



100
True
RAMTHA
Miracle
Stories

by Russ Michael

**100 True 100
RAMTHA
Miracle
Stories
as told by
RAM Students**

by **Russ Michael**

**Author of long-time best seller "*Finding Your Soulmate*"
"*Soulmates, Twin Rays and Special Lovers*"
"*Autobiography Of An IMMORTAL*"
"*Your Soulmate Is Calling*"
and many others...**

***100 True RAMTHA Miracle Stories
as Told by Ramtha Students***

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FOREWORD BY MICHAEL

100 True RAMTHA Miracle Stories is a select collection of one hundred stories shared by those whose lives have been touched in many unique miraculous ways by the RAM. Many more stories are certainly destined to be shared with you later.

All of these tales are true miracles in their own right. Some are about miracle healings of the body; others are about miracle healings of self attitude. All of these tales are owned by those of us who have experienced them. They have dramatically changed our lives in most instances. Each story is unique. No two are alike. How could they ever be? For each is experienced by an individual.

In my direct contact with those who have been taught by the RAM I find those masters who live the teachings to be the most independent souls upon earth. They do what they choose to do--in their own way--at their own pace and in their own space. If you are one of these sovereign masters give thanks forever and ever for your centered feelings and space of peace and freedom.

This book has been a work of love. I have previously written over a dozen books where I played the teacher--and as a teacher--I played heavily on the role of a world savior. That identity is left far behind now. The RAM taught me that no one can act as a savior of another. That is simply another form of tyranny--getting others to see it your way--to follow your truth. The weight of the entire world seemed to lift off my shoulders when (then?)--thanks to our beloved brother--I found that I only needed to save myself. That knowingness has brought me to the center of peace, joy and understanding beyond words. I am a teacher and a student like you. I am simply a participant in and an observer of life becoming more divine.

As a Ramtha student and as a collector and publisher of these inspiring true stories I wish to personally thank each and all of these grand masters who have shared their experiences with me... whose beautiful, inspiring *miracle stories* are now here presented to be shared with you. May these tales of the RAM uplift and inspire you to your own greater Godhood. If so I also hope you will share them kindly--and lovingly--with many of our other awakening brothers and sisters on Earth.

Chapter 1

EVERYONE COUNTS

THE RAM had told his audience that everyone in attendance was special, was loved, and would be sorely missed if they had not been in that particular audience. A lovely woman master said that statement by the RAM impacted her more than anything else that day, simply because she had carried such a sense of unworthiness inside her being for so long. It seemed almost incomprehensible that she counted... that she actually would have been missed by the group had she not been there.

Later that week she returned home to discover that one of her flower bushes had sprung forth into a dazzling array of glorious huge blooms. She was awed and thrilled by their beauty. Her very first impulse was to walk over and snip off one of the huge flowers to take inside her house to glorify the atmosphere there. Yet she felt reluctant to act on that thought. Another part of her being was looking at the lovely symmetry and balance of the flower bush and just could not entertain the idea-- even for a moment--of removing one flower from that bush.

With a rush, she remembered what the RAM had said about how she would have been missed had she not been a part of that group in his audience. She burst into joyful weeping for she now understood that she too was a beautiful flower awakening to life. No longer would she feel unworthy--that she did not count--for like the flowers on the bush, everyone was loved and needed, and if even one of the flowers were removed, it would be sorely noticed and would make a world of a difference.

Chapter 2

●THE MATERIALIZED CAT

In Yelm, Washington--Linda and her mother, Mary--told me their story about the sudden materialized cat. Their excitement had still lingered...but they politely took turns to fill in all of the poignant, pertinent details.

Linda began the story. She said an incredible event occurred during their move from their trailer park home in California. All of their personal belongings were safely packed in their camper. The biggest of their three cats was locked in the bigger of the two cat cages. Another cat was locked in the little cage, but the third--and favorite cat, a little kitty--was nowhere to be found. Linda and her mother searched high and low for it...but to no avail.

Linda said while frantically tearing the house upside-down looking for the kitty she found a small hole in the wall behind a bedroom dresser. She felt almost certain that the little kitty might have squeezed through it so she grabbed a flashlight and stepped outside into the dark. She walked slowly around the house trailer several times--bending low--and calling under the house for the missing cat; but no reply.

Now Mary spoke. "While carrying the cat in the little cage to the camper the cage door opened and the cat got out. He dashed to the nearest tree. I was tired from packing all day, and it was dark. I could hardly see. I called the cat, but it ran from me every time I got close. After a half hour of chasing, I finally coaxed it to me and put it back in the

cage. I took only a few steps toward the camper and the cage door flew open and the cat got out again.”

Linda now added, “I came out to help, and noticed that both hinges had come off the cage door so I dug out some bolts and bolted the hinges back on while Mom chased the cat.”

“I finally caught it,” Mary said, “But I was sure tired of chasing cats after packing and moving all day. As soon as I corralled it, I put it back in the little cage that Linda had fixed and carried it out to the camper. The other cat was already locked up in the big cage inside the camper, so I set the little cage alongside it.”

“We still had one cat to go,” said Linda, smiling. After all this cat chasing and cage fixing I was just as weary as Mom but I still didn’t want to leave without my sweet little kitty. I was exasperated. Finally, I calmed myself and called out to the RAM. I told him I had never asked him for anything before, but that I loved that little kitty and did not want to move without her. ‘RAM, please help me find it,’ I asked

“I waited for a reassuring breath of wind to caress me; but no...nothing. It was very dark, very still, very quiet, and not a breath of wind.”

“ Well,” I rationalized as I said out loud to myself, dejectedly... ‘you must be busy somewhere else.’ I continued half-heartedly on my search for the cat.”

“Finally, knowing my Mom was really tired--and I was, too--I told her I’d take her to the motel room that we

had reserved a few miles away. I said I would rest a couple of hours with her and then come back for one last look for the kitten. We both climbed into the camper and I drove slowly toward the trailer park exit.”

“About 20 feet before we got to the trailer park exit we both heard one of the cats in back of the camper hissing and spitting loudly. Alarmed, I pulled the camper over to the side of the road and my mother and I rushed out and opened the back door. Neither of us could believe our eyes! There--standing now in the bigger cage--facing the other cat...was my missing little kitty. The cage door was still tightly locked shut. It was a miracle.”

Mary said their tiredness disappeared and was replaced by a sense of awe as they drove to their motel. They knew their so anguished prayer to the RAM--had indeed--been answered.

Chapter 3

THE BUM ON THE BEACH

Of the plethora of bum stories in circulation about the RAM this one was told to me by a master from Oregon named John. During a personal consultation with the RAM...John asked the RAM to visit him during his upcoming vacation in the *Canary Islands*. John planned to vacation on the islands in a few weeks.

The RAM contemplated a moment, then told him he would appear as a beggar during his vacation. He urged John to take a long walk along the beach immediately after he encountered the beggar. So be it! Joyfully...John promised to comply.

Several weeks later John was on his vacation. He looked for five days, but no beggar was to be found anywhere. It appeared that the *Chamber*--where *Commerces* meet--had done all they could to keep beggars away from the tourists on the islands. Finally--on his last day of his vacation--he suddenly came across a woman beggar. She looked like she really needed a meal. John unloaded a pocket full of money...which the beggar woman accepted gratefully.

Remembering his promise to take a walk on the beach after encountering a beggar, John made a bee line for the beach and started walking. After an hour--walking and wondering what was next--he decided to stop and to turn back. As he made his turn around he looked down at the golden sand freshly washed by a wave. What he saw filled his heart and soul with mighty awe. Ornately inscribed in

large letters--in the fresh sand--by an unknown finger were
the words.....

“I love you greatly, master!”

Chapter 4

PEARLS FOR HER AND ●CHOCOLATE FOR ME

My loving life partner--Laya, and I--shared a wonderful manifestation. It was about a week before Laya would be attending the October, 1986 Yucca Valley retreat with the RAM. We were window shopping and had both stopped in front of the window of a jewelry store to admire a very lovely pearl necklace with a matching pearl bracelet. Laya really wanted to step right in to the store to buy them but she needed to use the money for her trip to Yucca Valley. My own present financial situation--right then--prevented me from offering to buy them for Laya, as a gift. So after a few minutes of standing and admiring their beauty, we walked away.

The day of her departure for Yucca Valley Laya asked me if there was anything she might be able to pick up for me during her travels through San Francisco. At first I said no but on second thought I remembered how much I liked *Ghirardelli* brand chocolate which is manufactured there. So I said that I would love to have her bring me back a box of Ghirardelli chocolate bars. I took a greatly beaming Laya to the Seattle airport. She was eagerly anticipating her meeting with the RAM. She smilingly said she would not forget to bring me some chocolate from San Francisco.

A week later when Laya returned, I met her at the airport. The first thing she told me as we drove home was she had had a severe headache when they landed in San Francisco and had remained on board during the hour lay over enroute to Palm Springs. She was sorry that she had not been able to buy the kind of chocolate that I wanted in San Francisco. When she saw the obvious disappointment on my face--she said quickly--however a box of chocolate had *manifested* on her bunk in the women's

dorm while at the retreat in Yucca valley. Since no one in the dorm knew where they had come from--or how they had gotten there--and they were on her bunk--Laya then decided they were meant to be hers. Before leaving the dorm she packed the box of chocolates in her suitcase. She knew no matter what brand they were. since she had failed to pick up the special brand of chocolate bars I wanted her to get for me in San Francisco, I would still appreciate them... even if they weren't the special brand of chocolate I wanted from San Francisco.

When we got back to our place, Laya unpacked and handed me the box of chocolates. I did a quick double-take. "Laya, these *are Ghirardelli* chocolates," I said, showing her the name printed on the box.

She was very surprised. She said she had not even noticed the name brand of the chocolate bars. Her eyebrows lifted, "The RAM must have manifested them for you," she said with a warm greatly glowing smile.

I shook my head in amazement and proceeded to unwrap the box and to enjoy one of the tasty chocolate Ghirardelli bars inside. I also give heart felt thanks to the RAM...who I too also believed was *the source* of this wonderful obvious--and now so doubly sweet--personal chocolate miracle.

A few minutes later I heard a loud, joyful shriek. Laya came running out of her bedroom, a jewelry box in her hand. "Thank you, thank you!" Laya shouted joyously.

"For what?" I asked, very perplexed.

"For the necklace and bracelet," she said, holding up the beautiful pearl necklace and bracelet for me to see clearly. They were exquisite!

“Not me,” I said. “I didn’t buy them.”

Laya stared at me dumbfounded, then burst into a smile again. “Wendy must have bought them for me,” she said... rushing through the house to find Wendy--our house guest from L.A.--to thank her for the exquisite gift.

“Not me,” said Wendy. “I didn’t buy them for you. Maybe they are a gift from the RAM.”

Laya burst into tears. She clutched the set of pearls to her breast. “Oh, thank you, thank you, RAM!” she called out to the ethers. “RAM I love you so much!”

Later she explained that everyone else had received a pearl from the RAM during the last late afternoon audience with him. However--due to her flight schedule--she could not stay to receive hers. It had been a great sacrifice to her...but she had to leave without being handed her own *pearl of wisdom* from the RAM directly. However now having the entire set of pearls she had longed so for weeks before...more than made up for it!

I agreed. For I was equally thankful for the tasty chocolates that had mysteriously materialized for me. I knew that both of us were greatly privileged to have experienced--side by side--two such incredible miracle manifestations....

Chapter 5

THE BUTTERFLY STORY

From New York, Debbie tells this tale in her own words.

“I first saw Ramtha in Tampa. From the very beginning all I wanted was a hug. I just wanted to hug Ramtha. Well, the first time I saw him I didn’t get my hug but I did get a little miracle.

“The day after the intensive I went to Miami to visit my family. One afternoon as I was watching the Hawaii tape for the umpteenth time, my Mom’s boyfriend, Norman, came inside to tell me he had found a little copper and black butterfly in the pool when he was cleaning it. *Copper and black!* Those are the colors of Ramtha’s eyes. I jumped up to have a look.

“Norman had wrapped this ‘dead’ butterfly in Saran wrap and laid him flat in the sun to dry. ‘No,’ I cried. ‘No!’ I quickly unwrapped him. Norman thought I was crazy, but I gently, gently brushed the butterfly across the tops of my hands in an effort to get the water off of his sweet wings.

“Soon he began to flutter! Then he walked drunkenly down my knuckles until finally he flapped his wings three times very slowly, as if to say, ‘thanks’, and he flew away! I began to cry. Even Norman was a bit taken aback by that one.

“A few months later, I went to a retreat in the Yucca Valley. All I wanted was my hug. Had to have a hug from Ramtha. One day at dawn it dawned on me that I’d always resented not getting the affection I craved...yet I could never ask for it! So that afternoon I asked for my hug. I got it.

“Ramtha picked me up in the air so effortlessly that it felt as though the floor fell away. He kissed my hands, told me he loved me, and then said with a mysterious glint in his eye, ‘Now, go and be a happy--pause--butterfly...smile!’” I’m told I literally flitted to my seat! It wasn’t until a few minutes later that I realized what had happened.

“Now for the last part of my butterfly story. When I got back home to New York I wrote my friend, Alba, telling her of the butterfly and what Ramtha had said. A couple of days later, as she pulled into her driveway, she knew there was a letter from me. Sure enough, there it was.”

“As she ran into her house, she noticed a little copper butterfly on the living room carpet, but she was so excited to hear about the retreat that she just kept on walking to the family room. Reading my letter she got the shivers and began to cry. Quietly, she tiptoed back to the living room to see if the little butterfly was still there. It was! As she got closer she saw that it was a tiny leaf shaped exactly like a butterfly! So much so, that when I opened the box she sent me--even knowing it would be a leaf--I quickly shut the lid thinking it would fly away!”

Chapter 6

THE SURVIVAL OF ART

This story was told to me by William...a good artist friend that I consider ranks in the top ranges in our country. His paintings are always in high demand. At this particular time William was recovering from the economic challenges of a divorce settlement. He was very anxiously awaiting the sale of his home...so that all his upcoming monthly bills could be paid *on time*.

William was facing a serious choice. He loved the RAM greatly and was considering spending the very last of his cash on hand for a week-end intensive. A silent voice from within bade him to do it--so he put a check in the mail--thinking the escrow on his home would *close* the next day as it had been so scheduled. However the next day he had to think again. The escrow was being delayed for an indefinite period of time.

William looked at the new development and wondered if he should cancel his reservation for the intensive with RAM. A small but loud voice within said, "No – go forward as planned." He thought he could take some of his new posters with him and could probably sell enough to pay for his food and hotel costs.

All worked out just as planned. He sold enough of his beautiful posters to meet all his intensive expenses, with a little cash to spare. He knew that the painting he would do for a new woman customer when he got back home would easily cover his immediate bills.

When William got home that evening, he called the woman to make arrangements for the next day. To his vast disappointment...she said she was just not ready to spend the \$900 for his artwork at that time. William, being an impeccable person who was determined to pay his bills on time felt a sudden agony and

despair. How now would he get the cash together to pay his bills soon due?

At first doubts arose as to whether he should have spent the cash he had on hand for the RAM intensive. Those thoughts were dispelled with the conviction he had really done the correct thing. He had no guilts or regrets about anything in his past life. Everything he had experienced was now-- through time--formed into his own unique "pearl of wisdom"...to be acknowledged and cherished!

"Okay, RAM," he called out. "Help. I'm trying but it looks like I really do need some help here!" The gentle breeze that came up from nowhere--softly caressing his face--reassured William that the RAM had heard his plea.

A few hours later the phone rang. It was a businessman who wanted to know how many of his paintings William had *on hand* for sale.

"Not many," William replied. "Just tell me what you want, and I'm sure we can work something out."

Within the hour William left to meet with the caller who lived about an hour's drive away. He spent that day and night working out arrangements to do some custom art for the businessman. The new client paid William \$2,500 cash in advance...with another \$2,500 coming in a few days upon completion of the whole new art package.

Almost needless to say all his bills were paid on time and William gave silent thanks that he had learned how to live and to decide in the moment. He felt he now definitely knew the art of survival.

Or...was it the *survival of art*?

Chapter 7

THE RAM IS A BUM

This bum story is one of many wonderful stories told by Richard, author of the magnificent “I Am” poem...printed later on the last few pages of this book. Richard tells his story in his own words.

“There was a time--a few years ago--when the RAM was fond of telling people that he would visit them in the guise of a bum...presumably to test their ability to treat all humans as gods... regard-less of their social status or--their physical--appearance.

“In those days--in the city where I lived--a group of us masters used to get together for dinner at a local restaurant each week. It was at such a weekly gathering that the subject came up of the Ram’s appearances as a bum. Everybody began telling of their meeting with strange and unusual vagrants, as I--totally out of character--sat quietly...*just listening*.

“As the tales bounced back and forth across the table, I was busy racking my brain. I didn’t have a story! I had never encountered any unusual derelicts! And I--who loved to get right into the middle of things--had absolutely no personal bum story to throw in. I felt horribly left out!

“Well--try as I might--I never did think of any bum stories and I left the restaurant still thinking about it. I really felt quite silly. Here I was feeling sorry for myself because of something so very inconsequential as this. Yet--I still thought about it--even as I crawled into bed and slid to sleep.

“In the morning when I awoke, bums the farthest thing from my mind, and set about creating my new day. At that time, I ran a delivery service for some local pharmacies and it was my day to drive the route.

“I picked up my first round of packages--dropped a couple of them off--and then decided to swing by the health food store for a nice mid-morning snack. This particular store is on the corner of a very busy intersection so I parked around the corner from the front door. I went in--got some frozen yogurt--and headed back out the front door. What I saw--as I left the store--ran gentle bolts of lightning up my spine.

