phones in November 2018. That study found that cellphone radiation causes heart cancer, brain cancer, adrenal gland cancer, chromosome damage, and neurological damage. The lead designer of the NTP's cellphone study, Dr. Ron Melnick shares the NTP's conclusions: "We should no longer assume that any current or future wireless technology, including 5G, is safe without adequate testing." (Here's the video: youtu.be/nJfK3gbkmMk.)

More recently the authors of an extensive peer reviewed meta analysis strongly emphasize that cell phones must be considered a class I carcinogen which means that cell phones are known to definitely cause cancer. Here's the review:

<https://ehjournal.biomedcentral.com/articles/10.1186/s12940-022-00900-9>

Finally, 256 EMF scientists from 44 nations signed a letter demanding that government agencies protect humans and all life from the terribly damaging effects of EMF's which come mostly from cellphones. Here's the letter: <https://emfscientist.org/>

In addition to the toxicity of electro-smog, manufacturing industries produce more than 250 billion tons of chemical substances every year. Yet, despite attempts to regulate chemical use, only 21 out of 144,000 chemicals have been banned in the US. The World Health Organization estimates that 12 million people die from diseases caused by toxic human activities every year. Sadly, we're creating a toxic avalanche that's harming all life worldwide.

As I was investigating all of this I wondered, if viruses don't cause diseases, then what do those tiny particles do? All of a sudden I recalled a memorable conversation that took place in 1985 when I was writing my masters thesis in the Computer Aided Design Laboratory at MIT. A colleague ask me if I had heard of Genetic Engineering. He explained that genetic engineers had found a way to alter DNA in living organisms.

I asked, "How do they do that?"

He replied, "They use viruses to change the DNA."

Once I recalled that extraordinary claim, I embarked on an investigation into how viruses change DNA.

Soon I discovered that viruses play a monumental role in evolution by participating in a gene-modification system that's labeled "horizontal gene transfer transduction."

There are three types of horizontal gene transfer. The one that involves viruses is transduction. Because that's the only one I'm going to discuss, I'll simply call it horizontal gene transfer. So when I use that phrase, I'm referring to the transduction type of

horizontal gene transfer. To explain how horizontal gene transfer works, I'll begin by summarizing what a virus is.

Viruses are small portions of DNA or RNA encased in a protein wrapper. They aren't alive and can't reproduce or propel themselves. Viruses don't consume food, and they don't expel waste products. They are simply protein packets with segments of DNA or RNA inside. Much like a letter in an envelope, a virus is genetic information in a protein envelope.

Due to excessive specialization in biological research, these small particles have been given several names, including extracellular vesicles, exosomes, phages, bacteriophages, and ectosomes. Although these and other names have been created by different branches of biology, all those labels identify what is commonly called a virus. Therefore, I'll simply use "virus" to identify these little protein envelopes with genes inside them.

In wondering, "Where do viruses come from?" I found that cells and bacteria create viruses by placing DNA or RNA pieces into protein wrappers and excreting them out into the world.

Other cells and bacteria receive viruses to obtain the genetic information contained inside. Because viruses are lifeless, they can't enter a cell. Instead, cells and bacteria catch the viruses.

The most well-researched example of horizontal gene transfer occurs when bacteria are exposed to an antibiotic and develop immunity to that antibiotic. Once exposed to the antibiotic, bacteria produce viruses and spit them out. The expelled viruses carry genetic information to other bacteria that receive those viruses. Once a virus is received by a bacterium's receptor, the genetic information in the virus is extracted by the bacterium. The DNA or RNA information is used to update the bacterium's genome. These new genes make the bacterium immune to the toxic antibiotic. To share the genetic update, the bacterium replicates the therapeutic virus and spits copies out into the world. When all the bacteria in a colony have received the virus, the colony is found to be immune to the antibiotic! This process has been found to occur rapidly. This example reveals that natural herd immunity is achieved by sharing viruses to update

cellular DNA. In other words, viruses evolve DNA in a way that helps organisms cope with environmental toxins.

Moreover, the viruses that made one colony of bacteria immune to an antibiotic have been transferred to other strains of bacteria that hadn't been exposed to the antibiotic. Once those viruses are passed around as described earlier, the virgin bacteria evolve to be immune to the antibiotic. This proves that the viral genetic adaptation properly evolved the bacteria to adapt cope with the toxic antibiotic. This example of how horizontal gene transfer confers antibiotic resistance to bacteria has been thoroughly studied and verified as explained here:

Horizontal (or lateral) gene transfer (HGT) is the sharing of genetic material between organisms by means other than vertical (parent to offspring) transmission and plays a major role in the evolution of many organisms (Gyles and Boerlin 2014). McDaniel and coworkers documented in 2010 that there is a high frequency of horizontal gene transfer in coastal and oceanic environments, with as high as 47% of the cultivable natural microbial community confirmed as gene recipients. They demonstrated that part of this HGT was carried out by viral-like particles released by the bacteria and suggested that it facilitated the adaptation of marine bacteria to changing environmental conditions.

HGT is perhaps the main factor spreading antibiotic resistance in bacteria (Kay et al. 2002).

Excerpt from: *Horizontal Gene Transfer: Breaking Borders between Living Kingdoms*, Springer Nature Switzerland 2019, p. 98

Beyond bacteria, the horizontal gene transfer process spreads genes amongst all living organisms to evolve DNA while creatures are alive! This pivotal discovery of what viruses actually do has dramatically altered the theory of evolution.

The older Neo-Darwinian theory of evolution was restricted to genes being passed from parent to child. That inheritance gene transfer method is now called “vertical gene transfer” because inherited genes travel down the family tree from parent to offspring vertically. Indeed, that does take place, but very slowly.

More importantly, horizontal gene transfer is occurring sideways between living organisms, making it horizontal. This horizontal genetic adaptation process occurs quickly throughout

our lives changing our DNA. Unexpectedly I found that this astonishing process has been studied since the 1950s.

Today, genetic experts have confirmed that viruses are responsible for many critical evolutionary developments.

“There is increasing evidence of the existence of HGT in animals and higher plants. . . . In the animal kingdom, Gasmi described how some wasp genes were transferred to Lepidoptera by a symbiotic virus (Gasmi et al. 2015). Accordingly, the impact of HGT is probably much higher than first envisioned, and although it is not yet fully established the extent of its contribution to the reticulation of life evolution in this planet, it is now known that HGT affects all life kingdoms (Woese 2004).”

Excerpt from: *Horizontal Gene Transfer: Breaking Borders between Living Kingdoms*, Springer Nature Switzerland 2019, p. 99

In other words, horizontal gene transfer occurs in multicellular organisms including animals, plants, and even humans. Viruses are now known to be essential conveyors of evolutionary genetic updates in all living organisms. Therefore, viruses actually help organisms update their genes when environmental changes cause disease. In short, toxins trigger cells to produce viruses and pass them around to share the genetic update found in the virus to cope with the toxic assault.

Once viruses help us update our genes, we become better able to deal with environmental toxins, droughts and other challenges that emerge over time. This has led researchers to suspect that horizontal gene transfer has occurred since life emerged!

Recent analysis of human DNA has revealed that retroviruses are responsible for many essential features found in humans. When a genetic sequence is installed by a retrovirus, a marker is included with the genetic modification. That marker gives genetic experts a way to identify portions of DNA that had been add by retroviruses. Using those markers, genetic researchers have discovered that eight percent of human genes were introduced by retroviruses!

“One example of a benefit conferred by viral genes comes from humans. A sequence installed by a retrovirus regulates the amylase gene cluster, allowing us to produce amylase in our

saliva. This sequence that we share with a few other primates enables us to eat starchy foods we otherwise couldn't."

Excerpt from: *Retroviruses*, Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory Press, 1997, p. 403.

That viral genetic update may have helped humans survive a famine by enabling us to eat roots that were previously inedible.

To catch viruses, animal cells have receptors that receive them. Once a cell's receptor captures a virus, the cell opens the virus to extract the genetic information inside the protein wrapper. Next, the DNA or RNA is transported into the cell's nucleus, where the precious DNA is protected by a double-layered shell. Once the cell opens its nucleus, the genetic update found in the virus is incorporated into the animal's genome.

Finally, the cell makes multiple copies of the virus and spits out those copies to share the genetic update with other cells. That process spreads the viral genetic update throughout the animal's body. Beyond that, viruses can be coughed or sneezed out of one creature to reach another. By spreading even further, viruses can affect other species and even organisms in other kingdoms. For example, plant viruses can affect animals and vice versa.

This adaptive evolutionary process occurs while we're alive. So when new toxins damage our health, viruses help us update our DNA to cope with environmental challenges.

Modern industry's development and production of new toxins causes new illnesses that require life to adapt or suffer. Viral horizontal gene transfer helps us adapt to the toxins. Studies have found trillions of viruses throughout living organisms. The viruses in a typical human body contain more DNA than what's found in all the nuclei of that person's cells. In other words, the genetic information inside a human is more viral than human!

Astonishingly, instead of causing disease, the latest science has discovered that viruses provide adaptive genetic updates that are naturally therapeutic. Viruses heal us via genetic adaptation!

Over billions of years of evolution, bacteria and cells have developed natural boundaries and other defense systems to protect their genetic material from being damaged or altered. Viruses bypass all those defenses by fitting into receptor sites

that are ready and waiting for viruses to arrive. When a virus docks in a cell's receptor site, the cell extracts the virus's genetic information and uses it to edit cellular DNA. It's as if viruses have a universal key that bypasses all the barriers protecting cellular DNA from being accidentally altered.

To take advantage of this universal key that's imbedded in the viral horizontal gene transfer process, genetic engineers have been using viruses to alter DNA in plants and animals for over 30 years. As I mentioned earlier, a colleague told me about this use of viruses back in 1985. The results of this genetic tampering are genetically modified organisms (GMOs). To make GMOs, genetic engineers shoot their genetic updates into numerous viruses and then inject those modified viruses into the target organism. The organism's cells receive the virus and update their own DNA as if the viruses were natural.

When genetic engineers do this, they are hijacking the natural horizontal gene transfer system to smuggle in their genetic modifications. Their successful use of viruses to alter the genetics of organisms further proves that viruses actually modify DNA. Although GMOs help to prove that viruses are involved in genetic evolution, that doesn't imply that GMO foods are safe. When humans mess with nature we most often botch things up. I do my best to avoid GMO Franken-foods which ought to be banned or at least clearly labeled as GMO.

Another technology that utilizes viruses is gene therapy. These scientists inject modified viruses into humans to repair genetic disorders. For example, patients with hemophilia and sickle cell anemia have been cured with viral gene therapy treatments. In both cases, the genetic repair is permanent. The hemophilia treatment costs \$1 million, but it works. With the genetic root cause repaired, gene therapy heals patients of their inherited disease. Here's an example of gene therapy in which a novel adeno-associated virus was used to install DNA in humans as early as 1993: pubmed.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/7679117/

More recently the introduction of a 2019 study begins: "For several decades, parvoviruses have been developed as safe,

efficient, and versatile DNA delivery vectors for human gene therapy applications.” Source: <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC6360332/>

Gene therapists are also using viruses to cure cancer. Three viruses have passed governmental regulatory approval to heal cancer patients in Latvia, China, the US, and the EU. In addition, other recombinant viruses from diverse families are being tested in cancer patients to heal more types of cancer.

Instead of causing cancer, as the erroneous germ theory claims, viruses actually cure cancer.

In gene therapy, viruses deliver and express therapeutic genes in target cells restoring the function that a defective gene had disabled. To do this, gene therapists hijack the natural horizontal gene transfer mechanism by altering viruses’ contents to smuggle in their genetic therapy. Just like genetic engineers, gene therapists use viruses to update genes. Remarkably, gene therapy heals the patient’s genetic disability. Certainly there is a risk that unintended genetic changes could produce negative side-effects. However, for patients who are willing to take that risk, gene therapy can be effective.

I was amazed to find that genetic engineers and gene therapists have proven beyond any doubt that viruses alter DNA in living cells.

Combining how viruses are involved in horizontal gene transfer with Dr. Lanka’s obliteration of virology, it’s clear that viruses don’t cause diseases. Instead, viruses offer natural therapeutic genetic updates that drive evolution amongst all living organisms. Genes govern the chemical processes used by cells and bacteria to produce living tissue and the energy needed for life to prosper. When toxins interfere with vital biochemical processes, viruses are formed and shared to update the DNA and RNA that govern those processes.

Once I learned about horizontal gene transfer and how the idea is seventy years old, I wondered why I hadn’t heard about it. I watch documentaries about evolution—why don’t they mention horizontal gene transfer? Is dogmatic scientism holding this

discovery back? Horizontal gene transfer is clearly a giant leap forward in our understanding of evolution, and big jumps forward are what dogmatic scientism fiercely resists. Beyond that, the trillions of dollars made on vaccines may be a more important reason to keep the horizontal gene transfer hidden.

I asked a 20 year old if she learned about horizontal gene transfer in high school biology. She said that the teacher mentioned it but explained that it changes evolution too much so they continue teaching the antiquated Neo-Darwinian theory.

With horizontal gene transfer understood, my intuition helped me see how viruses are involved in healing human beings who are harmed by higher levels of electro-smog. First, a new source of human-made electro-smog bombards people's cells. That disrupts vital electrochemical processes that occur in our cells to cause flu-like symptoms. Human cells respond by producing natural gene therapy viruses. As the viruses spread throughout the body and pass to other people, our DNA evolves to cope with the electro-smog.

This is similar to how bacteria produce viruses to become immune to antibiotics. However, in this case, the toxins include human-made electro-smog plus the Sun's natural electro-smog. Additionally, air pollution can make influenza more debilitating.

Regardless of all the factors, the viruses produced contain genetic updates to heal from the ailment we call influenza. Our cells dispatch the therapeutic viruses to evolve other cells' DNA. Each cell that receives a virus changes its DNA, produces copies of the virus, and disperses those copies to other cells. Obviously, the therapeutic viral update is passed on to more cells.

To extend the process beyond one person's body, coughing and sneezing launches some viruses into the atmosphere so other people and even other animals can benefit from the therapeutic virus. Eventually, when the viruses deliver their genetic update to everyone, herd immunity is achieved.

Thus, viruses are helping us overcome the harmful effects of invisible electro-smog produced by new devices which include cell phones, cell towers, Wi-Fi routers, radio towers, and so on.

Since electromagnetic radiation is invisible, it's easily ignored. However, when viruses show up in conjunction with flu symptoms, germ theorists mistakenly presume those viruses cause the flu symptoms based on an erroneous contagion model. Meanwhile, the invisible but destructive electro-smog is ignored.

When virologists claim the viruses are causing the illness, that's like claiming firefighters started the fire. Just because firefighters are found at most fires doesn't mean they cause the fires. We know those heroes arrive to put out fires.

Just as firefighters appear to put out fires, viruses emerge when illnesses take hold. The viruses offer natural gene therapy to heal us via horizontal gene transfer transduction. Meanwhile, more than 1000 peer-reviewed scientific studies show that invisible electro-smog causes biological damage. Hence, the electro-smog is the cause and the virus is the cure.

Remarkably, Steiner's 1919 claim was reasonably accurate. He proposed that radio waves caused the Spanish Flu and that insult provoked the body to produce the virus to detoxify itself. Rather than detoxifying the body, the virus offers a genetic adaptation to work around the toxin. Thus, Steiner was essentially correct—the virus helps us heal from the radio wave caused flu.

Conversely, the popular misconception that viruses infect organisms and hijack cellular machinery to reproduce themselves is impossible. Hijacking requires activity, which an inanimate particle isn't capable of doing. Instead, viruses are passive components of the horizontal gene transfer system. Cells and bacteria actively produce and share viruses to adaptively evolve all living organisms when changing environmental conditions warrant corresponding genetic updates.

Despite how sensible that is, the impossible theory that viruses hijack cellular machinery is being promoted in schools and the media. It's amazing how gullible we humans are. Just like most people, I believed that fallacious theory for most of my life. However, by following my intuitive guidance I found the true science of viruses and assembled that information to present it here. While researching all of that, a question came up in my

mind: How are natural viral gene therapies formulated? In other words, who's the genius formulating the DNA or RNA that's contained in a natural virus?

Genetic engineers and gene therapists do loads of research to determine what DNA or RNA will produce the result they seek.

For example, to make a plant drought-resistant, genetic engineers begin by researching genes that provide drought resistance in existing plants. Then they insert those genes into viruses and inject those viruses into the target plant. Finally, the horizontal gene transfer mechanism updates the plant DNA.

If the engineers do their job well, the plant will become drought-resistant. However, if the chosen genetic update doesn't work, the engineer can try a different genetic modification. Eventually, the genes that produce drought resistance can be used to improve the target plant's ability to survive a drought.

So I wondered, who plays the genetic engineer's role in nature? Indeed, the viral update must be designed by an impressive consciousness with extensive knowledge of genetics, chemistry, biology, electromagnetic radiation, etc. My Soul intuitively advised me that a portion of the One formless consciousness residing at the foundation of reality is formulating natural genetic therapies that are delivered via viruses.

Instead of considering the One's role in such mysteries, scientists who believe that reality is based on matter look for a mechanism. Used in this way "mechanism" is metaphorically implying that a physical process is involved, but that's misleading. Instead, a brilliant creative consciousness must be formulating genetic updates contained in natural viruses. How else could viruses contain the genes needed to regain health?

Surely, viruses expose a metaphysical phenomenon. But sadly, many scientists refuse to consider a consciousness-based reality. By ignoring the presence of consciousness at the foundation of reality, the actual role of viruses is difficult to accept and impossible to explain.

