

**Rob's Spiritual Odyssey  
and...  
The Life Lessons Along the Way**

*This spiritual biography is dedicated to my mother,  
Ruby Marie Fitzgerald (Williams) — July 1920-June 2014*

**Preface**

When I started to write this story it was for a completely different reason. However, like so many things in life, we start out in one direction and end up in a completely different place than we expected! The details of that redirection are unimportant, but the outcome isn't. It turned out to answer several questions that had plagued me since I was a young boy. One of the questions it answered had haunted me since 1988-89. That question had to do with the "transmissions/downloads" I received that resulted in the birth of the PSYCH-K "thought-form" in modern times. The question was, "Why me, rather than someone else?" After reading what I had written, in its totality, I had my answer. Simply put, my life had uniquely prepared me to receive the work and to be its caretaker for this lifetime. This is the story of the *spiritual odyssey* that prepared me for this *sacred trust*.

It is my hope that you will find some inspiration and wisdom here that you can apply to your own life, as well as learning what has shaped *who* I am, and *why* I am, as the Originator (original conduit) of PSYCH-K.

**And the Odyssey begins:**

**Hold On to the Children**

"Hold on to the children, we're going over," shouted my grandmother from the drivers seat of the car. Immediately, my mother clutched me to her side, and held my infant brother tightly to her chest. The car had begun to hydroplane and slid off the rain soaked Florida highway, as it began to roll over and over. When the rolling finally stopped, the car was upside down. Since there were no seat belts in those days, even my grandmother ended up entangled with the rest of us in the back seat. Miraculously, we survived the accident. No one except my grandmother had received a serious injury. Even that was not lethal. I don't remember the details of the accident because I was two and half years old at the time, but my mother did, as she told me this story. This was to be a pattern in my life from that day on, a pattern of death-defying experiences that would occur again and again over the course of my life.

Other such stories of similar episodes dot my childhood and adult life. The full awareness of the significance of the earliest events wasn't apparent to me until much later in my life,

however it created a mosaic of a life filled with meaning, purpose, and spiritual guidance that lay ahead of me.

### **And Then an Angel Came**

I must have been seven or eight years old. I am not exactly sure. My younger brother and I were asleep in our shared bedroom. All of a sudden, I witnessed what many people might call an Angel, a “being of light,” enter the room through the wall behind me. That wall was an exterior wall that faced the street. Yes, I know, I said I was asleep. I was, except that I could see this Light Being enter the room, and I could see my body lying in bed, asleep. The being was tall and slender, and radiated a beautiful glowing white light that seemed to penetrate and surround its form. The entire room was filled with light. I remember wondering why my brother and I didn’t wake up. It looked like daylight to me!

As I watched the scene unfold, the Light Being moved toward my body and stopped about three or four feet from my head. Then it extended the palms of its “hands” toward my head, and began to release a steady stream of white light into my head. In seeing this, I became concerned that the Being was trying to hurt me! I felt completely helpless to do anything about what was happening. As I watched the light beam continue to enter my head, a calm came over me. I somehow knew that no harm was being done to me. After what seemed like only five or ten minutes, the beam of light directed toward my head stopped, and the Light Being simply backed (more like floated) out of the room, through the wall in which it had entered.

The next thing I remember was waking up in the morning, with this memory of the incident in my head. I told myself it was just a crazy dream, not to *worry* about it, and not to *tell* anybody about it, because they would think I was crazy! But, I knew at some level of my being that something more than a dream had occurred, because I had an inner knowing that my life had a purpose...a knowing that hadn’t been there the day before. I knew, from that moment on, my life would never be the same. I was left with awareness that there was more to life than meets the eye, and that I had to find out about that unseen world, if I were to ever make sense of the one I could see.

### **The Magic of Fantasia**

From the wonderfully magical mind of Walt Disney came the movie Fantasia. It captivated the minds and hearts of millions of people around the world, for many years. The movie premiered in 1940, and enjoyed many remakes over the years that followed. I first saw this animated, musical masterpiece when I was about eleven years old. In this case, my father was *instrumental* (this is a pun you will understand shortly, so don’t groan just yet) in getting me to the movie. My father was a wonderful jazz saxophone player, who was also a classical musician, playing the oboe, bassoon, saxophone, and clarinet. He was also a fine composer/arranger and conductor, as well as being a music teacher, most notably at

Hollywood High School, in California. The influence of music was unmistakable in our family. Okay, you can groan now!

But I digress. Now, back to Fantasia. It was a matinee, back in the days when movies were 25 cents for kids under 12, and 50 cents for adults and kids over 12. The theatre was packed. I had my bag of popcorn and was ready for the movie to start. As I watched the various segments of the movie, eight in all, I was like every other kid, and adult, for that matter. I was enjoying the show and was mesmerized by the music and animation. And then it happened. The segment called, The Sorcerer's Apprentice began.

The star of this segment was Mickey Mouse, cast as an apprentice to a powerful wizard who spent his days, and probably some nights doing magic. Mickey's duty was to help the wizard with the chores needed to maintain a castle suitable for the work of a great and powerful wizard. While helping with such chores, Mickey was also learning the art and craft of magic, so someday he could become a great and powerful wizard.

Early into the plot, the wizard decides to get some rest, after a hard day of conjuring, and decides to take a nap. Mickey has already been instructed to fill a vat in the castle with water by carrying buckets of water from one vat to another.

Before climbing the stairs to his bedchamber, the wizard removes his magic wizard-hat and sets it down in plain site of Mickey. When the wizard is safely out of site, Mickey sees the hat and decides that maybe he can use magic to make his task easier. He dons the hat and then notices a broom leaning up against the wall. He decides that he will use magic to bring the broom to life, and order it to do the carrying of the buckets for him! Well, it works, at first anyway. He relaxes in a chair, watching his magical broom at work. Soon, he gets tired and falls asleep, he dreams of being a great and powerful wizard. During his dream he commands Nature to do his bidding. He makes the stars to move as he sees fit, the clouds to bring rain, and the rising water to crash against the rocks, and spray high into the air. All of a sudden, the chair he is sitting in tips over and he finds himself awake and under water! He immediately realizes that while he was asleep, the magical broom had continued robotically, to carry out its assigned task, and was now completely out of control! Hurriedly, he tries to stop the broom from continuing to fill and dump the buckets of water it has been carrying. But, to Mickey's shock and amazement, he cannot stop the broom. In one final act of desperation, he grabs an axe and chops the broom into small pieces. With a sigh of relief, he starts to walk away from the splintered broom. But, it's not over yet.

The fragments of the broom start to come alive, creating an army of new brooms, all of which have buckets of their own, and they resume the task of transporting the water! Now Mickey becomes terrified as he realizes he has no idea how to stop the brooms. The castle is now dangerously filled with torrents of water and Mickey finds himself floating on the large book of magical incantations, used by the wizard. As he feverishly pages through the book of magic, trying to find the instructions on how to stop the disaster, things only get worse. Just as all seems to be lost, the wizard reappears on the steps, sees the mess, and with several waves of his arms makes the water disappear. He sees Mickey on the floor with his wizard hat, and immediately understands what happened. Mickey sees the wizard

and sheepishly removes the hat and hands it to the wizard. In that moment, the wizard gave Mickey a look that spoke volumes to me. To most kids, and maybe most adults, the message probably was, *you did something wrong, and you're in big trouble!* To me it was, *don't mess with magic until you know how to use it safely and wisely, as a fully qualified wizard, not just an apprentice.*

The rule is even more important to follow the greater the consequences, due to your lack of knowledge!

It doesn't take much to see the analogies here for our society. If you see Mickey's ignorance about the awesome power he is accessing, coupled with his arrogance to think he knows what he is doing, before he really does, it's not hard to find examples of that in our modern day industries. Here are a few that come to mind for me, such as, genetic engineering, biological warfare, side effects from pharmaceuticals, nuclear power plants, manipulation of weather, and you can add your own.

This lesson was to be a guiding force throughout my life, and began a fascination with wizards, especially the legends of Merlin the Magician.

### **It's All in How You Look at It**

In retrospect, this next event was both my earliest introduction to the wisdom of Nature, and my first understanding about what part perception plays in our lives. The kind of perception that determines how we feel from day-to-day, and dictates the limits of what we can achieve in life.

I was 13 years old. You know, the age when the *hormone demons* get loose and nearly all young men, and some young girls, enter a period of temporary insanity. A period that can last for a few years, or in some cases it is a lifelong condition! Be honest, either you have *parented* someone like this, or you *are* someone like this. In either case, you know what I am talking about.

Having discovered "deep love," as only a 13 year old can, I was dealing with new emotions I hadn't encountered before. It was a painful and confusing time for me. The inner conflict made me an ideal *poster child* for manic-depressive disorder! However, help was on the way in the guise of a camping trip.

At that time in my life, I was living in a suburban neighborhood in southern California. One of our neighbors was a man named Guy, who had a young daughter, but no sons. He compensated for that fact by joining us "guys" (okay, I like puns) in sporting events regularly held on someone's lawn, or in the street in front of our houses. He was short in stature, so he fit right in with us kids. It was his constant smoking of cigars that separated the man from the boys. He was a real rough-and-tumble, outdoors type.

One day he got a few of us boys together and asked if we would like to go on a camping trip— an overnighter in the nearby Sierra Nevada Mountains. We were ecstatic! An overnight trip to the mountains, it sounded so exciting. It was something I had never done before.

Our parents gave us permission, and we were good-to-go.

Prior to leaving, we made a trip to the local backpacking and camping store to rent the right equipment. That included a backpack, down filled sleeping bag, and other necessities to protect us from the elements of the chilly nights at high altitude.