“There was a cluster of six or eight people who had started into the crosswalk, prompted by the green ‘walk’ signal. All I could see were their backs. My eyes immediately lighted on this one individual--shabbily dressed--five foot two at best and wearing a bright red engineer’s style hat...with big white polka dots.

“Now--mind you--I only saw the back of this guy and he was halfway across the crosswalk but this voice the voice inside my head - said, *‘That’s him!’* No question. When that VOICE speaks there can be no question...it simply is. THAT’S HIM!

“I was not quite ready to become a spectacle, running out into the street yelling, ‘Hey, RAM!’ so I did what a sane person would do. I turned the corner and headed for my car. I was parked just about three or four car lengths from the corner...and as I turned toward the car I looked and...Oh, my God, here this guy comes!...He had suddenly turned a complete 180 degrees in the street and was coming right for me. Frozen? Dumbfounded? *Understatements!* I just stood there and thought, ‘Oh, my God, here he comes!!!’

“Oh, Christ! I knew those eyes--sparkling with laughter and loving mischief--they locked like lasers onto mine. I knew this

approach, slow, purposeful...and laced with just a hint of the stalk. *Oh, my God!!!*

“Excuse me,” he said. No *indeeds*--as it were!!! He enunciated very slowly and carefully, saying “Would you give me fifty cents or a dollar so I can get some lunch?” Eyes still laser focused on his, I dug, palpitating into my pocket and brought out some bills. Peeling off a dollar I handed it to him. I peered at him. He was so funny looking!

“Thank you,” he said. “Would you give me another one?” I had about eight dollars on me and I would have given him every penny. Why...just two weeks before I had spent a lot more than that to sit with this guy in a room full of people. I peeled off another dollar.

“Thank you,” he said again. “Have a nice day.”

“You have a nice day, too!” I replied, not knowing what else to say. I got in my car and started to leave, feeling thoroughly shaken. I pulled away from the curb and up into the intersection, where I stopped to wait for the light. I could feel those laser eyes penetrating the back of my head. I sat fidgeting until the light changed and as I depressed the clutch I turned and looked over my shoulder. . . . (Here we switch to slow motion.) Still standing in the same spot--looking in my direction, directly at me--this funny little guy tilted slightly at the waist...cocked his head toward the right and threw me a hilariously exaggerated left eye lightning-like *wink* that still sends my cells into shivers.

“I made it about half a block before I had to pull over. I bounced up and down in the car seat screaming with laughter and pounding the steering wheel. I could scarcely believe it. This was the *very next* morning! And all because I had *felt left out!!!*

“I know what you’re thinking. The ‘should haves’ I tormented myself with....I should have asked him to lunch...and then had him ride with me the rest of the day. But then I finally got past all the many ‘should haves’ to accept the experience...for what it truly was. For it was a most delightful way to be reassured that no thoughts go unheard and *no one gets left out!*”

Chapter 8

NO ILL WIND THAT BLEW

Anyone familiar with the life story of the RAM knows that in his lifetime 35,000 years ago...he identified greatly with the wind. Later on he literally became a conscious *Lord of the Wind*. As the RAM explains--he is not the wind--but the *mover* of it.

The following story was told by John--a young *indigo* 15 year old master--who loves and lives the teachings of the RAM. John said that several of his very close friends decided they wanted to buy some "pot" and go to the country and smoke it.

John found himself in the middle of very string peer pressure--to go along with the crowd--but he knew the danger of smoking pot and wanted nothing to do with the scheme. In desperation he turned his consciousness toward the RAM... asking for help. He simply wanted to get out of having to smoke pot with his friends. He felt trapped by the circumstances and thought the RAM was his only hope of *saving face* with his friends...and yet *not* smoking pot.

In due time the pot was found and purchased and put into a small brown bag. The group of youths made their way out of the New York suburbs, and finally out into the countryside. At last the right secluded spot was found and the five of them piled out of the car to roll their "weed" and light up.

As the member of the group holding the brown bag stepped forward to split the booty a sudden huge gust of wind came from out of nowhere and emptied the entire contents of the bag. All of the marijuana that was inside of the bag was blown away and scattered finely across the fields.

While all his buddies cursed and shook their fists at the wind...John silently shouted his joy. He was feeling all the thanks he could muster in his being--for the RAM, the Lord of the Wind--who had plainly heard and responded so uniquely to his anguished plea for help.

Chapter 9

A BIRD IN THE HAND

The old saying that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush was extra meaningful to a grand master named Ron who was with me there at the 1988 Snow Mountain retreat in Colorado.

At earlier audiences the RAM had told how *Saint Francis of Assisi* had developed such a state of peace within his being that wild animals would come and sit by his side--that at his call--birds would fly to and alight on to his hands.

Ron--a great animal lover--decided he would take a hike on one of the several mountain trails around Snow Mountain to see if he could find a bird and call it home to him. At Ron's home in tiny Mineral, Washington all the neighborhood dogs literally camped on his doorstep. They followed Ron around in a pack--like a pied-piper leading all creatures behind--but he had never held a wild and free bird in his hand.

Ron took the trail leading up to a waterfall and soon after reaching the summit plateau above the waterfall. He quickly spotted a whole flock of wild birds about fifteen yards away. Ron became very excited and quickly did *the hand triad* manifestation technique he had learned from the RAM. He then mentally willed for a bird to come flying to him and he became very still--inside and outside--and held out his right hand with one finger extended. To his extreme delight he saw one single bird rise up from the flock. It flew straight across the green meadow and then flew directly to his very still outstretched hand...and landed to perch on his finger. The bird slowly walked up and down his hand. Ron studied the bird and the bird studied Ron. After a while the bird casually extended his wings--leaped into the air--and flew off to high perch in a nearby tree.

Ron said he was trembling with excitement for many minutes afterward. Indeed, I could see and feel how the sweet excitement of that moment was still lingering on his face--and in his eyes--as he told me his personal miracle story.

Chapter 10

THE BUM AND THE GOLDEN WEDDING BAND

This wonderful story comes direct from a master named Linda. It seems Linda and a friend were shopping a favorite pastime for most ladies. They both noticed a beggar sitting by the entrance to the store as they walked in. Linda made a mental note to give the beggar some money on her way out.

Soon the two finished shopping. Linda had forgotten all about the beggar. However, as they stepped out of the store, her friend stopped, reached into her bag and handed the beggar a dollar.

Suddenly remembering her own mental note to herself, Linda opened her purse and dug out her change bag. She scooped out *all* of the contents--a very large handful of coins--peering in and making sure that she emptied her coin bag entirely. She handed it all to the bum in a huge handful of glittering coins.

The bum--eyes shining brightly--accepted the bountiful handouts from both of the two fine ladies with a heartfelt expressed very strange remark, "*I love humanity so much!*"

Linda and her friend walked on, both pondering the startling remark made by the beggar, both feeling that--here indeed--this was no ordinary beggar.

Driving home an hour later, Linda was suddenly struck by an awful thought! "Oh, my God," she exclaimed to her friend. "When we left the house this morning I put my golden wedding band in my coin bag...so as not to lose it!"

She grabbed her handbag and snatched the coin bag out...unclipped it and felt inside the now emptied bag. Sudden joy welled up inside her...as she felt the familiar shape and feel of her precious wedding band.

With high excitement she slipped the gold band on her ring finger and remarked to her friend, "I know I emptied everything out of my coin purse. It is a miracle. That sweet '*bum*' knew my golden wedding band was not intended as a gift. Thank God!"

Thank God--indeed--who often moves in mysterious ways.

Chapter 11

THE LITTLE GREEN FROG

Jane told me this amusing story in her own words.

“Once upon a time--not so long ago--I jumped into the shower to get clean. I noticed something unusual out of the corner of my eye and I turned to find a little green tree frog with sucker feet in my shower!”

“He was sitting on the faucet staring at me real funny like. He was so cute! I bent down to get a good look at him. His markings were tinged with copper. Beautiful”

“Well, this frog was a trip. When I washed my hair he jumped to a spot about eye level with me. He’d just look over his shoulder and watch...*Shoulder?* Do frogs have shoulders? Then he would scoot up to the windowsill and nestle there by the shampoo and contemplate whatever it is that frogs contemplate.”

“Well I couldn’t figure out how this little guy found his way into this place, but I figured he must have family somewhere, so after my shower I let him out the front door. I watched him reluctantly walk off into the night to my right. Could it be this frog wanted to stay in my shower? How the humf ...(*humf??*)...did he get in there to begin with?

“He seemed to have a real personality. Could he actually understand me? This frog was very unusual. I’m not an authority on frogs, but this guy was definitely different. What made me think he was a ‘he’ anyway?

“A difficult and fiery week passed. Into my shower I went--and lo and behold--there he was again! Could this be the same frog?! His markings seemed to be exactly the same. I was shocked! How did he get in here?”

“We went through the same thing again. As I changed position he did too. This was really so very incredible! I wondered if this was from Ramtha...or maybe even was Ramtha, himself? Then I negated that thought...thinking that I only wanted it to be so. Not disappointed, I felt this was a pretty unusual relationship all the same. I say relationship because that’s definitely what it was. We sure did seem to have an understanding.

“Still, I reminded my new green little friend of his family. Right after my shower...out the door he went. But this time he went to the left. I kept trying to get him to go to the right just in case he was not a different frog. If so, I wanted him to find his friend who had gone off to the right a week before. But this little green guy knew where he wanted to go.

“Well, a few days passed and again he was back in my shower! I got such a kick out of him! He was adorable. I’d talk to him and he would turn his head as if to say, ‘Really, now.’ He was a very expressive little green tree frog. I let him stay. Every morning I would jump out of bed to see if he was still there. Sure enough, he would be there, all right. This routine went on every day for about two weeks. It was so fun taking a private shower with my little green friend.

“Then one weekend he was gone. Yes, I was sad. But not for long...because that Monday morning he was back. How did he do it? Oh, by the way, Ramtha had been giving an intensive the very weekend that the frog was gone. Yet that thought seemed too preposterous! I didn’t dare even entertain the thought that this little green frog could possibly have any connection--at all--with the RAM!

“At the end of that week a girlfriend came over. She had been digesting Ramtha’s teachings for several years and when I told her about the frog...she freaked! She ran to have a personal look immediately! She told me that a long time ago she heard Ramtha say, “If ever you see a little green frog, *know that I have been there.*”

“Now before, whenever I told someone about the frog and they would want to see it...by the time they got to my bathroom...he would be gone. Not this time. And this was only the second time in a year that I’d seen this particular friend. It seemed that she came all the way from *Orcas Island* to tell me about this frog.

“So I began to believe in little miracles. Especially in little green miracles! He stayed off and on--for several weeks more--but he was never there when an intensive was going on. It was a time in my life when I needed a friend...and I appreciated thinking or knowing that perhaps I was being remembered and visited by some one I love very much.

Chapter 12

A GOLDEN LAMB OF GOD

After much thought I have decided to share *my golden lamb of God* experience with other masters. This is one segment of my very real death experience that I normally do my tell, as it is very sacred to me... My story goes back to age 18 when I was a seaman in the U.S. Naval reserve, aboard The USS Ashtabula Merchant Marine oil tanker in the Yellow Seas of China.

The boson's mate in charge had assigned me to the worst imaginable duty aboard ship. Along with two other shipmates I was ordered to go into the oil tanker water ballast tanks and paint the inside of the tanks from huge five gallon buckets.

While my two shipmates left the tanks and went back to the engine room for a breath of fresh air, *I passed out*. I literally died. I had a vivid flashback of every day of my short 17 years and then a long look into other significant lifetimes. One past lifetime was in very ancient India; the other was in Egypt approximately 1600 B.C.

I was fully aware that I had *died* from three dimensional life.. and that life on Earth seemed only a dream. Yet I yearned with every atom of my being to return back into that dream, back into the 18year old body even though it seemed foolish to want to leave the pure reality *that I was* at on the inner plane.

My desire immediately opened up a path before me in the void and I felt myself begin to travel upon it. I knew my desire was taking me back to three dimensional life. Suddenly, I felt great fear and that fear... a swarm of ghouls, ghosts and monsters of every description swooped down on me and I was rooted

to the path. I seemingly could not move forward. From the depths of my soul I called out for help. Instantly a small point of light appeared in the far distance. The light moved toward me growing whiter and whiter...brighter and brighter...larger and larger.

All at once my entire being was transformed into a *living golden lamb*. As this very alive glowing golden lamb, I bent my forepaws and kneeled before God Almighty. I was loving God with all of my being... and I was feeling absolute bliss, joy and happiness...

Suddenly, I felt a *wind blow* and an urgent sluggish sensation of me being back in my body again. At the same time I opened my eyes and heard a crowd of excited sailors grouped around me, shouting, "Give him air, step back," and "He's coming to!"

With that--I focused my consciousness--lifted myself to a kneeling...then a shaky standing position. Others who stood nearby helped me to steady my now fully upright body, I ignored their excited questions to me. Instead I asked them

"What happened?"

"You were dead for a good five to ten minutes." Another nearby voice replied. "You stopped breathing...there was no heartbeat." The other repeated his order, "step back, he needs more fresh air.

In silence I tore loose from all of them and made my way weakly but determinedly up the circular stairwell to the bright top deck. There on the hot grey deck--in the bright afternoon sun--I threw myself down and sobbed and sobbed with great heaving cries of joy. I was so thankful to be back in the beautiful physical dream world again. I cried and cried as I thanked God

over and over again profusely for the opportunity to continue my life in my physical body.

For at least a month after that death experience, I was so high in spirits that I could not think or feel *an "altered" thought...* as the RAM might say. Gradually though my old earthy 3-D habits renewed and I gradually got lost--once more--in the depths of human body social consciousness. Yet even though I began remembering my true real identity and had played the role of a grand new age teacher...it was only after seeing the Hawaii video and studying for years under the tutoring of our so beloved RAM, that I finally left the world of the intellect to find the delicious world of feeling again.

The September '87 Yucca Valley retreat changed my life forever and ever. The RAM wasted no time in getting to the point. First thing on the Sunday night opening, he told us to lie down on the floor with our head to the north and our feet to the south and to take off our shoes and socks. He said the anointing of oil was very important to our futures and we would each be anointed...providing we were able to reach that point within our consciousness where we *had no single guilt or regret for any single thing that had happened in our lifetime*. Only then would we and could we be anointed by him.

So, of course--along with everyone else--I lay down as directed and worked and worked at my consciousness to absolutely *know* that I had no single regret for any one event of my life. I was determined to be one of those anointed... hopefully thus speeding my way into superconsciousness.

After hours and hours of self-wrestling with myself--with all my might... I felt that I was there. I knew--without a shadow of doubt--that I now had no guilt--and no regret--for any single thing that

had happened in my life. I accepted all of my experiences and self-chosen adventures as now my own--consciously owned--genuine *pearls of wisdom*.

No sooner had I reached that state when I heard the RAM say that everyone who had been anointed was to go up to Meditation Mount and wait there for him. Thinking the anointing was our own struggle to overcome guilt, as I opened my eyes and saw several people getting to their feet and heading out the door; I followed, later then...giving silent thanks that I had reached that point in consciousness.

Outside...I was glad to see my then very special life companion...Laya, waiting for me in a small group beside the door. She asked me to wait for her while she went back into the ladies rest room inside the huge auditorium.

I waited...and noted that most of the others were trucking on up fast up the gracefully wide winding trail to the top of Meditation Mount. All at once Laya bounded out of the door and told me that she just talked to a close friend,--Amber--and that she had *real oil* on her forehead...and also on her hands. Laya said the two of us urgently needed to go back into the big auditorium--where Ramtha was still sitting... to be anointed too. I looked at Laya with total disbelief and told her that no matter--how Amber had mysteriously manifested *real oil*--on her forehead...nothing would or could keep me from going into super-consciousness, so I was going up the mountain with the rest.

She turned back...while I pushed forward and slowly upward--with the rest of the masters to a starry full moon night on top of Meditation Mountain. There, I sat in silent meditation with all of the rest. I was disappointed that Laya had not come with me but allowed her to do what I knew was her thing. As we waited I opened my eyes to see a steady stream of RAM students coming up to the top and joining our rapidly growing ranks. All at once I spotted Laya coming up the mountain trail to join us.

My soul jumped for joy. I reasoned she had come to her senses and decided to go for superconsciousness after all!!

That was a definite “*wrongo in the Congo!*” Laya walked up to me swiftly and said urgently, “Go back, Russ. Ramtha is anointing really everyone with *real oil*. You’ve got to go back if you want the anointing...hurry!” Only after Laya quickly showed me her *oiled* forehead--and *oiled hands*--did I finally *realize*--and *give in to the truth*. Ramtha was indeed anointing everyone with *real oil*. And I had NOT been anointed yet. I was shocked. At that...I bolted down the hill as fast as my feet could carry me. All the while my mind was aching and my heart was pounding wildly. I just *had* to make it back in time to be anointed--with *real oil*--by the RAM too!

At last I was back down the hill and to the front of the meeting hall. As I pushed open the wide door, my heart almost sank to my feet. Ramtha, Jeff and Anne Marie had just turned on their heels and were heading back to the stage where Ramtha had sat.

Instantly I darted into the room--leaping over bodies--until I found a clear space. I threw off my shoes--and lay back, closed my eyes--and willed with all my might and power that the RAM would turn back to anoint me also....

A few long aching moments passed. Then I heard Anne Marie speaking softly as she walked down the center aisle. She told *everyone* to get up and come forward. Ramtha would now do the *anointing* at center front stage instead. I quickly joined the line beginning to form at the center of the stage before a regally seated Ramtha...

“Bring your socks with you,” Anna Marie shouted in a sudden new announcement.