This brings to light an important case in which an accurate understanding of reality requires us to place consciousness at the foundation of the Universe. Beyond that, the astral realm needs to be included as a parallel realm. Without those fundamental changes, science will not be able to answer questions like: Where do we go when we die? How do viruses heal us? Where do genius ideas come from?

Thus, scientists need to let go of their matter-based view of reality and embrace a consciousness-based perspective.

As for virology, it's not even a science. At best, it's a misunderstanding, at worst a scam used by greedy psychopaths to make billions of dollars while harming billions of people.

One final point regarding viral horizontal gene transfer—for the genetic update to be passed down to future generations, the DNA in male sperm, and female eggs—our chromosomes—must be updated. That occurs in some cases, but not in others.

Getting back to recent events, I feel guided to discuss some of the recent pandemic's practical issues. For instance, many people wonder why influenza tends to strike in the winter.

We all know that the winter is when people spend much more time inside their homes, offices, and other indoor spaces. Unfortunately, indoor spaces are inherently toxic. According to NASA, indoor air is up to 100 times more toxic than outdoor air. This elevated toxicity emerges from the off-gassing of toxins from carpets, varnishes, paints, plastics, clothing, upholstery, and so on. On top of those chemical pollutants, electro-smog comes from electric wires in walls, light fixtures, dimmers, battery chargers, Wi-Fi, Bluetooth, cellphones, portable phones, and other electronic devices. All of these indoor toxins combine to harm people who remain indoors during the winter.

Although numerous toxins may exist outside, enclosed spaces get up to 100 times more toxic because indoor toxins increase the background toxicity found in the air outside of the building.

Indeed, there are exceptional cases. For example, when a nearby volcano erupts and emits tremendous air pollution and

ash, that makes the outside atmosphere more toxic. Still, those cases are very rare and usually short-lived. Normally, the local atmosphere remains consistently polluted, making outdoor air the baseline of air quality for a given location. Then, additional indoor toxins increase indoor air pollution as much as 100 times more than the outdoor air. According to NASA, this is true in New York City as well as the wild mountains of Montana.

It's possible to purify indoor air with house plants or air purification systems. However, few use purifiers or keep enough indoor plants. NASA recommends one house plant for every one hundred square feet of indoor space. Unfortunately, electro-smog isn't removed by air purification.

In addition to staying indoors during the winter, less sunlight causes a decrease in vitamin D levels. Low vitamin D makes people more susceptible to electro-smog and chemical toxins that cause flu-like symptoms.

When considering New Zealand and its low death rates during the crisis, I discovered that government instituted a publicly funded vitamin D supplementation program for elder care homes in 2011. Beyond that program, vitamin D is promoted for use by everyone in New Zealand. These nutritional supplementation programs insured protection for the vulnerable elders who account for most of the deaths. For example, as of June 30, 2021, CDC data showed that 80 percent of people who died from the dreaded flu-like disease in the US were over 65 years old. So, by encouraging all their citizens and especially elders to use vitamin D, very few people died in New Zealand.

When dealing with electro-smog, location is a primary factor. Being near cell towers, radio transmitters, high tension power lines, or industrial activities increases the levels of electro-smog that can pass through homes' walls. That's why influenza deaths are more prevalent in cities with high cell tower density and less common in towns with less coverage. Studies have also found that people who live close to radio and cell towers have higher disease rates. In contrast, those who live further away are healthier.

The power of electro-smog radiation decreases exponentially as one moves further away from the antenna. Moving twice as far away cuts the radiation to one-fourth. This is why, handheld devices like cellphones and tablets are so hazardous. Technicians who work on towers face greater danger due to the high power levels. Still, for most normal people, our cellphones, tablets, pads, and laptops are dangerously close to our bodies. Using Ethernet cables instead of Wi-Fi eliminates that electro-smog, offering real health improvements. When carried close to one's body, phones should be placed on airplane mode. They can be checked periodically for messages, but keeping them on when in your pocket, purse, fanny pack, or backpack is very harmful.

By using an EMF meter to measure radiation levels I became more aware of how to protect myself. Out in the country where I live, with my phone off or on airplane mode, the background radiation measures $0.008\mu\text{W}/\text{m}^2$. When I turn my phone on and place the meter right next to my Samsung S9+, peaks over $300,000\mu\text{W}/\text{m}^2$ are recorded. A few feet away from the phone the maximum peaks drop to $10,000\mu\text{W}/\text{m}^2$. When placing my meter next to a new iPhone I've recorded peaks as high as $2,700,000\mu\text{W}/\text{m}^2$. In town where there are cell towers nearby the meter registers peaks of $15,000\mu\text{W}/\text{m}^2$. Next to a cordless home phone I measured $1,000,000\mu\text{W}/\text{m}^2$.

Soon it became very clear that putting wireless devices close to my body would expose me to very high levels of electro-smog. On the other hand, being out in the country where cell phones just barely work, the radiation is almost zero ($0.008\mu\text{W}/\text{m}^2$) when no devices are nearby. Clearly towns and cities have higher levels of electro-smog, but the highest levels I've measured so far are right next to cellphones and cordless home phones.

Based on all of that, I got some ethernet cables and wired my computer and my smart TV the old fashion way. WiFi was introduced in 1997 so it's only 25 years old. Before that everyone used ethernet cables to access the internet. Now, with no WiFi in my little cabin, my meter measures $0.008\mu\text{W}/\text{m}^2$. After spending two days at home, the ringing in my ears goes away. But if I go into town the ringing returns. Tinnitus is a neurological disease.

A landline telephone with a corded handset is safe, but it's best to get one that has a speakerphone option.

There are challenges with smart TVs because most have bluetooth controllers or they keep looking for WiFi even when plugged into an ethernet cable. I have a Vizio that uses an inferred remote control and it doesn't look for WiFi when I plug in an ethernet cable. Fortunately, ethernet cables provide faster service that's more reliable and harder to hack making the ethernet internet connection better than WiFi.

Since most routers don't have a physical switch to turn the WiFi signals off, they need to be turned off via an ethernet cable with a physically connected device. To connect to modern laptops, tablets, phones, and other devices, you usually need an adapter that converts from ethernet to USB, USB c, or Apple's proprietary Lightning style connector. There's an example shown on the left.



Plug an ethernet cable into one of the ethernet receptacles that can be found on your router and insert the other end into your device using an adaptor if needed. Next, access the router using the internet browser that you use to access the internet. On the side or bottom of the router you'll find an internet address that you can type into the browser address line. Once you hit go or the return button you will be asked for a password. The password is located on the router near the internet address. Once you're logged into the router, poke around to find where you can turn off the 2.4 Gigahertz signal and the 5.0 Gigahertz signal.

To make sure you successfully turned the signals off, use your device to see if your WiFi is still showing up. If your router doesn't show up, you have successfully turned the WiFi off. Turn your device's WiFi off and try to access something else with your browser using the wired device. You may find that it loads faster than normal because ethernet is often faster than WiFi. As long as the Bluetooth and WiFi features of your device are turned off it won't try to find WiFi or Bluetooth signals.

Finally, you can use an “ethernet switch” to turn one ethernet cable into several ethernet receptacles. An ethernet switch is a little box that has several ethernet receptacles. If you plug one end of a cable into the router and the other end into an ethernet switch box all the other ethernet receptacles can be used to connect additional devices. The switch box has a power adaptor that must be plugged into a household electrical outlet to give the box the power it needs to coordinate the internet access for all the connected devices.

Now you can access the internet without getting cancer, neurological damage, or reproductive complications.

Another issue is how large groups of people have been linked to more influenza cases. Germ theorists claim that those examples support the viral contagion myth. What’s ignored is the fact that people attending gatherings keep cellphones in their pockets, purses, fanny packs, and backpacks. Each phone can emit up to two watts of electro-smog to communicate with cell towers, Wi-Fi routers, and Bluetooth devices. Thus, a large group of people carrying active cellphones can collectively produce very high levels of toxic electro-smog in public gatherings.

For instance, in a typical stadium with 30,000 people in attendance, as much as 60,000 watts of electro-smog could be produced by spectators’ cellphones. That’s clearly enough to cause health problems in people who are sensitive to electro-smog. That’s how cellphones brought to events by spectators are able to produce additional cases of influenza.

Another curious situation involves ships at sea. The ship-to-shore communication system and radar produce high levels of electro-smog. Those powerful devices, along with the passengers’ cell phone radiation, permeate the vessel to cause influenza while out to sea, explaining high rates of the recent flu onboard ships.

People need to place their phones on airplane mode with Wi-Fi and Bluetooth turned off to end the pandemic. Unfortunately, the media isn’t sharing that vital message.

Rather than warning people about the danger of cell phones, health authorities suggest using hand sanitizer at the cash

register where people handle receipts. This hand washing is intended to remove viruses that are thought to cause disease even though they actually offer herd immunity via horizontal gene transfer. What's ironic about this hand washing is explained in the title of a 2014 study:

“Holding Thermal Receipt Paper and Eating Food after Using Hand Sanitizer Results in High Serum Bioactive and Urine Total Levels of Bisphenol A (BPA)”

Source: journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0110509

It turns out, typical thermal receipts used in modern cash registers are coated with powdered bisphenol A (BPA) or bisphenol S (BPS). These chemical cousins are commonly found in plastics, food and beverage can linings, and other consumer products. They mimic estrogen and have been linked to increased cancer susceptibility, impaired brain and neurological functions, early puberty, obesity, and reproductive system abnormalities. So, why are so-called health authorities not telling us about this?

Although a few businesses have dealt with this issue, most continue to use toxic receipts, as reported in an online article by Leah Segedie from October 2020 (www.mamavation.com/activism/target-bans-bpa-receipts.html).

Just as the leaders of Western medicine tend to ignore toxins, they also ignore the fact that virology is dead! It died in April of 2021 when Dr. Lanka proved the method used to claim viruses cause disease is unscientific and proves nothing. By performing the negative control experiment and finding that it produced the same results as the virus containing experiments, Dr. Lanka discredited all claims that viruses cause disease.

Massive PR campaigns use propaganda to keep virology alive even though it has been formally debunked. The popular idea that viruses cause disease has become so widely accepted that even scientists who study horizontal gene transfer presume that some viruses are pathogenic while most are beneficial.

Despite that misunderstanding, there are mountains of evidence showing virology is bogus. One of the best books on that

subject is *Virus Mania: How the Medical Industry Continually Invents Epidemics, Making Billion-Dollar Profits at Our Expense*, by Torsten Engelbrecht, Dr. Clause Kohnlein, Dr. Samantha Bailey, and Dr. Stefano Scoglio.

To properly educate myself on viruses, I read 20 books and investigated additional information online. Since I'm not as indoctrinated into the germ theory as doctors are, and because I had a lot of free time on my hands, I was able to follow my intuition to find well documented unorthodox information that is shunned by the scientism cult. Being open minded and open-hearted, I was able to change my perspective.

All the researchers who I have found proposing that viruses don't cause diseases, claim that viruses don't exist, but are simply debris. However, horizontal gene transfer clearly reveals that viruses do exist. Miraculously, viruses participate in the most important evolutionary process, a natural system of lateral gene sharing that evolves living organisms through out our lives!

One final issue regarding vaccines is the fact that toxic adjuvants are added to intentionally make them poisonous. With mercury, aluminum, or some other toxic adjuvant added to these inoculations an immune response is triggered by the toxin. We are told that this immune response indicates that the person's immune system is now better prepared to fight against the so-called "pathogenic" virus. However, if the vaccine simply contained the virus, or an "attenuated version of the virus", then no immune response would take place. That's because viruses are not actually enemies of living organisms. Instead, as I have thoroughly explained earlier, viruses are beneficial messengers delivering genetic updates that help us evolve to cope with environmental challenges like electro-smog and other toxins.

Conversely, the toxins injected into a person bypass the body's defenses causing adverse reactions. With more toxic vaccines being injected into children, 2 back in 1980 and 72 today, it's not surprising that childhood disorders have become epidemic. Hence it's prudent to avoid those toxins entirely.

Given all the unhealthy misinformation pushed by governments, mega-corporations, and mainstream media, combined with additional activities like the installation of millions of 5G antennae, appears to be intended to cull the population. I can't find any other explanation.

Thus, a global transitional chapter into a new era seems to be taking place.

Since viruses and electro-smog are invisible to the naked eye, reality is becoming blurry and muddled, partly because it's so difficult to separate accurate facts from malicious propaganda. Additionally, sources of information are either compromised or censored. What seemed false yesterday is becoming true today and vice versa. With so much uncertainty, we must open our hearts and follow the inner guidance that emerges from within.

When it comes to medical advice, I'm not a doctor, therefore you and your doctor, or you and the Superconscious-Soul in your heart must take responsibility for your health choices.

I'm being guided to believe that it's healthiest for me to breathe fresh outdoor air containing natural therapeutic viruses that provide herd immunity. Placing my cell phone on airplane mode and living in the country are choices that I'm finding healthy. I also find hugging, laughing, and enjoying life to be very healthy activities.

Unfortunately, the tyrannical ruling class is suppressing those sorts of healthy activities and imposing illness causing guidelines, like sheltering inside, wearing masks, avoiding intimate human contact, and absorbing BPA and BPS by washing with hand sanitizer at the cash register. These guidelines will most likely make people more prone to illnesses, keep them ill longer, and extend the flu season to harm more people. Is that a hidden goal? It does seem to be intentional.

Viewing the lockdown guidelines from a different perspective, those guidelines are increasing human individuality. Antisocial distancing, sheltering at home, and wearing masks separate us more than ever before. That increased separation fits with

Steiner's claim that the divisive process will become more divisive until the ascension/inheritance event occurs.

Going beyond influenza, in *The Invisible Rainbow*, Firstenberg shows that all the leading diseases are significantly influenced by electro-smog. Before we harnessed electricity, heart disease, cancer, diabetes, neurological ailments, declining fertility, and other modern illness were rare. For example, in the 1800s, doctors encountered just one or two patients with diabetes in their entire medical career. Cancer and heart disease were also very rare. Now, these diseases are the most common causes of premature death. Firstenberg provides data linking all these diseases to electricity and electro-smog.

With disease rates increasing, I wondered how did life expectancy rise from forty years old 200 years ago to nearly eighty years old today? My investigation found how that myth is based on a misinterpretation of the life expectancy statistic. To straighten that out, I looked up infant mortality rates for the US in 1820. Before modern medicine used incubators and other heroic measures to keep sickly newborns alive, half of the infants born in the US during 1820 died at birth or soon after.

Despite that, the people who survived infancy lived lives as long as people do today. With half of the people born in 1820 dying at zero years old, the other half must have lived to an average age of eighty. A 50-percent rate of deaths at birth skews the eighty-year lifespans for people who survived infancy to arrive at a forty-year life expectancy. Thus, the statistical calculation cut the actual length of life for adults in half.

In other words, people have always been living to around eighty years old; however, in the old days, many infants died at birth, lowering the statistical life expectancy to forty.

To ground this in reality, I recalled reading about four famous places where people still live simple old-fashioned lives. As you may recall, I finished reading John Robins', *Healthy at One Hundred*, on a flight to Seattle in 2007. The four cultures he discusses are located in the Hunza Valley in the Himalayan Mountains of Pakistan, Vilcabamba in the Andes of Ecuador, the

Okinawa Islands of Japan, and Abkhazia in the Caucasus Mountains south of Russia in Eastern Europe.

In all cases, these people maintained old-fashioned lifestyles growing their food using simple hand tools. All these communities are primarily vegetarian. The three located in mountainous regions consume only 2 percent animal products, consisting of mostly goat yogurt. The Okinawans eat 10 percent fish and a substantial amount of tofu, making their diet unique. Indeed, these diets and the outdoor exercise required to grow their food in household gardens and extensive orchards must help them live long, healthy lives, often passing 100 years old.

Miraculously, these isolated folks rarely get sick or develop chronic diseases. One evening an elder will be visiting with friends and family, then the following morning, they'll fail to wake up. No chronic ailment or severe degeneration occurs. Instead, these people live long, healthy lives, and one night they pass over to the Heavens.

What's so different about these people is that they live in locations where industrialization hasn't developed.

Unfortunately, after World War II, the US military invaded Okinawa and set up bases along with bringing fast-food restaurants, electronics, electro-smog, and chemical pollution. Consequently, the new generations of Okinawans are getting sick and dying. Meanwhile, some great-grandparents are outliving young people who eat fast food and use cellphones, Wi-Fi, etc.

Fortunately, the other three remote locations remain much less affected by civilization's poisonous industries, toxic food, and debilitating medical practices making those natural settings examples of how vigorously healthy humans can be when living far from civilization and our biologically harmful industries.

Given these four outposts of natural living with adults living to be more than 100 years old, the claim that people lived to just forty years old before modern medicine was introduced is clearly a myth created by misrepresenting statistics. The unmitigated truth has always been that folks who live simple, natural lives are more healthy than civilized people despite medicine.

In addition to their long and healthy lives, simple, natural people have become well-known for their unparalleled happiness. Visitors consistently claim that these old-fashioned village folks are the happiest people in the world. Investigators agree that their health and happiness are enhanced by their daily social activities, involving tea, conversation, and joyful play with the children. Their especially low-stress lifestyles are certainly key ingredients that offer such notable longevity.

Conversely, the most technologically advanced cultures are facing the highest rates of depression and suicide. This horrible pandemic is increasing along with technological advancement. Excessive depression and suicide are especially prevalent in people who spend lots of time playing video games and/or focusing on social media. Ironically, these playful, interactive activities are actually antisocial. In the long-run call interacting with devices leaves people feeling isolated rather than connected. Additionally, the wireless devices used to engage in many alienating activities are poisoning the participants with electro-smog, which increases depression and ill health.