Finally the day came, and we were off to the wilderness. Four or five hours later we arrived at our destination. Well, not exactly. Little did I realize that the distance between where we had to park the car, and where we would camp, was another two hours of hiking! Putting on the backpack I had rented, loaded with equipment, and hiking up the mountainside for two hours was not what I had imagined camping would be! Nevertheless, two hours later we arrived at a pristine mountain lake, that was absolutely breath taking. While others went about setting up camp, and exploring the area, I sat on a rock gazing back down the ravine we had climbed in order to get to this beautiful place. Sitting there alone, my mind turned to matters of “love.” I could feel my mood begin to drop as I began to think of my relationship woes. All of a sudden, I lost a sense of time, and it felt as if someone had grabbed a kind of filter (the kind used in forced air heating units) from the top of my head, and lifted it out. When it was “replaced,” probably just a few moments had actually passed, (I don’t really have any idea how long it was) the feeling of torment and angst were gone! In fact, I had a very different perspective on what I thought were my love problems, and that perspective expanded to other areas of my life, as well. Suddenly I felt I was on top of the mountain of my own life, instead of struggling up a steep incline of despair! I never forgot the sense of instant relief I felt because I could see my life so differently, so quickly.

The message in that experience was that by *changing my point of view* I could *change the way I felt about things*.

Years later, I would associate this powerful experience with being in Nature, and would make important career choices because of it, including relocating to Colorado and working in the backpacking and camping industry.

## **Learning to Go With the Flow**

Between the ages of 14 and 17, I spent most of my summers at the beach with a couple of buddies. We would ride our bikes 6 miles to get there, and spend nearly all day basking in the sun and body surfacing in the Pacific Ocean. I loved the beach! These were my high school years from 1961 through 1964. Those were the days when you didn’t need a lock for your bicycle, and a couple of dollars would feed you all day, and still have the 50 cents it took to rent a canvas raft to surf with, when you were tired taking a beating from the ocean, without one. It is that beating in the waves that provided important life lessons for me.

Being a young man, ready to “take on the world,” I thought I could beat the waves and tame the ocean. Instead, whenever I tried to make the ocean bend to my will, I found myself with a mouth full of salt water and sand, and gasping for air! Those four years at the beach taught me invaluable lessons about life. Things like the importance of timing, (being in the right place at the right time), going with the flow instead of fighting Nature, collaborating instead of competing, and to be aware of the changing environment around you.

I learned the importance of timing from surfing. The trick to surfing is to catch the right wave at just the right time. If you enter the wave too late, you will miss it, and have to wait for another one to come along. If you enter it too soon, it will break on you, and you will be eating sand, swallowing water, and gasping for air, or worse! But, if you enter the wave at just the right time, you will enjoy an exhilarating ride, embraced by the power of the wave...provided by Nature. In this way it takes little effort to enjoy and benefit from the power of the wave. Imposing your own timing on the wave just leads to struggle and pain. Such is life.

Respect the laws of Nature. They represent the original instructions of how to live successfully on this planet. So as I see it, the ocean was my first “spiritual teacher.” It taught me about life, not just about surfing.

### **My Life Gets Turned Upside Down at Age 18!**

My life was *literally* turned upside down at age 18. At the time, I was working at a gas station to make some money. I was on my way home from work in my “cherried-out” Volvo 120. That’s what we called cars in those days that were fixed up or customized. It was a small car *barely* able to hold four people. As I approached an intersection of a major highway, I was aware of the green light giving me the right-of-way, so I continued through the intersection. However, an elderly man and woman in a huge Chrysler automobile (cars were a *lot bigger* in those days) decided to make a *left* turn from the far *right* lane on the opposite side of the street, against the light, and broadsided me on the driver’s side of my car in the middle of the intersection. I never saw them coming until it was too late! I was totally caught by surprise. And, before I knew it my car had skidded sideways from the impact, and flipped over on its top. Because of the momentum of the collision, it continued to slide and spin on the asphalt, with glass shattering and fuel spilling from the gas tank. The grinding of metal against the asphalt created sparks, resulting in a situation ripe for an explosion! I was pinned upside down with my lower back resting on the 8-Ball gearshift knob (remember I was 18 and that was cool in those days). As the car continued to slide and spin, I could hear the shattering of glass and the grinding of the metal top on the road’s surface. Mercifully, the car finally ended its journey and came to a rest. My body was in the only position it could have been to avoid severe injury. My car had no seatbelts, and in this case, that probably saved my life, because my body was able to move into that position. I was frozen in place and gripping the steering wheel for dear life, when I realized that several men in service station attendant uniforms were trying to pry open one of the doors to my car, in order to free me from my metal prison. Finally they succeeded, and I was

pulled out of the wreckage. By all rights, I should not have exited that car alive, but I did. Of course, there were many thoughts going through my mind at the time, but foremost was that I was alive, and mostly uninjured, except for the pain in my lower back from my encounter with the 8-Ball gearshift knob.

As I looked at the twisted and shattered remains of what *was* my car, still upside down on the street, I realized that something more than just dumb luck was working here. I was, indeed being looked after by forces I couldn't see or explain. Instead of fear, I felt a deep sense of gratitude and joy!

### **Another Close Call**

Two years later I was to have another close call with death when I was in the military. It wasn't from hostile fire, but instead it happened when I was stationed at Langley Air Force base in Hampton, Virginia. I was stopped at an intersection waiting for the red light to change, when I was hit by another car from behind. I never saw it coming. It turned out to be a young man in the Navy who was stationed in the area. According to the police report, he had way too much to drink, and was still accelerating when he hit me at about 45 miles an hour. The impact was so great that my car was forced into the intersection and spun directly into oncoming traffic. Miraculously, I was not hit again from the front or back by cross traffic. Once again, my car was totaled, and I was unhurt. Once again, I felt a deep sense of gratitude to be alive, and a sense of being protected by something bigger than myself.

### **Psychology or Philosophy?**

I spent nearly four years in the United States Air Force during the Vietnam War. When I returned to civilian life, I continued the college education I had started before entering military service at 18 years of age. Reentering the academic world, at age 22, I felt like an "old guy" compared to the 18 and 19 year olds just out of high school. Now married and 22 years old, I put my full attention on my personal life, and my education. Since I had a keen interest in human behavior, I thought psychology would be an appropriate major. However, after taking my first psychology class, my professor told me that, based on the kinds of questions I asked, he recommended I change my major to philosophy. Following that advice, and with a couple of changes in schools along the way, I finished my under graduate degree in philosophy at the University of California, at Los Angeles, (UCLA). I majored in philosophy because I wanted the answers to such questions as, why are we here? What is the purpose of life? Is there a God? And, What happens after we die? I studied philosophy to get ANSWERS, however I graduated with more QUESTIONS than I had before I started my studies! Philosophy taught me how much I would probably never know about a lot of things I sought to know.

During my college years my mother was doing some studying of her own. She got involved with metaphysics. One of her metaphysically inclined friends told her about a psychic who

lived in the L.A. area that she highly recommended. I was at one of those turning points in life, where I was just about to finish college and start thinking about a career. With a bachelor's degree in philosophy, my job options were pretty limited. There were no jobs listed in the L.A. Times for Philosopher Kings (see Plato's Republic), so I was going to have to improvise. It was about then that my mother talked to me about going to see the psychic, for a reading. That conversation went something like this.

Mother: "Son, I think you should go to this woman for a reading."

Me: "Mom, I can already read, how do you think I got through college!"

Mother: I don't mean that kind of reading, I mean a psychic reading."

Me: "That's ridiculous. Psychics are just frauds that trick gullible people and take their money. If you had studied philosophy at UCLA like I did, you would know that!"

Mother: "I will pay for it. Just do it for your mother, p-l-e-a-s-e!"

It wasn't fair. She played the universal mother trump card, *just do it for your mother, p-l-e-a-s-e!* You know the kind of please, I mean. The long drawn out one, that's kind of a cross between *begging* and *demanding*. The one filled with implied guilt if you dare say, no!

The next thing I know I am knocking on a stranger's door in Canoga Park, California. I didn't know what to expect, since I had never had such a "reading" before. A man, whom I later learned was the woman's husband, greeted me. He ushered me into a room with pillows on the floor, a small table, and two chairs. It was a kind of sunroom with flowers, figurines, and statues I didn't recognize. I took my assigned seat and waited for her to come in.

In a few minutes, a middle-aged woman entered the room wearing a flowing, tie-died chiffon dress. She sort of *glided* to her chair and sat down. Her hair was done in a bouffant style, popular at the time. In short, she was my worst nightmare vision of a New Age psychic! She introduced herself as Andraleria. That was it, no last name. She told me she did *Soul Readings*. She explained that a *Soul Reading* was a communication that tapped into my Superconscious Mind, and that could help reveal latent talents at the subconscious level of my mind, carried over from past lives.

At this point I was ready to bolt out of the room, saying that this had been a big mistake, and that I just wasn't comfortable going through with the "reading." As I was about to make my move, I heard the voice of my mother in my head, saying, *just do it for your mother, p-l-e-a-s-e!* You guessed it; my mother's voice overrode my impulse to leave as quickly as I could, so I resolved to just get through it. The reading lasted nearly two hours. Thankfully, the session was recorded. That is how I can be sure of the details of what happened.

She said many things about my character, talents, and life that I knew she had no way of knowing from our brief encounter. She also said many things about what she called my past lives. The concept of past lives was not entirely unfamiliar to me from my studies of world religions, during my college studies in philosophy. To me reincarnation was a superstition of eastern religions. To Andraleria, it was simply a part of her worldview. I listened with a healthy dose of skepticism to the fascinating stories she told about my incarnations as a politician in the Roman Senate named Ictanius, as a Druid Leader in the



time of the Celts, named Maldon, and as the Director of an Egyptian temple, named Naktan. She asked me if I had studied metaphysics. I said yes, it was part of the curriculum I took at UCLA in the philosophy department. I decided to show her how smart I was by giving her some examples of the philosophers I had studied, like Kant, Heidegger, Hegel, Sartre, Dostoevsky, Kafka, Camus, and others. This nearly always worked when I wanted to impress someone, because hardly anyone really understood what these guys were talking about, including some of my philosophy professors! She seemed unimpressed, and said, "No. I mean *spiritual* metaphysics." I had no idea what she was talking about, and clearly my plan to impress her had backfired. I felt anything but smart!