A miracle unfolded before my eyes! Everyone ahead of me went back to get their socks. Our feet would also be oiled, as well as our hands and forehead...and we would need to put our socks on after our forehead, hands and feet were anointed. I had forgotten to remove my socks... so I was now actually standing FIRST IN LINE directly before the RAM.

Jeff motioned me forward. I stepped forward and pulled off my socks. As directed, I knelt on my knees before the RAM so he could anoint my forehead. Meanwhile Anna Marie brushed oil onto my feet and hands. My whole being trembled. The grand moment of my spiritual anointing had now come.

The Ram looked at me through eyes of love that extended forever and ever. He anointed my forehead, making the sign of the cross on it with his oiled right forefinger. While anointing my forehead the RAM looked deep into my soul with that infinite love radiating to me. I heard him say,

"What the Lord God Almighty has given, no one can take away, forever and ever and ever. So be it."

At that... a torrent of tears flooded my eyes and I completely relived my death experience...as the *Golden Lamb of God*...here too again I was kneeling down before the eyes and the hands of God and feeling absolute bliss, exquisite joy and sheer human body happiness beyond any words.

Slowly--I gathered my trembling, sobbing body together--and stepped aside so that the next good sister or brother could be anointed. I then walked, leaped and ran back up to the top of Meditation Mount to join the throng of masters waiting in the growing light of a glorious full moon night...for the arrival of Ramtha. A huge full moon had risen simultaneously with the disappearance of the huge red round sun. It was a *night of nights* for all of us there!

The following day--there are no accidents-- during our retreat, I overheard masters talking about the *Book of Revelations* and were associating it with *The Ram*---as the *Lamb of God*.

During our lunch break. I went to the Yucca Valley Institute library and paged through a huge ponderously ornate Bible there. It provided the last links to that lifelong mystery concerning me--in my death experience--in the form of a *Golden Lamb of God*.

The Bible spoke of *the first Christ*--the RAM--who inspired his followers to *found* the Hindu religion, the first organized religion upon Earth...who Ascended into the Heavens as a huge crowd of thousands below watched in awe and wonder...who is now known in the Christian Bible as the *Lamb of God*...*who would return in the End Times*... *as prophesied* so long ago by the disciple of Jesus--2000 years ago--named *John*.

As an afterthought...after being turned so fully *inside out* at the Ramtha Yucca valley desert retreat--and *feeling so totally reborn*--I dropped my legal name, *Russ Michael* and publicly--as well as privately--assumed the personal new *singular* name of *Michael*.

The name *Michael* is now closer to my vibratory nature. So now all of my close friends and loved ones know me simply as "*Michael*."

Chapter 13

DREAM OF THE FUTURE

All through the years since his return to earth the RAM has been urging all of his audiences to press forward to super-consciousness. He also promised to send help through their dreams to those who were helping themselves. He explained we could learn and see visions in our dreams more easily than through waking consciousness, since our altered ego could not stand guard at the door of our mind and stop us from dipping into the pool of unlimited thought.

In the late spring of 1988 one of the masters--living in the Yelm, Washington area --told me the following very vivid dream he had experienced only the night before.

In his dream, he found himself in a lush beautiful green valley surrounded by several tall mountains peaked with lovely snow covers. He was dancing merrily on a meadow along with forty or fifty other male and female masters. Everyone then held hands and made a huge round ring of dancers and all whirled clockwise together.

Suddenly, the speed of the dancers increased. They began spinning in their circle faster and faster...soon reaching an unbelievable warp speed. A moment later everyone released hands and each one began individually spinning faster and faster and faster. Their speed reached a point where all of them became *transparent*. Very similar to a faster and faster whirling fan when all the individual blades suddenly become *invisible*. One by one each and all of the spinning masters disappeared entirely from three dimensional reality.

The next instant all of them *reappeared* together on what looked like a "heaven on Earth" planet. The colors and beauty of

the New Earth and everything on it defied word description. The masters were all doing joyous such incredible things. Many were flying through the air with the greatest of ease. The man who dreamed this fantastic dream said he was “skin diving” in a sun-beam.

Each time any master passed another master they would stop and give one another a strong loving body hug. The transmission of love felt--as these hugs were exchanged--was also totally indescribable...*sheer bliss!*

All the while--during this latter stage of the dream--a voice sounding very much like the RAM was saying--like an overlay of thought--“*Yes. Yes, you guys are going to make it!*”

With that... this glowing master awoke from his joyful dream feeling like the whole world was in his hands. His dream brought not only *a sense of peace and promise* to him--but also to me---and to many others who heard of it. *Thank God* for our dreams!!

Chapter 14

A MIRACULOUS HEALING

As a child Marie said she had constant pains in her right leg and lower back. Her mother calmly dismissed them as “growing pains.” At 19 she had her first back surgery followed by five more surgeries.

She had just recovered from these surgeries when she met a wonderful man who performed on the high wire in a circus and she learned to work with him on the high wire. Just when Marie thought the back pain was finally gone she was in a car accident. The car was demolished and she had so many broken bones that her entire body was in a cast.

She had massive scar tissue all over her body. Another five surgeries followed. She gradually recovered as the broken bones mended but the back pain was now more intense than ever.

At this juncture, Marie saw the RAM on the Honolulu video tape. The RAM said clearly he would help those in the audience. As she looked into his eyes *on the screen* she felt a penetration and her absorption of explosive energy. Feeling that the RAM knew what he was talking about... Marie *called to the Father within to remove the pain.*

Suddenly her body began jerking and she passed out. When she came back into her full body consciousness a brief time later...the back pains were completely gone.

That healing occurred in November 1987...and to this date the pains have not returned. Today, Marie is an extremely lovely woman who carries herself with poise and grace. She gives her joyful thanks daily that she has left behind--her social consciousness--and the excruciating back pains that racked her body

for so long. In place of agony her life is now filled with joy,
peace and a health that no one on earth can ever take from her.
Bless her heart.

Chapter 15

RAM IN THE BEDROOM

Kerri explained how she had been a student of the RAM for several years with no different or extraordinary experiences. Then one evening it happened.

She was resting in bed getting ready to turn out the light and go to sleep. All at once her eyes felt drawn to the big stuffed chair at the far corner of the bedroom. Her eyes widened. She leaned forward to see more clearly.

A huge, radiant form of a man in purple and white robes was draped in the chair. His long legs and long torso extended out, making the large sofa chair seem very small in comparison. The big man had an enormous wonderful smile--on his face--and the room was filled with the light of it. He was more handsome than she could imagine a man could be to be and her soul felt filled with peace as she returned his steady loving gaze. Strangely, she felt no fear...only immense wonder and awe.

Before she could speak the image disappeared. She knew it had to have been the RAM visiting her. She was stirred with divine rapture just remembering it. That visitation from the RAM filled her heart and soul daily with the joy of that brief indelibly imprinted and forever remembered so glorious personal miracle experience.

In a later audience with the RAM *Kerri* heard JZ describe *what a "hunk"* the RAM was in his spirit body. She then knew--for certain in her heart and mind--that the RAM had truly visited her in her bedroom that warm dim-lighted wonderful evening.

Chapter 16

ANGEL LIGHTS

Del--a very angelic lady master herself--told me her experience of seeing very unusual light energy patterns at one of the RAM intensives. She explained that she was able to see auras and *unseen* entities around her everywhere. Her ability to *see* more and more into other dimensions had been growing greatly over the past few months.

At an audience in Seattle Del saw strange extremely bright blobs of light grouped near the ceiling high above the RAM. Try as she may the explanation for these mysterious lights eluded her. The mystery was soon solved by Ramtha himself.

As he addressed the audience the RAM suddenly paused to glance up towards to the very high ceiling...then out...to look over the crowd. He said he wished everyone there could see the many angels thee in attendance hovering near the ceiling. Being in attendance with Del...at this particular audience... and alerted by her of the light blobs...I strained my eyes upward but I could see nothing unusual.

After a moment, the RAM continued teaching, with most of us in the audience wondering what he had been talking about...when he mentioned that angels were also in attendance with us. But for Del it was a great answer to what had puzzled her so strongly. The unfamiliar light energy forms--that visited her often--were now known to her. They were her guardian angels!

Since that day Del says she has seen many other such "angels" in various sizes, colors and forms nearly everywhere. Soon the happy day will arrive when my eyes--and yours and all those

with eyes to see on earth--will see *all* of the seen and *unseen*
clearly. *So be it.*

Chapter 17

ANTS

During an address on world changes in Denver, the RAM urged everyone to store food and supplies for the future days of drought and economic collapse that then appeared to soon be coming. He described the “*lowly*” *ant* as one of the best teachers around. He went so far as to say that if humankind would be as cooperative and forward thinking as the ant our civilization would be greatly advanced...rather than in the massively polluted and so decadent ecological state that it is in today.

In keeping with his policy of sending us each individual life experiences called *runners*--the RAM said he would send all of us one of his best runners around--the ant. He said that ants would immediately be coming into our lives from out of nowhere. He would personally see to that.

It would then be our task to study the wonderful little runners in hopes it would inspire all of us to be more productive, more cooperative and more forward thinking. He warned that the survivors--the meek--who would inherit the earth during the coming days of superconsciousness would be the ones who put food and supplies away, and were self sufficient and sovereign.

Debbie wanted to fly directly from Denver to the Northwest the next day to see a home that I was selling in Rainier, Washington. True to her word, Debbie showed up in Washington the very next day. Along with Greta--another friend who had attended the Denver event--we all drove over to see the rental home and acreage that I had up for sale.

The home was occupied by renters. As we approached the door to show Debbie the interior of the residence, Greta was taken--by the hand--by the two small boys who lived there. They

were so excited and eager to show her something so she trooped with them a few feet off the pathway. To her great astonishment and delight, the boys pointed out the biggest *ant hill* she had ever seen!

The ants were scurrying to and fro, each and all busily carrying on their survival work by the tens of hundreds. Fascinated--and just as the RAM had advised--the three of us--and the two little boys--watched the busy *runners* going about their housekeeping and food gathering. In less than 24 hours our ant runners had come into our lives to teach us the art of survival and cooperative productive daily existence.

Chapter 18

A LOOK BACKWARD

At Yucca Valley--in 1987--the RAM instructed the entire huge audience of masters to step out at 7:00 that evening...to face the West for a brief moment Then to turn and face the East for a moment---then to each be seated and to sit and study the Western skies. He instructed everyone to band closely together but to allow each one space enough to see and feel their own experience.

Leonard, one of the masters in attendance--from Rainier, Washington--told me this story.

After facing east and west and then seating himself and contemplating the Western heavens he gradually went into a calm state of being half-sleep and half-awake. All at once he found himself *back in time*.

He was sitting at a huge bonfire. There was considerable hustle and bustle all around him; tens of thousands of soldiers were walking and milling around campfires and tents. The air was filled with sounds of laughter, and sounds and smells of animals...goats, horses and other domestic creatures.

He was a soldier in the army of the RAM--35,000 years ago--sitting by the huge campfire with his comrades. The vision was real.

He told me he was actually there.

Gradually the scenes and mists of the past dissolved. Leonard said he sat there in ecstatic awe pondering and thinking about the amazing vision he had just experienced. Suddenly, he felt a strong but invisible hand grasp his forearm. He stiffened

with a rush of fear. The grip on his arm was then released. There was no one in sight yet the hand--that gripped his arm--had been firm and certain.

His fear vanished as the realization came that the RAM had induced the marvelous vision he had just seen. The invisible hand grasp was simply an extra reinforcement to his wondering mind--that he had, indeed--had a magnificent real look backward in time.

Chapter 19

IT'S RAINING IN CHICAGO

The Ram has the ability to be at all places at one time, and this aspect of his consciousness is pointed out clearly in the following story.

Regina was desperate. She was at the airport in Chicago, waiting for her flight to Seattle, where she would be attending an audience with the RAM. Timing was crucial. If she did not catch a flight within the next hour, she would miss her connection to Seattle. Consequently, she would be hours late, or perhaps even miss the entire Ramtha audience.

The captain of her flight had become ill, and the airline was frantically searching for another qualified pilot to take over the scheduled flight. To make matters worse, it was pouring rain, non-stop. It was panic time.

Pacing the floor Regina finally calmed herself and sent out a desperate plea to the RAM. "It's raining in Chicago, and we need a pilot for our plane desperately," she called silently. "Will you help me, Ramtha? I've waited so long to have an audience with you. I don't want to miss this flight!"

She definitely felt better after sending out her mental call to the RAM for help, so she relaxed and began studying the passengers coming and going around her. A few minutes later the loudspeaker crackled and the airline announced that her flight was getting ready to board passengers.

Elated, and with an earnest, "Thank you, RAM," she boarded her plane. A qualified pilot had turned up unexpectedly at the airport. Soon they were on their way, and Regina was con-

tent, knowing she would make her connection to Seattle and be on time for her audience with the RAM.

The next day, Regina was telling her friend about the frantic time in Chicago and her plea to the RAM. Her friend asked at about what time that had occurred. Her friend had been in Ramtha's audience the day before, and at that very time, the RAM had stopped in mid-sentence, saying, "It's raining in Chicago." And without further explanation he continued with the thought he had been presenting. The audience wondered why he had mentioned it.

Obviously, the RAM knew that Regina would be talking to her friend the next day, and that she would receive absolute confirmation that her plea for help had been heard. The unexpected appearance of a substitute captain had been no coincidence.

Chapter 20

THE MIRACLE OF THE ROSE

This short, but sweet tale came from Debbie from Rainier, Washington, in her own words.

“I was at a retreat at Yucca Valley. Someone gave Ramtha a little pink rosebud. It was all limp and floppy from the heat and from not being in water.

“Ramtha played with it while he talked, flipping it from side to side nonchalantly. Then he stuck it in Jeffrey’s glass of drinking water.

“My eyes were glued to Ramtha, hanging on his very word. About 15 minutes later I looked at the rose. It was standing straight up! As I watched, it slowly began to bloom!”

“Being in the front near the stage, I cried to Jeff, “Look at the rose!”

“Jeff looked at the rose, then said to Ramtha, ‘Look at the rose!’

“Ramtha, in the midst of his teachings, said off-handedly, ‘It needed some life, so I gave it some life.’ And continued talking, not even losing a beat. Ha! Incredible!”

Chapter 21

THE TELEPATHIC CHILD

For several years now the RAM has been telling audiences that the children being reincarnated now are far advanced in their development of psychic powers. That point has been demonstrated by at least two small children that I know personally here in the northwest.

Gus, one of these young boys, started playing chess before age two. And he apparently recognizes and remembers the names of everyone he meets.

The other tot, Bob, also less than two years old is a bundle of sheer love, joy and ecstasy. All experiences in life seem to bring a glow of light and joy into the beings of these little boys. They share a joy of new adventures.

Tom, a businessman friend of mine, told me that a psychic friend of his told him that whenever he encounters a child under three years of age--he should make direct eye contact with them—and then telepathically---in his own head say to them, “I know why you are here.” To me, this statement implies that the child has chosen to incarnate during this time period on earth because it is the time of the Coming One, the time of the RAM, the time of change, the time of superconsciousness.

At any event, when Tom encountered the tiny master, Bob, he made strong eye contact, and then mentally made the statement to the little boy, “I know why you are here.”

He said little Bob looked back at him with sudden astonishment and great glee. He broke out into an ear-to-ear smile and then turned and ran over to his mother.

Tom resumed his talk with the child's father. A few minutes later, he felt a persistent tug on his trousers. Obviously, little Bob wanted to be picked up, so he hoisted the small child up into his arms. Bob immediately pressed his head to the side of Tom's head. Tom said a strong voice boomed clearly in his head, "My friend, you are a great light. You are loved greatly!"

Tom could hardly believe his ears. He looked with awe and wonder at the boy, who now indicated he was ready to be let down. It was difficult for Tom to maintain a focus with the boy's father, who was interested in buying some of the equipment in Tom's store. While talking...he glanced several times at the boy...who smiled knowingly back at him.

A few more minutes into the conversation with the boy's father, he felt the same gentle tug at his pants again. Once more he hoisted the beaming child to his shoulder, and once again the child pressed his face and head up against Tom's.

Tom said that for the past few weeks he had been trying to truly understand what the term "unconditional love" meant. He had pondered the idea over and over, feeling that he just was not fully understanding the term. The RAM had said that all of us must one day learn to be able to love unconditionally.

As the small child pressed his head close, the same strong voice boomed even louder in my friend's head. "Tom, you *are* love. The pain comes from the separation of yourself from others. Love is all things. It is inside of you, not outside of you. Stop searching outside of yourself for it. You are love; you are loved."

The message transmitted...the child indicated he wanted to be let back down to the floor. Tom later told the parents what their son had communicated to him.

A few days later, his mother asked little Bob what he had said to Tom. The little child smiled broadly and pointed three times at his own tiny little head. His mother stared in astonishment. I would say, "Message received," indeed!

Chapter 22

RUNNERS CALLED ANTS

Carol, a lady master filled with vibrant zest for life, told me how she had a house full of *runners*. The runners were ants, literally running all over the house.

Carol had just returned from the Denver, 1986 audience with the RAM where she had been told to expect some grand teachers in her life called ants. To her knowledge, there had never been an ant in her house. But a few days after her return from Denver she came home from a shopping trip and was horrified to discover thousands of ants milling around in all of the rooms.

Her first thought was to stamp them into oblivion. But there were too many. Besides, how could she do that to her “teachers? After puzzling and pondering what to do, the humor of the situation finally hit her and she burst into long bouts of laughter. And she decided to learn from the multitude of tiny runners.

She studied the activity of the ants as they collected food crumbs and explored everywhere for more food. And then she hit upon an idea. She reasoned that if she simply accepted their presence, owned the fact that the ants had been sent to her for a reason, and that she had learned the lesson the ants would simply leave of their own volition.