Luckily, I wasn't drawn to arcades when I was young, and I never felt interested in video games when they emerged. Instead, my inner guidance led me to explore nature. Even though I attended aristocratic balls and other fancy affairs for a few years, simple living and country gatherings won my heart. I'm deeply grateful to everyone who helped me connect with Mother Nature.

Even though I was a software developer for many years, I didn't own a home computer until I began writing, books and articles, just fourteen years ago. During those years of sharing what I've learned through writing, I've lived off the grid but not very far away from it. To search the internet without WiFi electro-smog, I use ethernet cables to access the internet.

While living in my cabin, I keep my screen windows and doors open. The fresh air, birds, bees, and rustling trees rock me in a cradle of naturally peaceful sounds. When I look out my screen windows, I see trade winds gently moving the beautiful plants that grow all around my home. Coconuts, apple and

plantain bananas, Tahitian and Kaffir limes, Meyer lemons, lemon grass, curry leaf, papaya, breadfruit, jackfruit, Jamaican velvet passion fruit, mangos, Hawai'ian pumpkin, Hawai'ian hot peppers, four varieties of guava, white pineapples, and many other foods grow abundantly just outside my cabin door. The spectacular abundance of Mother Nature fills me with a deep sense of eternal security.

Are you feeling an urge to connect with nature more than you already have? Do you feel peace, happiness, and childlike wonder when you explore wild places? Maybe you're living in a reasonably natural place. If you aren't, you may feel inspired to move to a more natural setting. If so, I encourage you to follow your heart to engage Mother Nature more intimately.

As the empires of civilization become more tyrannical, dangerous, deranged, and debouched, the alternative of natural healthy country living becomes more inviting than ever before.

Drum circles, sunsets, campfires, full moon gatherings, wilderness adventures, and walks in the countryside are healthy activities that open our hearts and fill us with fresh air. Simple living close to nature fills us with joy and vibrant health. In Japan visiting forests to bath in the healing environment is called Shinrin-yoku. The natural setting helps to cleanse the mind and spirit of negative thoughts and emotions. Forests enhance our senses, rejuvenate our minds and bodies as they strengthen our natural self-healing abilities.

With our hearts open and cradled in the bosom of nature, life is filled with joy. Meanwhile, our Souls arrange miraculous blessings keeping life remarkably interesting, graceful and delightfully magical.

Chapter 36

The Sluggish Nature of Science

Most of the books I read in 2020 and 2021 were about biology. However, one book was different: Professor Gerald H. Pollack's *The Fourth Phase of Water: Beyond Solid, Liquid, and Vapor*. What Pollack reveals about water could be the most significant scientific discovery of this century.

With a master's of science from MIT, I presumed I knew most of what there was to know about water. Surely all the important discoveries about water must have been made already, right? Actually, wrong! Pollack begins his book by listing nineteen features of water that science hadn't explained.

As you may know, water is the most common substance on the surface of the Earth. Our human bodies are 60 percent water by volume. So, how could scientists leave nineteen characteristics of the most essential substance in the world unexplained?

These are some examples of mysterious water characteristics:

Wet versus dry sand—why does wet sand stick together?

Gelatins can be 99.95 percent water, so how do they remain firm?

Why is ice so slippery?

Why does warm water freeze faster than cold water?

Why do clouds form clumps?

Why is ice less dense than liquid water?

Surprisingly, Pollack's discovery of a liquid crystal phase of water enabled him to provide convincing explanations for all nineteen features of water that had escaped scientific explanation until 2013 when Pollack published his book.

Gratefully, Pollack wrote his book for a general audience, making his brilliant discovery accessible to most English-

speaking people. There are also many YouTube videos with Pollack sharing his discovery.

What startles me even more than Pollack's discovery is how ignorant science has been regarding water, the most essential substance for life. Furthermore, Pollack's remarkable discovery remains obscure eight years later.

Why is science so sluggish?

In the preface of his book, Pollack discusses the challenging politics and roadblocks encountered by research scientists who think outside of the box. Pollack explains,

“Challenging convention is not a bed of roses, I assure you. You might think that members of the scientific establishment would warmly embrace fresh approaches that throw new light on old thinking, but mostly they do not. Fresh approaches challenge the prevailing wisdom. Scientists carrying the flag are apt to react defensively, for any such challenge threatens their standing. Consequently, the challenger's path can be treacherous—replete with dangers turns and littered with formidable obstacles.”

What Pollack discovered is that the fourth phase of water is a liquid crystal phase that contains positive and negative electrical charges with enough voltage to illuminate a lightbulb! This fourth phase of water is found inside living cells, making it critical for a clear understanding of biology.

Infrared EMR provides the energy needed for normal water to crystallize into the fourth liquid crystal phase. Hence, biological hydration requires infrared EMR energy. With EMR included in the process of biological hydration, and because electro-smog is EMR, electro-smog must affect our health. Novel research based on this fourth phase of water could uncover how electro-smog causes illnesses in living organisms. Still, this monumental discovery remains mostly ignored.

The electrons required to produce the negative charge in liquid crystal water can be sourced from the Earth when walking barefoot. Pollack points out how this means that barefoot walking is healthy, and he suggests walking barefoot daily.

I've been barefoot for more than six years and feel healthier now that I'm more intimately connected to Mother Earth. I noticed I don't need to drink as much water as I did when I wore shoes. Pollack's discovery reveals how the Earth's electrons may be responsible for that change. Grounding by going barefoot is something a growing number of people are choosing. There are additional health benefits to barefoot living, such as better posture, increased strength of core muscles, and lower impacts on joints from our ankles all the way up to our necks.

With Pollack's discovery of electrically charged liquid crystal water, scientists have an opportunity to explain how unexpectedly low levels of electro-smog signals are detrimental to living organisms. Unfortunately, that will only happen if industrial sponsors fund research to explore the biological effects of electro-smog. With psychopaths holding the purse strings, those power-hungry lunatics determine what gets funded and what doesn't. Beyond that, these folks also own the media, giving them control of the most potent propaganda distribution system ever devised. To expand their reach, popular media offers internet access in addition to airwave and cable access.

It's common to notice how money can provide opportunities, because it does in many cases. However, in a money-based society, the absence of funding can eliminate opportunities. When research could expose the toxicity of booming industries, it's not funded. By keeping toxins untested, industries that produce and use poisons can continue operating. That's how withholding money blocks opportunities that would expose the detrimental health effects caused by toxins.

Historical examples of disease-causing toxins include tobacco, asbestos, Teflon, Johnston & Johnston baby powder, and Roundup. In all of those industries companies internally discovered that their products caused cancer or contained cancer-causing ingredients. Then, in each case, they hid their findings for more than thirty years, lying to their customers and workers, claiming their products were safe. All the while, they knew the products were carcinogenic. Eventually, internal documents were revealed in court.

In all those cases, class-action law suites found the manufacturers guilty. The most recent case involving Roundup awarded \$10.2 billion to the victims of five different types of cancer. On top of that, several researchers are claiming that excessive Roundup use appears to cause numerous chronic issues involving digestive disorders and neurological damage.

Other harmful products include GMO crops, Wi-Fi, tablets, iPads, and baby monitors; the most harmful may be cellphones and other so-called smart devices.

The Deloitte Center for Technology, Media & Telecommunications published a new report finding that the average American household contains twenty-five wireless devices (www2.deloitte.com/content/dam/insights/articles/6978_TMT-Connectivity-and-mobile-trends/DI_TMT-Connectivity-and-mobile-trends.pdf).

Examples of these devices include smart phones, iPads, Kindles, Wi-Fi modems and routers, range extenders, wireless computers, wireless printers, wireless keyboards, wireless mice, wireless speakers, wireless headphones and earpieces, wireless garage door openers, wireless door locks, wireless doorbells, wireless baby monitors, wireless surveillance cameras, Wi-Fi video cameras, Wi-Fi digital photo frames, smart thermometers, smart thermostats, smart yoga mats, smart indoor lighting, smart security systems, voice controllers, gesture controllers, smart buttons, smart alarm clocks, smart air quality monitors, smart smoke and carbon monoxide detectors, smart navigation systems, connected exercise machines, fitness trackers, sleep trackers, location trackers, blood pressure monitors, heart rate monitors, smart appliances, controllers of smart appliances, iBeacons for home automation, smart ovens, smart irrigation systems, wireless garden sensors, click-and-grow herb gardens, smart grill thermometers, smart sprinkler controllers, smart air conditioners, smart TVs, video streaming devices for TVs, wireless gaming consoles, wireless leak detectors, smart watches, smart bracelets, smart air purifiers, smart home vent systems, remote pet feeders, smart light bulbs, bluetooth-connected espresso machines, and bluetooth-connected cookers.

All these devices produce electro-smog that radiates homeowners, their children, pets, neighbors, birds, bees, and animals. None of these products existed just twenty-five years ago. That's when the US Federal Communications Commission (FCC) adopted the current safety regulations for radio frequencies. Without testing new devices and considering how they are used, the FCC regulations remain unchanged. It's reckless to introduce all of these so-called smart devices without doing any safety testing.

As I found gaping holes in science regarding water, viruses, electro-smog, and consciousness, I realized that an unexpectedly huge amount of science is antiquated. Old theories remain popular because dogmatic scientism is falsely thought to be real science which is an ongoing process, not a set of facts.

Science is defined: "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 presented as incontrovertibly true."

Sadly schools, documentaries, news agencies, and most scientists present popular scientific theories as facts. Then fact-checkers mistakenly proclaim new theories are false. Even when a new theory is closer to the truth than the antiquated popular theory, fact checkers will insist new theories are false.

This dogmatic policing prevents science from being scientific. To progress toward truth old theories must be discarded.

An historic 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 confirming 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, religious 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 hold tightly to what they were taught. Minor adjustments to existing theories are acceptable in scientism. But radical new theories that don't fit scientism's textbooks are opposed.

Obviously, scientism slows scientific progress to a snail's pace, especially in biology and health sciences, where financial priorities also conflict with scientific progress.

Just eighteen months ago, I had the impression that scientists had figured out how most of the material world functions. But the more investigative research I did during the last year and a half, the more I found that mainstream science is often wrong, especially with biology and consciousness. These are the two most important subjects that science ought to get right.

Instead, Kimberly-Clark paid scientists to develop smart Huggies diapers with Bluetooth sensors built into them ignoring how electro-smog is harmful to babies.

Indeed, the explosion of technological innovation is impressive, but what about the biological and environmental impacts of all these new devices? It starts with mining materials, then toxins are used for manufacturing, once sold and used wireless devices emit electro-smog. On top of all of those issues, the psychological effects of computer games and social media is now known to negatively impact our mental health. Have we taken technology too far? Will these new products damage our health? Clearly a more balanced approach would be sensible.

Unfortunately, financial pressures are stronger than most people's commitment to their conscience. As a result, most people turn away from their hearts to compete in a system run by psychopaths. Product safety studies cost money and cut into profits, so who would do them if it's not required?

Western medicine has mostly ignored toxic issues. Meanwhile PR wizards spin stories to keep the money rolling in as toxic medical treatments kill so many people that those iatrogenic deaths are the third major cause of death.

On the other hand, all sorts of costly machinery make hospitals and research labs appear very impressive. Unfortunately, all those tools aren't nearly as helpful as they seem. For example, an electron-microscope can magnify 1 million times, but scanning a biological object kills the organism. Therefore, those powerful scopes can't be used to observe what's taking place while microbes are alive. Modern light microscopes also view dead stained samples and only magnify 2,500 times.

Conversely, Royal Raymond Rife (1888–1971) developed a universal microscope that allowed him to observe living microorganisms at 60,000 times magnification. Later, Gaston Naessens (1924–2018) used a combination of optics and a very clever lighting system to create his somatoscope, which viewed living microorganisms magnified 30,000 times. These scopes enabled Rife and Naessens to see microbial activity that could advance biological science into an entirely new era.

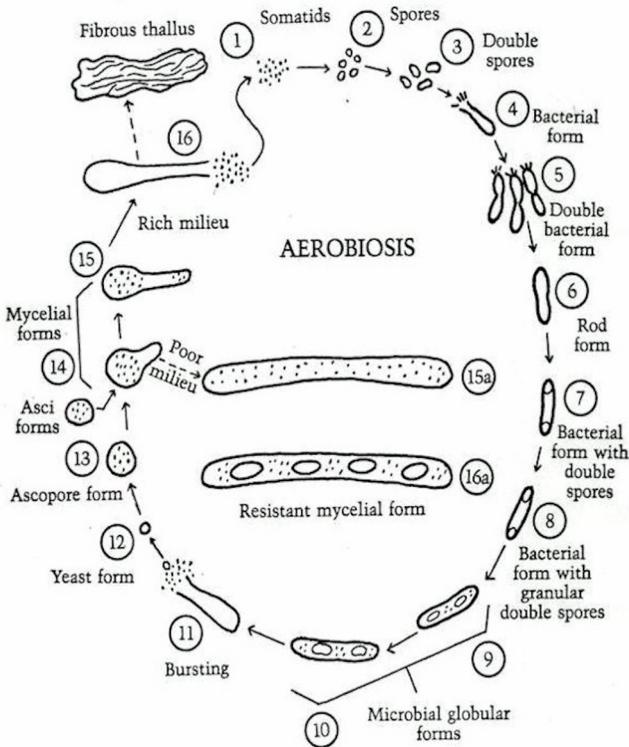
Oddly, scientific observation has been ridiculed by modern scientists. What we observe can be described in a story or anecdote. However, anecdotal evidence can't be quantified numerically which is needed to statistically analyze it. In today's scientific studies, numbers are required. That's because modern science relies on statistical analysis. Therefore, anecdotal evidence is tossed aside by most modern scientists. This has led to the common phrase, "that's just anecdotal" which implies that observations are not useful without numbers to back them up.

Despite that, the classic introduction to science is Sir Isaac Newton's anecdote about an apple falling on his head. The reason for telling that story is to point out that Newton didn't dismiss his observation as an unimportant anecdote; instead he hypothesized that there must be an invisible force drawing the apple toward the Earth. That famous apple incident led to

Newton's law of gravitation. Thus, anecdotal observations lie at the very foundation of classical science.

Most revolutionary science begins with observations that cause scientifically minded people to value what they observe. Without numerical measurements, what was observed is often very important. For example, there is great scientific value to being able to view microbes while alive and magnified sufficiently to see their activities taking place.

Using the universal microscope and the somatoscope to view fresh human blood samples, Rife and Naessens discovered tiny particles that bud into living organisms.



As illustrated above, Naessens mapped out sixteen different forms that these organisms transform into. In a healthy person's blood, only the first three stages are found. In sick people, later stages emerge. The sicker the person is, the further the process proceeds. Upon death, the entire cycle activates to decompose the body, decomposing it into plant fertilizer.

This activity of morphing from one form into multiple other forms is known as polymorphism. To see these transformations taking place in the blood, the sample must be observed over time while the blood-borne organisms are alive.

One would presume that modern scientists are using tools that are even better than Rife's and Naessens' microscopes. Oddly, the scopes found in modern labs can't be used to watch organisms transform from one organism into another. To observe blood samples, modern biologists kill the organisms in the blood, stain them, and then magnify the dead blood organisms just 2,500 times. In school, orthodox biologists are told that the dead remnants of the organisms Rife and Naessens clearly observed, are simply artifacts are to be ignored.

Despite this careless treatment by modern scientists, Antoine Bechamp (1816–1908) Guenther Enderlein (1872–1968), and Wilhelm Reich (1897–1957) also noticed these polymorphic organisms and attempted to share their findings. Bechamp discusses what he found in *The Blood and Its Third Element*. His book was translated into English in 1911 and was recently reprinted in 2017. Sadly, this important aspect of biology has remained hidden to most more than 100 years later.

While these men and others have endeavored to share their discoveries with orthodox biologists for more than 100 years, the mainstream biologists continue to look at dead stained motionless particles. Thus, a clearer view and understanding of biology remains hidden from modern biologists who remain ignorant of these important blood born organisms.

In the book, *Introduction into Darkfield Diagnostics*, the authors discuss the observation of live blood as developed by Professor Guenther Enderlein. Darkfield microscopy is a technique that uses angled illumination to enhance contrast producing a bright image of the specimen on a dark background. The dark background makes features stand out with relatively little effort. Darkfield scopes don't magnify enough to clearly see the tiny particles found at the beginning of the cycle shown on the facing page, still many of the other stages can be seen.

When a properly trained doctor examines blood using a Darkfield scope, they can determine which organisms are present. By combining that with the patient's symptoms a doctor can prescribe the appropriate naturopathic remedies.

In Germany, Sanum Kehlbeck still produces Enderlein's biologic naturopathic remedies. The products are strains of bacteria, fungi, and other substances that restore microbial balance in the body to successfully cure many acute and chronic diseases, including cancers, herpes, candida, AIDS, arthritis, tuberculosis, hemorrhoids, et cetera. Most importantly, the remedies are very safe without any negative side effects. This system is based on the largely ignored blood born organisms.

Another valuable remedy 714X was invented by Naessens. This product is a powerful immune system modulator that cured 750 out of 1,000 cancer patients. This remedy is safe, without negative side effects. It's manufactured in Canada and sold in eighty countries. It has also been used to cure AIDS and multiple sclerosis. Naessens explains how it revitalizes the immune system so the body can heal itself.