As she continued with the Reading, she said several things that I was sure she couldn't have known about me, such as things about my eating habits, my likes and dislikes, my talents and abilities, etc., just enough to offset the things I couldn't confirm, like my identities in past lives, my entry onto this planet by way of what she called the Blue/Green Ray, and that my "life-purpose" in this lifetime was to "heal with abundant love." Then Andraleria said that I would soon meet the one I was supposed to be with. I assumed she meant a mate. Since I was married at the time, and was clearly wearing a wedding ring, I was very surprised to hear her say that! Her eyes were closed for the entire reading. So, when I exclaimed, "really?" she balked and said, "Are you with someone now?" If she had been doing what I came to understand is called a "cold read" she would have noticed my wedding ring, and would have avoided a statement like that. If she had noticed my ring at the very beginning of the session, before she closed her eyes, she had forgotten it. But, by doing the session with her eyes closed, she didn't even have the benefit of clues like that, or even my facial expressions, or body language, to give her feedback about what she was telling me. So, she asked me my wife's name. I gave it to her, and she said to give her a moment. Maybe fifteen or so seconds of silence had passed before she began to speak again. Her first comment was that she saw two flames that represented our souls' growth. My wife's was noticeably shorter than mine. She said that if she didn't step more fully onto her spiritual path, that at some point in the future, the marriage would probably need to end. I had only been married about four and a half years at that time, so thinking about my marriage being dependent on a couple of imaginary flames of different heights made no sense to me at all.

When I left the session with Andraleria, I had mixed feelings. Mostly I felt like she was just a good guesser, and could make up interesting stories! But, I also left with a question, "What if she is for real?" Was there something that my degree in philosophy from the ivory tower of Truth at UCLA hadn't taught me?

In retrospect, I now realize that finding the answer to that question, and the bigger questions it implied, would set me on a path of spiritual inquiry and insights for years to come. In short, it was a pivotal point in my life.

## **It Was Time to Leave California**

I was awakened about three o'clock one morning to find my waterbed (do you remember the waterbed craze in the sixties and seventies?) sloshing back and forth violently. It took me a several seconds to realize we were having an earthquake! This was not that uncommon in California, but I never really got comfortable having the earth move under me. Along with the smog, crime, traffic, and just plain too many people, I was burned out on California. It was time for a change.

The clincher came when my wife and I were visiting some neighbors one evening. The woman was a smoker, and I was very sensitive to cigarette smoke. To be polite, I tolerated it as long as I could, until I began having trouble breathing. I excused myself to go outside and catch my breath. I hurried out of the house into the cool night air, and tried to take some deep breaths. I was wheezing and gasping for air. It frightened me! I thought it might be asthma. The next day I made a doctor's appointment to get it checked out. I just picked a doctor at random from the phone book who had an office nearby. When I walked into the examination room, I discovered an elderly man in a white physician's coat, with a stethoscope around his neck. Of course, to me anyone with grey hair seemed elderly at that time in my life! I told him what had happened. He listened to my breathing, and said he was sure it wasn't asthma. I was relieved, but I still didn't know what had caused the episode. He looked at me for a moment, and then asked me a question you don't usually hear from a medical doctor. He said, "What's going on in your life, son?" I told him I just got out of college, was looking for a job, and my life was very unsettled. In fact, I was actually considering moving out of state. He said, "This will go away when you get resettled." In retrospect, I am not sure if he was really a *spirit guide* cleverly disguised as an medical doctor, because his words created even more momentum to make the move out of state.

## **Sunset Magazine and the Move to Colorado**

I was getting desperate about finding a job. Besides the want ads in the local papers, I was even looking at ads in magazines. My wife discovered an ad in a popular west coast publication, called Sunset Magazine. It was a small ad showing a down filled sleeping bag like the kind I used when I was thirteen years old, and went on that camping trip that turned out to be a pretty mystical experience. As I looked at the ad, that early childhood memory flooded my mind. The ad explained that the sleeping bag came as a kit that you could assemble at home with a standard sewing machine. As a result, the bag cost almost half the regular cost of comparable quality premade sleeping bag. My wife enjoyed sewing, and saw a fun project. I saw a fun career opportunity! I remember thinking, "Now that's a company I would like to work for!" We got the bag, made it, and marveled at the finished product.

An inner prompting said to write the company and congratulate them on their wonderful idea to make high quality outdoor equipment available to people who couldn't afford the pre-made version. At the end of my letter of praise, I decided to say that I would really like to work for the company. It was called Frostline Kits, and was headquartered in Boulder,

Colorado. A couple of weeks after sending the letter I received a reply. It came directly from the company's president! I was very impressed by that gesture. It was a polite response, thanking me for writing, and saying that if I was ever in the area, to stop by. I translated that statement into, he wanted to hire me and I should come by for an interview as soon as possible! That's called, selective perception.

I had been researching possible places to relocate, and the Denver/Boulder area was high on my list. So, I called a friend of mine from my days in the military. He and his family lived in Denver. He ranted about how beautiful it was there. I told him of my interest in the company in Boulder. He said I could stay at his home if I wanted to come and check out the opportunity. I talked it over with my wife, and booked the flight.

### **Colorado Here I Come**

I was driving toward Boulder, imagining what the manufacturing plant would look like. I wondered how big it would be, and what it looked like inside. I was curious about how the kits were made.

I had seen a picture of the company's president, so I knew what to expect when I saw him. I had the address of the facility written down, and had a map of Boulder, to help guide me. I felt a combination of exhilaration and nervousness as I approached the address on my notepad. But, as I zeroed in on the location, all I saw was a standard singlewide trailer and a small Quonset hut! You know, the curved metal kind used by the military as a temporary facility for personnel and materials. I was sure I had the wrong address, so I checked the street signs and address one more time. Sure enough, it was the correct address. This was it! My heart sank in disappointment. I had come all this way, and this was it? I gathered my composure, got out of the car, and walked toward the trailer. I knocked on the door and heard a voice say, "Come in." I entered the trailer and saw the president of the company sitting at a small desk. I smiled. He just looked puzzled. I told him who I was, reminding him of the letter I had sent him, and the invitation he had extended to me to "drop by, when I was in the neighborhood." He stared at me like a deer in headlights (that's a term everybody in Colorado understands). In a few moments his swallow reflex returned, and his eyes blinked. I detected a vague sign of recognition on his face. He asked me to have a seat, and we began to talk. We talked for over an hour. I told him how much I liked his products, and that I was sure I could sell them, because I believed in them so much.

I had brought my resume, but had hesitated to give it to him before we talked for a while. I just told him I was a college graduate. I was a little nervous about how he would respond to my degree being in philosophy. I had absolutely no business experience. Not even an introduction to business class! I explained that I had come all this way to ask him for a job.

He was clearly impressed with my enthusiasm and determination to work for him. He said he was about to expand his facility, but was having trouble getting the necessary land in Boulder to do it. He explained that it would probably take a few months to get that done.

And, he *might* be able to *consider* hiring me then to introduce the kits to junior and senior high school students, both boys and girls, to use as projects in home economics classes.

That is what he said. What I heard was that I had a job with the company if I moved to Colorado. Selective perception won the day, again!

I returned home, told my wife I was promised a job if I moved to Colorado, and shortly after that we started to pack for the move.

The move to Colorado started a cascade of events that would change every aspect of my life.

### **My On-The-Job-Training for Business**

For the next five years I learned how to use my education in philosophy to succeed at business. It was all about communication skills, creativity, and problem solving. Actually, philosophy was a perfect prerequisite for a business career. It just didn't look like it on the surface. It taught me how to use language with considerable precision, both in the area of creative (out-of-the-box) thinking, as well as problem solving. In short, philosophy, teaches you how to think! During this time, I got educated in the art of marketing, public relations, sales, copywriting, advertising, i.e., radio, television, and print media, as well as sewing!

Along with names like, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, I added names like Butterick, Simplicity, and McCalls, pattern companies to my lexicon. This is not something I would have imagined at the time I was finishing my degree in philosophy at UCLA!

During my time with Frostline Kits, the company grew significantly, and was eventually acquired by The Gillette Company, in Boston.

As soon as the purchase was finalized, Gillette personnel replaced most of the existing management employees, including myself. My career in the back packing and camping industry came to an abrupt end. I was ready for something new.

### **From Outdoors to Indoors**

My next career opportunity was unexpected, to say the least. I landed a job with a cable television company in Littleton, Colorado, where I lived. I was hired as the Marketing Manager. While cable television seemed quite a stretch from backpacks and sleeping bags, it turns out that my marketing skills crossed over rather well. It may seem an odd place for my spiritual journey to continue, but it proved to be very fertile ground for many such experiences.

As my time with the cable company progressed, I was promoted to General Manager. I was now responsible for about twenty employees. In this position, I met several very interesting, and I would have to say, somewhat eccentric people. I saw them as eccentric

because they weren't living the more traditional mainstream life I was living at the time, in the suburbs, with a wife, two children and a predictable routine and paycheck.

Meeting these people with alternative lifestyles and worldviews was the result of having a *community access studio* in the facility. It was a place where we produced our own daily "talk show," complete with guests who were interviewed, and where community members could produce their own shows.

## **The Weirdoes and Woo-Woos**

There were a few other regional cable companies in the area, owned by our larger parent company that had similar studios, but somehow I was a magnet for all the "weirdoes, and woo-woos," as I called them at the time.

Overtime, the predictability of my life began to settle in, and the old questions that use to haunt me earlier in my life like, returned. You know, the meaning of life stuff. My escape from what seemed to be my ordinary existence was to live vicariously through the "weirdoes and woo-woos." I got excited when I heard about some of the guests who were being interviewed, or about a new show being produced by someone in the community. One such show was produced by Dr. Helen Walker. Helen looked like an average middle-aged woman whose exterior concealed a rich interior of wisdom and impishness. I met Helen in the studio one day, as she was finishing up her show. The topic of the show had been Seth. I came to learn that Seth was a disincarnate entity that was "channeled" by a woman named Jane Roberts. I had never heard of Seth, or Jane Roberts, and the only channels I knew about were cable channels! I was fascinated by Helen, and what she knew of such matters. It was as if my curiosity about the bigger issues in life, from my earlier days of philosophical inquiry, had returned to the foreground of my life.

Helen, along with her business partner, owned and operated a metaphysical bookstore near where I lived. She invited me to come by and see if there was anything I might find interesting. I took her up on her invitation, and my life would never be the same.