Carol called forth that desire with a fervent “So be it”, and turned her mind to getting things done for herself. An hour or so later she noticed that only an occasional ant or two were now to be seen--and soon--they too went on their busy little way.

Meanwhile--like the ants--Carol had also completed her own household chores and moved forward into the evening with a new sense of peace and understanding. First thing on the agenda for tomorrow morning would be the purchase and storing of her own food for days to come. Carol knew that when her *winter* came, like her runner ants, she would be happily ready for it.

Chapter 23

A PERFECT MIRROR

The RAM says unceasingly that we never see or know others, for we only see reflected in them what we see in ourselves; everyone is a mirror to our own being.

Clear-eyed, smiling Linda from Rochester, Washington, told me how she had begun looking at everyone in her life as a mirror. Seeing aspects of herself mirrored in others seemed an important way to discover her own identity. She made it a point to consider everything she saw in her husband, family, friends, or new people in her life...as a clear reflection of herself.

This attitude went on for months. It had begun to be a way of life for her. Her husband had injured himself and was unable to do any kind of hard work...so Linda decided to get out the garden tools and do her necessary work in the huge flourishing garden.

Soon after she got one rotating tool going deep into the soil something long and shiny flew up out of the ground. It sailed through the air and flashed in the sunlight. Intrigued...she stopped to investigate. She bent low to pick it up. To her surprise and great glee she found herself looking into a large, clear and *unbroken* mirror.

Sometime in days distant, the mirror had been buried under six or eight inches of soil, obviously awaiting its day in the sun again. The mirror was convex, and therefore reflected images bigger than life. Linda broke into peals of laughter. Everyone and everything was indeed a mirror. Apparently her new mirroring attitude had reached *an extremely earthly level*.

She set the mirror aside in a safe place and continued with the arduous task before her...but not before giving thanks to all the powers within her...for the wonderful miracle of *unearthing* a real life physical mirror. A richly symbolic and highly reflective find--and as Linda has said. "It's one I will always treasure."

Chapter 24

●A COLORADO HIGH

Lynn reveals in her own words the effects of the May, 1987 Snow Mountain retreat.

“There are two ways to get up the mountain in back of my California home. The normal way reveals expanding vistas of the San Fernando Valley as its trail snakes gradually upward. The other way is straight up, which nobody in their right mind takes, except perhaps some of the high school kids on a dare. While the view may be spectacular that way...the climb is arduous to say the least--and simply not worth the agony--unless one is either that high school nut or in training for the Olympics.

“That morning, not only was I going straight up – I was running. And I can assure I am neither high school student nor Olympian. But the worst emotional pain I could remember--including the un-welcome breakup of my 15-year relationship--was pumping so much emotional adrenaline through my angry body that I mastered the mountain with the ease of a gazelle. For a woman of 55...the feat was nothing short of amazing.

“Oh, I had been up there many times--only I had always gone up--the *normal way* on this path. Way up top--where the view swept forever in a 180 degree span--was a little flat spot where I had gone often to chat with Ramtha...and get in closer touch with my Father within. It was my special place, and I loved it.

“If I was out of breath when I reached the top, I don't remember. I remember falling to my knees and pounding the ground, as sobs and tears came uncontrollably. In anguish I was unleashing more intense emotion than I had ever known to be in me.

“I called the RAM every name in the book. For three months I had grown steadily in the love of his teachings. Now I felt totally betrayed by the only thing in my life that had given me a modicum of hope and belief in myself. The anger and tears streamed out...until-- finally, in complete exhaustion--I fell to the ground gasping for air.

“That morning had been the kicker. I had listened to one of my new Ramtha tapes called ‘War on Valued Life.’ I had heard it--of course...the way I wanted to hear it --if any person who is homosexual...*which I am*...not only was I out of alignment...but was to be *banished*--to a far off place--where, for the next 10,000 years, I could work out my frustrations along with all the other *perverts* in the world.

“My pain was horrible. An hour later--totally spent--I slid back down the steep face...knowing full well my legs had no strength for the *normal* path.

“Yes, I was still grateful that Ramtha had come into my life...for I knew the message of truth was there. It took some time--but gradually I got back into the tapes--trying to rebuild that wonderful *connectedness* that had been growing. But I wasn’t getting there. I had to find my way once again. It seemed important to attend the Snow Mountain retreat.

“The California hilltop episode hovered some four months in back of me as I rolled into that gorgeous Colorado scenery. Sunday night, at our first session, the RAM spent his usual 30 or 40 minutes walking around the room... loving, chatting, laughing, caressing. I was tickled when he walked down the aisle and put his hand gently on my head as he finished his sentence. Then I glanced up at him and in that instant my life changed.

“He looked down at me--and in a split moment of recognition--a look came over his face I will never forget as long as I

live...a look of instant, powerful love. He took the back of my head, and pulled me close to him--hard, so hard --and held me there...up against his thigh. He stroked my head, stroked the side of my face, held my head close to him while he forcefully reached down my tight turtle neck to stroke the back of my neck--rubbing slowly and not so gently--while more love than I ever knew existed in the universe poured forth like a river from his being.

“Had he tried to move at that point, we might have had a *Class A disaster* on our hands...for I have a faint recollection of hanging on to both of his ankles...for all I was worth.

“Finally--after what seemed the most magnificent eternity of my life--I looked up at him and mumbled something like, ‘Thanks for helping me to change my life.’

“With a loving smile, he said, ‘Ah, but we have more work to do...on you loving yourself.’ Then--bending down--he kissed my forehead and both sides of my face and moved on. I was stunned, to say the least. Speechless. Dumbfounded. Stunned.

“The RAM had heard my anguish and understood. The feeling was awesome. For 30 minutes that night--on the little hill back of our cabin--I cried the most delicious tears I had ever experienced. I whispered over and over my gratitude to this most loving of entities. Not one wink did I sleep that night...and had that experience been the sum total of my week...I would have been a changed person, I’m sure. But that was barely the start of what was to come.

“As we eagerly began our first women’s session the next morning, I was a bit taken aback to hear the RAM say ‘there are men in this audience in women’s bodies.’ But he would address us all as women. I was ticked. I may be homosexual--Buster--but I do thoroughly enjoy being a woman ...and I can do without any more comments--like that,--thank you very much! I had not

yet seen "*Soul Mates*" in which Ramtha so beautifully explains homosexuality. By the end of that session I was fired up. I knew that I had to speak out the next day to say something--anything--that might persuade him to soften his teachings...in this regard. *Oh, dreamer!* This had simply gone far enough!

“That afternoon all I could think of was what I wanted to say the next morning. And how I wanted to say it. For three hours in the deep woods I paced and practiced. I wanted Ramtha to change his teachings to homosexuals that more might come to know the love that he had shown me. I didn’t realize the manner in which I was interpreting those teachings was a sign of my own self-hate.

“That night at the joint meeting RAM again came up to me--hands on hips---flashing a big smile. Without a word, he looked down with that sideways glance of tight lips and shaking of the head that implied, “Well, you little imp... you were really at it today...weren’t you?”

“Eavesdropping on me or not, I was ready for him the next morning and my hand shot up the moment he called for ‘true confessions.’ My nervousness, I knew, was not so much from the fact that for the first time in my life I was declaring my homosexuality in front of a group of 160 ‘straight’ women--and a few other *sisters*--but more from knowing it was hard to put emotion in the proper places...since I KNEW that this guy had been listening to my rehearsal.

“To cover my awkward feeling I commented, ‘Of course, you’ve heard all this before.’

“RAM’s eyebrows went up...his eyes closed and he nodded and waved me on with a ‘Yes, but do continue.’ In his classic listening pose... he was now most attentive.

“I made my plea for a more compassionate approach to my homosexual brothers and sisters. RAM’s answer could not

have been more loving--more even and more totally direct--everything I knew to be true. Something happened inside of me...though I had no idea what. I couldn't wait to get by myself.

“The expansive meadow I found stretched endlessly to the majestic Continental Divide. Yellow wild flowers peppered the green carpet in perfect balance of design. The clouds were magnificent, rolling rapidly in and around the snow-capped stretch of peaks. My meadow was quiet and breathtaking. It was private. And I was alone.

“My ecstasy was at a peak. But why? What had happened to bring this about? I had no idea. I was higher than a kite and that's all that mattered. Then the realizations and revelations began to pour out so fast I couldn't write them down. They were things like...

...I couldn't possibly feel this amount of love for Ramtha--either from him or to him--without having it within myself. OF myself and TO myself. That must mean...What? I'm falling in love... with me? *It must be!*

...No matter my sexual *programming*, my Being was just coming alive. I was feeling more love toward myself and others than I had ever known possible.

...Though I thought I had accepted it years ago, I had just owned my homosexuality for the first time in my life. NEVER, but NEVER had I admitted my gayness in public before. In spite of probable rejection, I was learning to love myself.

...My light was beginning to come forth. And I could FEEL it. But most important, my joy was coming from the inside, not from a love affair or a million dollar business contract. My mind was my own free spirit, fanning my light to a beginning brightness it had never known before.

“In that moment I was all Love, Power, Joy and Laughter. I fell to my knees and *instructed the Lord God of my being to hold this day forever in memory*--for it was indeed--the day of my birth.

“That night--before bed--in humble and choked emotion, I tried to find the words to thank the RAM for the gift of new life he had offered me. The words of gratitude shocked me but I felt the truth of those words from the pit of my Being.

“Next morning after the introduction, RAM came straight down from his seat to me, saying something about eavesdropping at all hours. He took my head in his hands and bent down to whisper in my ear, ‘Beauteous *Lady*’. I was beyond shock. Not only had he heard the night before--and been moved--but had *just called me* all I ever wanted to be... a common term to him...a ringing of cathedral bells to me.

“Most of the rest of the week I looked a lot like Julie Andrews in the opening scene of ‘Sound of Music’--whirling, crying, laughing, hollering, jumping, dancing, singing, loving the earth, hugging the trees--and talking incessantly with the growing light of my Father within. There were more hugs and strokes and comments from the RAM...but now it was fluff for he had indeed done what he said he would do.

“I’ve tasted something new. In the days since Colorado, I go to bed at night feeling totally in love with myself. Some days, I haven’t known quite how to handle this newness...like a pair of new jeans that are still stiff and unaccustomed to the shape of its new body.

“Homosexual? Yes--my body is--but what I am is the light of the All in All of all the universes--unfolding--watching itself shine for the first time. In my new love of self, I’ve found *freedom*...at last.

Chapter 25

A NEW WORLD

Sylvia, a beautiful blue-eyed sixteen year old female master from England, told me how she had been molested by her father in her pre-school days. Her mother finally discovered the revolting situation and ended that drama with a divorce.

At age twelve Sylvia visited her father, who was now a highly successful businessman. During that visit a 43 year old friend of her father introduced her to *smoking pot*. That soon led to sex with the businessman and before long, sex orgies with several of her father's friends. She was also coaxed into having sexual relations with a teenage girlfriend while the adults watched.

Sylvia's mother did not suspect what was going on behind the scenes. Sylvia told her mother that her father's friend had offered her an appointment to ride his horses every day, so she wanted to live at his place. Not knowing the sordid truth she allowed Sylvia to stay. Sylvia's very wealthy adult lover gave her hundreds of dollars daily to spend. At twelve...her whole life was caught up in sex, drugs, alcohol and shopping.

At one of the many sex parties, her girlfriend's father walked in and was furious. He blamed Sylvia for getting his daughter involved in the decadent sex orgies. He applied pressure with the local law enforcement agencies and Sylvia was committed to a reformatory school for girls. The sudden drop from drugs,--of unlimited money to spend and of wild parties--took her into severe depression with daily thoughts of *suicide*. Finally, she was released from the reformatory under her mother's supervision.

Her mother had her listen to Ramtha tapes, watch videos, and read some of the books containing the RAM's teachings. She grew to love the RAM and was delighted when her mother suggested and paid for an audience with the RAM, with a group of her peers, children under seventeen. During that event, the RAM came up to her and told her that her father was not an evil man. He was simply ignorant and needed to know himself. He also told Sylvia she would grow up to be a most wonderful woman. He told her to leave the past totally behind--to forgive her father *and herself*--and to know she was loved and worth loving.

To Sylvia by age sixteen found a whole new world that was bright with hope. Her heart is filled with thanks for the RAM coming to help us all. Now she feels absolute hope for a loving and joyful future for all of us on Earth. Her smile is like sunshine over once troubled waters. She knows the future is what she decides it will be and truly expects every new day now will unfold into a bright new world within and around her....

Chapter 26

NEVER WALK AGAIN

Many masters have experienced incredible healings of their bodies after just one encounter with the RAM. A young chiropractor named Joe--from California--told me with sparkling eyes about his seemingly impossible transformation.

The story began with a serious car wreck. Not only was his car *totally smashed*...but his back was broken in five places. In addition many other bones in his arms, legs and body were snapped like twigs. He was rushed to the hospital. It seemed that the doctors were working with a bag of bones held loosely together by torn flesh. When Joe came back to consciousness in the hospital--the doctors told him that he had been almost beyond help--and that *he would never walk again

*P.S. *Russ Michael interjecting here.* The doctors told me this at age 17 when I was paralyzed with polio too and I decided to ignore them and went on to fulfill my childhood dream to play professional basketball.

After his initial despair...Joe decided that the doctors were only talking from what they knew. Thanks to the RAM and the *great white book* filled with the RAM's teachings...he knew better.

Joe said he used all of the manifesting techniques he had learned to take full charge of his own destiny. When I met and spoke with Joe in the spring of 1988, his body stood straight and erect. He did not limp...and his handshake was strong and firm, accompanied by a cheery smile.

It was obvious that the doctors only understood the principle of *mass* working with mass, while Joe knew and used the principle of *spirit* working with mass. His body was fully

healed. Joe's chiropractic business was flourishing again. My own whole world and the Earth seemed to be a grander--more lighted world and Earth--after my meeting with Joe... who now talks and walk...in radiant grace!

Chapter 27

MANIFESTING \$3,000

Russ and Laya had planned for several months to attend the Yucca Valley retreat in September of 1987. Since their home was fully paid for they decided to get a small loan against it to cover the cost of the week long retreat. They needed \$3,000.

They applied for the loan more than a month before the retreat, and were certain the cash would be in their hands in time to buy their tickets. “Wrongo in the Congo!” as the RAM often says.

A few months before, in rifling through an old book of business cards, Russ had responded to a sudden idea that bubbled up into his mind. He realized that he still owned publication rights to a book he had written, a sales tool for selling a product. Russ had sold his business having to do with that health food product, and had no further use for the publication rights to the book. Years prior to this, a businessman had bought hundreds of these books from Russ.

Upon “stumbling across” this man’s business card, Russ had sent a brief letter to him offering to sell the rights to publish the book. Russ asked himself what figure would be appropriate, and \$3,000 had come into his mind, so he said in his letter that he would sell the rights to his book for that figure. He stated that the letter would serve as a binding contract, and if accepted, to send a cashier’s check for \$3,000 before the twenty-first of the following month.

Russ heard no response to his offer, and had completely forgotten all about it.

Now, the mortgage company was dragging along on the house loan and it suddenly became obvious that the money was not going to materialize in time for the Yucca Valley retreat. Both Russ and Laya felt a strong *call* to be in attendance at that event. Now the *eleventh hour* was rapidly approaching. Panic was setting in. What to do now?

The phone rang. The voice at the other end of the line explained excitedly that the letter Russ had sent many weeks ago had just arrived the day before, and that certainly his offer to sell his book rights was accepted. A cashier's check would be in the mail Monday morning. It took Russ a few deep moments of searching his memory banks before he even recalled sending the letter.

Of course, the cashier's check arrived, and tickets for the retreat were purchased in the nick of time. When they were anointed by the RAM, they knew why they had had such a strong desire to be at that retreat. When destiny calls--nothing stands in the way--manifesting \$3,000 is a cinch!

Chapter 28

GOLDEN CREDIT

Roger told me he went from his home in New Jersey to visit a friend in Rochester, New York. While there he saw the Hawaii video and saw the RAM for the first time.

Roger had been an ardent student of metaphysics for fifteen years. He thought he had seen everything. But when he saw and heard the RAM... the message rang in his soul. He knew he had finally found a teacher worth listening to....In place of philosophy here was a simple but powerful daily knowledge he could live.

Roger returned to his meager paying job as a chauffer with a new song in his heart. He was determined to avail himself of all the teachings of the RAM he could find. Two days later he walked into a metaphysical bookstore and found and bought the book, *Voyage to a New World* by Doug Mahr.

“This is it,” he thought, after he read it. He wanted more, so he went back for the big white *Ramtha* book. He read it in the next few days. Everything seemed to click. He felt compelled to get all the knowledge from the RAM that he could, but how? He was nearly flat broke--his rent was due--and no source of income was in sight.

Nevertheless his whole body and soul yearned to attend the next intensive scheduled soon in Atlanta, Georgia. It seemed impossible. But he wanted it so much, that he knew somehow,--some- way--something would open the door for him to go forward in further learning with the RAM.

The following day Roger picked up his mail to find a Gold Credit Card issued in his name. The card allowed *cash* credit of

\$5,000! After his initial shock and elation, Roger said he got on the phone--made reservations for a ticket to the Atlanta event--and purchased his air fare to Atlanta.

From there he migrated to the northwest, where he now lives happily. His dream came true because he wanted it so completely. He now knows the outer gold is *fool's gold*, and the *real* gold is the *knowledge within* that is forever.

Chapter 29

LIGHTS ON

Many have heard the RAM announce--as he looks out over an audience--“The lights are coming on.” Tanya’s story gives new meaning to these words.