For more information read, *The Persecution and Trial of Gaston Naessens* by Christopher Bird. Or check these links:

<https://www.faim.org/gaston-naessens-and-714x>

<https://www.cerbe.com/>

I found Bird's book incredibly informative and eye-opening. The Canadian Medical Protective Association lied in the trial hoping to keep 714X off the market. Despite their lies, Naessens' supporters showed up from around the world to testify on his behalf. The book also exposes how the medical industry places profit ahead of health. Most importantly it provides details of how 714X works, be sure to read the appendices.

To successfully use the aforementioned alternative remedies, the doctor instructs the patient to adopt a healthy diet consisting of organically grown whole plant based food which excludes all processed foods, white flour, refined sugar, etc.

Because these health-promoting remedies are relatively cheap and actually address the cause, the trillion-dollar medical

industry has ruthlessly suppressed these competing products. Thus, financial pressures to increase profits prevent the medical industry from supporting health promoting alternatives like healthy diets, supplements, and the products discussed herein.

While the germ theory is well known, an alternate terrain theory has remained hidden from most despite how both theories are more than 150 years old. Claude Bernard (1813–1878) introduced the terrain theory, then Antoine Bechamp (1816–1908) developed it further. Despite strong suppression of the terrain theory, it was further advanced by brilliant independent researchers, including Guenther Enderlein, Wilhelm Reich, Royal Raymond Rife, and Gaston Naessens.

The terrain theory is quite sensible. It claims that the “terrain” or internal environment of the body determines our health. The quality of the terrain is affected by toxins, nutrition, emotional stress, and inherited predisposition. These factors determine an individual’s susceptibility to disease. Proper nutrition, clean water, fresh air, exercise, and a low-stress lifestyle keep our bodies healthy. Conversely, excess toxins, poor nutrition, and emotional stress can overwhelm the body’s regulatory systems. That tipping point depends on the individual and their genetic makeup.

When a person’s body arrives at a weakened state, the organisms that have been found to reside in the blood (illustrated earlier) morph into destructive forms. When death arrives, these organisms are responsible for decomposing the body. Meanwhile, toxins, malnutrition, and excess stress can place the body or a particular organ in a state that is death-like. That’s when the polymorphic organisms shown earlier transform into aggressive forms. Rather than infecting people from outside as the germ theory claims, these researchers found that the organisms emerge from within our blood.

Rudolf Virchow, the father of the germ theory reversed his opinion when he lamented, “If I could live my life over again, I would devote it to proving that germs seek their natural habitat—diseased tissues—rather than causing disease.”

Louis Pasteur, the leading proponent of the germ theory at the end of the 1800s recanted his position on his deathbed, “Bernard is right . . . the terrain is everything! The microbe is nothing!” In other words, invading germs do not cause disease; rather, a body’s weakened terrain allows disease to occur.

Sadly, these key admissions that the germ theory is wrong have been ignored. Instead, the germ theory is still thought to be correct by most physicians and biologists.

Back in the late 1800s, germ theorists imagined that our bodies were sterile. They claimed our immune system identifies intruder germs and defeats them to keep our body completely free of bacteria and viruses. That view remained popular until the 1980s when biologists discovered that billions of bacteria reside in the guts of perfectly healthy human bodies.

Obviously, the original germ theory was fundamentally flawed. Despite how far from reality that theory was, modern germ theorists made adjustments to the germ theory, hoping to fix the flaws. What remains hidden from modern biologists are the polymorphic organisms in the blood. Until they include those internal organisms in their view of biology, they won’t be able to truly understand the real causes of disease.

Rather than becoming infected by external germs, everyone’s blood contains organisms that are capable of decomposing the entire body. That’s what the pleomorphic organisms do when a person dies and their body is left to decompose naturally. Despite that, if a dead body is preserved using highly toxic embalming fluid, the organisms are killed keeping the corpse intact.

Indeed, there is a wide spectrum that ranges from tip-top health to dead. When malnutrition, toxins, and/or stress disrupt electrochemical process that occur in our cells, the organisms hidden in the blood can morph into aggressive critters that consume injured or malfunctioning cells. Even cells damaged by toxins can be consumed by the more aggressive forms of the blood-borne organisms. White blood cells assist by consuming the debris and transporting them to the colon where the toxic waste is discharged as feces making our poop toxic to humans.

Because germ theorists aren't aware of the polymorphic organisms that reside in our blood, they mistakenly think an internal infection has erupted. Despite that diagnosis, what's actually happening is a natural immune response to remove malfunctioning cells and restore health. The aggressive attack on living cells occurs because those cells are toxic or malfunctioning, possibly cancerous. Because doctors aren't trained in the effects that toxins and malnutrition have on the body, they blame external germs based on the germ theory they are taught.

On the other hand, terrain theorists use remedies that assist the natural processes, helping the magnificent human body to heal naturally and return to homeostasis—a relatively stable equilibrium between the interdependent elements as maintained by physiological processes.

The terrain theory approach focuses on general health with the understanding that healthy bodies don't get sick. Terrain medicine practitioners are also aware of how poor nutrition, toxins, and/or stress provoke disease to emerge from within.

Despite all of that, dirt left in a wound can cause an infection. In such a case topical antibiotics can be used successfully. However, internal antibiotics may disrupt the bodies immune system that remains misunderstood by orthodox medicine.

Even though infections can and do occur, the terrain theory claims that serious diseases develop in a human body that has been harmed by malnutrition, toxins, and/or emotional stress. To heal from serious diseases diet, environmental toxins, and our state of mind are the key issues that need to be considered. Unfortunately, modern medical schools teach doctors very little about diet, toxins, and stress. Instead, doctors are trained to identify symptoms and use tests to determine what medication to prescribe. Thus, doctors are trained to be sales representatives for toxic drug manufacturers.

Enderlein's remedies and Naessens' 714X help restore normal healthy functioning to the entire body without using toxic drugs. For example, according to Naessens, 714X unclogs the lymph system. That system distributes white blood cells that remove

toxic debris. When the lymph slows or stops, toxicity builds causing cells to malfunctioning. Those cells may become tumors and even cancer. By unclogging the lymph system with 714x healing proceeds naturally. Even cancer can naturally disappear.

Conversely, excessive antibiotics and other toxic drugs can compound the problem by increasing toxicity. In extreme cases toxic medications cause patients to die.

Bechamp named the tiniest blood-borne particles microzymas in the late 1800s, Royal Raymond Rife called them polymorphic particles in 1920, Wilhelm Reich labeled them bions in 1930, and Gaston Naessens came up with the name somatids in 1959. In all cases, these scientists watched these tiny particles bud and morph into many different forms, depending on the condition of the body's cells. Since they all created their own names for the organisms, it seems they were not aware of each other.

All these men were described as brilliant geniuses by many scientists who open-mindedly examined their work and peered through their powerful microscopes. Could they all be wrong? Because their remedies are more effective than orthodox medicine, it's quite likely that they're correct. Sadly, just like Galileo, they remain unrecognized by most.

These men are peers with each other, but orthodox scientists remain too ignorant to be considered peers of these geniuses.

Indeed, the dogma of scientism helps keep antiquated theories in the textbooks. Meanwhile, fact-checkers ignore the true nature of science, which is founded on observation to find new discoveries that lead to new theories. Then, quantifiable experiments are needed to support or disprove those theories. Finally, to make progress in science, old theories that have been disproven must be discarded. That's how scientific progress occurs. Leaving out or belittling anecdotal observations prevents scientific advancement from taking place—that's today's debacle.

Furthermore, old theories are being used as facts by fact-checkers who discard important advancements claiming they don't agree with antiquated "facts." This dogmatic "fact" based process ignorantly restrains science from leaping forward.

For instance, to keep the terrain theory from being shared and tested, licensing laws, censorship, and personal attacks have occurred for more than 100 years.

In fact, while investigating all of this, I experienced censorship myself. After learning about the terrain theory, I looked it up on Wikipedia. Unfortunately, the “Terrain Theory” page falsely claimed the theory was disproven long ago. Knowing that statement was wrong, I selected the edit option. There I discovered that the previous version of that page offered a supportive but brief explanation of the terrain theory. So, to fix the page, I wrote a few paragraphs and submitted my revision. Next, I checked to see if it showed up, and it did.

An hour later, while talking to a friend on the phone, I looked it up again to share what I wrote. This time the “Germ Theory Denialism” page popped up. Using my web browser’s history, I was able to return to the “Terrain Theory” editing page. There I discovered that someone had submitted a new edit that redirected anyone trying to access the “Terrain Theory” page to the “Germ Theory Denialism” page instead. By doing that, this person blocked access to the “Terrain Theory” page.

I resubmitted my version a second time and checked to see if it showed up, and it did. However, just twenty minutes later, the same person overwrote it with another redirection to the “Germ Theory Denialism” page.

That sort of censorship keeps the terrain theory from taking hold and shifting medicine from a toxic drug-based practice to a healing art that encourages us to live healthy lives. Obviously, we need clean water, clean air, low levels of electro-smog, low-stress lifestyles, and healthy soil to grow nutritious organic food. A critical step forward is identifying toxins and banning them. However, that would disrupt giant corporations. Because industries provide funding for research, studies to investigate the terrain theory and toxic issues lack funding.

When investigating alternative healing methods, I also learned about German New Medicine, which appears to be an effective way to address the effects of intense unexpected trauma.

Dr. Ryke Geerd Hamer developed German New Medicine in the 1970s. His method guides the patient to deal with their trauma and the physical affects in a way that some alternative medicine practitioners claim assists the body to heal itself. Some claim a 92 percent success rate in healing cancer that's caused by traumatic stress. Few if any medications are used. Sedatives, pain relievers, and other mild medications can be used to help the patient through the natural healing process. There are many YouTube videos and books on this revolutionary approach that deals with cancer, strokes, heart attacks, ulcers, and other ailments when they are triggered by intense unexpected trauma. Although I read a few books written by different authors who all claim to have experienced great results using this method with real patients, I find the claims difficult to believe.

I also found claims that Hamer is a fraud, but the medical industry routinely pays mercenaries to lie about dissenters in order to discredit them and protect their trillion dollar industry.

In fact, all of the healing modalities reviewed above are claimed to work better than orthodox medicine by practitioners and their patients. Ironically, they are all considered quackery by the medical establishment. By deterring competition via medical licensing laws, orthodox medicine has created a virtual monopoly that keeps trillions in profitable drug sales from escaping the grasp of pharmaceutical companies. As I explained earlier, the toxic drug sales representatives are called "doctors." Certainly these glorified salespeople make a handsome income, as long as they prescribe the poisons produced by the big pharmaceutical companies. When a conscientious doctor shifts to alternative therapies, their license to practice medicine can be revoked. Regardless of how skilled a healer is, practicing medicine without a license can lead to fines and imprisonment.

Despite how laws protect licensed health-care workers, they appear to be the real snake oil salespeople. By analyzing modern mortality records with a critical eye, some critics of the medical monopoly claim American medical care is the main cause of death in the US. Others claim American medicine is the third primary cause of death, with cancer and heart disease more

deadly than medicine. Either way, much of modern American medicine is clearly an enormous disaster.

An important exception is emergency care for acute injuries. For instance, Western medicine works quite well if you are severely injured in a car accident. Other exceptions in which Western orthodox medicine works well include joint replacement, eyesight improvements, dental care, as well as many other health concerns.

When considering the doctors themselves, their training and the popularity of the germ theory causes them to become so deeply indoctrinated into that misconception that they sincerely believe in Western medicine. Since, humans are made to be gullible, we can be tricked into believing all sorts of scams.

At the top level, CEO psychopaths are leading the way by climbing into leadership positions. These folks will do whatever it takes to obtain power. Indeed, the pharmaceutical industry is a very powerful manufacturing industry.

Getting back to biology, as I was investigating horizontal gene transfer, I discovered other important advancements that had been made in biological evolution. For instance, instead of causing disease, top researchers have found that most bacteria live in symbiotic relationships with animals, plants, fungus, and each other. Symbiosis is when two significantly different creatures live in a mutually beneficial situation.

For example, the billions of bacteria found in our guts help us digest our food while we deliver food to them. Thus, humans and our gut bacteria both benefit, making the relationship symbiotic.

A more intimate example of symbiosis is the mitochondria that live inside most animal cells. These bacteria perform electrochemical processes to produce the energy molecule adenosine triphosphate (ATP). Our blood provides mitochondria with the carbohydrates, fats, and oxygen required to produce ATP. The mitochondria simply consume the food and excrete ATP. The mitochondria get fed, and the animal receives lots of ATP. This is another example of symbiosis.

With modern tools for examining DNA accurately, scientists are now confident that mitochondria are bacteria. Their bacteria-like DNA is totally different from the DNA in the nucleus of the animal cells they reside in. Oddly, these microbes live their entire lives inside animal cells, producing energy from the food we eat and the air we breathe. Without mitochondria bacteria living symbiotically inside animal cells, all animals would die. Instead, mitochondria's symbiotic relationship with animal cells provides energy for us to live active lives driven by millions of tiny mitochondria engines.

The creation of a new species through the merger of symbiotic organisms has been named symbiogenesis. Mitochondria living in animal cells is an example of symbiogenesis.

A startling example of symbiogenesis is the emerald elysia slug. This slug's translucent outer surface contains little green bits of algae. Sunlight travels through the slug's translucent surface to energize the algae that produce food for the slug. Once the slug digests that internally produced food, the slug's excrement is recycled to feed the algae. These solar-powered slugs live their entire life, one year, without eating food from their surroundings. Instead, the algae produce food for the slug internally by using solar energy. Symbiotically, the slug produces fertilizer for the algae.

Beyond their solar-powered lives, when these slugs reproduce, their babies are born with algae inside of them. Amazingly, the slug and the algae have merged into a new species, a solar-powered slug! You'll be amazed by their beauty if you search the internet for solar-powered slug images. Beware, the symbiogenesis evolution process is not known by most.

All plants and algae contain endosymbiotic cyanobacteria. These are bacteria that live inside their photosynthetic cells. These bacteria are similar to the mitochondria found in animal cells, but the cyanobacteria are solar-powered. They use the energy from light to transform carbon dioxide and water into carbohydrates and oxygen. Surprisingly, bacteria are responsible for making energy available to all plants and animals.

This means that plants and animals depend on the bacteria that live inside their cells for energy production. Through symbiogenesis, these energy-transforming bacteria have become integral parts of animal and plant cells. This makes plants and animals living examples of extraordinarily intimate cooperation occurring among trillions of micro-organisms.

I was surprised to find that symbiogenesis was first proposed way back in 1910 by the Russian biologist and botanist Konstantin Sergeevich Mereschkowski in his Russian work, *The Theory of Two Plasms as the Basis of Symbiogenesis: A New Study of the Origins of Organisms*.

Sixty years later, in the 1970s, Lynn Margulis began her lifelong work of revising the modern theory of evolution. She showed how key evolutionary leaps involved symbiogenesis. This cooperative process of forming new species through mergers explains much that was impossible to account for with genetic inheritance proposed by Neo-Darwinism. Despite the importance of symbiogenesis and horizontal gene transfer in evolution, these new theories are being resisted by scientists who cling to the dogma they were taught in scientism universities.

Clearly, most people gullibly accept what we are taught. While that may be fine for ordinary people who lead typical lives, scientists are dedicated to finding the truth. To discover more profound and accurate truths, scientists must question what they're taught. Then, with their minds open to alternative possibilities, they can tap into intuitive guidance from their hearts. But when dogmatic scientism adherents think they already know the truth, science stops moving closer to the truth.

There's one more major advancement in biological science that's important to share: the Gaia Principle. This principle involves how living organisms interact with the physical environment to create and maintain suitable conditions for life to prosper on Earth. Examples include the amount of oxygen in the air, the salinity of the ocean, and the Earth's surface temperature. All of these environmental conditions have been shown to be influenced by living organisms working together.

This interconnected global arrangement has been supported by extensive scientific research headed by James Lovelock and funded by NASA. James Lovelock spearheaded the hypothesis and generated experimental support for the principle.

Lynn Margulis collaborated with Lovelock in formulating this brilliant revelation. To learn more about symbiogenesis and the Gaia Principle, check out *Symbiotic Earth*, an enjoyable documentary that features Margulis and Lovelock. It's a treat to see how humble and personable these brilliant scientists are.

The Gaia Principle, symbiogenesis, horizontal gene transfer, symbiotic bacteria in our bodies, and guts are all well established realities. Still, none of these realities can be adequately explained unless there is a consciousness driving them. Unfortunately, most scientists refuse to consider the idea that consciousness is behind the curtain of life. That resistance may be a key reason why all of these cooperation-oriented features of nature aren't widely endorsed in the scientific community.

Regardless of why science is stuck, the paradigm-shifting research that has already been completed clearly shows that life is predominantly cooperative and amazingly well coordinated. How could that occur without a genius behind it?

The One must be behind the miraculously cooperative natural world. Plants, animals, fungi, and microbes participate in mutually beneficial relationships that are the hallmark of Nature.

Conversely, human industrial toxins and pharmaceutical drugs have grown to become incredibly dangerous for all life on Earth. To avoid polluting my body with toxins, I've been eating organically grown whole plant-based foods since 1987. I also live far from toxic industries. While it's nearly impossible for one person to change the world, each of us can align our lives with health, joy, and love while avoiding toxic foods, toxic environments, and excessive emotional stress. By doing so, we become examples of healthful living for others.

After completing my research, I became more convinced than ever that nature never posed a serious threat to our survival. The symbiotic character of nature is supportive, not combative.

Natural living is actually quite easy. Conversely, humanity has created a constant struggle to survive and named it “civilization.”