I remember perusing the bookshelves seeing books I had never seen at the UCLA bookstore during my college days! As I stared at shelf-after-shelf of unfamiliar titles, my eye caught one particular book, and fixated on the title. It read, *Kahuna Magic*. It was one of those "the book practically jumped off the shelf at me" experiences! The only familiarity I had with the word *kahuna* was on the beaches of southern California, where I had spent a lot of time as a kid. In that context, the word referred either to a person who was an acknowledged leader of a group, as in the "Big Kahuna. Or, it referred to someone who was displaying some form of extreme bravery (sometimes just plain stupidity and recklessness), as in, "That guy's got some big kahunas!"

The real attention grabber for me was probably the second word in the title, i.e., magic. Ever since seeing the *Sorcerer's Apprentice* when I was a child, I had a fascination with wizards and magic. *Kahuna Magic*, by Brad Steiger, pointed me in the direction of the

Hawaiian philosophy of Huna. I couldn't get enough of it. I read every book about Huna I could get my hands on. It wasn't just the philosophy of Huna that attracted me, but a mysterious sense of familiarity with its principles and philosophy, deep in my being, that had my attention.

From that time on, I visited the bookstore regularly in order to satisfy my growing interest in the unseen world, and what mysteries I could find there. I can't begin to count the number of books I read during the next several years. They spawned my attending countless lectures, workshops, and trainings of various sorts. I call this my workshop junkie period!

All this exploration and training led me to a decision point with respect to my career at the cable company. The "genie" was out of the lamp, I couldn't get him back in! The more I studied, the more I realized that my life purpose couldn't just be getting people to watch more pay channels on cable TV. There had to be more to life than that! The fact was that I watched very little TV, and yet I was selling it! If I stayed with the cable company my job title would have to change from General Manager, to General Hypocrite.

As the bigger questions in life flooded into my mind, and demanded answers, I had to do something about it. I had to seriously consider a major career change. But, to what? The answer came from my job at the cable company. It was a stressful job, especially for the customer service representatives on staff. They were two loving and caring women who had to take abusive phone calls whenever there were interruptions in the cable service, which happened from time to time. Stay at home women would often call raging about the interruption their favorite soap opera, just having to know if, "Chad was cheating on Jenn, again." Or, men calling because they were missing Professional Wrestling, and had a big bet on The Doomsday Bomber versus Apocalypse Man. I just made these names up, but they aren't far from names actually used in that profession. You may laugh, but these people take this stuff very seriously! And, my CSR's (customer service representatives) took the verbal abuse on the phone very seriously, too! I spent a good deal of my time consoling them while they were wiping tears from their eyes. They always thanked me for helping them calm down, and not to take the call so personally. After all, it wasn't their fault that the cable wasn't working.

Over time, I realized that I had a knack for calming people down, helping them regain their composure, and assisting them to keep things in perspective. It finally dawned on me that there was a profession that matched those skills. It was called psychotherapy!

So, I decided to go to graduate school and get some formal education in the field of counseling and psychotherapy. The University of Colorado provided the perfect opportunity for working adults. During the next three years, I maintained my management position with the cable company, went to graduate school, took additional training outside the university in hypnosis, NLP, Reiki, Touch for Health, Educational Kinesiology, and other therapeutic approaches, in order to build a *skill-set bridge* that would allow me to have a full time private practice as a psychotherapist.

During my three years of going to graduate school part-time, I began to establish a counseling practice in my home. I started to see a few clients a week. I discovered that it was very rewarding. The university training was in the mainstream tradition of insight-based talk therapy. It focused on the past in order to understand the present, and to help change the future. The core idea was that if you emotionally re-live the trauma of the past, it would somehow “release” the traumatic memory, and all would be well. Then you would be free to make positive changes in you life, unencumbered by the past.

That theory had been around for a long time. I found it to be very good at creating a logical explanation of current problems a person was facing, but seldom was it a sufficient condition for changing the effects of the past trauma . I began to realize that I would need a deeper understanding of human consciousness, and additional skills, if I were to fulfill my desire to be a truly effective catalyst for change with my clients. For that reason, I continued my studies outside the university. Those studies, in psychology, metaphysics, spirituality, as well as ancient cultures such as the Polynesian, Native American, Mayan, Tibetan, and Hindu, would shape my vision of life to this day.

In 1986 I finished my courses at the University of Colorado, and received my Masters Degree in Counseling and Personnel Services. I left my position at the cable company to pursue a career as a professional psychotherapist.

### **The Golden Handcuffs Come Off**

The days of a guaranteed paycheck were gone. The cable job fed my wallet, but left my spirit hungry for more! Now it was up to me to continue being the primary financial provider for my family, which included my wife and two children. Fortunately, my practice increased enough to make up for enough of the lost income, which allowed me to make it work financially. I continued to explore various therapeutic modalities, trying to find one with the right mix for me.

### **PSYCH-K® Is Born**

My search for a synthesis finally came to fruition early in December 1988. I remember that day clearly. I was putting together a marketing flyer for a workshop I had done several times before, called Educational Kinesiology (aka Brain Gym). With money tight and Christmas shopping in full swing, I was counting on the workshop to ease the extra expenses of the season. I took the master flyer I’d prepared on my computer to the local printer. I drove home and began to fold them for mailing when I noticed the *dates* of the workshop were missing: 150 flyers and no dates! I considered hand-correcting them, but my sense of perfectionism would not permit it. So the only option was correcting the master copy and going back to the printer for more copies.

Home again with dates in place, I began the folding job once more. When I was about halfway through the task, my eyes caught the registration section. I couldn't believe what I

saw—or rather didn't see. I had left off the *times* of the workshop! In disbelief I stared at that flyer for five full minutes, thinking maybe if I stared long enough I could make the times magically appear! I had never made that mistake on the flyers before. Soon I went from being stunned to being angry—deeply angry. I was faced with the same dilemma of correcting the copies by hand or starting all over again. I had already wasted 150 flyers, yet couldn't bear the thought of sending out anything that looked unprofessional. Furious with myself for being so careless, frustrated by the economic pressures of the Christmas season, and plagued by an ominous feeling that something or someone other than just myself was sabotaging me, I went out to the backyard to let the December sunshine cool the rage in my flushed face. Still fuming, I sat on a half-frozen lawn chair and closed my eyes. Through clenched teeth I said out loud, "Okay God, if you don't want me to do what I am doing, what *do* you want me to do?"

I sat in silence, not really expecting an answer. But, to my astonishment, after a few moments the details of a pattern for changing subconscious beliefs began to *show up* in my head. I could barely believe what I was experiencing! When the information started coming, I jumped up, ran to my computer, and feverishly began typing what I saw in my head. In a matter of 10 minutes or so, the information in my head was gone and I was reading what I had typed: *thirteen paired belief statements and the complete instructions for their use!* Even though certain components of the pattern were recognizable as ideas with which I was already familiar, most of them were new. In fact, the entire format and sequence of steps was completely unique. This experience was remarkable, to say the least! It became the first in a series of patterns I received in a similar manner over the next several months. These unique processes constitute the main body of work I call PSYCH-K®.

As you can see, PSYCH-K® was created more out of *inspiration* than perspiration. It wasn't a laborious, intellectual process of discovery, but instead arrived in a series of "intuitive downloads." In reality, years of experiences and hundreds of books had prepared me for those "downloads." Over those several months, the belief change processes that make up PSYCH-K® came to me in separate "packages" of insights.

I was skeptical at first. After all, this new way of changing broke every rule I had been taught in graduate school about counseling. It violated the assumptions of mainstream psychology that had prevailed for more than fifty years. So before using this new approach with my clients, I experimented with these new patterns using willing friends and myself. The results convinced me that this was indeed a gift to be shared. Eventually, with a proven record of success, I began to use these processes with my counseling clients. The successes continued. With PSYCH-K®, I was able to facilitate many changes with my clients in just a few sessions. Changes that took months or even years to achieve with traditional methods were happening in just three to six sessions. Eventually skepticism yielded to experience. It was working! It wasn't long before I had arranged the processes into a workshop format and was teaching it to others. It was gratifying to see how easily people of all ages and walks of life were learning to use PSYCH-K® with themselves and others.



## **The Boy in the Wheel Chair**

My basic view of therapy was like most other therapists, mainstream or alternative. It boiled down to: see symptoms ... eradicate them, if you see pain ... relieve it. After all, we were “healers,” right! In an instant, I would be taught that my view of healing was dangerously narrow, spiritually speaking. Then one day, while sitting at a stoplight, my narrow view of healing broadened forever.

Here’s what happened.

Years ago, when I was stopped at a traffic light, I noticed a group of high school aged kids and their teacher crossing in the crosswalk in front of me. One young teenage boy in a wheelchair particularly caught my attention. He was strapped in the chair because he was flailing about uncontrollably. Clearly suffering from some neurological disorder.

I immediately felt sorry for him, and privately I said to myself, “Thank you God that I don’t have to live my life like that.” It was really a statement based on pity for him.

Then the most amazing thing happened. When his wheelchair was directly in front of my windshield, all of a sudden his head jerked around and he stared directly into my eyes, his head frozen in that position. And in my mind, as if he was in the car with me, I heard him say, “Don’t feel sorry for me. I chose this body. It’s my last time here.”

I was stunned, and said out loud “Namaste, Master.” This popular East Indian greeting means, “The Divinity in me recognizes and honors the Divinity in you.” This was my way of acknowledging that my judgment of him, and that is exactly what it was, was inappropriate.

After that experience, I never saw a person as ‘broken’ again. That one experience forever changed the way I saw people and their issues. I felt compassion for others, but never pity. I was able to see the Divinity in others and concentrate my attention on the perfection in each person rather than on the limitations of their personality or physicality. A common phrase that sums up this important spiritual truth is, “You can’t judge a book by its cover.”

For the next couple of years I continued to build my private practice and teach PSYCH-K® workshops. During that time I witnessed mental and physical “healings” in many of my clients that defied belief, based on the common understanding of psychotherapy at the time. As I continued to be surprised by what was happening in my practice, I wondered if this kind of result was possible, what were the limits of PSYCH-K®?