Tanya and her father were driving to Washington from California. With two drivers, they could take turns behind the wheel and drive on all through the night without stopping.

Tanya had been at a recent audience with the RAM where he had promised to send everyone in attendance some unusual lights to light up their lives. She said that soon after they began their trip, she and her father saw a huge round light in the sky. It stayed with them and just above them as they drove for almost an hour.

Later that same evening, Tanya looked up out of their van to see hundreds of colored lights flickering pink, blue and white just outside of the windows. Try as he would her father could not see them. Finally... the glorious light show ended.

After an uneventful few hours of driving, a new enigma occurred. This time her father did see it. The overhead light--which had never worked in the past several years--suddenly turned on. No matter how often they turned the switch from *on* to *off*--nor how hard they tried--Tanya and her father simply could not turn the light off. Finally...they gave up trying and let it burn.

As daylight came...the light turned off just as quickly and magically as it had turned on. To date this light has never worked again. By the time they got to Washington, Tanya knew she certainly had received more than her share of light *runners*.

She said the only light she wants to turn on now is the big bright
light of her soul inside of her!

Chapter 30

SPACE OF YOUR OWN

The electro-chemical nature of the body obviously has the ability to create its own attractive or repulsive fields. The energy was so high at the last May, 1988 Snow Mountain retreat in Colorado with the RAM, that many miracles occurred in the lives of the participants. Here are two of them.

After a particular uplifting audience with the RAM, one of the masters told me how she had gone out into the wooded mountain area and--as the RAM had instructed--she found a nicely secluded place to rest and contemplate what she had learned that day.

On a sunny slope overlooking the valley with the sun sparkling off the quiet meandering stream, she threw her towel down on a nice soft hill beside a tree. She lay down to rest and think, reveling in the beauty of the scene before her and the vast sky overhead. Gradually, the body felt more and more relaxed and she fell into a deep, peaceful slumber.

A few hours later, she awoke and realized that it must be time to head back for dinner at the cafeteria. She sat up, then stood, stretching luxuriously. As she bent over and picked up her towel, she was startled to see many hundreds of ants running about on the *underside* of her towel! She looked down and saw that she had gone to sleep on top of a huge, now very active, anthill, yet *not one ant had crawled on her body, or even her clothes!*

What makes this story even more amazing is that I had gone on a walk out into the mountains that same day with a woman friend. In the course of our hiking I devoured a peach that I had put in my pocket during lunch. After finishing off most of the

peach I had the sudden idea to find an ant hill and deposit the peach pit and remaining attached fruit on top of the ant hovel. I asked my friend to keep an eye out for a big ant hill.

We did the manifestation technique taught to us by the RAM. Sure enough. Within minutes we walked straight into a large ant hill. I deposited the peach pit on the top of this busy ant hovel and sat close by to observe. I watched--like an excited little boy--as the ants discovered the tasty morsel and began to swarm over it in frantic joy.

My woman friend seemed to tire of this sport before I did, and decided to lie back on a nearby log to rest. She made herself comfortable, closed her eyes and went into the joyful silence of her own being. Ten or fifteen minutes of very interested ant watching later, I decided it was time to head back down the mountain and return to the lodge where the group was staying.

Turning to awaken my woman friend, I was astounded to see myriads of ants swarming over the log she was lying on. Arousing her...I told her that ants were swarming all around her. She sat up slowly to see. To our surprise, even though the log was virtually covered with busy little ants, there was not a single ant on her body or clothes.

So, when this other master told me about her ant hill experience, I knew we had each been privileged to view yet another small miracle. *There are no accidents.*

Chapter 31

YOUR CHILDREN ARE PROTECTED

During an intensive in Tampa in 1986, the question was addressed to the RAM of what would happen to the children who were left behind when masters moved to other cities. Ramtha beamed and said that there would be a shield of protection placed around the children, that mothers need not waste their time worrying about it.

Of course--Dusty, the mother who told me this story--said this statement by the RAM brought great emotional relief to her...as well as to many other mothers that she talked with in that audience. Dusty said that she now could then peacefully make her move to the Northwest...knowing that her growing children were in good hands.

The proof of Ramtha's promise literally came home when--on February 28 of the following year--a devastating tornado dropped down from the sky...and leveled the town where her oldest son lived. The tornado was the largest ever recorded...over two miles wide and forty miles long. The path of destruction passed within one hundred yards of her son's home... yet missed it completely.

It uprooted giant trees and completely demolished the town's school building. It was a Saturday--so there was no school--and her grandson and the other children were spared. Dusty said that her grandson was visiting his other grandma--instead of playing next door in the neighbor's yard--where he usually played. Next door at the neighbor's house...everything was leveled.

At a Personal Assistance audience in May of 1987, Dusty said she thanked the RAM personally for protecting her family

during the tornado. The RAM replied that she should also be thankful that she had both the eyes to see--and the wisdom to understand a *miracle*. He said, "Miracles...they do exist. You will live to do it too!" What a wonderful prophecy! All of us are *in line* for that.

Her 18 year old son broke his foot,. This fortunately spared him from being sent to the Persian Gulf. Breaking into a beautiful smile--she said that I would have to be a mother myself to understand how relieved she is--knowing her children are now all under genuine divine protection.

Chapter 32

I CAN SEE NOW TOO

My friend Del-- has not only been able to see aura--but told me of seeing a most light show one day with her sister...when the sun turned blue. During the few months that Del and I had lived together, I had often strained my eyes to see auras, sometimes imagining that I had seen some light around the head of someone. But it just was not happening...like I wanted it to happen. I did not see auras clearly.

Driving to Snow Mountain in *Colorado*--with my *seeing* friend--changed all that. We had stopped late in the afternoon of the second day for a rest from our continuous driving schedule. As we got back into the car I remarked that I had a feeling we were going to see a most unusual sunset that evening.

I looked toward the sun hanging low in the heavens and commented to Del that I had never seen the sun so snow white bright. It reminded me, I said--of the whiteness of the light that was so dazzling white during my personal death experience at age 18. Del agreed that it seemed whiter and brighter than she had ever seen it before. She continued to watch it.

A few moments later she shouted that the sun had turned blue. I looked and saw she was looking straight into the sun and it was a solid blue color. I glanced toward her and saw the sun streaming across her face as she looked straight into it. I was amazed that she could do that. She told me she had a feeling that if I stopped the car and looked at the sun directly I would also be able to see the blue sun. For several moments I fought the idea.

Finally I decided that my attitude *needed changing*. How would I ever know unless I tried it...so I pulled over to the side

of the road. Del immediately jumped out of the car and stood looking at the sun...commenting on its lovely blue color. She urged me to look directly into it too. I resisted because it seemed awesomely bright. Then a voice inside me said, "Where's your courage? Do it!" I then turned and looked straight into the blazing circular white fire.

To my ecstatic wonder and delight...the brightness completely disappeared. Instead, I was staring into a huge round, solid blue orb with a thin, silver electric ring around it. I shouted to Del that I was seeing a blue sun, too. Delirious with joy...we both watched a pink color start to fill the void around the blue sun...and soon followed by a bright golden color. We excitedly compared notes on the changing colors surrounding the blue sun...matching perfectly.

Seated in the car once again...the gold color began flooding the interior of the car. As we looked at the road ahead of and around us it looked like someone had taken thousands of bushels of sparkling bright gold dust and sprinkled it on a road stretching upward and before us into some heavenly distance. It was a sparkling golden road, more beautiful than words can describe.

After a few more minutes, the spectacular light show ended, and we drove off jubilantly ...casting a frequent eye backward to the now setting sun filling the heavens with extraordinary splendor.

That evening, to my added delight, I saw the aura of Del clearly...and from that day forth...I have seen auras just by focusing my eyes and seeing clearly. Thanks to my *Lord God within*, I too can see now....

Chapter 33

FACING FEARS

The RAM has often told us that if we will tear the mask off the specter of fear we will find it to be faceless. There is nothing there but the fearful attitude of the perceiver. He also mentioned—at Snow Mountain in Colorado in May of 1988--that there are no *accidental* dreams. We all use dreams as a *safe* way to work out our fears and other experiences that we are *not yet ready to face* in three-dimensional reality.

Wendy related the following meaningful dream to me. In her dream she found herself in very a large barn. She was standing in the dark, and was very scared. Two fearful figures were sitting in the dark to her right. A bright light streamed in from a door on the left.

Suddenly, she felt the momentum of her fear increase and she began tumbling forward over and over. Suddenly a feeling of light heartedness came over her and she spoke forth, “From the Lord God of My Being...I want to know what I am afraid of!” She felt it was a profound moment. She felt fear...yet was brave enough to ask why.

All at once she felt an awareness of being back home in her bed again. She was still asleep but now she experienced wave after wave of fear wrack her body on all levels. Then she felt them leave her like in an exorcism rite. As she rested a voice said, “It is done.”

At that moment she felt a sweet breeze flow through the house and felt certain that a front window was wide open. The *caress of wind* across her cheek was the sweetest caress she ever felt. She knew it was the RAM.

Wendy awoke to full consciousness. Before her she saw the full form of a large triangle. The bottom four levels were filled with *light*; the upper three levels remaining were a *void*--the great dark unknown--*to be filled*. Silently she lay there filled with a sense of peace and a certainty of the feeling of "I AM" beyond words. She knew she would never feel fear of *the unknown* and *the unseen* again.

Chapter 34

● A BURNING DESIRE

From time to time, the RAM has made the statement that he is not above or below anything that works. As a rule he discourages ritual, the use of crystals, astrology, amulets and other crutches as touchstones in achieving self-power. However a rule is a rule simply because there are exceptions. The following story told to me by Richard, from Tacoma, Washington, is certainly one of those wonderful exceptions.

Richard told me that he had reached very low ebb in his life. He had run out of money, and had no job. Desperately he scoured the city for some kind of work. He was ready to accept almost anything just to bring in a few dollars. Despite traveling to and fro and here and there for several fruitless days...he found no prospect for immediate work.

Frustrated and weary he sat down and pondered his dilemma. He was totally out of money--no job in sight--what could he do? The question suddenly triggered a memory.

He remembered that in a personal consultation, the RAM had once told a friend that if he really wanted something--with a *burning* desire--he should put his desire in writing--on a blank piece of paper. Then he was to put the *signature of the RAM*--on the paper--as a witness. Then sign his own name--and burn the paper. If the desire was truly strong enough it would become a reality--sometime soon--after the written *invocation* was burned.

Without hesitation, Richard grabbed a large, clean sheet of paper and a pen and wrote, "From the Lord God of My being, unto the Father within, I want a job that I will enjoy doing...right away. So be it!"

As he hastily scribbled the words, Richard said he truly felt a fervent assurance that his desire would soon be a reality. He found a book of matches and set the paper on top of the wood stove and ignited it. He watched the paper catch fire, burning faster and faster, and finally dissolving into ashes.

So be it," he voiced. He felt and knew his desire was on its way into material manifestation.

Less than ten minutes later the phone rang. Richard was offered a job--starting the very next day--just across the street from where he lived. He accepted the job and loved it. He still does that craft today as a hobby. Richard performed the ritual suggested by the Ram and swiftly realized his burning desire.

Chapter 35

A DOUBLE RAINBOW

This is a wonderful story told to me by John, a businessman friend. Years ago the RAM allowed personal consultation audiences with certain masters who asked for them. During such audience, John was told that his desire to own a very large lucrative business was soon to be fulfilled. Ramtha said that if he looked up into the sky on the day that he acquired that business he would *see a rainbow* like he had never seen before. The rainbow would be a sign to him that the prediction had come true.

In the course of the following months, John heard of a business for sale that included several thousand distributors of the products made and sold. The price was right, and it looked like just what John and his partner wanted. They moved quickly, and a few weeks later the check purchasing the business was handed to the seller.

John went to the bank with the seller to make sure the huge check was cashed without problem. The money changed hands, and the two men shook hands on their mutually satisfying agreement. They climbed back into the car and headed back to the sellers office.

Just then, John looked up and began to laugh with glee. He pointed excitedly up toward the sky. There in the most vivid colors imaginable--from crimson red to rich violet--was not one, but *two rainbows* stretching across the entire Earth horizon.

Chapter 36

MONEY IN THE BANK

This is also a RAM tale from another businessman that I know very well. It seems there are truly no accidents – it was the same man who sold the business to John.

The story goes back to when the business was struggling to survive. It was a touch and go situation. There was no more money to expand the business. A count showed there were only about thirty active distributors of products, and the monthly overhead was larger than the income.

Go forward, or quit? The despondent businessman was no quitter. He had just recently been introduced to the RAM and watched every video. He listened to every RAM cassette tape he could get his hands on. He knew the RAM would have marched forward and he chose to do the same.

A few days after his determined decision this man received a letter from his bank saying that four thousand dollars had been bankwired to his account. Astonished...he asked his caller who had sent the money to him. The teller at the bank said it was from a foreign country--from someone with an unpronounceable foreign name--but it definitely was a bona fide wire of four thousand dollars deposited and spendable... into his account.

Still mystified, he realized the money was the answer to his prayers. With gratitude...he used the money to further branch out... and his business grew to include several thousand active sales distributors within just two years.

A few weeks after the strange bank deposit, the mystery was solved. The businessman had a very vivid dream, and woke remembering the *tale* end of the dream most clearly. In the

dream—the RAM was laughing with great glee--and saying,
“Four thousand dollars – ha, ha, ha, ha!!”

Chapter 37

WAS IT PLEIADEAN?

Donna related this tale to us in her own words.

“When I was seven, I was awakened by these three ships putting on a show outside my window. They were zigzagging around and disappearing and reappearing again...having a good old time for what seemed like a minute...but turned out to be fifteen. Next morning I thought that I had dreamed it...until I got to school and found out *it was published in the newspaper.*

“For the next seven years I walked six blocks home every night after dance class. I would always talk to this star. Actually, it was my *one true love* that I was always talking who I knew lived on this star. (No, I did not watch Star Trek.). I would imagine him materializing under the street lamp on every corner...and we'd embrace. That's six street lamps five nights a week for seven years!

“When I was fifteen, I got hold of some old metaphysical book that said that July 25 was the date we were most psychically in tune with extraterrestrials. It so happened I was taking care of a friend that night, and staying in the spare room which had large glass windows facing a big old tree in the backyard. I decided I'd give it a shot...so before I went to bed I prayed and prayed for a meeting with--this person---whoever he was. My one true love. *My soulmate?*

“In the middle of the night I woke up. I opened my eyes and looked out. I saw something under the tree. It was an ovoid shaped white light. Inside of it, these little blue sparkles of light began to come on. They became more and more visible...until I could see *it was a man materializing!*

“It all happened very quickly. I panicked and threw the covers over my head, paralyzed with fear. I said, “I’m so sorry! I’m so sorry! I’m just not ready yet!” I got a definite feeling of calm and the words, “It’s alright...*whenever you’re ready.*”

“Now, last year I picked up my friend, Tony, and gave him a ride to the RAM’s Question and Answers intensive. Out of the blue, he asked me if I’d ever had a ringing in my ears. I said, ‘Sure, you go ABCDEFG...and get mad because the ringing stops on any other letter but the one you want it to--which is your lover’s--because it means he’s thinking about you.’ (?) He laughed.

Well, Ramtha had told him it was a contact from a space brother...and if he’d bless them...that soon it would slow down and he would understand what was being said to him. I had never heard of that before.

“At the intensive I had three questions. One of them was about these experiences I had. Although I didn’t speak out loud, all my questions were answered. A little boy asked about U.F.O.’s and Ramtha asked if he had heard of the Pleiades. He said "no" and Ramtha said he would send him some information. I got a definite electric shock. I had plenty of information on the Pleiades—which is how--and why I have a whole another story.

“After the intensive I went over to the little boy and told him he was welcome to see the books and videos I had. As we were talking I got such a loud ringing in my ear that I couldn’t even hear the racket in the room! I confided to Tony that I was a little frightened about it.

“Later that week I was awakened on two different nights. I *knew* if I went outside I’d meet someone. The first time I got as far as the hallway...but was then gripped with the most

incredible paralyzing fear! You know, the lock-jaw variety.
The second time I didn't even make it out of bed!

“Here was something I deeply desired, yet I still feared.
I'm still working on that one.”

Chapter 38

TWIN MANIFESTATIONS

Over and over in his teachings, the RAM stresses the importance of learning how to *manifest* what we desire. In this instance, the RAM manifested two miracles at the same time--one for me--and one for another near-by beloved master.

Following his sage advice, I manifested the “gold” needed to attend both of the Power to Manifest intensives held in Seattle. This twin manifestation occurred during the second weekend intensive. An audience of nearly a thousand masters was filtering slowly back into the room just before the start of an afternoon session.

We were all comfortably settled on the floor...what the RAM calls *common ground*. I sat far back in the crowd near the center doorway. Most of the people were settled down on the floor now waiting eagerly for the session to begin. A few stragglers were trickling in. As usual, the RAM sat regally on stage...waiting patiently for the exact *perfect* moment to begin.

I was delighted. The first weekend session was indeed powerful but this second weekend intensive was an even bigger blockbuster. I sat excitedly looking up toward the stage at the RAM...filled with awe, wonder and thanksgiving.

“What a grand teacher you are“ I thought. “But wouldn’t it be wonderful if you did a miracle manifestation for us today.” The RAM caught my eye and *fixed his gaze on me*. I continued to muse, “*Sai Baba and other teachers of the Far East often perform little miracles for their devotees.*” I added hastily, “Of course, we certainly are not your devotees for your whole teaching is directed toward making each one of us sovereign, dependent on no one but the *Mighty Lord God* within us.”