The recent controversy about a monster flu has created countless new viewpoints that built new walls between people. Many folks who appeared to be like-minded back in 2019 splintered apart as the propaganda campaign provoked all sorts of reactions. Indeed lots of nonsense theories emerged. Still, valid opinions and solid science were denounced by fact-checkers based on antiquated theories or simply opinions that may be popular even though they’ve been proven false.

As a result, people became more divided than ever before. Today, I have no idea what perspective people have. With more ways to cut the cake, many people I thought I knew became much more mysterious during the lockdown.

Because individuality is imperative to the goal of the universe, finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others, the increase in human separation aligns with that purpose by making us more mysterious to each other.

At this juncture, I feel guided to express my gratitude to open-minded scientists. Antoine Bechamp, Wilhelm Reich, Royal Raymond Rife, Gunther Enderlein, Gaston Naessens, Lynn Margulis, Gerald H. Pollack, James Lovelock, Copernicus, Galileo, Max Planck, Albert Einstein and many others who had the courage, curiosity, and Soul-intuition needed to explore revolutionary leaps into new perspectives. These open-hearted folks are true scientific leaders.

Indeed, our Superconscious-Souls retrieve the truth from the One Who Is All. Then, through intuition, we are offered that truth. Just as Albert Einstein said,

*“The state of mind which enables a man
to do work of this kind [theoretical physics],
is akin to that of the religious worshipper or the lover;
the daily effort comes from no deliberate intention or program,
but straight from the heart.”*

Thus, the science that will pass the test of time because it's actually True comes from the One as a Superconscious-Soul cleverly hidden within our hearts.

In the final analysis, Mother Nature is by far the most skillful healer of all. In spite of toxic medicines, our bodies heal themselves. Once healed, it's common to give credit to the doctor or some sort of medication because we have been indoctrinated into a false belief that medicine heals even though it's poison. On the contrary, proper hygiene, healthy food, fresh air, clean water, sufficient exercise, good hygiene and happiness give Mother Nature all she needs to heal us and keep us remarkably healthy.

Common colds and flus are considered illnesses, but they could be seen as health restoring maintenance activities that slow our bodies down to focus on purging built up toxins. People who live healthy lives and have stronger constitutions rarely if ever need down time to clear out toxins. Location and diet are keys to health. Hospitals and factories are amongst the most toxic locations of all. Pristine nature is clearly the healthiest.

Living in the country, not far from a small town feels balanced and healthy to me.

Finally, I'm very grateful to all the authors of the books I mentioned in this and the last chapter. They exposed much of modern medicine to be a huge scam while turning my attention toward toxins, sanitation, emotional stress, and malnutrition as the real causes for disease.

Chapter 37

Civilization Overview Part 1: How It Started

To conclude my autobiography, I'm guided to share what my Soul has revealed to me about civilization. I've broken this into three chapters, Part 1: How It Started, Part 2: Money & Public Relations, and finally Part 3: The Transition.

During the lockdown, what I learned about symbiosis, symbiogenesis, horizontal gene transfer, the Gaia Principle, and the terrain theory clarified for me how truly cooperative nature is. Meanwhile, watching democratic government leaders become tyrannical dictators made it quite clear how divisive civilization is and always has been.

While I thought censorship was a thing of the past, that ugly monster reemerged. Government mandates pushed nearly everyone to wear masks, turning our lives into a satire, exposing how civilized people can be manipulated very easily with televised PR propaganda.

The first president of the United States, George Washington, once said, "If the freedom of speech is taken away, then dumb and silent we may be led like sheep to the slaughter."

Despite that, PR spin doctors have newscasters erroneously claiming that our democracy depends on censoring anyone who contradicts the PR narrative, which is label the "truth" even though it's clearly false.

For example, a group of the worlds top doctors, Dr. Martin Kulldorff, Harvard Medical School professor; Dr. Sunetra Gupta, Oxford University epidemiology professor; and Dr. Jayanta Bhattacharya, Stanford epidemiology professor, claimed the lockdowns will cause more harm than the disease. Despite the exceptional credentials of these experts, youtube censored their video that warned humanity of negative lockdown issues!

Now, over one year later, the damaging effects of the lockdowns that those experts predicted have occurred. Crime, suicide, and economic disaster are plaguing workers and small businesses causing more harm than the disease.

I thought the Dark Ages, book burning, and McCarthyism were things of the past. Then this obviously planned circus drumming up widespread fear of a tiny particle emerged.

Frightened for their lives, many people become hypnotized and mindlessly follow the mandates that are harmful, physically, mentally, and economically. Thus, “dumb and silent” people are being “led like sheep to the slaughter,” just like President Washington warned.

All of that clarified my view of civilization. This chapter and the next one summarize my rendition of how civilization began and why that system has led to the unprecedented global situation. Then, in the final chapter, I’ll share the magnificent future that is predicted to bring happiness to all of humanity.

To begin, we now know that the happiest and longest-lived people in the world have no laws or government. They simply grow their food, share it with their neighbors, and enjoy their simple lives that are filled with remarkable joy and vitality.

It’s not difficult to imagine a time before civilization emerged, even before gardening or orchard tending began, when all human beings lived simple natural lives. Going back far enough, we find people who lived before the first shaman appeared.

These Original People lived in clans that focused on cooperation, procreation, and simple happiness. Their way of life was so peaceful and easy that they lived their entire lives in the oneness perspective that all humans are born with. That view embraces the ultimate truth that all is One.

As I mentioned earlier, in the 20th century, some anthropologists lived with Original People in their natural state. By observing Original People the anthropologists were able to glimpse the origins of humanity. Three such anthropologists discovered that Original People were not individuals.

More recently, I shared the idea that Original People lived in oneness consciousness with a friend. Having spent several years exploring the Amazon and visiting tribal villages back in the 1970s, he lived with a clan of Original People for several months. During his visit, he noticed their lack of individuality and observed behaviors that indicated a oneness perspective. He confirmed the Original People he met were not individuals.

Because the purpose of the Universe is finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others, the One had to do something to separate these Original People and make them into individuals. The plan, as Steiner explained in his cosmology, was to introduce special divisive people who would push everyone apart.

In this and the following chapter I share a brief outline of what my Soul guided me to see as the way that process began and played out to present day.

First of all, spirits residing in the Heavens were given the job of luring people away from their Souls in their hearts so those people could play divisive roles and make the Original People into individuals. The spirits convinced those they could hook, to follow them. Once the astral spirits managed to divert these special Original People away from following their inner Soul guidance, those people's Souls calcified their hosts' pineal glands, freeing them to act in ways that would individualize all Original People, making them into individuals. Beyond that, the Souls in those folks' hearts used their abilities to control their hosts' desires to give them extreme desires that could be labeled "good" on one hand and "evil" on the other, creating division.

There are passages in the Bible explaining that people's hearts lead them into evil behaviors. That happens to people who turn away from their Souls, become disconnected from their intuition and conscience. That leads to receiving divisive desires so they'll help with the individualization process. I discuss this transition from open-hearted to closed-hearted more thoroughly in *The Magnificent Soul*.

On the other hand, the meek who remain attentive to their Souls in their hearts are guided down a middle path to

experience mostly blessed lives. Indeed, everyone must encounter challenges to be forged into individuals. I've definitely met my share of challenges throughout my life. Still, all in all, I feel blessed, protected, and encouraged to keep my heart open and to follow the guidance from within as I continue opening evermore to love.

To keep this discussion simple, I'll focus on one spirit. To avoid controversial names, I'll refer to that spirit as the Serpent.

Although I'm focusing on one astral spirit, the process of individualizing humans is supported by all divine spirits. For example, the Souls in our hearts provide divisive desires to those who turn away from their inner guidance.

In this discussion, I use the word "divine" to identify portions of consciousness (spirits) who communicate with each other via the continuum of consciousness that lies at the foundation of reality—the One formless consciousness that is the source of everything and everyone. These divine spirits have telepathic and empathetic abilities to help them accomplish their roles.

A human being can drop into that Oneness by focusing on their heart while letting the physical universe disappear. Although it's possible to do that, we're normally disconnected from the One and Her tremendous wisdom due to the split arrangement of our conscious and subconscious minds.

As I discussed earlier, human consciousness is split into an intellectual ego-mind in the head and an emotional mind in the gut. According to the Feebleness of Incompleteness Principle, both of those minds are feeble because they're incomplete. Both of our partial minds lack the telepathic and empathetic abilities that whole portions of consciousness have because our head and gut minds are incomplete. If we had the telepathic and empathetic powers that whole (divine) minds have, it would be impossible for us to experience the separation needed to be individuals. Those divine powers would dissolve the mystery of meeting other people because we would know exactly what they are thinking and feeling.

Additionally, we must to have conscious and subconscious minds that are sufficiently feeble and gullible to naively believe that we are separate individuals. Unfortunately, our gullibility also allows us to believe all sorts of lies and misconceptions, such as the germ theory.

On the other hand, divine spirits that reside in the astral realm and divine Souls that reside in our hearts are all facets of the One, a formless consciousness that is the source and foundation of everything. With unity among all divine spirits and Souls, universal cooperation is maintained among all divine portions of the One.

Many people who have dropped inward to experience the state of Oneness have found peace. That's what I found during my inner adventures. It's truly amazing and well worth investigating. In that state of mind, one becomes divine, with access to all knowledge. However, when we return to our bodies, our consciousness returns to the normal, feeble, and gullible human sort of consciousness. Thus, enlightenment is temporary, but the wisdom received in the divine state of mind lasts a lifetime.

Even though we can temporarily enter a divine state of mind, humans are designed with a split head–gut consciousness that renders us gullible and feeble-minded. That arrangement gives us the ability to experience individuality and find out how it feels to meet mysterious others. Still, we need to be pushed apart by divisive experiences to become individuals, and that's why the Serpent wiggles his way into many people's lives.

Thus, the Serpent and other astral spirits are involved in doing the dirty work of separating humanity into individuals.

To get the individuation process started, the Serpent visited people while they dreamt. That's when a person's astral body floats up above their physical body, shifting them over to the astral side of the veil.

As the Serpent looked for appropriate candidates to play divisive roles, he visited many Original People, offering them

guidance. If they followed the Serpent's guidance, they became candidates for the next step.

Step two involved using entheogenic substances like magic mushrooms or peyote. Entheogenic plants gave the Serpent's followers opportunities to visit the astral realm for extended periods of time while awake. Willing followers were trained by the Serpent to be shamans with knowledge about the mysterious astral realm and skills to heal sick or injured people.

Once the Serpent developed a relationship with a shaman, the Serpent instructed that follower to introduce other clan members to the Serpent's teachings. By impressing clan members with healing and knowledge about the spirit-filled astral realm, the shaman became quite different from normal Original People.



On the left, the caduceus is an ancient symbol of medicine and spiritual ascension, linking it to the shaman and his connection to astral spirits and medicine. This symbol features two serpents and wings that are associated with angels that reside in the Heavens. According to Greek legend, Hermes Trismegistus carried the caduceus when he ascended into the Heavens and met with gods and goddesses. Hermes is a well-known example of how famous a shaman can become. In fact, Hermes was given demigod status which is a human who becomes godlike.

With help from the Serpent, shamans received more respect than everyone else. They rose above the normal people and thus produced the first level of hierarchy. As respected shaman rose above the otherwise equal clan members, separation into individual humans had begun. Over time, that seed grew into civilization. Hence, the Serpent guided shamans to become the pointy edge of a wedge that began the process of splitting the Original People apart to end their oneness perspective.

Although the simple lifestyles of village people were peaceful and idilic in their own way, the shaman offered a subtle shift away from their Garden of Eden lifestyle. With mysterious wisdom regarding the astral realm and medicine, shamans

impressed their fellow clan members in a way that enabled them to lead Original People out of their simple lives.

This shift was made possible by using intoxicating entheogens that open the doors to the astral spirit realm. In his book *Mushrooms and Mankind: The Impact of Mushrooms on Human Consciousness and Religion*, James Arthur shows how the amanita muscaria mushroom was the basis for the Judeo-Christian religions as well as the ancient Sumerian and Egyptian predecessors.

Arthur provides numerous photographs of mushroom images and sculptures found among the great pyramids of Egypt. Moreover, he discovered compelling evidence indicating the king's chamber found in pyramids was used to assist pharaohs in astral traveling. Because Egyptian records claim the pharaohs communicated with gods and were considered demigods themselves, facilitating that vital connection is a sensible reason for building pyramids.

Those enormous structures create unique energetic conditions that are strongest where the king's chamber is located. In that chamber, we find a rectangular bathtub made of stone. The interior of that tub contains a thick layer of salt deposits, which indicate it held saltwater. Deprivation tanks use saltwater to provide buoyancy. That helps people float calmly in a meditative state of mind that facilitates astral projection. Thus, pyramids were built to help pharaohs astral project into the Heavens to meet with divine spirits.

Conversely, many researchers have adopted Erich von Däniken's and Zecharia Sitchin's famous theories. These two scholars pioneered the theory that gods, goddesses, and their helpers were extraterrestrial astronauts who have been visiting the Earth for thousands of years. Their theory is based on their interpretations of ancient Sumerian and Akkadian clay tablets. Because Däniken and Sitchin view reality from a typical matter-based perspective, they completely ignore the astral realm.

Earlier in my life, when viewing reality through the matter-based lens, I presumed the Heavens simply meant outer space.

What else could the Heavens be? I figured angels, gods, and goddesses were either aliens or fairy tales. Back then, the astronaut-god theory seemed quite plausible to me.

Later I adopted a consciousness-based view of reality. Then, in 2018, once I learned about the astral realm, that parallel yet alternate reality provided a sensible explanation for the mysterious nature of spirits, angels, gods, and goddesses.

With 20/20 hindsight, I could finally see how the astronaut god theory shoehorns astral spirits into the physical realm by labeling them aliens. Despite that mistake, those spirits actually reside in their own realm. Astral traveling exposes them.

Having learned about the astral realm, I found the Heavens constitute an alternate realm, another dimension that overlaps the physical universe, allowing us to visit astral spirits. When asleep, we naturally cross over to dream in the astral realm. That provides opportunities for astral spirits to meet us in astral dream land. Additionally, some people claim to see spirits when awake and sober, but that is quite rare.

Top ufologist Steven Greer recently relabeled the extraterrestrial aliens as “inter-dimensional beings.” That new name acknowledges the alternate dimension that some ufologists have begun associating with these mysterious beings.

In *Supernatural*, Hancock cites documents from the 1500s that discuss people seeing little gray alien characters flying around in sleighs, like Santa Claus. Hancock even found the big-eyed gray spirit beings depicted in woodcuts from the 1500s. Back then, these gray beings were named elves, Santa’s legendary helpers. Flying in sleighs 500 years ago is similar to the flying saucers people associate with those spirits today.

More recently, in the 1800s, many people claimed the little gray spirits used flying submarines to travel through space. Däniken’s famous book *Chariots of the Gods* claims the ancient tablets discuss these spirit beings flying in chariots thousands of years ago. In all cases, the little spirit beings are associated with futuristic flying vehicles appropriate for the timeframe associated with the stories.

Obviously, physical intergalactic space beings didn't come to the Earth in flying sleighs or chariots. However, on the other side of the veil in the astral realm, spirits can fly in whatever vehicles they conjure up with their divine powers. Then, while a person is asleep, falling asleep, using entheogenic substances, or in some other way shifting to the astral realm, they can see those spirit beings flying in vehicles that fit their particular timeframe.

These curious characters, which include a variety of forms beyond the little gray beings, are behind all sorts of fairy tails and popular traditions. Once the astral realm is taken into consideration, all sorts of metaphysical legends are quite easily explained.

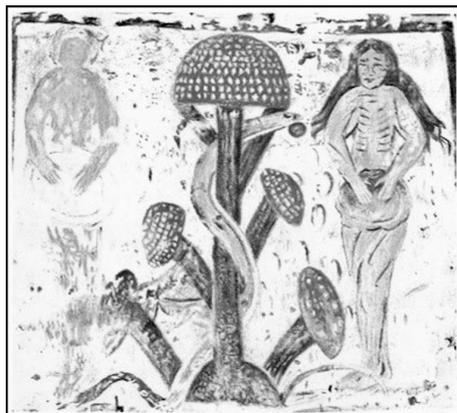
For instance, in *Mushrooms and Mankind*, Arthur convincingly links the *amanita muscaria* mushroom to Christmas. Those particular mushrooms grow under conifers (Christmas trees). In Northern Europe, reindeer eat the *amanita* early in the morning. To harvest those mushrooms, a person needs to go mushrooming early in the morning. These red mushrooms with white spots appearing under Christmas trees with elves flying around in sleighs fits the legend surrounding Santa Claus and the presents we find in the morning under a Christmas tree. As we all know, Santa visits in the dark of night when people are asleep. That's when we are dreaming in the astral realm. For more on the mushroom-Christmas link, check out this five-minute video: youtu.be/Xz_JZJkqsEc

Going further, Arthur explains how consuming the *amanita muscaria* works best when eating the caps and drinking mushroom tea. With a large enough dose, the intoxicant drags Arthur through a challenging experience that feels like dying. Then, after dying, Arthur finds himself in astral Heaven.

Arthur links his death-then-ascension experiences to the Christian practice of eating the flesh and drinking the blood of Christ to die and arrive in Heaven. To support his theory, he provides pictures of stained glass windows in 12th-century European churches and a preserved Bible from that era. These 900-year-old images show Jesus and angels with the *amanita*

muscaria. Arthur also shows how halos in many old illustrations and sculptures resemble the underside of mushroom caps.

Below, a fresco from 1291 AD can still be found on a wall in the Plaincourault Abbey, Indre, France. It shows Adam and Eve with the Serpent entwined



around a giant amanita mushroom. In the actual image, the caps are red with white spots. Since the amanita is the only red mushroom with white spots, this fresco strongly supports the theory that the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil was the amanita.