## **Pushing the Envelope with Charles**

I met Charles in the early 1990’s at a workshop I was teaching with a friend of mine. We hit it off right away. We developed a friendship that would lead to a series of “experiments”

using PSYCH-K®. Charles and I shared an abiding curiosity about the frontier of consciousness. As such, we met about once a month to experiment with this remarkable mind technology. Since I didn't get an "owners manual" with the initial "packages of insights," most of what I know today about PSYCH-K® I learned through experimentation, over time.

One of the most mind-stretching processes in PSYCH-K® is called surrogation. It allows the work to be done with people at a distance. It is akin to long distance prayer, or what is sometimes referred to as "proxy healing" in other healing modalities. In quantum physics, which makes things like this possible, it is similar to what physicists call *quantum entanglement* or *action at a distance*. In short it allows someone to connect with the mind-consciousness of another person, in order to do PSYCH-K® with them at a distance. I used surrogation when it was inconvenient or impossible to work with an individual in person.

I knew this long distance process worked very well with living human beings, but I wondered if it was possible to connect in a similar way with people who were no longer in a physical body. Was there life after death, and could it be contacted? This is one of those *meaning of life* questions that had haunted me since childhood.

### **Let the Experiments Begin**

Charles and I took turns facilitating each other in these experimental sessions. We would dream up some interesting scenario and do the experiment. For instance, we decided to do a series of surrogation experiments to see if we could "link-up" to various individuals who no longer had physical bodies, such as Edgar Cayce (the well-known American psychic), Nikola Tesla (the famous inventor), great spiritual leaders like Jesus and Buddha. We even did the consciousness of Mother Earth and the Collective Consciousness of Humanity. Well, don't look so surprised, I told you they were experiments!

One of the most memorable was when I was in surrogation with Edgar Cayce. The session began by intending to have what I called a "Cayce experience." In case you don't know much about Edgar Cayce, he was nicknamed, *The Sleeping Prophet*. He spent most of his life in Virginia Beach, Virginia, where his legacy of healing work is found at his foundation, the Association for Research and Enlightenment. He would put himself into a deep trance state, and "connect" with a person at a distance to address whatever ills they may have, in order to determine an appropriate "treatment." Sometimes that was a medicinal of some kind, or a physical body treatment. There are over 10,000 documented cases of his being able to help people in this way. His success rate was about 99%!

So we began the surrogation with the usual spiritual permission protocols used in PSYCH-K to assure all is in alignment with Divine Will. Immediately after the surrogation was established, I began to feel a heaviness in my body, and I became very sleepy, but more like a deep trance state than deep sleep. I could hardly move my body or talk. After some time had passed, I had lost track of time, so I don't really know how long it was, but Charles finally broke the silence by saying that it was getting late and he had to go. I remember

thinking that was odd, because I thought we had just started the process!

It took some more time before I began to come out of this almost drug-like slumber. When I did, I didn't remember anything in particular that had happened, so I thought I had just taken a good nap. However, I would find out the next day that more may have transpired than I realized. A lot more!

The day after the Cayce experiment, I got a phone call from a former PSYCH-K student of mine who lived in an eastern suburb of Denver. We did the usual pleasant greetings and then she asked me a most unusual question. She said, "Where were you at 3:30 in the afternoon yesterday?" I thought for a minute and realized I was doing the surrogation experiment with Charles. I told her I was just doing some PSYCH-K work. I didn't go into any details about what that work was. Then she told me the following story: We'll call my friend Kathy.

Kathy had a friend who came to visit her that afternoon. They were planning to take a bike ride together. When the friend arrived she sat on the couch in the living room. She said she probably wasn't going to be able to take the ride they had planned because she had some lower back pain that was not going away. Kathy said she knew a process that might be able to help with the back pain, and asked her friend if she would be interested in trying it. The friend agreed, and Kathy facilitated a PSYCH-K New Direction Balance with her. Because the process is done sitting down, her friend didn't have to move. She told her friend to continue to sit in the Whole-Brain posture until she felt a diminishing of the pain.

At this point, things got a little weird. Kathy goes on to tell me that all of a sudden she sees me, or a representation of me that looked more like light than flesh and blood, coming toward her friend from behind the couch. She heard me say, "Let me help you with this one." I put my hands on the friend's shoulders and she keels over on the couch, still maintaining the Whole-Brain Posture with her eyes still closed! After a few minutes, I removed my hands and moved away from the couch, announcing to Kathy that I had to leave now. Apparently, I just backed up and disappeared.

At that point, Kathy's friend opened her eyes and sat up on the couch. Kathy kept her composure and had the presence of mind to ask her friend what she had just experienced. Her friend said, that soon after she closed her eyes, she felt like someone had put their hands on her shoulders and gently pushed her over on the couch. Since she had never experienced PSYCH-K, she just went with the process. After she felt the pain go away, she just opened her eyes and sat up. She didn't mention having heard anyone say anything during her experience, so I assume the communication between Kathy and myself was simply telepathic, and therefore not audible to her friend.

And, the story has a happy ending! Kathy and her friend took that bike ride after all.

Well, as you can imagine, or maybe you can't, I was stunned by her story because it exactly corresponded to the time I was in surrogation with Cayce! And, the fact that I didn't remember any such experience was in agreement with how Cayce operated. He was in a

deep trance state during his sessions, and didn't remember a thing after he "woke up." His transcriber had written it all down. It seems my transcriber was Kathy. The experiment was a success. I got what I asked for, a *Cayce experience*, complete with no memory of the events that took place that day, east of Denver.

Our experiments continued, with numerous sensations and insights that came to me as I was in surrogation for the various beings we targeted. But none were so detailed as the Cayce experiment. And, I had no way to record them technologically speaking. Years later I would repeat these experiments with Dr. Jeffrey Fannin, using modern day brain mapping technology. Those results would astound both of us!

## **Time Marches On**

During this time of experimental inquisitiveness, I received many other spiritual insights and life lessons. They are the kind that come from lots of reading, and exploring of different points of view, as well as a broadening of interest in metaphysics, cutting edge science (especially quantum physics) and good old fashioned life experiences that come from relationships and career. It was in the mid-nineties that the psychic-*Soul Reading* by Andralleria, that had occurred in my mid-twenties, would finally reveal its prophetic nature. My marriage of 27 years would end as she had predicted, as a result of my wife and I growing too far apart in our worldviews, until they were truly irreconcilable.

In one last-ditch effort to be sure of the direction I felt I had to take, I used the popular *Celtic Runes* as a guide. I had used the Runes before with remarkable results. They are what I had come to see as a "tool of Divination," i.e., ways to connect with my own Higher-Self and get some perspective on life, especially something as life-changing as leaving a marriage.

My strategy was to pick a Rune from the bag of 26 stones while concentrating on my desire for clarity regarding the future of my marriage, and see what came up that could provide some spiritual guidance for this situation. I closed my eyes and poked my hand in the bag of symbol-marked stones, and waited until I felt an attraction to one of them. When the attraction was obvious, I pulled out the stone. It was the *Blank Rune*. Yes, one of the stones is completely blank! I looked up its meaning in the accompanying *Book of Runes* and read its title. It's called *The Unknowable*. As I read on, this passage jumped out at me:

"Drawing the *Blank Rune* brings to the surface our deepest fears: Will I fail? Will I be abandoned? Will it all be taken away? And yet our highest good, our truest possibilities and all our fertile dreams are held within that blankness."

Well, I wasn't comforted much with that description because of its uncertainty. I decided to draw another Rune to see if I could get more clarity. Back in the bag went the *Blank Rune*, and I began mixing of the stones once more. With my eyes closed, and concentrating on the request for clarity, I waited until I felt that feeling of attraction to one of the stones, and out it came. I opened my eyes to find myself staring at the *Blank Rune* again! How was this

possible? I wrote it off as a rather improbable coincidence and decided to give the process one more try. This time I really mixed up the stones, around and around they went in the bag. When the time was right, I made my selection. You know that old saying, “The third time’s a charm!” Out came the Rune, and my jaw fell open. This time I was beyond astounded to see the *Blank Rune* for the third time in a row! I sat down in a nearby chair and stared at the stone, realizing I had my clarity.

Statistically speaking, what were the chances of that happening a third time? I am no statistician, but I know that has to be highly improbable, to say the least! But, as I have to come to realize, through the amazing synchronicities in my life, that when something is meant to be (call it destiny or fate if you will), the probability is 100%. It’s only a matter of how long it takes us to realize and accept the truth of the situation.

### **Another Close Call of the “Carma” Kind**

Yes, it’s a pun. Just get used to it! I was just driving down a main street in Denver, when I saw a truck, some distance away, pull into the street. I didn’t see any brake lights, so I assumed it was moving forward. However, as I got closer I realized it was actually stopped in the middle of my lane. I jammed on my brakes and was able to stop my car four or five feet behind the truck. Moments later I felt the jarring impact of the car behind me as it rammed into the back of my car! The jolt was unexpected. I gripped the wheel and waited for the results of the impact. After the sound of metal on metal, and the shattering of glass had ended, I quickly took an assessment of the situation and realized I was unhurt, even though the hood of my car had been shoved up under the back end of the truck in front of me and the back seat of my car was unrecognizable as a back seat! The only place in the car that was not crunched like a folded accordion was the front seat where I was sitting.

I remember the first thought to enter my mind was, “What is the message here?” The answer came as fast as the question had, “ You need to get out of the city and into nature.”

First things first. The car was considered totaled by my insurance company, so it had to be replaced. In the process of replacing it, I remembered the message, “get out of the city into Nature.” I took that advice seriously, and bought a four-wheel drive vehicle.

Just in case you haven’t been counting, this is my fourth brush with death in a car accident. Well, makes you wonder if these events are really “accidents” or more likely formats for gaining life guidance and spiritual insights!

### **Charles Teaches Me About Cloning**

Okay, not scientific cloning, but how to “leverage” myself in order to be able to live outside of the city. My dilemma was that my livelihood was linked to the city life. How was I going to be able to follow my *inner guidance* if I couldn’t take my private practice and workshop training with me? It seemed totally dependent on a large concentrated population. Being

an astute businessman, (i.e., Harvard MBA and successful entrepreneur) Charles had an answer. Leverage what I knew by training others to teach PSYCH-K, and receive “royalties” from the sale of the training materials from each instructor! That way I could live in a rural setting, and PSYCH-K could be made available to more people than I could reach by myself. That suggestion alone, changed my options in life, freed me from the city, and expanded the horizon for the proliferation of the work worldwide.