“Yet”, I mused, as the RAM stared back, “It would really be a treat to see you perform some kind of physical miracle manifestation for us. No big deal...but everybody would love it.”

I was startled out of my reverie *as the RAM leaped to his feet*. The crowd grew silent. The RAM *Indeeded* to the different sections of the room...surveyed the audience for a moment...then leaped nimbly off the stage. I watched him weave his way toward the back of the crowd. Suddenly he veered directly toward me. He then stopped about ten feet to my side--in a line of vision where I could see everything clearly--and he knelt down in front of a very lovely young dark-haired woman. Immediately the RAM began to rub his hands together vigorously. At the same time-- he blew across them with the sound of a roaring gale.

Behold! There, in the breathless silence that followed... there lay a single, white pearl--lay there manifested in the open palm of the RAM's right hand--which now extended toward the young woman. She reached for it with a shriek and began to cry almost hysterically.

Ramtha calmed her down quickly. He murmured a few words softly meant only for her ears. Then he quickly spun on his heels and wheeled on over to me. I sat on the floor looking up toward him mouth agape--wide-eyed--and my heart pounding. He gently placed his hands on my head and looked deep, deep into my eyes...with a smile that lit the heavens.

“Thank you, thank you, brother,” I gasped through choked breaths, tears welling up in my eyes.

“Indeed,” said the RAM with a twinkle, and marched on his way to another part of the very big assembly.

Later--at dinner--I talked with the dark haired lady and took a long, close and appreciative look at the luminous white pearl

the RAM had manifested so grandly for US--specifically in hand--for her. She excitedly told me that the RAM had told her at an *intensive* months before that she needed to quit looking at things as problems and turn them into pearls of wisdom instead. Ramtha *promised her* he would return to her side again *if she did it*. Obviously, she had.

The sweet memory of this *twin manifestation* is indelibly printed on my mind forever.

Chapter 39

LAZARUS THE CHICKEN

Two thousand years ago Yeshua Ben Joseph--Jesus--brought Lazarus back from the dead. That same feat has been accomplished by a Yelm, Washington master named Perry. Except that the dead body Perry resurrected belonged to a chicken! This event was witnessed by several other masters that I interviewed.

In the deep of the winter a chicken had fallen from its roost and was lying frozen on the ground. Its body was stiff and there was no sign of life. Perry picked up the frozen chicken and placed it on a towel. Though it was dead--to all appearances--he decided to see if he could bring the chicken *back to life through the healing technique taught by the RAM.*

He formed his hands into a triad shape and focused healing energies through them. Gradually his hands became very warm, then hot. He held them to the chicken's frigid body. In a few minutes the chicken's body began getting warmer. It made a faint slight movement. Then a half minute later it made a few more movements.

Perry feeling great excitement--over such immediate response--gave thanks to the God within and continued stroking the chicken gently with his healing hands. In a few more minutes, the chicken was able to stand up on its own. It was alive but looking quite weak.

Perry quickly fed the chicken and gave it some water. He watched--along with the other masters who witnessed the event--as the chicken gradually grew stronger. Soon, it had regained enough strength to be put back with the rest of the flock. Everyone watching applauded....

To make this story even more astounding, a few weeks later, another chicken lay frozen and lifeless on the ground. Both Perry-- and his friend, Dave--working together this time... called forth the healing force in their hands and completely revived that chicken too. Naturally, they were elated highly and jubilant about their success.

Time stood still as they told me with gusto--and great joy-- what a thrilling personal experience it was for them to see and to be responsive and responsible vehicles for the work of *The Father Within*--who made the chickens return back to life before their eyes. A chicken *brought back to* life today...maybe a human tomorrow?

Chapter 40

A CAT FOR ME TOO

An artist told me the following true two-*Miracle*-stories-in-one. She explained how a girlfriend of hers had attended audiences with the RAM in the early to mid-eighties. At one of these audiences he told her that a small kitten would soon *manifest* into her life...that it would come out of a pile of rubble. It would be morning when the kitten appeared and he suggested that she name the kitten *Morning*.

A few months later in a *lower* section of Manhattan, a very dirty but otherwise beautiful--Siamese kitten walked out of a pile of trash and came directly to her. There was no owner in sight, and the kitten was obviously a stray. She rescued *the kitten* and remembering the RAM's prophecy--she named it *Morning*--just like the RAM had suggested.

In due time, *Morning* became pregnant and the artist gave directions over the phone to her friend on how to help deliver the kittens. In the course of events, one of the newly-born kittens was selected to live with the artist friend. She loved it dearly...and named it Radar. But Radar was an very adventurous kitten and got lost one day...never to return.

This artist told one of her friends that she was personally *through with cats*. She vowed she would never accept another kitten unless it walked right up to her and looked exactly like Radar... *and was fully grown...but would never grow another inch!*

A few months passed, and one day, when returning to her home, she saw this very tiny stray cat that meowed and walked directly toward her. Her eyes grew wide. It looked just like Radar. She rushed over to the kitten. To her surprise it fell over

on its side before she could pick it up. It was all just skin and bones--obviously more than half-starved and very, very sick. The superintendent of her building said the kitten had been hiding behind some plaster board for several days--in a room that he was remodeling--and that it did not belong to any of the tenants.

She rushed the kitten to a vet--who told her that though the cat was now very sick and starving--it would be alright after it was lovingly nursed back to health. The Artist said, "Oh, you poor little kitten."

The vet said, "This is no kitten. It is a rare miniature Siamese cat and *it will never grow another inch!*"

Chapter 41

A \$10,000 MANIFESTATION

A woman named Michael--from California--had long been involved in metaphysical training through both the *Science of Mind* and *Religious Science* churches. Then...she was introduced to Ramtha. This miracle occurred during a period of time when she needed funds.

She said she received a chain letter from a friend, and would normally have tossed it in the wastepaper basket with a polite, “No, Thank you” note to the friend. However...this time she felt compelled to follow the instruction--to the letter--which she did.

The pay-off on this particular chain letter was supposedly \$10,000. She dropped off her own letters in the mail the next day. With that done, she promptly forgot about the whole thing. However she did decide to do a manifestation--or a *treatment* for the \$10,000.

She knew that she should not direct the request for \$10,000 toward any specific person--or institution--it was, as she said a manifestation in general...not from any particular source. The RAM has pointed out to audiences that the source is unlimited and any time you think or feel that your fulfillment of any desire should come from a specific person or quarter you are severely limiting the flow of abundance that comes naturally with any strong desire. She *just knew* and expected that her desire for \$10,000 would materialize straight away.

A week later, Michael got a check in the mail for \$10,000. Where did it come from? It was a final settlement on her grandmother's estate. The executors had previously told her and the other five grandchildren that the equally divided settlement

would take several more months...and--after the division--each share would amount to five thousand dollars *at the very most!*

Michael said she learned from this experience that there IS an unlimited source of abundance for her--or anyone--when they do not limit themselves to a specific source. She never received the \$10,000 from any chain letter *activity. Or did she?*

Chapter 42

MANIFESTING BREAD

The RAM has often said to audiences that a day would come when many of those in his attendance would simply be able to manifest bread instantly right in front of them. He definitely impressed one of the masters living in Rainier, Washington with that idea. She decided to manifest bread before her like Jesus--Yeshua Ben Joseph—had done. She really felt it was possible. Besides, she felt that if she were to develop great manifesting abilities, she needed to begin somewhere.

She sat down and became totally focused in her desire to for bread to appear before her. She said she could feel it--as if she held it in her hands, the weight--and the texture of it. She could even smell the aroma of it. After a half hour of intense focusing on that singular desire she gave thanks and released it into the unknown.

Even though no bread had immediately materialized in her hands she felt no discouragement. At that moment she heard a stirring movement downstairs and decided that it must be the housekeeper. It was about time for a cup of coffee so she went downstairs to the kitchen. To her great delight she found a fresh loaf of sourdough bread sitting in plain sight. The housekeeper must have put it there.

She laughed with glee and helped herself to several pieces of freshly baked bread...deciding that she had manifested it and was laying her claim to that manifestation. She added that in the year before that--and the years since--no other loaf of bread had so considerately manifested so instantly before her.

Though she relished the experience she never tried to repeat it until almost two years later. This time she specified want-

ing sour--dough bread...her favorite. She concluded her manifesting focus on that desire with the affirmation that she was determined not to buy it for herself.

Two days later one of her neighbors came over to visit and brought her a loaf of San Francisco sourdough bread. She laughed heartily again...and ate and ate--slice after slice of it...giving thanks to the God within her for such a wonderful *instant bread* manifestation. It tasted so great, she said her cheeks hurt from grinning and chewing.

With a twinkle in her eye she grinned widely and told me she knew now she would never go hungry. So be it.

Chapter 43

LOOK UP!!

JZ tells this delightful little story in Perspectives magazine. The setting was Yucca Valley, California during a Ramtha retreat.

Jeff Knight, always steadfastly beside his beloved JZ never asked for proof positive or personal miracles from the RAM. But this time he was gifted with an unexpected treat.

It was night time in the desert. The retreat had just ended and Jeff was walking out of the auditorium behind the RAM. Suddenly Ramtha stopped in his tracks and lifted his hands to the heavens. At that same time Jeff clearly heard a voice inside his head say, "Look up!"

Jeff stopped, stood quietly and looked up expectantly into the heavens. As he watched, a huge UFO appeared in the center of the sky above. The craft hovered in clear view directly overhead for several moments, then took off with tremendous speed. Jeff felt awe at the sight.

As the glowing craft disappeared, the RAM turned to Jeff and said, lovingly, "I asked my brothers to show you this, for you *who have asked nothing but the joy of life!*"

Having observed this strong silent man many times I too, feel Jeff well deserved that special sighting.

Chapter 44

A FRIEND IN THE WIND BUSINESS

George, who lives in California, talked of his recent efforts to make himself sovereign. To him, this meant having a self-sufficient power supply in his new home. He decided a windmill would suit his purpose quite nicely.

George knew that Ramtha had told audiences that if they made efforts to help themselves, he would also help them. In particular--as Lord of the wind--if anyone wanted to set up windmills to power their home with electricity. He promised to blow in *gladdened gales* all the wind needed to generate electrical power.

When George approached a local contractor to build a windmill power plant for him, the man told him that he did not believe there would be sufficient wind in that region to make the windmill workable. In fact, he stated that he doubted there would even be enough wind to test the equipment once he had built it.

After listening patiently to the man's arguments, George smiled, and told the worried contractor to start right away to build a windmill for him. "I have a friend in the wind business," he said. "When you're ready to test the equipment, just let me know."

The contractor wondered about George having a friend with a wind machine, but he decided to go ahead and build the windmill. He just hoped that the friend's wind machine would be big enough to test the windmill equipment when it was ready.

Several weeks passed. One afternoon the contractor knocked on the door and told George the tower was up and was

ready to be tested. He needed wind power of at least fifteen miles per hour, and he was ready to make the test if George would call his friend and get him over to set up his wind machine.

George smiled once again and told the man to give him a few minutes, he assured him that he would get in touch with his friend in the wind business right away, and that he would be out to join him soon. Meanwhile, he wanted the contractor to stand by at the windmill. The contractor said he would be waiting, and George went back to his living room.

He closed his eyes and called out to the RAM. "Okay, RAM. It's time to do your stuff. We need some wind, brother." As an afterthought, he added, "At least fifteen miles per hour!" He kept his eyes closed, and imagined the wind blowing and the windmill turning.

"It's turning!" He heard the excited voice of the contractor calling him. "Come on out. I need your help! It's turning!" The contractor shouted even louder.

George opened his eyes and his big smile grew even bigger. He bounded outside to give the contractor a hand in checking the gauges and doing the measurements. The wind kept blowing a steady gale of close to twenty miles per hour during the entire test period.

"Looks like we don't need your friend and his wind machine after all," he said. "Everything tests out just fine!"

George never stopped grinning. Nor did he try to explain that his friend in the wind business had already been there as promised.

Chapter 45

STARLIGHT SOULMATES

This story is from Deborah who lives in Tenino, Washington. She said she seems to spend hours gazing into evening skies at those magnificent twinkling stars. She talks to them, and they talk to her. Recently, she has been particularly intrigued with the red, white and blue twinkles.

On September 11, 1987, she awoke from this wonderful dream, as told in her own words.

“In the dream I was staring into this magnificent sky teeming with millions and millions of red, white and blue twinkling stars. As I watched in breathless awe, one of the stars dropped from the sky and dissipated right before my eyes. I continued to watch in great wonderment.

“Soon, a luminescent being flew by at a very fast rate of speed. I noticed the being wore reddish colored tights and navy blue top, with beautiful bright luminous wings. This being was female, and she floated by me, head first, and face up. She passed right on by into a lush green wooded area alongside a creek.

“I looked back to the sky to see another star drop from its spot and dissipate before me just like the previous one. As I kept watch this star being also floated past me wearing the same red and navy colored tights, with those large luminous wings. This one was a male. He too passed by head first, face up, on his way to the same lush wooded area near the creek. of a carnival type event. I walked around watching the rides, games and other amusements going on. A while later, I saw the star couple walking around.”

“They were beautiful in every way. Their beaming faces were angelic, their eyes were aglow. Every dark curl fell perfectly in place on their heads! Their bodies were lean and strong, like finely tuned and well cared for vehicles.”

“They were both clothed in those red and navy blue tights that fit like a second coat of skin. Love and light absolutely beamed from the core of their beings. They were individuals, yet one, a perfect essence of one being, a male and a female energy from the same source.”

“I was amazed that no one else seemed to recognize them. They were indulging in one of the wheel games. I approached the female and said, ‘I saw you when you flew in.’

“As she looked deep into my eyes, there was a loving smile on her face and a glow that lit up her being. She replied softly, ‘Yes, we know you did.’

“I awoke with a vivid recollection of the dream. Or was it a vision? A week or so later, while having dinner with a friend, I shared my dream with him. He smiled and said, ‘That must have been your vision the RAM promised to send.’

“Puzzled, I could not recall what he was referring to. ‘What vision?’ I asked.”

“My friend had attended the audience at the arena in Yelm with me just the month before. He reminded me that the RAM promised everyone there that day a vision of their lives ten years in the future. I don’t always take notes; however, at that event I did. Checking back on those notes, there were the words I had written. ‘See my life ten years from this day – vision straight away!’

Immediately, I felt tickled inside, and an even greater passion and love for those brilliant starlit skies *and the me yet to be...* I realized that my dream was *future me* visiting *me*.”

Chapter 46

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE MAGIC

My friend and I loved eating at the Urban Onion restaurant in downtown Olympia, Washington. We had moved into the area only a year or so before, and loved both the food and the atmosphere in this place. Topping every meal, of course, would be their great selection of tasty desserts. My all time favorite was their chocolate mousse cake. Invariably, I carried home an extra piece or two to tuck away for future enjoyment.

One day we both arrived at the brilliant idea of simply buying an entire chocolate mousse cake. We would save quite a bit of money doing it that way. The only complication was that twice in a row, when we asked the price of a *whole* mousse cake, the waitress said the owner had stepped out and she did not know the price.

The stage was set. We had just finished attending two grand “manifesting” intensives in Seattle the two weekends before. My friend suggested that if we could not buy the whole chocolate mousse cake from the restaurant, why not take a moment to “manifest”--call forth into our reality--the actual baker who had sold the cake to the restaurant?

Naturally, I quickly approved the idea and we both took a silent minute or two to call forth the baker of the mousse cake to come into our lives straight away. After we finished our focus on that thought and called it forth with the words, “So be it,” we went on our way to complete our errands.

Heading straight for the nearest shopping center, we went into the hardware store and bought the things on our list. The hardware store was on the outside of the mall, alongside other perimeter shops. It was a Saturday, and on a sudden impulse we

decided to actually go inside the shopping mall. As a rule, we avoided shopping malls with a passion, however, the urge to “check out” this mall was strong in both of us.

When we stepped into the mall, we saw large crowds milling around booths set up everywhere. In the very center of the mall a radio disc jockey sat at a huge table surrounded by lovely ladies serving him dishes of tasty-looking food. He was broadcasting live, telling his audiences about the variety of taste treats as he sampled them.

My friend and I strolled around the mall looking at the plethora of attractive booths loaded with beautiful dishes of food and fine desserts. Suddenly, we both came to a halt, staring at a huge, mouth-watering chocolate mousse cake. It was identical in appearance to the ones we had been eating at the Urban Onion restaurant. The cheerful lady behind the counter asked if we would like to buy a piece. My friend and I looked at one another, and grinning, I asked her if she was the lady who baked the chocolate mousse cake for the Urban Onion restaurant.

The answer was, “I am.”

The total time for that invocation to manifest was less than two hours. Needless to say, we took home a whole chocolate mousse cake that day.

Chapter 47

NO DOUBT NOW

Darlene told me how she had moved through the conventional religious beliefs, and then had turned to Eastern religions for her understanding. Finally, one fine morn, the teachings of Ramtha appeared in her life. She left Buddhism behind and studied the books, audio tapes and video teachings of the RAM for several years.

After hearing the RAM say that no one need ever to come back to his audience again, she felt she had found her last teacher. She was certain that she could now teach herself. However, doubts began to arise about her learning ability. Then gradually more and more doubts came about whether the RAM really knew what he was talking about. These doubts continued to assail more and more of her waking consciousness.

The stress had reached such a point that she decided she would attend one of the local Ramtha intensives. All day at the intensive she wondered if the RAM could really read minds. If he really did know about her fears and doubts, she hoped he would give her some sign of it. She sat quietly by herself, waiting.

As the day ended, and the wine ceremony began, she still had received no sign. As the masters filed to the table in front of where the RAM sat to pick up their glass of wine, she walked up to the table in front of the stage to get her glass. Still having no sign from the RAM, she was intent on selecting her glass of wine. As she picked it up, the RAM leaned forward and softly said, "Hello, Darlene!" with a huge smile on his face.