Arthur's thesis linking religion to entheogenic substances known to expose the astral realm is indisputable. (Additional support was offered earlier in Chapter 34.)

Continuing with my story of civilization, when shamans shared their entheogenic medicine with their clan, a new and exciting experience emerged. With many people using entheogenic substances, astral spirits had lots of opportunities to develop relationships with additional people. In each case, the person must decide whether to follow the astral spirit or their inner spirit, the Superconscious-Soul residing in their heart.

This pivotal step in humanity's development is what's often referred to as the fall of man. In *The Magnificent Soul*, I provide an entire chapter showing how The Book of Genesis' Garden of Eden story supports the idea that civilization emerged from consuming the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, the amanita muscaria mushroom. (A little of that was shared earlier in Chapter 34.) A key feature involves the Tree of Life that's planted in the center of the garden to symbolize the Soul in one's heart center. Because Adam and Eve ignored that tree, the Garden of Eden story silently indicates that Adam and Eve turn away from their Soul's in their hearts.

By failing to mention this turning away from the Tree of Life, the Garden of Eden story is easily interpreted in other ways. Despite that, after Adam and Eve had eaten from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, God curses the Serpent, Eve, and Adam. Finally, he drives them out of the Garden:

Genesis 3:24 He drove out the man, and at the east of the garden of Eden he placed the cherubim and a flaming sword that turned every way to guard the way to the Tree of Life.

So, the Tree of Life is eventually mentioned to point out how important it is for Adam to be kept away from that central tree. Given everything I've learned about Superconscious-Souls, the way Adam and Eve ignored the Tree of Life and are then deliberately kept away from it, fits with turning away from the Soul in our heart center to develop a calcified pineal gland making the separation permanent.

Then, in Genesis chapter 4, Adam and Eve's children are discussed. Once Cain kills his brother Abel, the following occurs:

And the LORD said, "What have you done? The voice of your brother's blood is crying to me from the ground. {4:11} And now you are cursed from the ground, which has opened its mouth to receive your brother's blood from your hand. {4:12} When you work the ground, it shall no longer yield to you its strength. You shall be a fugitive and a wanderer on the earth." {4:13} Cain said to the LORD, "My punishment is greater than I can bear. {4:14} Behold, you have driven me today away from the ground, and from your face I shall be hidden. I shall be a fugitive and a wanderer on the earth, and whoever finds me will kill me." {4:15} Then the LORD said to him, "Not so! If anyone kills Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold." And the LORD put a mark on Cain, lest any who found him should attack him. {4:16} Then Cain went away from the presence of the LORD and settled in the land of Nod, east of Eden. {4:17} Cain knew his wife, and she conceived and bore Enoch. When he built a city, he called the name of the city after the name of his son, Enoch.

In spite of the fact that Cain killed Abel, God protected Cain from being executed for murdering his brother. Then, with God's blessing of protection, Cain settles in the land of Nod where, he finds a woman to marry have a child and build a city, presumably

the first city. Thus, a murderer, protected by the LORD is linked to the advent of civilization.

Now I'll return to my explanation of how this process began. Once the astral Serpent lures a shaman away from his Soul to align him with external guidance, that guidance transforms the shaman to be unique in ways that elevate the shaman above everyone else.

The preferential treatment commonly given to shaman become a reason for other people to find ways to rise above ordinary folks. The idea of reaching for the stars associates striving with the astral realm. Over time, more people became individuals. Some find ways to climb the hierarchical pyramid of status, producing civilization.

The religions that eventually emerged could have encouraged us to follow our inner divine guardians, which I refer to as Superconscious-Souls. But, instead, popular religions led people away from their hearts, encouraging most people to worship deities who reside in astral Heaven. I haven't been able to find a popular spiritual path that's focused on the God within, nor are there any that promote inheritance rather than ascension.

Despite that, a few less-popular spiritual factions do focus on the Soul. For example, Quakers believe the Holy Spirit resides in everyone's hearts. Another exception is the Indian swami Sri Sathya Sai Baba, who directed his followers to look inside their hearts for guidance. He also explained how most people would be removed soon, but those who follow their hearts would remain on Earth. A third exception was a Sufi master who explained he focused his attention on Allah, who was present in his heart.

While exceptions like these exist, prominent religions and celebrated leaders tend to align with external deities that reside in the Heavens. To support the purpose of the Universe, finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others, spirits in the Heavens invite people to follow them. Once those people are lured away from their Souls that guide from within, those Souls shift gears. Rather than keeping the person on the way of the heart path, Souls provide closed-hearted people with extreme polarized

desires that make such people divisive. Their divisive activities push people apart to individualize humanity.

An example is religions themselves. There are numerous religions, so having to choose one divides people rather than bringing them together. Within each religion, there are different denominations, which divides people even more. Many different sects divide the denominations even further. If everyone simply followed their hearts, no religious divisions would exist.

Other ways civilization divides people is with different types of governance, political parties within democracies, and a variety of economic systems. All these differences create battles, debates, and even wars. If people simply followed their hearts, as the Hopi people do, we wouldn't have governments or wars.

Thus, religions and politics help divide people into individuals. As we have all discovered, simply discussing religion or politics often instigates arguments, pushing us further apart. To avoid those arguments, many people avoid discussing those subjects, especially at family gatherings.

Continuing with the pyramid of civilization analogy, it didn't take long for the people located at the bottom of the pyramid to realize that their efforts supported everyone who had climbed up the pyramid to reside above the base. Those situated up on higher tiers of the pyramid are offered gifts by the lowly workers. Eventually, some exalted leaders began demanding tribute.

Food, housing, and other gifts are often given to those who have ascended the pyramid to become religious leaders and/or medical practitioners. Even today, residents of small villages may offer a doctor or priest a home and other facilities to attract the revered person to grace their village with their spiritual guidance or medical services.

Reaching for a high station in society is often pondered by people's ego-minds. There may be some cases when people's Souls guide them into middle- and even upper-class stations. However, what's more common is for our Souls to guide us along the straight and narrow, a humble road doing essential work that provides food, shelter, and clean water. Therefore, to reach for

the stars and climb up the pyramid of civilization, most people use their ego-mind to chart their own course as they turn away from their Souls conscience and intuition. Everyone faces the choice to listen to their Soul's conscience and humbly do their part or follow their ego toward the stars to receive the benefits available in higher stations of society.

In other words, a person can follow their inner divine presence in the heart or follow external lures that include taking advantage of opportunities available in civilization's pyramid arrangement. Opportunities for money, power, and/or prestige can draw a person away from their Soul's intuitive guidance. Originally, the Serpent lured the shaman away from his Soul. But once the pyramid of civilization grew, the opportunities available to those who ascend the pyramid became additional lures.

When a person repeatedly chooses external lures and ignores their Soul's humble advice, the Soul will eventually calcify the host's pineal gland. Calcification frees the person from their conscience by eliminating it. Besides losing one's conscience, calcification blocks all Soul-intuition, producing Soul-less people. Once cut off from their Soul's wisdom, these folks must either scheme and calculate ways to climb higher or look to the stars to connect with the Serpent or other spirits that reside in the astral realm. Those spirits are ready and willing to offer their divisive guidance—that's their important role in the divine plan.

To identify these people with calcified pineal glands, I'll refer to them as closed-hearted or divisive people throughout the remainder of this chapter. These divisive people have risen above the humble workers who take care of everyone's basic human needs by gathering food, installing and maintaining infrastructure, building homes and gathering places, and so on. The meek workers are open-hearted people who do what their Souls guided them to do. Thus, the open-hearted work to benefit everyone, meanwhile the closed-hearted tend to focus on their ego's desires.

Obviously, this oversimplifies the complexities of today's elaborate situation. Certainly some people who follow their

heart's could find themselves anywhere in the pyramid, even in upper levels. However, to make this summary brief and easy to explain, I'm simplifying it.

So, with this simplified pyramidal view of civilization, the larger a pyramid's base, the taller the pyramid can grow. With a taller pyramid, the elite can acquire more lavish lifestyles.

Of course, a taller pyramid places more pressure on the people at the base as they become burdened with holding up a much larger group of people. Eventually, the open-hearted workers at the bottom of the pyramid become aware of how the hierarchical arrangement takes advantage of their willingness to work for the benefit of everyone.

When the pyramid arrangement of civilization becomes excessively top-heavy, a growing number of people at the bottom feel overburdened. To get out from under the heavy burden of civilization and lighten their load, some workers may splinter off. Of course, they'll have to start over, building new homes and establishing new gardens, but getting out from under the heavy shadow of the pyramid will be worth doing whatever it takes.

When I went on my three-year bicycle trip to find an intentional community, I was seeking a place without hierarchy. Then, when I couldn't find anything that felt right, I built several new settlements. My hope was to get out from under the pyramid of civilization by creating an alternative. Throughout the years, I've met many people who yearn for a similar escape. These attempts to escape civilization have been taking place ever since society imposed too much on the humble workers.

Because no one really wants to shoulder the burden of supporting a towering pyramid, slavery was invented. Physically shackling people to the bottom of the pyramid ensured that elite indulgences would be accommodated. In addition to human slavery, animals were bridled and forced to participate in the workload that grew more demanding as civilizations grew taller.

Ancient Sumer is thought to be the birthplace of slavery. Enslaving workers expanded into Greece and other parts of ancient Mesopotamia as those civilizations emerged. Although it

is difficult to pinpoint the exact year slavery began, some historians have traced its roots back roughly 11,000 years. Unfortunately, this origin predates the written word and accurate historical recording.

The first written evidence of slavery comes from the Code of Hammurabi from Mesopotamia, an ancient text that refers to slavery as a common practice throughout the region that had been in place for thousands of years when it was written. That Babylonian code of law was written around 1754 BC. It's one of the oldest deciphered writings of significant length worldwide. The sixth Babylonian king, Hammurabi, enacted the code, which consists of 282 laws with scaled punishments, adjusting them based on social status, gender, and slave versus free.

In Latin, law (*lex*) has the same root as the verb that means "to read." This is based on the way old edicts meant to control the conduct of the lower class were read aloud in public. Hence law originally referred to imperial decrees made by the elite and read aloud to the subjects.

With the pyramid in mind, it becomes obvious that the people at the top of the pyramid created laws, law enforcement, military, and other systems to keep the slaves from escaping their essential jobs at the bottom of the pyramid. If those workers fled civilization, or refused to do their jobs, the pyramid would collapse. Therefore, keeping essential workers enslaved is a hallmark of civilization.

Even today, when workers who feel overworked and underpaid walkout to strike for better wages, they're showing the ruling class how indispensable the workers are. Without workers, nothing essential would be accomplished.

Most recently, the truckers' freedom convoy that began in Canada, revealed the importance of essential workers. Then, Prime Minister Justin Trudeau's unlawful reaction of stealing donated funds and diesel fuel from those truckers exposed how the elite blatantly violate well established laws even today. Supposedly such dancing around laws is needed to maintain law and order. The hypocrisy of such behavior speaks for itself.

Although captains of modern industry persuade many people to believe managers are important and CEOs are *very* important, no leaders are actually needed. Our essential needs include air, water, food, and shelter. Managers don't provide any of those necessities. Instead, they get workers to provide everything that's actually needed. Then, from their perch above the workers, elite snicker as they sip champagne and eat shrimp cocktail. Even though the rewards of being in the upper echelons of society are great, most of the elite suffer in one irritating way or another. Earlier I explained how the wealthy folks I knew early in my life suffered. Since then, I've found much more evidence of persistent complaints that plague the upper class.

Continuing with the subject of guidance and coordination of human activities, civilized people often accept the proposal that a manager is needed. Despite that, our Souls in our hearts always have and always will be the best leaders. Superconscious-Souls create serendipitous synchronicities using their connections with the One and all other Souls. Symbiotic relationships exist among all living organisms, who are guided by the divine consciousness that resides within them. That inner guidance is labeled instinct. With divine guidance available from within, perfect coordination is achieved by simply following the intuition and conscience (or instinct) that propels all healthy living organisms.

Conversely, human managers often make mistakes.

If everyone followed their hearts, we wouldn't need human leaders at all.

When it comes to our most basic necessities, Mother Nature and Father Sun graciously provide everything we need to live healthy lives. Toxic medications interfere with nature to cause sickening effects, referred to as side effects.

Despite that, civilization's upside-down propaganda alleges that nature is dangerous. Invisible germs are purported to be lurking in the dangerous soil, even though studies have found that children who eat dirt are healthier than children who are kept away from soil. More propaganda claims dangerous viruses are floating in the air.

Conversely, as I have shown in Chapter 35, viruses are part of horizontal gene transfer transduction a vital part of biological evolution. Those tiny particles carry genetic updates that adapt the genetics of all living organisms to deal with changes in environmental conditions. Although the germ theory is bogus, most people believe it. That erroneous belief keeps many dependent on the medical system—a system that the shaman originally created by following the Serpent rather than his heart.

As I explained earlier, toxic civilization is what's actually dangerous. Meanwhile, Nature is a cooperative, symbiotic system that is guided from within by consciousness.

As divisive civilization developed, men became the primary leaders. Certainly there have been queens, empresses, and other female leaders; however, men rose to occupy most leadership positions. Meanwhile, so-called witches were burned at the stake as men took hold of most controlling stations.

We all have masculine and feminine aspects within us; the feminine polarity is in our guts while the masculine polarity resides in our heads. Still, most men tend to express their masculine polarity more while most women tend to express their feminine polarity more. Meanwhile, there are many exceptions in which some women express their masculine polarity more and some men express their feminine polarity more.

A well-known example of a masculine woman is Margaret Thatcher. Her autocratic leadership style was so strong willed that she was dubbed the Iron Lady. It's remarkable that this woman was Prime Minister of the United Kingdom from 1979 to 1990 making her the longest-serving British prime minister of the 20th century. Despite exceptions like Thatcher, most people tend to express the polarity aligning with their biological sex.

My Soul in my heart guided me to notice how the masculine intellectual polarity is more able to be cruel, reckless, and destructive than the feminine emotional polarity. So, to make civilization most divisive, masculine people who are mostly men, have dominated civilization. This masculine leadership provided the pressure needed to divide humans into separate individuals.

Later I'll discuss how the more nurturing feminine polarity is reemerging after thousands of years of feminine suppression.

For now, let's consider an unusual practice that was part of the founding of Judaism: circumcision. That genital mutilation is surgically performed by doctors and rabbis, linking the practice to the shaman who introduced medicine and religion.

Circumcision is a sadistic practice that removes the most sensitive part of genital anatomy. For instance, a friend of mine was circumcised when he was 25 years old. He told me that his sexual pleasure was severely reduced after being circumcised.

In addition to Jews, Christians practice male circumcision.

Some cultures practice female circumcision, in that case the clitoris is removed to reduce the sexual pleasure experienced by women. Supposedly this is used to make women less promiscuous and easier to control by domineering men.

Interestingly, many modern shamans who are priests and medical doctors still consider such dreadful practices necessary. Meanwhile, billions of men live healthy lives without being circumcised proving, it's not necessary. However, for many civilized people, sadistic genital mutilation is the first divisive assault we encounter. Indeed, the horrible experience of being circumcised will cause an infant to feel separate from whomever surgically mutilates their genitals.

As you probably know, a God from Heaven required circumcision in Genesis 17 (ESV):

9 And God said to Abraham, "As for you, you shall keep my covenant, you and your offspring after you throughout their generations. 10 This is my covenant, which you shall keep, between me and you and your offspring after you: Every male among you shall be circumcised. 11 You shall be circumcised in the flesh of your foreskins, and it shall be a sign of the covenant between me and you. 12 He who is eight days old among you shall be circumcised. Every male throughout your generations, whether born in your house or bought with your money from any foreigner who is not of your offspring, 13 both he who is born in your house and he

who is bought with your money, shall surely be circumcised. So shall my covenant be in your flesh an everlasting covenant. 14 Any uncircumcised male who is not circumcised in the flesh of his foreskin shall be cut off from his people; he has broken my covenant.”

Because a deity from Heaven introduced and required circumcision, this supports the idea that astral spirits are helping to individualize us by requiring genital mutilation.

Other divisive practices have emerged from religions that have become well known for pitting people against one another. All sorts of religious wars, persecution and genocide have been driven by religious leaders who demonize large groups of people.

On top of that, within the so called holy chambers of churches, sexual misconduct involving children has been exposed and found to be unexpectedly common. By restricting male clergy from following their natural inner drives to express their sexuality in healthy ways, those drives can become twisted and emerge in divisive ways that traumatize innocent children.

All of this drives people further and further apart from one another, thereby increasing our individuality. Despite how awful all of this is, it is all helping to individualize humanity so we can accomplish the purpose of the universe, finding out how it feels to meet mysterious others. Since everything and everyone is part of the One who is all, the One has the right to treat any part of Herself in whatever way is needed to accomplish Her goal.

In summery, the process of individualizing humans began when astral spirits led some people away from their Soul to become shamans. Those special people rose above everyone else by founding medicine and religion. Using people who are willing to turn away from their conscience, spirits molded humanity into hierarchical pyramids with slaves supporting civilization. Soon a growing number of Original People became individuals who are able to find out how it feels to meet mysterious others.

Although separation requires violence, the resulting individuals have the opportunity to explore loving each other. As long as some people remain true to their hearts love will prevail.