As a result of his suggestion, I developed a rigorous certification training program for those people who wanted to become Certified PSYCH-K Instructors, and began the process. It worked. Today, PSYCH-K is taught in most countries around the globe, and I live in a rural area in south central Colorado. As Richard Bach, one of my favorite authors said in his masterpiece of wisdom, *Illusions—The Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah*, “You are never given a wish without also being given the power to make it true. You may have to work for it, however.” I was given the power to make my wish come true, in the form of an idea, given to me by my friend Charles.

### **A Meeting of Minds at the Rocky Mountain Seth Conference**

I met Dr. Bruce Lipton at the Rocky Mountain Seth Conference in the early 1990’s. The conference was created and hosted by Dr. Helen Walker. Do you remember her from my cable television days? She’s the one who produced a talk show at our community access studio, and ran a metaphysical bookstore where I went to find thinkers outside the mainstream culture. So, Helen is really the one who was responsible for my meeting Bruce.

Bruce is author of *The Biology of Belief*, *Spontaneous Evolution*, and *The Honeymoon Effect*. We were both presenters at the conference. He was delivering the message that we are not victims of our genes but rather it is our *beliefs* that controls our genetic expression. If we change our beliefs, we could become the masters of our lives instead of victims of our heredity. I was presenting PSYCH-K as a way to effectively change beliefs, especially subconscious beliefs, where most of our biology and behaviors are generated. Well, it doesn’t take a psychic to see where this is going!

I heard Bruce speak, and was astonished to hear a biologist talking about beliefs, (mind stuff), and not just what you can see in a Petri dish. Then Bruce saw me to do a demonstration of one of the PSYCH-K belief system change processes with a woman who was terrified of public speaking, and got over it in a matter of minutes. This was the beginning of the collaboration with Bruce that started lasted over fourteen years ago, and continues today. Bruce and I have taught four-day workshops together internationally, and found the combination of biology *and* psychology to be a powerful catalyst for change, for people from all walks of life, in various cultures around the world.

At the end of one of our four-day events, Bruce confided in me that he was having trouble finishing his first book, *The Biology of Belief*. He said he had been working on it for fifteen years, and just couldn’t seem to complete it! He asked me if I thought he might have some subconscious beliefs that were keeping him from finishing it. We found a small empty

room adjoining the large training room we had used for the workshop and began to explore the possibilities that Bruce had some self-limiting beliefs about finishing the book. It turns out his editor was also there for the conference, and she joined us, because she was part of the team that was producing the finished product.

It turned out that Bruce had a fear of losing control of his life if he published a best seller, and his editor had a fear that she couldn't find "his voice" in the editing process. After we discovered the limiting beliefs by talking about their individual fears, we proceeded to change them using PSYCH-K belief change processes. All this took about 30 minutes. Three months later *The Biology of Belief* was published!

Here is a statement from Bruce, about PSYCH-K, from the Addendum of his book:

"I use PSYCH-K® in my own life. PSYCH-K has helped me undo my self-limiting beliefs, including one about not being able to finish my book. The fact that you are holding this book is one indication of the power of PSYCH-K! I also lecture regularly with Rob. Instead of offering positive thinking and willpower at the end of my lectures, I instead happily turn audiences over to Rob. While this book is about the New Biology, I believe that PSYCH-K® represents an important step toward the New Psychology for the 21<sup>st</sup> century, and beyond."

## **School's in Session, but Where's the Classroom?**

**Or...**

### **When the Student Is Ready, the Teacher Appears**

I had this experience sometime in the mid-1990s. I can't remember exactly when, or even if I was with someone, doing PSYCH-K at the time, but I can remember what happened. It would be as hard to forget as the —*Boy in the Wheel Chair* — story that took place a few years before.

Here's what I remember:

I experienced being in a place that had the feel of a chamber, or room, but without walls or ceilings. This place was filled with a variety of "beings" held in tube-like "containers," suspended in mid-air. None of them were moving. Some of these beings were humanoid looking, and some were clearly not of this world. There was a "being" of some sort standing to my right. I'll call it the "Teacher," for lack of a better term. The Teacher told me it was here to teach me some valuable lessons about reality. The first instruction was to put my attention on one of the figures. I chose one that looked a little like a human, but was more reptile/gargoyle looking, complete with scaly skin and red eyes. Then I was instructed to continue to stare at this figure's eyes. As I did so, it began to move, ever so slightly. It startled me at first, but I just became more curious. Then as I continued to stare, it began to move its head and eyes in my direction, until it was clearly staring directly at me. As our eyes locked, it descended from the air to my level, and started to move towards me with

increasing speed, and in a decidedly menacing way. My mood turned from curiosity to terror! All of a sudden, with such commanding *power and authority*, the Teacher ordered me to “look in a different direction!” I did this almost involuntarily, and a moment later, the Teacher said to look at the creature again. I was hesitant, and a bit afraid, but did as instructed. To my astonishment, the frightening creature was frozen in its tracks, only a few feet from me. I was at once greatly relieved, and also a little angry with the Teacher for putting me through such an ordeal!

The Teacher responded to my unspoken question by saying that this was an object lesson designed to teach me that wherever I put my attention, it would feed that object or idea energetically, and cause it to expand in my life. Whether that attention was in a sleep state, where it’s called a *dream*, or in the waking state, where it’s called *reality*; that in the final analysis, they were really just different versions of the same thing.

It is the energy of attention and intent that is largely responsible for our experiences in life. Attention is *where* you focus your mind. Intent is the degree of *resolve or determination* with which you focus on something.

The Teacher hinted at an apology for the startling way in which it had distracted me from the locked-gaze with the creature, but that it was necessary, because it was also a lesson about how we get entranced and frozen in fear during our lives, usually requiring some kind of shock or painful trauma to disengage from the negative trance we call our lives!

The Teacher went on to say that it didn’t have to be a painful trauma or similar shock if to break the trance and choose a different path in life. We simply had to pay attention to our own Spiritual guidance.

As mysteriously as it had begun, class ended, and the room and the Teacher were gone.

I had enough presence of mind to know that the Teacher was talking to me personally, as much as giving me advice about how to view work with my PSYCH-K workshop participants or clients. It was another one of those spiritual reminders/insights in my life to follow my inner guidance, and that we create what we experience as reality in our minds. In other words, what you concentrate on, both consciously and subconsciously, is pretty much what you get in life!

Another example of the lesson taught here can be seen in the works of both Dr. Bruce Lipton, as well as Dr. Jeff Fannin.

In Bruce’s case it can be seen in his biological imperative that a cell can’t be in both *protection and growth at the same time*. In other words, if you are busy being in fear, you can’t also be planning a creative escape, or strategy for changing yourself, because the mind is busy using most of its resources to support protection from whatever situation it perceives is a danger to it.

In Jeff’s world of neuroscience, the problem is that the part of the brain called the *amygdala*,



which is responsible for processing emotion—especially fear— is temporarily “high-jacked” for purposes of protection, and the necessary parts of the brain for devising a creative way out of the fear-based situation is temporarily deactivated and unsupported. Later in this book we will explain more about this *dis-integrated* brain state, and what can be done about it.

## **My Vision in OZ**

No, not the Emerald City of the Wizard of OZ fame, I am talking about the continent of Australia. Yes, the nickname for Australia is OZ.

It was 2005, and I was in Queensland. It is located in the northeastern part of Australia. Bruce Lipton and I were presenting a four-day event there. Queensland has the feel of a small Miami Beach. It has that beach resort look, complete with high-rise buildings along the coastline. I was staying in one of those hotels.

One morning, before beginning the workshop, I was standing on the balcony of my 17<sup>th</sup> floor hotel room, staring at the beautiful blue-green Pacific Ocean. To my right was the ocean. To my left were inlets, where the fingers of the ocean penetrated into the lush green landscape. All was well with the world until suddenly I realized something wasn't quite right. I could see three small ships coming in from the ocean, but they weren't modern ships of today! I looked more closely and saw people on the ships colorfully dressed in what reminded me of a something you would see at a Tahitian dance festival. I looked harder, but the vision wouldn't go away. Then I noticed that the buildings that were on the land surrounding the inlets were gone. All I saw were a few spirals of smoke rising in the sky where only moments before had stood recognizable modern structures! I was dumbstruck.

Because of my studies of the Hawaiian philosophy of Huna, I learned about the ancient homeland of the Polynesian people, which included the Hawaiian culture. Their oral history refers to it as MU (aka Lemuria). Most people have heard of Atlantis, but fewer people have heard of Lemuria, which according to their tradition existed at that same time. According to ancient Polynesian origin stories, Lemuria was a vast continent that included Australia.

Intuitively, I knew I wasn't seeing Queensland, Australia in 2005! Somehow I was seeing a place from the distant past that was located in the same place as Queensland is today. The vision didn't last more than 20-30 seconds, but there was no doubting its clarity and its link to the ancient continent of Lemuria. There was also a deep knowing that this was the place of origin for what I now call PSYCH-K. Not exactly in this form, but essentially it is a derivative of ancient Lemurian, “spiritual technology.”

## **A Little Divine Intervention...If You Please**

It was sometime in early 2008 that I started to get an increasingly strong feeling that there should be more of an emphasis on the spiritual aspect of PSYCH-K. In fact, there needed to be an entire workshop, or more like a retreat, devoted to it. At first, the ideas for the retreat came easily. However, when I thought I had most of it in my head, I realized there was something missing. I didn't know what it was, and couldn't seem to figure it out, no matter how hard I tried!

Finally, I decided to consult a reliable psychic I had found helpful in the past. I explained the situation, and that I thought something was still missing from the workshop. She told me I would be given what I needed, but I would have to go to a particular location in order to get it. I asked where that might be, and she said it was somewhere on the western slope of Colorado. She could see the place in her mind's eye, but didn't know exactly where it was. That didn't surprise me, as she lived in New Hampshire. However, the description was detailed enough that I could locate it in an area called the Black Canyon of the Gunnison. My wife, Raes and I headed for Gunnison, Colorado. After about 2 hours of driving, we arrived at the entrance of this popular recreational area. From the Information Center, we began our descent on the narrow winding road, several hundred feet to the river, nested deep in the canyon. It was Fall, so the river was more like a wide stream that time of year, than a raging river.