She was shocked. How did he know her name? Tears flooded her eyes, and she knew then that she would never again

doubt the RAM's ability to know what anyone was thinking or feeling. The RAM not only knew what she was thinking, but knew her name, as well.

Chapter 48

SHERYL'S DREAM

This story is told by Sheryl's cousin in her own words:

“Like so many, when I first heard about Ramtha, it took me by storm! I was obsessed! I wanted to know everything in 24 hours or less! I was in such a frenzy I neglected to tell any of my family about it, even though I was coming down to Florida to see the RAM for the very first time. The intensive was intense – but that's another story.”

“The second afternoon, my cousin, Sheryl, came to see me at the hotel. She seemed preoccupied and worried, so I asked her about it. She said she'd had a strange dream the night after I called her to tell her that I was coming to Florida. Now, remember, I hadn't told anyone anything about Ramtha, yet.”

“I asked about her dream, and this is what she told me. Remember, she was coming from a place of fear. (The parentheses are me replying to her.) As we talked her fear began to melt away.”

“You and I were in this big building with lots of bedrooms.”

(You mean a hotel?)

“Yeah! Across the hallway was a young girl weeping, but she was weeping for joy. And bent over her was this real tall, dark skinned man with black hair and a black beard. He had an *Exact-o* knife in his hand and he was opening up her head.”

(Opening up her mind?)

“Yeah! They were in the bathroom.”

(Where you go to get cleansed.)

“Yeah. Anyway, I got up to close the door, and he wouldn’t let me.”

(He wouldn’t let you shut him out?)

“Yeah! But he didn’t physically force me or anything. He just looked in my eyes with these big black, piercing eyes. I thought he was the devil. He was so powerful. She was lying (*was lying*) on the floor across his lap weeping for joy, and he was cutting into her brain. It was real weird. Anyway, I looked at you, and you were just beaming! You said to me, ‘Sheryl, don’t be afraid, there’s nothing to fear.’ I told you I was petrified, and to please go with me. I wanted to get out of there. So we ran out the door and down the hall, and there he was. He didn’t speak, but still I heard him say, ‘When are you going to clean your room?’

(Your psyche? Your soul?)

“I said, not now, I don’t have the stuff yet, but we’re going to get it!”

“I then explained to Sheryl that it seemed to me to be a wonderful dream, rich in symbolism. That she was ready to ‘clean her room.’ Well, a few minutes later we went to a question and answer session on Ramtha’s teachings and such. All of a sudden Sheryl started crying. She wanted to leave.

“Turns out that when she saw one of the girls on the Ramtha staff, she really got scared. It was the same girl as in her dream!”

Chapter 49

THE ELEVATOR

The RAM is well known for instant healings of the body, and for almost any other kind of instant manifestation. The following story is classic in that vein.

The scene is an elevator in one of the large, luxurious hotels where an intensive had just been completed. Ramtha was still controlling the body of JZ as he and the attendant party stepped into the elevator. A man unfamiliar with the RAM was already standing inside. The man appeared both perplexed and agitated.

“How are you, master?” inquired the RAM, leaning forward and peering intently into the stranger’s eyes.

The stranger stepped back quickly and nervously, saying he had lost his friend, and did not know what floor he was on. While the elevator button was being pushed, the RAM leaned close to the man again.

“You wish to see your friend? So be it!”

The elevator quickly picked up speed, shooting upward, then stopped abruptly. One of the members of the party said, “that’s not our floor. No one pressed the button for that floor.”

The elevator door slid open, revealing a well dressed, also perplexed man.

“That’s him! That’s him!” The man in the elevator shouted, pointing a finger excitedly at the man. He quickly grabbed the edge of the elevator door to hold it open while he happily got out to join his friend.

Peals of laughter filled the air, as everyone in the party, including the RAM, enjoyed the stranger's amazement. The elevator rose rapidly once more, stopping at the 'right floor' two times in a row, raising not only the elevator car, but the spirits of all aboard, too.

Chapter 50

●ASCENSION

Anne tells her own story.

The morning sun will soon rise over the sparkling waters of Puget Sound lying serenely outside my door. The silence of the early morning floated peacefully about me as my two German Shepherds run through the misty fields of this wondrous place. My life has become magical – every aspect of it exciting and fulfilling.

Inconceivably, just nine short years ago I lived in the very bowels of hell, and had lived there most of my life. Then I met Ramtha and began the ascent into heaven that my life has now become.

My life story is the true account of a dangerously violent drug addict. For over a quarter century I hated the world and all in it, especially myself. I committed almost every “sin” known to man. I didn’t want or expect to live very long. Physically and mentally I hurt many people, those who loved me and many who did not; all feared me.

Surely I was a youngster once, but never was I truly a child in this life. My mother says as soon as I could talk I was fascinated with Africa, and wanted to go there. And I wanted a black panther for a pet. And one night at the dinner table, when I was seven, a strange and frightening feeling came over me. Excusing myself from the table, I proceeded to play the baby grand as if I were in a trance, as though a protégé of Chopin’s. Actually, I was on the beginner’s book. Now I know the strange desires and occurrences during my childhood were soul remembrances of other times and places.

From the beginning, I felt the sorrows and sufferings of this world. Perhaps I felt the sadness ahead for me. My hurt for mankind's plight was real. Not many years later, I discovered a way to deaden the hurts I felt so personally. The deadening came with drugs.

To this day I cannot recall many happy memories from childhood. In fact, no true happiness until meeting Ramtha nine years ago, when I began my journey to freedom. Freedom from myself, for truly, I "wandered forty years in the wilderness."

I was the product of a broken home and an abusive, alcoholic mother. I was raped by four men at the age of thirteen; a drug addict and prostitute by sixteen; by age seventeen I met and married an infamous underworld character who was deported from the United States. At eighteen I became a fashion model, and could have gone to the top had I desired it enough.

Immense wealth was mine by age nineteen, and social heights by twenty, through associations with top politicians and the so-called upper crust of society, including a Senator who later became President of the United States. Through all of this, and more, I was involved with the underworld, always maintaining a double lifestyle. For five years I was protected from the law by a high state official paid off by my multimillionaire sugar-daddy.

There were countless hospital stays from age eighteen on, including time spent in a Federal hospital for addicts. Due to a ruthless beating when I was twenty-six, I was paralyzed and crippled for over two years. Three times I have been clinically dead, and at death's door many times, often by my own hand. I shot and almost killed the only man I ever loved, my husband of sixteen years. Five years ago he burned himself to death in the living room of our home.

These experiences are part of the story of my desperate search for answers to the enigma of me. The endless confusion and heartache of my first forty years stemmed from the fact that I found nothing that made sense. Why the hurt? What was life for and about? Why suffer through it just to grow old and die? It seemed so futile. Yet in my innermost being, I sensed there was an answer – somewhere. There had to be.

As miraculous recoveries and events accrued, I became convinced that there was a Supreme Being; there was a reason I was being kept in this confused and unhappy place. Who or where this Being was seemed beyond my reach and comprehension. I couldn't accept the church's judgmental God. Religions made no sense, nor did they provide answers. There had to be more to my life than enslavement through fear and guilt. That just didn't fit in with the feelings I had about God when I was a child. I loved God. It was something inside of me, ever a longing within.

As the traumatic years wore on, my desire to KNOW became the focal point of my existence. Not only did I desire it, I HAD TO KNOW. Thirteen years ago I suddenly began to feel everything that was going to happen to myself and my close friends. I had no idea where this information was coming from. I began studying metaphysics. Many doors opened. In 1979 my life was uplifted. I met Ramtha.

This incredible Master told me that mastership, indeed, I would have; that what he sees I was yet to see; that I was a warrior and General of his army. He said many wonderful things to me that day, which I will share in my autobiography, appropriately entitled "*Ascension*."

Then the following ten weeks I was literally SHOWN. Over the next three years this wonderful teacher supplied me with the knowledge I so desperately needed to find MYSELF.

In doing so, I found God at long last. It enabled me to turn my life around. There are no questions left unanswered.

Since it takes the living and experiencing of anything to really KNOW, it took me eight years of heavy, and sometimes harsh experience and learning, a peeling away, as it were, of attitudes that kept me enslaved, to at last KNOW exactly who, what, and why I AM.

What I have learned is what *Jesus* taught, that I need follow no one except the Father who lived within me. ALL answers are WITHIN. He openly proclaimed that we are all “Sons of God”. “What I have done, you can do also, and even greater things.” “The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.” It is the same message that Ramtha has taught – “Behold God.”

In writing my autobiography, it was not pleasant to relive the darkest moments of my life; baring my soul to the world; revealing deep sordid secrets, knowing there will be those who judge me. But that does not matter. What’s important is that I share my story to offer hope to those bogged down in the murk and mire of a life such as mine. There are many.

To those I say, you too can change your life. It begins with the desire and the willingness to ALLOW the changes. The life of insanity lived in my yesterdays was worth every moment. It brought me my present understanding. Today, I KNOW there is NO THING to fear on this or any other plane, NOTHING I cannot conquer and NO MAN I cannot love.

All things have a purpose and are for our soul’s learning and evolvment. It is a truth that God the Father judges no one and no thing. It is we that must forgive ourselves and come into our Kingdom. This truth has set me FREE.

Chapter 51

BECOMING INVISIBLE

Robert, also from Yelm, Washington was broke, but wanted to go to the three days of the “mystery school” training in Yelm during May, 1988. From out of nowhere, a donor appeared and gave him tickets for the first two days. After attending the first two sessions, Robert knew that he must use the manifestation technique taught by the RAM to enable him to attend the third day event.

He sat down in wooded place to call forth his burning desire. First, dogs and cats came along to interrupt his focus, soon followed by mosquitoes and then ants. Robert finally became so frustrated and angry by these intrusions into his privacy that he stood and cursed loudly.

Instantly, he realized that he had lost his temper, acknowledged it and forgave himself lovingly for letting his wrath out so violently. The mood tone changed dramatically after that.

A horse known for its mean streak stood at a nearby fence; it liked to nip everyone in sight. Robert walked up to the fence and stood and petted the horse. It seemed to sense the peace inside Robert, and was lovingly friendly. A lovely, huge butterfly flew up and landed beside him. Robert felt a great sense of well-being. He suddenly knew that his desire would become a reality.

Early next morning he felt inspired to ride his bicycle to the arena at the ranch in Yelm where the events are held, and he was admitted through the gate. He still did not have his ticket to the event, but at least he was inside the gate. He looked over and saw his friend, Joe, directing cars to the parking areas, so he walked over and helped Joe direct traffic as the cars poured in.

After most of the cars were parked he asked Joe to put in a friendly word for him with Valerie, who was in charge of admittance, that he should be allowed a free pass because he had helped Joe park cars. Valerie told Joe that Robert's helping to park cars was not going to do it! Unless he had been officially appointed to be on staff at this event, he would have to buy a ticket like everyone else.

Joe sadly relayed the message to Robert, and suggested he might want to seat himself in a certain spot outside of the arena where the voice of the RAM could be heard. Robert stood at the front door long enough to see the RAM stride by. The RAM shot him a look! Robert tingled, and then went and sat at the suggested spot and listened to the morning's discourse by the RAM until the first break period. All the while he wished he were inside the arena instead.

During the break, the crowd milled in and out. Robert crowded into the arena with the others just moments before the session was ready to resume. Attendants at the door checked the tickets of everyone passing through, but they obviously did not see Robert slip through.

He found himself a nice perch in the back of the room and waited for the audience to begin. Before he got comfortable he decided that the staff might be watching for him, so he called forth and focused on the idea that he would be invisible to them.

Sure enough, Valerie had seen him from a distance as he came through the door, and had told two staff members to find him and tell him he could not stay inside of the arena without a ticket. The two staff members scouted through the audience, both of them passing directly in front of Robert, one of them looking directly into his eyes, yet neither one spied him. After a few passes through the crowd they gave up.

As the afternoon session began, the RAM scanned across the vast audience of hundreds, and Robert felt those eyes fix on him!

“I see our audience has grown,” said the RAM.

To the audience, it seemed like an off-the-cuff statement, but to Robert, who knew he was *the only addition* to the audience, it meant a lot. His determination to be there had not only succeeded, but the RAM had personally acknowledged that fact. Robert said he sat radiant, *but invisible* through the rest of the event.

Chapter 52

CRAZY WITH FEAR

To confront one's own fear and become a peacemaker is a marvelous thing. Richard and Jane were on their way from the east Coast to the northwest, and here Richard tells of their golden opportunity to face their fears.

It was the last day of their trip, and they were tired as they neared Washington. They were both hungry and the car needed gas. Spotting a huge popular-looking *truck stop* they decided it was a good time to stop and gas up. Richard pulled off the road and into the parking lot.

They soon discovered that the parking lot was jam-packed, except for one space. As they pulled slowly up to the available spot, they saw two men standing there in a heated argument. One of them radiated violence. His face was flaming red and contorted in an angry expression, and his eyes blazed with a crazed look.

Richard and Jane both felt hesitant about parking in that place next to this demented looking individual; however, it was the only vacant space in sight. As they eased the car into the space they heard the second man confront the madman, saying, "I don't need any help with anything. Please leave me alone!" There was a desperate pleading in his voice.

Richard said the violence in the air was palpable, and was extremely upsetting to him. Neither he nor Jane wanted to be within a hundred feet of this person, but they knew they must step out of the car and face this fear. Just as feared the moment Richard stepped out of the vehicle the man turned to him in a rage and demanded angrily. "How about it! Are you going to help this man?"

As he looked into those smoldering eyes seething with hatred, Richard felt his entire body shaking with terror. This didn't make sense. He remembered how the RAM taught that facing fears head-on removed the mask and the fear became a "no thing". Could he face this violent man and face his fears in the bargain?

With a sudden burst of courage he drew into the center of his being and felt a sense of calm flood over and through him. As he felt the peace within, he leaned closer to the crazed man and said in a strong, firm voice, "This man doesn't seem to need any help, and neither do I!" He held an unwavering gaze with the disturbed man.

At last the man took a step backward, dropped his eyes and said, "It looks like I'm messing with the wrong man!"

Richard flashed a genuine smile and extended his hand to this man. Surprised, the man grabbed his hand and shook it. And the fearsome glare softened to a look of gratitude. Richard nodded and released his hand. Without further ado, he and Jane proceeded silently into the restaurant, feeling uplifted by the exchange. The relieved second man followed along behind them. And the crazed man walked quietly across the parking lot and disappeared.

Chapter 53

SPINE TINGLING EXPERIENCE

Don--who lives in Yelm, Washington--told me how he had been working on a carpenter job carrying a weight of several hundred pounds when he tripped. He fell in such a way that the two lower vertebrae in his spine were crushed. His girlfriend, a chiropractor, worked with him to ease the extreme pain. She insisted that he attend an audience with the RAM a few days after his injury. Don believed the RAM to be a fraud, and went reluctantly.

All during the morning session he could think of nothing but his excruciating pain and his desire to be somewhere else. At the first break, the RAM strode down the aisle toward him, stopped and fixed a laser-like gaze into his eyes. Don said he could feel sudden heat pour into his head and warm his body. Soon a large pulsating wave moved down his spine to his lower back. The feeling was electric and exquisite. At that point, the RAM released his gaze and turned wordlessly to continue onward down the aisle.

Don sat back into his chair wondering what had happened, and realized at that moment that the pain in his back was no longer evident. No matter how hard he tried reaching for it, he could not feel it. He turned to his girlfriend and told her that his pain was gone. She replied, as a chiropractor, she knew that was impossible. He stood up, bent forward effortlessly and touched his toes. "Look," he marveled, "No pain!" He was completely healed.

Until that day's encounter with the RAM, Don had been a total skeptic, he said, hard-hearted and set in his ways. Today, I know him to be the most sensitive, loving and flexible master you could meet. He said that after his miracle healing he be-

came deeply interested in learning all he could about what and who he was.

Don says his life has certainly changed. He is now a different, self-worthy and peaceful soul. To me, that is the REAL miracle of the spine-tingling experience!

Chapter 54

CASPER HE WASN'T

Dick, from Durango, Colorado, told me how he had a great opportunity to face his fears. He was the house guest of a woman who had a large older home. His hostess told him apologetically that the particular bedroom he would be sleeping in that night was the last bedroom available for guests. And it was haunted. She said that all her previous guests who had slept in that room had seen and felt the presence of a ghostly figure.

Dick laughed at the idea of ghosts. He was just too down to earth to believe that he could encounter a genuine ghost. He retired late and had no trouble falling into a sound sleep.

Waking suddenly during the night, he felt a cold, chilling presence. The hair on his arms and legs and neck stood on end. He opened his eyes wider. A ghostly specter began to take shape before him. The face, head and shoulders of a man appeared. The eyes were filled with glaring hatred.

Dick actually trembled with fear as the ghostly apparition stared at him. Then all at once he remembered how the RAM had said that when you face fear, you find it doesn't have a face. Consciously, he pulled himself together. He felt his whole being center itself within him, and with the shift came courage. His fear disappeared, and so did the ghost. The chill left the air, and a sense that every-thing was alright pervaded his being.

No longer sleepy, Dick said he rose from his bed, dressed, and spent the remaining hours of the night reliving his experience. He marveled at his unexpected ability to overcome such terror in his body simply by taking hold of his consciousness and centering himself at the core of his being. The RAM was cer-

tainly right, he said, when your fear is faced, it becomes faceless
– and you are *fearless*.

Chapter 55

COME HERE RABBIT

At the 1988 Snow Mountain retreat in Colorado, Jack, from Olympia, Washington, gave me a grief story of his encounter with a wild rabbit in the woods.