Chapter 38

Civilization Overview Part 2: Money & Public Relations

Moving forward in time, let's consider the 1500s, 1600s, and 1700s. During those centuries mountains of gold and silver were stolen from the Americas, loaded onto Spanish ships, and delivered to Spain. Many of those ships were pirated by the British Majesty's Navy, who stole lots of the gold and silver from the Spanish. That gold was delivered to British royals and other power-hungry British investors. Hence the British Majesty's Navy was the original pirate operation.

Modern PR and selective history flip that history upside-down, claiming the British Navy protected ships from attack by renegade pirates. Surely, privateers got involved eventually, but most of the pirating was actually perpetrated by the British Navy to enrich English royalty with enough wealth to dominate much of the world. As we know, Spain gained similar wealth and power to colonize other portions of the globe.

Altogether, the gold acquired from the Americas amounted to ten times what previously existed in Europe. In addition to all that gold, mountains of silver were also stolen from the Americas and brought to Europe in sailing ships.

With gigantic amounts of gold and silver available, the first widespread monetary systems were established.

Although coins had been minted for thousands of years, a large-scale monetary system that included peasants hadn't been developed. The enormous amounts of precious metals stolen from the Americas made such a system possible.

As more and more of these precious metals arrived, the value per ounce dropped so far that carrying these heavy coins to make large purchases became burdensome. As a result, wheelbarrows were used for expensive purchases.

To overcome the difficulty of using gold and silver as money, precious metal depositories offered people paper notes. Those notes guaranteed the bearer a specified amount of gold or silver redeemable from the depository. To get started, people could deposit their gold and silver into a secure depository in exchange for the paper notes that were easier to use, conceal, and carry. With a convenient paper note option, people chose to make their transactions using these promissory notes.

This introduced the first representative monetary system in which the notes represented gold or silver stored in a vault.

With this system operating, the depository owners discovered that people rarely came to redeem their notes for gold or silver. Instead, people chose to use the notes while the depositories remained full. With lots of gold and silver in their vaults, the depository owners realized they could secretly issue additional notes without having enough gold or silver to back all the notes they issued. Then they could use those bogus notes themselves. This gave a few closed-hearted men a way to make enormous amounts of bogus representative notes for themselves. This scam developed into banking. With the ability to produce as much paper money as they wished, bankers obtained more power than kings. They even surpassed the power held by the Pope.

With the advent of banking, bankers, kings, popes, and doctors acted in divisive ways that individualized people. As the system grew and expanded around the world, more and more humans became individuals. The pyramidal power structure mushroomed to include banking, religion, medicine, military, property taxes, administrators, and a growing base of workers, many enslaved by the ruling class.

To keep everyone below the top echelon confused, misinformed, and locked into their respective stations, spin doctors developed the art of PR. That persuasive system grew into a thriving industry once the printing press was invented, making newspapers and other mass media possible.

However, to deliver PR to everyone, reading became necessary. To teach everyone to read, Prussia offered the first

government-forced compulsory schooling system in 1763. That initial system was followed by Denmark in 1814.

Once the Prussians defeated Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815, they claimed their victory was made possible by their compulsory schooling system. By teaching children to pledge allegiance to the national flag it became possible to raise a large enough army to defeat Napoleon. Incidentally, the original Prussian schooling system was designed to teach obedience. The founders claimed that too much knowledge would subvert obedience, so knowledge was to be doled out as a reward for obedience.

By the mid-1850s, compulsory education had spread around the world. This obedience-oriented system placed all children in schools where propaganda-based history was taught. That history claimed that leaders are endowed by a God in Heaven. This teaching was supported by the churches that had been erected by the Serpent's religious leaders. More importantly, mandatory school propaganda claims that leaders are dedicated to making everyone's lives better even though all those leaders own slaves who bare the burden of supporting everyone.

For instance, all of the founding fathers of the United States owned slaves. Additionally, in contrast to what schooling teaches children, the founding fathers didn't give the American peasants any rights when the original US Constitution was officially adopted. Violent rebellions like Bacon's Rebellion and Shay's Rebellion pushed those slave owners to add 10 amendments to the Constitution. Thus the Bill of Rights was added in response to massive rebellions of forgotten lower class people.

Another misconception involves voting privileges. The facts show that only white men who owned property had the right to vote when the US was founded. White male peasants, women, native Americans, slaves, and indentured servants all had to fight for the right to vote. Those battles continued for 190 years until 1966 when all barriers were removed allowing everyone to vote.

Professor Howard Zinn's alternative history book *A People's History of the United States* shows that textbook history about the US is more than misleading; it includes huge lies. By teaching

children a cockeyed view of history we are indoctrinated with an upside down view of reality. One that adores leaders while despising lowly workers when the workers support us all.

The contrived story claims that the rulers at the top of the pyramid lifted humanity up out of a horrible fight to survive in the wilderness. Supposedly cavemen used clubs to defend themselves from vicious predators that hunted humans relentlessly. Then, benevolent leaders guided by a heavenly God lifted those poor people up and out of their dismal fight for survival in the awfully treacherous wilderness.

Despite that PR nonsense, actual facts reveal the opposite. Anthropological studies of Original People still living traditional lives in the latter part of the 1900s found those natural people worked only nine hours per week. They easily gathered healthy food, built group homes, and had an abundance of free time on their hands. Original People shared the daily harvest by giving everyone an equal share. Thus, Original People never needed to struggle—their lives were actually peaceful, and abundant.

Conversely, wage slaves in today's industrialized cities are still fighting for survival. Civilization actually created poverty, homelessness, and malnutrition. Those problems never existed among Original People who shared their food equitably.

Another propaganda lie claims that horrible diseases made natural living a struggle in which people only lived 40 years. Earlier I explained how that statistical misinformation is based on 50 percent infant mortality rates. We now know that remote village people often live to be older than 100!

Once the truth is revealed, it becomes clear that PR experts write textbooks to manufacture misconceptions that place rulers on pedestals when rulers are actually clever parasites who take advantage of everyone below them. Propaganda, bankers, police, lawmakers, and military forces make all of that possible.

By teaching obedience and historical misinformation in mandatory schooling systems, the Serpent's followers have tricked most people into believing civilized life is safer and easier than living in natural settings, when the opposite is true.

I was infuriated when I learned that our leaders are not anything like what I was taught in school. The PR propaganda taught in schools, on TV, and at the movies claims that leaders work to ensure the safety of every citizen by providing laws that must be respected. Lawlessness is associated with looting and general unrest. The typical lawless boogymen are purported to be poor people who steal from the elite, who are wonderful leaders endowed by God. Accordingly, well educated peasants are taught to respect the leaders while despising themselves.

At sixty-two I'm convinced that the most dangerous people on Earth are psychopathic rulers who follow the Serpent and may be possessed by spirits. Surely some rulers are good people, but most are narcissistic psychopaths who are skilled at looking good. Once that's exposed, it becomes clear that laws are actually written to protect the rulers power so they can continue exploiting the working class who support everyone.

Most rulers at the top know they are taking advantage of everyone below them. From their narcissistic perspective, being supported by slaves fits their psychopathic desires for power.

To make the pyramidal arrangement appear appropriate, the rulers must convince those below them there is honor in the law of the land. Leaders must be respected to remain in power. Furthermore, the institutions set up to control the peasants must be obeyed. Governmental institutions around the world are claimed to be instituted by God. Is that God the Serpent?

Scriptures claim the Serpent was cast down from Heaven. If that's true, wouldn't that place him on Earth, where he's guiding world leaders to individualize humanity?

With top leaders linked to mental disorders and potential spirit possession, let's look deeper into mandatory schooling.

Children are taught that they don't know anything, hence they must obtain knowledge from teachers, mentors, books, the internet and experience. All the while, the magnificent wisdom and extensive knowledge possessed by their Superconscious-Soul in their heart is never mentioned in schools.

My terrifying incident involving a black widow spider when I was 4 years-old caused me to unknowingly depend on my precious Soul. Certainly many people follow their intuition and conscience to experience blessed lives. Meanwhile, schooling and wage slavery lure most people away from following their hearts.

Ironically, the propaganda taught in schools persuades people to be grateful for the jobs that ruling-class leaders provide. That keeps educated humans from seeing how we're actually slaves supporting the elite. Today, wage slavery is hidden behind layers of PR regarding leaders, laws, and the monetary system. It's so deeply buried that most people haven't even thought about how money is used to enslave them.

Freedom is a relative term. When compared to physically shackled slaves, wage slaves appear to be reasonably free. Our financial shackles are invisible. However, with most people growing up in cities, we're disconnected from Mother Nature's food sources. Since we need a job to earn money and buy food, wages are a necessity that keeps us enslave. Even though earning money seems like a great opportunity to "educated people", most are unable to see how that money is a leash that keeps us shackled to our jobs. That monetary leash also tethers us to cities, where most jobs are located. Because most of us have grown up in urban areas, we don't know how to live simple lives that harmonize with Mother Nature.

Beyond the ways schooling keeps us in urban centers, key words have been redefined to discourage us from considering a return to nature. Redefining the definitions of words is a powerful tool that PR spin doctors use to denigrate people who live close to nature. For example, the word "villain" derives from the Italian word for "villager." Villagers are simple people who live peaceful healthy lives close to nature. Despite their previous way of life, these gentle self-sufficient cooperative people were turned into criminals by simply changing the meaning of the word that identifies them to mean criminal rather than villager.

Similarly, "pagan" originally meant country people. Also, the word "heathen" originally meant people who live where heather,

a purple-flowered shrub, grows in abundance. In both cases, these names for country people were redefined to designate thieves and lawless renegades who lack proper religion. Oddly, proper religions worship a genocidal and wrathful God who requires circumcision. Could that God be the Serpent, claiming to be the One Who Is All? Still, the Serpent is doing his job.

Since country people are most often kinder and more generous than city folk, redefining villain, pagan and heathen deceives most people keeping them shackled to urban jobs pampering the ruling class.

Earlier, on page 163 I explained how property taxes were used to destroy village communities that operated self-sufficiently. Robin Hood's story takes place around 1200 AD, when that process began under England's King John. Once self-sufficient villages were burned down and the pagans dispersed by the sheriff of Nottingham, most of those people became serfs on properties owned by aristocrats.

Later, once schooling had brainwashed children, the ruling class was able to raise enormous militaries with obedient men and women who pledge allegiance to the nation's flag. These educated pawns have been tricked into believing that it's an honor to serve their country. Sadly, humans are so gullible that very few realize how militaries help the rulers enslave everyone below them. With soldiers following the commands of the emperor, peasants find it difficult to organize a revolt to escape their enslavement. Leo Tolstoy shows how this system works in his classic book *The Kingdom of God Is within You*, a little book that Mahatma Gandhi cited as his second-favorite book.

Beyond the military, the first US police force was organized in Boston in 1838. More recently, the Department of Homeland Security was organized in 2002. People filling the ranks of all security forces have been brainwashed to believe that higher-ranking officers deserve respect and must be obeyed. But knowing that high-ranking leaders are often psychopaths, respecting authority doesn't make sense. In fact, obedience to leaders resulted in horrible WWII human rights violations.

Hence, the Geneva Convention requires everyone, even military personnel, to follow their conscience.

Beyond propaganda, another tool that's used to enslave working people is money. In the upper class, financial incentives draw people to ignore their conscience so they can be richer. Meanwhile, down in the working class, financial pressures to make ends meet push workers to do unconscionable things.

I've known in my heart that something about money wasn't right. To express that, I wrote the following poem in 1990:

Today's Lord

*Our Economy who art in Heaven,
Dollar be thy name.*

*Thy dumb king come,
Thy Rich become,
On Earth as it is on TV.*

*Give us this day,
Our daily deception and
Forgive us our ignorance,
As we destroy the natural way.*

*Protect us from cooperation and
Deliver us from peace,
For thine is the greed and
Industrial growth forever.*

A Sham!

In school we're taught that money is simply a medium of exchange, but I found that's not true. One particular type of monetary system is promoted by the World Bank and used in all but three countries, North Korea, Cuba, and Iran. The popular system used everywhere else creates scarcity as a side effect of how most of the money is created. With a perpetual shortage, a battle to get enough is always taking place. Thus, perpetual scarcity pushes civilized humans to behave in combative ways more often than we would with a more equitable monetary system. Hence, the economy pushes people apart making us into more diverse individuals who see others as more mysterious.

To expose how scarcity is designed into the popular monetary system details need to be provided.

First of all, most of the money being used worldwide is called “checkbook money.” Although most people haven’t heard of checkbook money, it’s the most common form of currency in circulation today. Despite that, nearly everyone has been misled to believe that we use fiat money. A deeper investigation reveals that there is very little fiat money in existence.

For instance, in 2017 the global M0 (the amount of fiat currency) was estimated to be \$5 trillion US. Meanwhile the global M3 (the entire liquid money supply) was estimated to be \$75 trillion US.

$5/75 = 0.07$, which is 7 percent.

That means that only 7 out of every 100 dollars of the world’s money supply is paper or coin fiat currency. Meanwhile 93 out of every 100 dollars is something else. One name used for that money is “checkbook money”.

Fiat and checkbook money are substantially different.

Fiat money is physical paper and coin currency that is not backed by gold or any real asset. That physical currency was just 7 percent of the global money supply in 2017.

On the other hand, checkbook money is a digital currency that exists in bank accounts and other financial instruments that can be easily converted to fiat currency. Financial institutions convert from fiat to checkbook and checkbook back to fiat automatically. By doing so banks conceal the digital checkbook money. Hence, very few people know that 93 percent of the money in use today is digital checkbook money.

Fiat money is formed by physically printing or minting it. Conversely, checkbook money is brought into existence using Triality magic every time a loan is made. Even credit card transactions instantly create digital checkbook money.

The 70 trillion-dollar question is, how is Triality magic used to create digital checkbook money?

I found the answer in Deirdre Kent's book, *Healthy Money Healthy Planet: Developing Sustainability through New Money Systems*. I'll share what I learned from Kent in my own words.

Suppose you borrow \$1,000 from your bank. The banker uses a computer to place two entries in the bank's ledger. A positive \$1,000 is placed in the assets column, while a negative \$1,000 is put in the liabilities column. These two entries mathematically add to zero: $1,000 + (-1,000) = 0$. That leaves the bank's total assets, its bottom line, unchanged.

Next, the positive \$1,000 in the assets column is transferred to you when the banker gives you a check for \$1,000 or transfers that \$1,000 directly to your bank account. Either way, \$1,000 is added to M3, the amount of liquid money available for use.

Once that digital checkbook money has been transferred into your bank account, you can go to your bank or a bank machine and withdraw the brand-new money as paper fiat currency, even though no new currency was printed. Automatic conversion from checkbook to fiat is performed by the bank keeping the digital nature of your bank account hidden. This is an important part of the checkbook money trick. By concealing the conversion process, hardly anyone knows that 93 percent of the global money supply is imaginary digital currency.

So, without printing any new paper currency, the size of the money supply, M3, was increased by \$1,000 when the loan was issued. Using Triality accounting magic, checkbook money was formed by the commercial banker out of thin air!

In this particular Triality, the banker is the powerful Quintessential Core in the middle. This banker places the positive and negative \$1,000 on the ledger to form two equal but opposite polarities: +\$1,000 and -\$1,000. Thus, the banker and the two numbers form a Triality. After the banker processes the loan, he fades into the background, leaving the digital checkbook money to be used by you and anyone you pass it on to.

As I mentioned above, around 93 percent of the global money supply is digital checkbook money. Because most people make financial transactions using checks, credit cards, direct deposits,

and bank transfers, digital checkbook money is most commonly used without converting it to fiat currency.

Amazingly, bankers have used Triality magic to create \$70 trillion dollars out of thin air!

Later, as you pay back your \$1,000 loan, the \$1,000 liability recorded in the bank's ledger shrinks and gradually disappears. Each payment reduces the amount you owe while also shrinking M3. When your final loan payment is made, the entire \$1,000 liability is completely eliminated from the money supply.

This Triality trick is used for car loans, business loans, home mortgages, credit card purchases, government loans, etc.

The few economists who are aware of how this critical part of our economy functions claim it's mathematically sound. Because the money created also disappears, they insist it must be harmless, right? No, it's actually far from harmless.

The problem is the interest that accompanies loans. In addition to paying back the borrowed money, borrowers must also pay interest on loans. An exception is when a credit card bill is paid in full and on time, in that case the interest is avoided. However, most loans require interest payments.

This brings up a critical question: Where does the money needed to pay the interest on the loans come from?

When loans are created using the Triality trick, only the principal amount of the loan is created. The interest that must also be paid was not created. So where does the borrower get additional money to pay the interest on their loan?

The unexpected correct answer is *future loans*. As we all know, loans are paid back over time. At least 30 days pass before the first payment is due. For home mortgages, the loan may be paid back monthly over as many as 30 years. In these long-term loans, banks often demand two times the amount of the loan in interest payments collected over 30 years.

Oddly, the banker simply pressed a few buttons on the computer to produce the digital loan out of thin air. The banker didn't loan out fiat currency from the bank's vault; instead, the

banker made digital checkbook money using a Triality accounting trick to loan imaginary money, what I'm calling digital checkbook money. So why should the banker earn interest on imaginary money that didn't cost anything to create?

If life was fair, interest wouldn't be charged. Perhaps a loan processing fee would be appropriate. However, because the effort to process the loan is the same regardless of the amount loaned, interest based on the amount of the loan is not fair.

Despite that, bankers charge interest to acquire wealth and power. The legal system is used to enforce the process that includes threats of repossession or foreclosure. That leaves the borrower with the task of earning the money needed to pay the interest and enrich the bankers.

While loans are being paid back, additional new loans are being made. The digital checkbook money created by those new loans can be used to pay the interest on older loans.