The road flattened out at the base of the canyon. We continued on the road until we got to a small parking area. At that point, large cement barricades blocked the road. They were impassable. We sat with surprised looks on our faces, as we had come this far, only to be stopped from continuing down the road. As I sat there contemplating our situation, I noticed a man fly-fishing in the river. He was maybe fifty yards up river from where we were parked. It dawned on me, we were not prohibited beyond this point; we just couldn't drive the car! So, we put on our small backpacks, grabbed the dousing rods to help find the exact spot for the "transmission," and we were on our way! As we walked along the river, I used my dousing rods (two L-shaped rods made from copper) to test the different energetics along the way, waiting for the rods to cross, indicating the magic spot has been found. As we walked, my anticipation about finding the spot increased...but the rods weren't crossing. We walked about a mile and then came to a chain link fence that crossed the road. There was no going any further. That was the end of the road!

We began to doubt the whole adventure. The rods didn't cross anywhere along the way. I was getting worried that we had come all this way for nothing. At that moment, I noticed a sign on the fence. It said, East Portal Crystal Dam. I thought about the meaning of the words, The East Portal. In the Native American tradition the East is the place of enlightenment, illumination, clarity, and rebirth. That did seem like what I was seeking regarding the new workshop, which I had named, The Divine Integration Retreat. The Crystal Dam was significant because crystals are known for their metaphysical qualities as a repository of information and transmitter of energy. We had to be in the right place! I lifted my trusty dousing rods once more and began a scan in all the directions, to see if I could get a response. As I moved the rods to the east, towards the river, they crossed! The

rods were pointing at a rock on the bank of the river. The rock was a large piece of granite. It was about 4ft long, and 4ft. wide. The top surface was flat, and inclined at about a 20-degree angle. The granite sparkled in the sunlight.

I decided to sit down on the rock, with my pad and pen, and wait for the “transmission” to begin. I imagined it would be a visual display of words, similar to the original “transmissions” associated with the birth of PSYCH-K in 1988 and 89. But, no transmission was forthcoming. I waited for several minutes before I decided to lie down on the rock and wait for some kind of signal, or further instruction about what to do. Almost immediately after lying down, I began to feel an odd sensation in my spine. It was a kind of buzzing feeling. It was traveling from the base of my spine to the base of my skull. At first I was a little startled, however the sensation was actually quite pleasant, so I just let myself enjoy it. I lost physical awareness of the rock beneath my body, and my immediate surroundings, during this experience. When the sensation of energy traveling up my spine stopped, approximately 15 to 20 minutes after it had begun, the sensation of my physical body and my surroundings began to return. Soon, I was very aware of the rock surface beneath my head and lower back. I sat up to relieve the discomfort I felt. Raes, who had been watching my progress from a suitable distance away, in order to give me some privacy during this odyssey, asked me if I was okay. I assured her that I was.

We began our walk back to the car, and I tried to describe what I had experienced. I am not sure I did a very good job of it because I felt like part of me was still in the experience, and consequently not very lucid in my description. I remember Raes commenting about the irony of realizing that the barricade we had encountered at the beginning of the road actually turned out to be a blessing, by keeping tourists from driving to the end of the road where we were. This actually provided the privacy we needed to complete the process. We shared a knowing smile, that this was a perfect example of Divine Intervention and Divine Guidance.

This experience taught me that some “transmissions,” were not verbal, but rather energetic. A kind of energetic “attunement,” if you will. My blank note pad was a testament to that fact.

Shortly after this experience, I finished the written materials for the course. In April of 2009, eighteen Certified PSYCH-K Instructors from around the world assembled in Colorado, at a retreat center called, *Joyful Journey Hot Springs* to experience the Divine Integration Retreat. I smile when I think of the name of the retreat center, because the creation of the Divine Integration Retreat had, indeed, been a joyful journey!

## **The Titanic and the Ark**

During the same time period of the birthing of the Divine Integration Retreat, there was a lot of talk about healthcare reform in the US. The current system was arguably broken in fundamental ways. We have created a high-tech approach to healthcare that excludes large portions of the population, and has reduced most medical treatment to a pharmaceutical

solution. A psychiatrist I spoke to recently told me that she sees 27 patients a day, and on average, they are taking 15 medications at the same time! Another troublesome fact is that the most popular drugs in our culture are antidepressants, and ulcer medications. Furthermore, the fastest growing market in the US for antidepressants, is children under 12 years of age!

Additional proof that the current system is in deep trouble comes from the physicians themselves. According to the Encyclopedia of Suicide, medical doctors have one of the highest suicide rates of any professionals.

To hear many medical professionals tell it, it's just the price we pay for progress. The question I ask is, Is this really progress?

Since meeting Dr. Bruce Lipton in the early 1990's and co-presenting workshops with him for 14 years, I often heard Bruce talk about the power of the mind to affect the body. He was a supporter of physicians, but not of the medical system in which they had to work. That got me interested in the science behind the mind/body connection. I began my exploration of that connection by reading as many books on the subject as I could. The technical name for this field of study is psychoneuroimmunology. One of the key areas within this body of work, is called the *placebo effect*. The dictionary defines a placebo as "a harmless pill, medicine, or procedure prescribed more for the psychological benefit to the patient than for any physiological effect."

Placebos are used in clinical trials, by the Federal Drug Administration, to determine the effectiveness of new drug before it is permitted to be sold to the general public. The fascinating thing to me is that placebos often out perform new drugs in those trials. This is especially true of antidepressants, the most popular drug sold in America!

But, how can a "fake" pill, or procedure heal anything? The answer is, because of the *belief* in the pill, or procedure. Another way to put it is that *the active ingredient in a placebo is belief*. Since PSYCH-K is all about changing beliefs, especially subconscious beliefs, that can affect physiological functions, it was not hard to see that by learning how to change subconscious beliefs, it was possible to affect the biochemistry of the body, which in turn could affect the functioning of the immune system; the body's main defense against disease. This association was a well accepted fact in ancient cultures, but has been lost in our modern, reductionist medical model.

One day as I was pondering these facts, I had an amusing vision. In my mind's eye, I saw a Titanic-like cruise ship in the middle of the ocean, listing heavily to one side. The huge ship was taking on water very quickly. On the various decks were white clad crew members, rearranging tables and lounge chairs, as they began to slip toward the guard rails of the ship, all the while reassuring passengers that "every thing is fine, and not to worry." The passengers were becoming more agitated as the ship leaned more and more to one side.

While this was going on, I noticed a vessel about 100 yards from the sinking ship that looked suspiciously like the fabled Noah's Ark of the Bible. It didn't look at all like the

majestic leviathan that was in the process of disappearing beneath the waves. I could see people on the Ark waving and shouting to the passengers and crew to come join them on the Ark. It wasn't as technologically magnificent looking as the ship, but it was seaworthy!

As the scene unfolded, the analogy became more apparent. The Titanic-like ship was a representation of the current medical system, which was sinking. The crew dressed in whites, represented physicians in lab coats. The passengers represented patients who were being reassured that "all is well, and not to worry." The Ark represented mind/body medicine, which wasn't as technologically ostentatious in isn't appearance as modern medicine, but was a "seaworthy" vessel for the medicine of the future.

In the real story of the Titanic, the captain of the ship was quoted as saying, "Not even God could sink this ship." And, it was also reported that an owner of the shipping company, who was on this maiden voyage, received a communiqué from a ship several miles ahead of the Titanic, warning of icebergs in its path. He read it, folded it up, put it in the pocket of his tuxedo, and returned to the party. In other words he ignored the communiqué, and as a consequence, the disastrous fate of the ship was sealed.

A similar mindset seems to exist among the proponents of modern healthcare. The Titanic was blindsided by the iceberg of human arrogance. In this vision, it was apparent to me that the same fate lies ahead for modern medicine if it doesn't heed the warning signs, and change its course.

It was out of this realization that the PSYCH-K Health and Wellness Program was to emerge. Using my knowledge from the study of mind/body medicine, and the utilization of PSYCH-K belief change processes, modified for health and wellness applications, it was possible to build a thought-bridge between the best in western medicine and the wisdom to be found in the healing arts of ancient cultures.

## **The Eye of Kanaloa**

Kanaloa is the Hawaiian deity of the sea. I learned of this part of the Hawaiian spiritual tradition in 1990, when I studied Hawaiian shamanism with Serge Kahili King, on the island of Kauai. He introduced the participants in the training to a sacred symbol called the Eye of Kanaloa. The symbol is a pictorial statement of the basic philosophy known as Huna. I was very taken with the symbol and its meaning, so when I returned to the mainland I had a ring made of it. It was a cherished possession of mine from that time on.

In 2009, Raes and I had a chance to visit the islands again, this time it was the big island of Hawaii itself. We rented a condo on the Kona coast for a few days of rest and relaxation. One of those days had been set aside for snorkeling on one of the most popular beaches for that sport. On the night before we went snorkeling, I was sitting on the lanai (deck) of the condo looking at the moon over a beautifully calm sea. All of a sudden I was struck by the fact that I was back in Hawaii and felt a deep kinship for this place. My mind took me back in time to my shamanic training on Kauai, and my connection to Kanaloa. In fact, I had

brought the Eye of Kanaloa ring with me. The one I had made for me, so many years ago.

In this state of reflection, I imagined I could ask Kanaloa if he was still present as an influential figure in Hawaii, and in my life. So, I posed the question to him and said if it was so, to please give me an unarguable sign to that effect. I sat staring at the moon and sea for another hour. There was no discernable “sign” as far as I could tell, so with a sense of disappointment, I called it a day and went to sleep.

The next day we prepared to go on our snorkeling adventure. We rented the necessary equipment from a local vendor and off we went. Arriving at the designated beach, I was struck by the beauty of the weather conditions and the beauty of the turquoise water. As I began to put on my equipment, my wife noticed that I was wearing my Eye of Kanaloa ring. She suggested that I take it off before going in the water, as I might lose it while snorkeling. I replied by tugging on it to show her how secure it was on my finger, and told her that there was nothing to worry about.