For example, a carpenter might take out a loan to buy tools. Suppose that carpenter gets a job building someone's house. The person who wants the house built may borrow money to pay for it. Some of the new digital checkbook money that was created for the building loan may be used to pay the carpenter. Once the carpenter is paid, he can use that money to make payments on his tool loan. Portions of those payments go toward the interest, while the rest reduces the amount owed.

This system works as long as new loans are issued fast enough to produce all the interest needed to pay all the older loans. Unfortunately, based on actual history, that doesn't happen. In reality, new loans are not made fast enough to provide enough money to pay the interest on all of the existing loans.

This feature of the popular money system creates scarcity. Without enough money to pay all the interest on all loans, some people go bankrupt, others lose their homes through foreclosure, and some have cars or boats repossessed.

To make the scarcity of available money even worse, the central banks, of all but three countries, periodically tighten loan

regulations slowing the new loan creation process. A recent example occurred in 2007 when new personal loans were temporarily restricted. That caused the money supply to shrink making it mathematically impossible for everyone to make their loan payments which caused people to lose their homes via foreclosure. As the money flow slowed down businesses went bankrupt. Soon small banks were acquired by big banks. Foreclosure procedures are enforced by sheriffs with guns who obtain homes by physically removing the homeowners. Repossession professionals repossess cars, boats, and so on.

While it may seem reasonable for people who can't make their loan payments to suffer some sort of consequences, the monetary system doesn't provide enough money for everyone to pay what they borrowed plus the interest. In fact, it's mathematically impossible for everyone to pay back their loans plus interest. Not enough money exists. That's how the popular money system creates the scarcity of money that tightens the invisible shackles on civilized wage slaves, the working class peasants.

This sick money system is a Ponzi (or pyramid) scheme that's controlled by the Federal Reserve Bank. While that name causes most Americans to think the Fed is part of the US federal government, it is actually a privately owned corporation with a board of directors made of big bank executives. What's especially odd about the Ponzi scheme monetary system is that Ponzi schemes are illegal in most countries, including the USA.

Hence, we have an illegal Ponzi scheme monetary system that creates scarcity forcing people to fight over too little money!

Even beyond individual citizens, governments are also squeezed by this system because the private central banks loan money to governments creating national debts. To pay national debts, many countries sell their natural resources, such as timber, oil, gold, and copper. This means that Mother Nature is exploited and damaged because the Ponzi scheme monetary systems are designed with scarcity built into them.

Charles Eisenstein discusses this scarcity effect in a video by using the musical chairs game as an example. Here's a link to his 11-minute video: youtu.be/ibGJGeUSfOc

I'll share his musical chairs analogy in my own words.

Suppose you begin a game of musical chairs with 20 people and 19 chairs. While the music is playing, everyone walks around the chairs. Then, when the music stops, it's time to sit in a chair before they're all taken. The shortage of chairs causes everyone to compete for the available chairs. Some people may elbow others or fight to get a chair. In the end, one person is left without a chair, and that loser is tossed out of the game.

When playing musical chairs, people forget about politeness and generosity. No one graciously says, "Here, take this chair. I'll find another." Why? Because there aren't enough chairs. The game is designed with a scarcity of chairs.

On the other hand, if there were 20 chairs, all 20 people would know there are enough for everyone and everyone would calmly find a chair. However, with only 19 chairs available for 20 people, everyone's behavior becomes hostile. That antisocial behavior is caused by the scarcity of chairs that is designed into the musical chairs game.

In a similar way, the monetary system is designed with scarcity built into it. That scarcity makes civilization into a fight for enough money to pay home mortgages, other loans, and living expenses. This built in monetary scarcity makes modern civilization into an endless battle for survival. Conversely, Mother Nature offers abundance.

Ponzi or pyramid schemes enrich the elite who use them to empower themselves. To get to the top of such a system, one must turn away from their Soul in their heart to reach for more power. Help in ascending the pyramid often comes from spirits that have inside connections with the right people—the Serpent's other elite followers. Surely they can help up-and-coming narcissists climb the pyramid of arrogant decadence that's built on the backs of humble workers. People who have been taught to respect the leaders who are surreptitiously enslaving them.

Meanwhile, because not enough money exists for everyone to succeed, some families are left homeless, workers are pushed harder, and Nature is pillaged evermore to pay interest on national loans. All of this makes bankers rich and powerful.

Bankers profit during economic expansion by collecting interest. They also profit during economic contraction through foreclosures. By intentionally inflating the money supply with lots of loans and then deflating it with strict loan regulations, bankers have amassed more power than anyone ever! Unfortunately, it's not polite to discuss such things.

Digital checkbook money has enabled the bankers to acquire control of most of the politicians on Earth. Additional money is used to pay for muscle to secure the elite's safety. Indeed, money is used in countless divisive ways by the military, industrial, religious, medical, and banking matrix.

The tremendous power of Triality magic had been used by bankers to create over \$70 trillion worldwide as of 2017. That reality demonstrates that Triality magic can create an illusion so real it comprises 93 percent of the world's money supply. This mostly imaginary monetary system is used by billions of people to purchase goods and services every day. This example shows how truly powerful Triality magic is.

Despite all of that, there are many ways to design monetary systems. Each design has particular effects. In *Healthy Money Healthy Planet*, Kent shows how the popular money system is a good choice for bankers but a bad choice for the environment and workers. Then, she goes on to examine 100 alternative money systems and discusses their effects. Finally, Kent offers recommendations for healthy money system design.

For instance, when a country's central bank is owned and controlled by the government, national debt is eliminated. The national government can design a monetary system that fosters prosperity among all the citizens. Kent provides many examples of systems that were actually used to successfully foster prosperity. Unfortunately, local bankers persuaded the national

governments to shut most of those systems down. Obviously coercion was employed to shut those prosperous systems down.

Read Kent's book, and you'll discover many alternative monetary systems that produce positive results rather than scarcity and environmental devastation. The most important thing I learned from Kent is that the popular monetary system's design is influential in creating conflict, classism, environmental damage, homelessness, and general unrest.

With all that understood, I noticed how even though the money system seems awfully sick, that system has helped to individualize humanity. A healthy money system wouldn't have pushed people apart the way the sick system has and still does.

Here again, something that's evil is accomplishing an important result. The divisive nature of our rigged monetary system has pushed people to become highly individualized folks who can explore loving very mysterious others.

Although one might presume that people today are essentially the same as people 120 years ago, that's not true. According to a 2002 BBC documentary entitled *Century of Self*, human individuality increased dramatically from 1900 to 2000. The *Century of Self* documentary clearly shows dramatic increases in human individuality during the 20th century.

Then, during the first 20 years of the 21st century, the process of separating people intensified. Cell phones, video games, the internet, and social media has been pushing people further apart more quickly than ever before.

Most recently, in 2020, antisocial distancing, mask wearing, sheltering at home, and worldwide political unrest have pushed people apart even further. On top of physical separation, new divisions are popping up between friends. My brother and I stopped communicating for a while, then we reconnected. Still our conversations are challenging because our views on current events differ substantially. Just as Steiner predicted, the divisive process is getting more divisive as time marches on.

It's quite possible that the global pandemic is being used for more than making billions on treatments. For instance, Klaus Schwab is an economist best known as the founder and executive chairman of the World Economic Forum. He coauthored *The Great Reset*, a book claiming “the pandemic represents a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world.” Specifically, Schwab is interested in a global digital currency. Going even further, Schwab points out how a global digital currency would support a global government.

A centrally controlled global technocracy could transform the entire world into one giant pyramid—the New World Order that aristocrats have been interested in for quite some time. That pyramid would elevate the elite to exalted levels of power and luxury beyond anything so far. For narcissistic psychopathic aristocrats, sitting on top of a global pyramid is the endgame.

If a global digital currency is rolled out, it could require people to get a personal identification chip inserted under their skin. That embedded chip would provide a positive identity linking each person to their digital wallet. Cash and credit cards could become illegal. With such a system every monetary transaction would be processed through a central computer system. Only authorized transactions would be approved. Cell phones and the wireless “Internet of Things” could be used to provide a global surveillance system to monitor all citizens. Misbehavior could result in restrictions on travel or being banned from restaurants or concerts. In extreme cases, one's digital bank account could be suspended or revoked.

China has already implemented many of these diabolical controls. Citizens have social credit scores that determine their status and appropriate restrictions for poor behavior.

If a technocratic system is implemented worldwide, it would fit with the prophesied mark of the beast mentioned in the Christian Book of Revelation, chapter 13 (ESV):

16 Also it causes all, both small and great, both rich and poor, both free and slave, to be marked on the right hand or the forehead, 17 so that no one can buy or sell unless he has the mark, that is, the name of the beast or the number of its name.

Freedom fighters are already warning people of the plan to use a global digital monetary system for top down control. With such a system, each purchase is recorded. The black markets, which include drugs, prostitution, weapons, and other illicit industries will be more difficult to operate. Cash has allowed hidden transactions to take place, but a digital system would record all transactions.

As we all know, several presidents, prime ministers, governors, and other top government leaders have recently issued tyrannical mandates that have provoked the largest protests ever seen in the “free world.” I’ve seen videos of enormous protests in Australia, France, Germany, Denmark, US, Estonia, Ireland, Britain, and so on.

A courageous Nuremberg 2 tribunal has convened. Mountains of letters are being sent to democratic government leaders asking them to back off as they impose overreaching mandates violating international and national human rights.

Meanwhile, those at the very top remain in contact with the Serpent who meets with his top followers to keep the plan on track. Some call that spirit the Almighty. For instance, the Almighty led Hitler out of WWI trenches up onto a pedestal where he was worshiped by many of his countrymen and women. (Hitler’s initial connection with what he called the Almighty was shared earlier in Chapter 34.)

Beyond guiding people from the outside, spirits can enter people’s bodies to possess them. Earlier I shared my personal possession experience. Although I was possessed by a loving ghost who used my voice to tell my friend I loved her, demonic spirits do exist and they could easily possess people in power.

Clearly I have no way of sorting out all the details or knowing what is really taking place behind the scenes; however, it appears to me that we are involved in the prophesied transition in which most people ascend into the Heavens leaving the open-hearted to inherit the Earth.

Chapter 39

Civilization Overview Part 3: Transition

Looking beyond the individuation process that occurs in civilization, it's quite easy to see that civilization also offers countless opportunities for people to connect with one another. So, even while civilization has been dividing us, there are also events and venues that bring groups of people together for celebrations, feasts, sporting events, and all sorts of group activities. Those activities provide opportunities to make friends, explore love, and celebrate life in all sorts of ways.

So, in accordance with Evil's Silver Lining principle, the evil divisive aspects of civilization forge us into individuals who are then able to enjoy lots of group activities and performances that are popular in city centers. Examples include concerts, dance clubs, restaurants, parties, sporting events, and so on. Hence, civilization may be separating us, but it also provides lots of ways for individuals to meet mysterious strangers, develop friendships, and even explore the magic of love.

As I've shown throughout this book, many positive turning points in my life started as challenges. For instance, a black widow spider helped me follow my heart. The Sundance ceremony with large hail and lots of self-mutilation helped me let go of my dreams of creating peace on Earth. That freed me to finally consider how peace is part of the divine plan—it will occur when the open-hearted inherit the Earth.

Another negative incident was the big circular saw blade cutting halfway through my finger. That injury gave me the time needed to practice tantric lovemaking with my beloved. On the seventh day I returned to the One, became an infinite orgasm, and remembered the purpose of the Universe. That was the most spectacular experience of my life.

It seems that all of the most remarkable events in my life began with challenges that most people would label bad or evil. Then, with an open-heart, miraculous outcomes emerge.

Suppose we have come to the end of civilization's divisive individuation process. If that's true, the transition from the era of individuation to the era of love is taking place right now!

When I wonder about that, what comes to me intuitively is how a catastrophic ending will set the stage for a phoenix to rise from the ashes. That phoenix will usher in greater health and more happiness and love than humans have ever experienced. On the New Earth, inheritors will use all sorts of dwellings, vehicles, infrastructure, and tools to merge modern technology with Nature in a beautifully healthy way. I've seen examples of techno-nature mergers appear in my mind intuitively.

When I contemplate a catastrophic ending of civilization, words like apocalypse and Armageddon come to mind. As I mentioned in Chapter 34, Armageddon is defined as the last battle between good and evil before Judgment Day.

Coincidentally, a global battle is taking place as I write. On one side, freedom fighters who oppose the lockdowns could be labeled good. On the other side, psychopathic dictators who are imposing the lockdowns could be labeled evil. This is the first time in history that the entire world is engaged in a good-versus-evil battle. What's taking place right now, could be the last battle before Judgment Day.

Before I discuss Judgment Day, let's consider "apocalypse".

Apocalypse comes from the Greek word *apokaluptein*, which means "uncover" or "reveal." Strangely, the modern definition is "the final destruction of the world." Even though the new definition seems unrelated to the original meaning, the two link together quite well. If enough people uncover the truth that civilization is a slave system and that realization pushes many to return to nature, modern civilization could collapse. That could lead to the final destruction of the civilized world.

For civilization to fall, a critical mass of people would need to see through the propaganda, uncover hidden truths, and venture out from under the pyramid, past its edges and into the country.

As individuals, we all have varying degrees of knowledge about civilization and how it functions. However, current events are pushing many people to look deeper into the appalling nature of civilization. In the midst of all sorts of PR propaganda, fear-mongering sensationalism, provocative theories about aliens, and so on, the atrocious nature of civilization is being exposed in accurate in-depth books, current events, and videos.

If a global digital monetary system that requires everyone to get a chip or “mark of the beast” is added to the already problematic nature of civilization, that could be the last straw that triggers an exodus of open-hearted people.

As I mentioned in the last chapter, the founder and executive chairman of the World Economic Forum claims that a global digital monetary system is an important part of the Great Reset, a worldwide transformation that includes global governance.

So let’s imagine that open-hearted people are faced with being chipped in order to participate in buying and selling. When contemplating whether to be marked with a chip or not, a clear “no” emerges from our Souls. To follow that guidance, we need to rekindle our relationship with the Mother Earth and plant based foods by engaging in simple natural living. Many open-hearted people are already off the grid and living in the country. Soon, that sort of lifestyle will become necessary to remain in alignment with our inner guidance.

Meanwhile the closed-hearted will cling to civilization where the freedom fighters and the dictators are already fighting a battle between good and evil. Will that be the last battle before Judgment Day. If so, what is Judgment Day?

Most Christians imagine it to be a day of reckoning, when many are condemned by a wrathful God to eternal torture.

Conversely, my Soul guided me to see something very different.

For me, Judgment Day is when humanity is split to fulfill the ascension-versus-inheritance event that ushers in a new era of love. That process ensures that only people who have learned to open and follow their hearts and open themselves to love inherit the Earth, meanwhile the closed-hearted people must ascend into the astral realm. Hence, the judgment involves deciding who ascends and who inherits. But who's the judge?

It seems obvious that our divine portions of consciousness within our hearts are most qualified to make such a judgment. Each person's Soul knows everything about them. Each divine Soul is aware of every thought, feeling, and action that occurred during their host's entire life.

So, Judgment Day is when our Souls chose where each person fits best: Heaven, Earth, or Hell. While it's common for Hell to be thought of as a place for punishment, sadists and masochists will find that domain fits their macabre desires. Thus, Hell provides an afterlife playground to fulfill sadistic and masochistic desires.

To fulfill the ascension-versus-inheritance scenario, the battle between the freedom fighters and the dominators can shift all of the closed-hearted people out of the physical realm. As they pass over to the astral realm they'll shed their physical bodies to fly away from Earth in their subtle astral bodies to explore the Heavens. Because the upper and lower layers of the astral realm accommodate all sorts of extreme desires, the people who pass over will be able to experience all their deepest desires.

Meanwhile, back on Earth in the physical realm, people who have learned to open and follow their hearts and open themselves to love will inherit the Earth. Without a ruling class and their PR propagandists promoting the toxic industrial system of civilization, the inheritors will shift their lifestyles to harmonize with Mother Nature as the Earth heals. A phoenix will rise from the ashes of civilization to support greater health, happiness, and love all around the globe.

Finally, all human beings will be happy!

Many will be happy in Heaven, others in Hell, and the open-hearted will enjoy the full blossoming of love here on Earth.

One important issue that I feel guided to add is how women are becoming leaders in all sorts of ways. Earlier I mentioned that civilization was dominated by men because the masculine intellectual polarity can more effectively act in divisive ways. Therefore, masculine people (mostly men but also masculine women) have been leaders for thousands of years.

The recent shift, in which feminine people have become leaders is important to notice. Since female leadership is part of my personal fantasy, I've been watching this closely and wondering about it through out my life. What comes up intuitively now is that balance and integration of the masculine and feminine polarities will make each person whole to bring out our true self most effectively. It's not one or the other, but both.

Triality includes the Beneficence of the Quintessential Core principal in which balance provides the greatest health and happiness. So, rather than allowing the pendulum to swing past the middle, toward the feminine polarity in our guts, each of us can simply open to the wholeness that resides in our hearts. That's where our True Self, the Superconscious-Soul resides.

Hence, it's time for the open-hearted to open our hearts wider than ever as we learn to live the way of the heart and open to love. This will prepare us to participate in the full blossoming of love on a New Earth, one that is free of divisive civilization.

Clearly there are challenging times ahead and the best way to get through them is with an open heart, following your inner-genius.

The Heart-Opening Breath is a powerful technique that can shift your state-of-mind to see reality from a more divine perspective.

Rather than looking outside yourself for help and guidance, tap into your inner divinity.

Despite the challenges that lie ahead, there are also magnificent blessings that will make every hurdle worth jumping.

You can do it!