After about fifteen minutes of snorkeling I was unexpectedly hit by a wave that dislodged my facemask, and I began to swallow salt water as I was carried toward the shore by the power of the wave. Sputtering and choking as I neared the shore, I found myself sitting in shallow water a little disoriented and somewhat embarrassed by what had happened. As I regained my composure I noticed the unthinkable. The ring was gone! At first I was shocked, and then I panicked. The panic subsided as quickly as it had arrived. The next idea in my mind was that if the loss of the ring was Kanaloa’s way of reclaiming what was rightly his, I could let it go. However, if this was a test of my belief in his existence, then I asked him to show me where it was, as a response to my request for an unarguable sign of his presence. I secured my facemask and began to swim in the general direction of where I thought I had been before the wave hit me.

My logical mind told me that the odds of finding a ring that had falling into the ocean were astronomically unlikely, but my intuitive mind told me to keep swimming and just follow my inner guidance. Then the unthinkable happened again, but this time it was because I saw a faint glimmer of something gold in color lodged on a piece lava rock about eight feet below me! I dove down and retrieved the ring. I was filled with gratitude, but more than that, I was filled with awe at the apparent miracle of finding the ring. What were the odds? If the ring had fallen into the sandy bottom, I could not have seen it. It had to have fallen in the just the right way, on a hard surface, at just the right angle for the sunlight to catch its hammered metal surface, while I was looking in just that location, for me to see it! What were the odds? Well, in the world of three-dimensional statistics I suspect they were slim in deed. However, in the world of spiritual statistics they were 100% in my favor. I believe Kanaloa had found a way to give me the unarguable sign I had asked for the night before.

The important “take home” lesson in this experience for me was that nothing really belongs to us unless we can let it go. If it remains in our life, then it belongs to us.

## **Neuroscience Meets The Optimal Health Balance**

As you are aware, one of the processes for belief change included in the PSYCH-K Health and Wellness Program is called the Optimal Health Balance. You also know that I refer to the PSYCH-K processes as Balances because research has shown that a consistent result of doing PSYCH-K Balances is what we refer to as a Whole-Brain State.

Dr. Jeffrey Fannin, Executive Director of the Center for Cognitive Enhancement, first experienced this process in January of 2010. A holistic nurse, who had recently attended the Health and Wellness Program, facilitated the Balance. Jeff had never heard of PSYCH-K, so it was his maiden voyage into the world of high-speed belief change. Being the scientist that he is, he decided to make the experience into a kind of experiment. Since the necessary brain mapping equipment was readily available, he had himself brain mapped before and after experiencing the Balance. The results challenged what he had been taught was possible, in his then 15 year career as a neuroscientist. The results were startling. His scientific curiosity led him to call me, in order to find out more about PSYCH-K, and to see if he could figure out how such results were even possible.

After our phone conversation, feeling like a kindred spirit had been found; we decided to meet in person, at Jeff's clinic in Glendale, Arizona. Raes and I arrived at the clinic on February 17, 2010, and our adventure of blending science and spirit began. When Jeff explained how his equipment worked and what its recording capabilities were, the first idea that popped into my mind was of the experiments I had done with my friend Charles, nearly 18 years earlier. The one's where we were attempting to make a connection with consciousness that didn't have physical bodies, i.e., Buddha Consciousness, Christ Consciousness, Edgar Cayce, Nikola Tesla, Earth (Gaia) Consciousness, the Collective Consciousness of Humanity, and the Consciousness of the PSYCH-K Council (the name I give to the non-physical source of the PSYCH-K material).

### **The Déjà vu Experiment**

The following is my account of the experiment Jeff and I performed in his clinic during the next few days of our visit. Since I was the test subject, I give you this account from a first person perspective. I was hooked up to the brain mapping equipment, and Jeff used standard brain mapping protocols during the session. Each session lasted about 10 minutes. The only non-standard part of the procedure was the use of the PSYCH-K surrogation protocols, facilitated by Raes, to compare any possible recordable differences in my own brain wave patterns with those of the surrogation subjects. Those subjects included, Nicola Tesla, Edgar Cayce, Christ Consciousness, Buddha Consciousness, Gaia (Earth) Consciousness, the Collectiveness of Humanity, and the Consciousness of the PSYCH-K Council.

While each individual "consciousness" felt somewhat different from each other, the most dramatic difference was similar to the original experiment I did with my friend Charles,

some 18 years before, with the consciousness of Edgar Cayce. It was the most distinct of all the link ups. The main difference this time was that I didn't ask for a "Cayce experience," as such, because last time I did that I didn't remember anything about the surrogation link up experience, and had to be told about it by a PSYCH-K Facilitator who recounted her vision of me showing up at her home east of Denver, in a kind of "light-body," and helping with a healing of her friend's back pain. This time I was just interested in whether or not the brain mapping equipment would be able to register a unique energy signature distinct from my own, and from any of the others.

Here's what I remember about the experience:

As soon as Raes had facilitated me through the surrogation permission protocols used in PSYCH-K to make the long distance link ups, I waited for some visual, auditory, or kinesthetic clue that I had made the connection. Within moments, I was experiencing myself with Cayce; in a place he called the Hall of Records. He told me that he would show me where and how he got his information in order to help people. I was in a place I had never seen before, in ordinary life, or in my imagination. We were in a place where there were two walls on either side of us that extended upwards as far as I could see. Those same walls also extended as far as I could see in front of us, as well. The walls appeared to be made of individual lights. They looked like greenish colored LED lights you see on electronic equipment. There must have been billions of them! Cayce told me each light represented the (Akashic Record) life journey of each soul who has ever existed. The Records are always changing because lives are always changing.

Then he told me to concentrate on any one of the lights. I did as he suggested. As soon as I focused on one light, it began to move out of the "wall" of lights toward us. It simply floated in space to about three feet in front of us, and stopped at eye level. The whole object looked like a kind of container with a large LED light on the front of it. As it came to a stop, the light began to spin, and what looked like the front of the container opened to reveal what appeared to be a vertical data stream inside the container. Cayce said this is the information he accessed to learn about the condition of his "patients," and to help develop a therapy or medication for them to use to address their problem or condition. Sometimes he would just tell people where to find a medicine, right down to the place the shelf it was on, and the color of the bottle!

As he continued to explain this process, I was startled to hear a voice from behind us say, "I want to speak to Jeff." At first, I just thought I was imagining a voice, so I ignored it. A few moments later, I heard it again, this time louder and in a more insistent tone of voice. I turned around and saw a "being" (more like an energy field) that I somehow recognized as Nikola Tesla! He repeated his statement, "I need to speak to Jeff," and added, "tell him to meet me in alpha-theta." I assured him that I would tell Jeff. I remember thinking that I wished he would go away, so I could go back to my lesson with Cayce, about the Akashic Records. But, as I turned back toward Cayce, the whole vision disappeared. I opened my eyes to find myself back in the brain-mapping chair.

I looked at Jeff, and told him about the encounter with Cayce, and that I "met" Tesla during



the experience. I conveyed the message Tesla had given to me for Jeff, and asked Jeff if he knew what it meant? He assured me that he did, because he had equipment that facilitated the accessing of an alpha-theta brainwave state in his clinic, and that he was already practiced at achieving that state of consciousness!

While other aspects of the experiment were interesting to me, this one was by far the most informative and inspiring.

The overall results of this experiment showed that each consciousness we connected to via surrogation was different than mine, AND different from each other, indicating that discrete consciousness persists beyond physical existence, and that it can be recorded in this dimension. Think about it...scientific proof of life after death!

### **What Does It All Mean?**

The big *lesson* for nearly all of us modern day human beings is that there is no death of the personality, but simply a discarding of the physical vehicle through which it is possible for the personality/soul/mind of the individual to interact in three-dimensional reality. This fact is one that has been known and accepted as an everyday truth by ancient cultures for thousands of years. Modern science has much to learn from these ancient cultures.

As the result of our experiment suggests, our personal identity continues to exist beyond our physical body. Modern science has finally become sophisticated enough to measure this fact with scientific devices, such as the EEG machinery Jeff used in our experiment. Death is not something to fear, it is simply a change of form. This ancient understanding is echoed by quantum physics via the concept that energy can't be destroyed it simply changes form.

As far as my personal life is concerned, the journey that led me to the experiment with Jeff Fannin, in Glendale, Arizona in 2010, was filled with inspiration, mystery, and challenges, both physical and emotional. It required a high tolerance for ambiguity and contradiction, as well as a significant amount of courage and faith to believe in what I could not see with my physical eyes, but was "visible" to me with my *inner vision*. I have refined and embraced this *inner vision* as my primary guidance system in life. I call it my Spiritual GPS (Greater Personal Self). It is a combination of logic and intuition, left and right hemispheres of the brain, and a collaboration of science and spirit. It works much like the GPS is my car. In my car, I enter a destination, and follow the directions/guidance. With my Spiritual GPS, I ask for clarity or insight into some situation or problem, and follow the directions/guidance.

There is little question that our civilization is at a crucial crossroads in our evolution. We face global challenges in the areas of our economy, ecology, and healthcare systems, just to mention the most obvious ones. If we are to successfully solve these challenges, we must raise our consciousness beyond the level of the thinking that created them. As Albert Einstein has suggested, "No problem can be solved from the same level of consciousness that created it."

Each of us can play an important role in returning our world to one of *peace, harmony, and balance*. In fact, it is the most important contribution you and PSYCH-K can make to your own life, and the lives of others. By learning to manage your mind, especially at the subconscious level, and teaching that skill to others, you can effectively and dramatically help to restore balance to your life, and the lives of others in the world. Never underestimate the difference you can make in the future of our civilization. It's not how *many lives* we touch. It's *whose lives* we touch. By touching the *right lives*, in the *right way*, at the *right time*, we can affect the course of humanity toward a future that nurtures us, as well as generations to come.

It is my hope that my story will inspire you to reflect on your own journey and see the divinity-in-action in your own life. It's there, if you have the eyes to see it, and a mind that can accept it.