Jack sat with his back against a tree, watching nature around him, contemplating the bright, sunny sky laced with fleecy white clouds. In his reflective mood, he comfortably lowered himself until he was lying down on his side.

A sudden, quick movement caught his eye. Looking about, he saw a large brown rabbit hopping across an open space. What a cute, furry woodland creature he was. Jack wish he would come closer. Remembering the way the RAM had taught to focus on a desire, Jack lifted his hands into the triad shape and called forth for the rabbit to come up to him. He felt the heat rise in his hands and he knew that his desire would now become a reality. He completed the quick manifestation with a soft but strong declaration of owner-ship of the new idea – “So be it.”

The rabbit paused to study Jack. Then, as if moved by a sudden desire, the rabbit hopped straight toward him until it was directly at his feet. Jack lay motionless, watching with awe. It sniffed at his foot. Jack spoke softly and soothingly to the innocent creature. As he did so, the rabbit moved closer and closer to his face. When he was just inches away, he twitched his ear and looked directly into Jack’s eyes. Jack felt the heat rising up in his body; he was so elated he could hardly contain his pleasure. There was no doubt that he had called this rabbit to him.

Apparently satisfied by what he saw in Jack’s eyes, the rabbit hopped back down by his shoes, hopped on to his ankle,

looked back at Jack, twitched the other ear, and hopped nonchalantly off into the woods and out of sight.

For long moments Jack lay back savoring the experience. With this sweet memory, he knew he would never again doubt his new tried and truly God owned ability to consciously call forth any desire.

Chapter 56

MANIFESTING A STEED

This is another wonderful tale from Pavel, a master who has turned his entire world around to become consciously in charge of his destiny.

Pavel said he has always been a horse lover, and having recently been taught the powerful art of manifestation by the RAM, he decided that he should make his life-long dream of owning his own horse a reality. He embraced the thought fully, even envisioning himself on his horse, gently cantering across a sunlit meadow filled with colorful flowers. He completely filled his mind with the desire.

Days passed, and potential doors opened for it to become a reality. He said at that point he did what so many often do to undermine their own power. He told everyone about his dream. Suddenly the doors swung shut and Pavel was left wondering what happened. As he pondered, it dawned on him that his problem had been self-created. He needed to keep his mouth shut.

Pavel then re-gathered his energies and renewed his focus to start the entire manifestation process once again. He had learned a valuable lesson. This time he would keep his desire to himself until it had become his reality. He said he envisioned just what his steed would look like, its color and its build.

A few days later, when he heard the name of “his” horse, and it was offered to him, he knew it was his and took it, sight unseen. He even manifested inexpensive transportation to his island home. At first glance, he knew his decision had been correct. What a gorgeous steed! The horse was everything his mind had conjured, right down to the size and color.

On top of all that, it had the sweetest disposition that any horse owner could desire, and was just the right age to be trained. Pavel's dream had become a reality. He said that with every such manifestation he was becoming more aware of the power of his God within. Surely, an infinite number of even sweeter dreams are already on their way!

Chapter 57

I MANIFESTED \$80,000 CASH

A master named George, from Eatonville, Washington, explained to me how he had used the teachings he learned from the RAM to materialize \$80,000 cash in a few short weeks.

George had been looking around for what he considered the perfect home, where he could live in the days to come. He finally found it but he was exactly \$80,000 short of the price. He knew that the home was his already in consciousness, so he sat down and did the manifestation technique he learned from the RAM. He envisioned the \$80,000 coming to him.

The next day, driving along a pier, George had the strangest urge to stop at an outdoor bar and have a bottle of beer. Now George didn't even like beer. But he remembered how the RAM suggests following up on ideas and feelings that bubble to the surface of awareness. So George stopped for a beer.

Shortly after he was seated and sipping his beer, he overheard the two men beside him talking about 500,000 egg cartons. One of the men said he needed to dispose of them to make room for other merchandise. George perked up his ears. The instant he heard the man talk about the huge surplus of egg cartons, his mind leaped to the knowledge that seed companies plant seedlings in egg cartons, and might possibly be interested in purchasing them.

George introduced himself to the two men. After a brief chat, he took the name and telephone number of the man who owned the extra egg cartons, and told him he had an idea. If it worked, he would give him a call the next day.

First thing the next morning he called one of the largest seed growers in the country, and the anxious buyer told him that indeed they were short on egg cartons. The buyer agreed to buy all of the 500,000 cartons on hand, and wanted another million if George could supply them. Next, George called the man with the egg cartons.

He bought the egg cartons and sold them to the seed company at a profit. By the time the seed company quit ordering a few weeks later, they had bought three million egg cartons from him! When George tallied his profit, he had a little over \$80,000 cash.

Chapter 58

DO YOU LOVE YOURSELF?

Renee, from New Jersey, told how she and all the others at the September, 1986 Yucca Valley retreat were looking forward to the Barbarian Feast. The RAM wanted everyone to understand by first-hand experience that knives and forks and spoons were not needed to eat food. In the efficient simplicity of our design and creation, our hands and fingers are all we need to pick up food and put it into our mouths.

What a messy but wonderful outdoor feast it was! Even the RAM participated, gnawing the meat off the bones and throwing the bones back over his shoulder. Everyone enjoyed it immensely. It was a lesson in getting down to basics.

After that feast, Renee said she watched as the RAM mingled through the crowd and gave hugs to everyone that asked for one. She wanted a hug desperately. Then she got scared and fought the idea. Finally, she decided that she really did want to be hugged by the RAM, so she deliberately walked over and placed herself directly in his path. However, when the RAM got to her, he just nodded to her, and passed her by. Then he went on hugging others around her.

Renee burst into tears and withdrew a distance away. As she stood there weeping, a wonderfully compassionate master, Robaire, walked up and put his arms around her and gave her a long, loving hug. He asked her if he could help. Between sobs Renee blubbered that she just wanted a hug from the RAM.

“You want a hug from the RAM?” Robaire asked, grabbing her and pulling her with him. “Come on, I’ll take you to the RAM for a hug.”

Robaire walked her directly up to the RAM, who was giving a big hug to another master at that moment. When he finished he looked at Renee and arched his brows, a tiny smile creeping across his face.

Renee mustered up her courage and blurted, “I want a hug – a great big bear hug!”

The RAM slowly lifted his head higher and arched his brows further. “What will you do if I don’t give you one?” he asked.

As her face dropped, he stepped forward with a compassionate look and gave her a mighty bear hug. After he released his grip she told him that she had been afraid to ask him for a hug before.

“There is nothing to fear in the RAM,” he said. “*Do you love yourself?*”

She thought for a moment. “Yes,” she answered.

The look the RAM gave her was clear – he was not buying her answer. He stared long and piercingly, looking deep within her. “So be it,” he said softly. Then he turned away and continued to mingle with other masters.

As the Ram walked away from her, Renee’s thoughts went back over her past, and she realized that she could not remember ever loving herself. She had always felt guilty and unworthy. She wept deep into the night as she reviewed her long history of self hatred.

The next morning she rose early with all of the other masters to greet the rising sun. She sat and waited and waited for it to come up over the edge of the mountain. Just as it showed the first of its golden fiery rim, her entire being heaved and con-

vulsed with sadness and sorrow. The spasms racked her body. Her whole life flashed before her again. She vividly recalled “that look” from the RAM. He *knew*. She suddenly felt a great pity and a great love for herself.

Renee said from that day forward she has been acutely aware of how she feels about herself. If a situation arises where she feels self doubt or rejection from others, she recalls “that look” from the RAM and asks herself, “Do I love myself?” It always works. She does.

She adds that her new loving attitude about herself and toward life in general, were born after that wonderfully penetrating and revealing RAM look.

Chapter 59

DANGER IN THIS HOUSE

For those who have not yet read the autobiography of JZ Knight--A State of Mind--published by *Warner Books*...the following four miracles revealed in her incredible life story whet your appetite to read it straight away.

The first--DANGER IN THIS HOUSE--deals with the whole family; the second--SARAH LEE AND MISTER GHOST--concerns her two boys...Chris and Brandy. The third--BRANDY GETS HEALED--focuses on Brandy alone...and the fourth--A MIRACLE IN CHURCH--centers around JZ herself. These four miracles are merely “touched on” by me in this book. All four of them are presented in clear and exciting detail by JZ in her own book...so you can get the entire detailed story there from JZ herself... *Go for it!*

Soon after the RAM made his first visual appearance to JZ he told her that she and her beloved family were in dire danger if they stayed in their house. He directed her to have her family out of that house *in five days!* He said her children would dream of what was coming and she should pay attention to the dream. He added that children are so innocent that they are able to see things that adults often don't...and that children would be the *prophets of the age to come.*

Then the RAM told JZ that he had already made arrangements for her to move into a new home--a large white house--and that she would soon meet the “runner” who would help her find it. At first JZ tried to deny the reality of her interaction with the RAM...and his fateful prediction. But her husband was excited by the experience and said he believed everything would be all right!

That night--on her knees--JZ bowed her head and asked God for guidance. No answer came. She wept for a long while...and after this *cleansing* felt better, retired and slept well.

The next morning after she had prepared lunches for the boys to take to school she climbed up the stairs to wake them. She stopped halfway up the stairs when she heard muffled crying. It came from their room. She rushed into their bedroom and found both of them sobbing.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

Brandy stopped crying enough to tell her he had dreamed that hippies had broken down the back door of their house and shot his dad as he was sitting at the table. Then one of the hippies turned and shot Chris! A chill crept up JZ’s spine. She turned to Chris, who told her through his sobs that he had had the same dream. Then Chris said he had gone to heaven to live with God.

While JZ sat stunned and tried to pretend that everything was all right...her husband entered the room. He helped calm the boys get them downstairs for breakfast and then...off to school. As soon as they were out the door he turned to JZ and said he had heard it all. And he made her solemnly promise to get out of the house for the day. JZ protested weakly but gradually saw that it made sense and agreed to his stern demand.

A few hours later while driving through a business area a loud voice in her head told her to stop at a real estate office...to ask about a huge white home. There was a real estate office in that very block.

As if in a dream...she stopped the car. What would she say? The voice spoke again, It instructed her to "ask for Roy."

There was indeed a salesman named Roy who worked there. He took her out to see what at first appeared to be a “white elephant” located in Yelm. However--on her second look--she saw

great possibilities in the house...and decided on the spot to buy it. Roy was startled when she told him that she and her family wanted to move in by that Friday night!

Recovering from his shock he realized she was serious, and he did make arrangements for them to take possession on Friday.

JZ and her husband hurriedly moved a few personal possessions with them into their new home that Friday evening. They spent the night there and awoke early Saturday morning. After breakfast they drove back to the old house to get some more things. The boys wanted to go along--so they wouldn't have room for much--but the movers would handle most of it next week.

When they got to their old house, her husband had the dreams in mind and told JZ and the boys to wait in the car while he looked things over. He quickly returned to the car. His face ashen. His eyes wide. He told them the door was battered and the house ransacked.

JZ went inside and was shocked by the total destruction. She gave thanks that she and her family had been saved from that hideous nightmare. Yet she still hadn't learned to totally trust--or to fully appreciate the RAM. She still harbored fears that she was the devil.

Chapter 60

SARAH LEE AND MISTER GHOST

The phone rang at the radio station where JZ worked. It was her maid--Sarah Lee--talking fifty miles to the minute, sheer panic in her voice. When JZ calmed her down enough to speak coherently, the maid told her that a ghost had appeared in her kitchen and walked through the house. She and the boys were in Brandy's bedroom with the door locked. She begged JZ to come home and rescue them immediately!

Completely puzzled--but knowing that this was a genuine crisis to Sarah Lee--JZ hurriedly drove home. Still hysterical with fear--Sarah Lee would not unlock the door to Brandy's room until she was absolutely sure it was JZ. The two boys both rushed into the arms of their mother. Sarah Lee refused to budge from the bedroom; she sat rocking back and forth, shaking her head and moaning about spooks.

JZ asked the boys what had happened. They both told her that when *Mr. Ghost* (the RAM) had come into the kitchen...Sarah Lee had immediately felt his presence... but could not see him. When both boys excitedly shouted, "Hi, Mr. Ghost!" Sarah Lee was so frightened that she threw the eggs she was frying,--pan and all--into the air...and stood shivering with fear.

As she watched, the two youngsters laughingly trooped behind...some invisible presence...into Chris' bedroom. Sarah Lee could see an extra pair of very huge footprints press into the shag carpet. Mr. Ghost was obviously walking along with the two boys...as they chatted excitedly with their ghostly visitor friend. A soft warm wind seemed to follow along with them. Sarah Lee's eyes widened and she stood frozen with fear.

The boys rushed back to tell her the good news! *Mr. Ghost* had told them he would move to Waco, Texas with them! The boys literally jumped up and down with great glee, clapping

their hands with excitement. They added that they would have cried---if Mr. Ghost couldn't go with them...because he was their friend. This jolted Sarah Lee back to reality. She grabbed the phone and pushed the boys ahead of her into Brandy's room--slammed the door behind her--and locked it. Then she frantically dialed JZ to come home at once.

JZ looked into the living room and could still clearly see the huge extra set of footprints matted down on the rug. Not knowing what to make of this mystery...she sat her sons down with her and asked them to slowly tell her again what had happened. Relieved to find out they were not in any kind of trouble...the small boys happily repeated their stories.

When JZ asked if they were afraid of Mr. Ghost, they both shook their heads no. They said they loved him a lot. "He's our friend. He's real tall--like superman--and he comes to visit us. And he's real bright...like Tinker bell. He's real nice, Mommy."

Brandy told her that one time when he had a bad dream, Mr. Ghost appeared and made the room light up for him so that he was not afraid. Both boys said that Mr. Ghost was always around, and that he was their friend.

When JZ asked why they had looked frightened when she first got home...they said because Sarah Lee had told them Mr. Ghost was really the *devil*. JZ laughed and told them there was no such devil and it was just something that Sarah Lee believed because she couldn't see their ghostly friend--like they could--and that frightened her.

Brandy reasoned that "If Ghost was a bad guy, he would already have hurt us and he hasn't." JZ had to marvel at the irony that it was Sarah Lee's superstition and hysteria that had frightened her sons...not their unusual friend, *Mr. Ghost*.

Chapter 61

BRANDY GETS HEALED

JZ's SON Brandy had developed a severe allergy. He was told by doctors that he would have to take allergy shots every week for the next five to ten years. JZ was devastated by this news. For several months Brandy went every Wednesday to get his shots.

One day while JZ was in her bedroom reading, Brandy and his school chum ran into the room. Brandy was almost in tears. His fingers were swelled so badly that he could barely move them. Even a slight movement caused him severe pain. JZ promised to call the doctor right away.

However, at that moment the room was suddenly filled with wind. The window was closed. JZ turned and saw the RAM standing in the far corner. Since Brandy's friend was there, JZ didn't want to talk aloud. She just shrugged her shoulders toward the RAM with a pleading, "Can you help my son?" look.

In her head JZ then heard the RAM say to ask Brandy to step forward and for JZ to repeat his words to the boy. JZ nervously looked to see if either of the two boys had seen or heard the RAM; both were oblivious to his presence. She called Brandy over to sit beside her on the bed and waited for the RAM to speak. The RAM said to ask Brandy if he knew that he was loved by God. JZ complied. Brandy looked into her eyes and said simply, "Yes."

Repeating the RAM, JZ then asked Brandy, "Do you know God lives within you?" Brandy said, "yes" once again. A sweet innocence exuded from his being. JZ said her heart ached and tears flooded her eyes. Once more she repeated as the RAM spoke, "Master Brandon, the God who lives within you has made you whole. So be it!"

Brandy looked trustingly into her eyes and repeated the sentence, “My God who lives in me has made me whole. So be it!”

JZ removed her hands from his and screamed in delight when she saw that the swelling had gone entirely. They were completely healed! Brandy jumped up and announced exuberantly to his young companion that he was healed! His friend looked on with wide-eyed astonishment. JZ looked toward the RAM her tears now flowing profusely. She thanked him for healing her little boy. She told him she loved him dearly for it.

The RAM smiled. He told her that Brandon had healed himself that both he and JZ were simply the vehicles for Brandy to see and acknowledge a truth of healing. The RAM went on to say that her son would go through some dark days in his future, but that he would survive them all. However, he would one day do a great thing

for humanity and would look back with understanding to this precious day when he was healed.

The following day JZ called to cancel the appointment for Brandy’s shots and told the doctor of her son’s sudden cure. The doctor was astounded but he admitted that “prayer” can sometimes be the best medicine of all!

Chapter 62

A MIRACLE IN A CHURCH

A miracle is always a miracle unique--in its own happening--yet of all the miracles told by JZ in her book...the one that moved me most was when JZ was instantly healed from a fatal illness. She had terminal cancer and the doctors said they could do no more for her at the hospital so she was sent home. Though she was always in great pain JZ prayed daily to be healed.

A few days after she arrived home from the hospital--Frank a former employee--came to see her. Frank planned to marry Joan, a woman who was a fervent member of a local born again religious group. There was to be a revival that afternoon, and Frank begged JZ to come with them.

JZ had no love for ministers that preached the devil, hell and damnation and at first she declined vehemently. Yet this revival was to heal the sick, and when she saw how much it meant to Frank, she agreed to go.

It was held in a huge outdoor tent. When JZ, Frank and Joan arrived the minister was already calling the sick to come before him. Several hundred people were there. Most were caught up in religious ecstasy...singing and swaying back and forth. Frank helped JZ walk down the aisle to stand in front of the minister. He had his hands on the head of a woman while he pleaded that she be saved from Satan and the wrath of God. The woman closed her eyes, sobbed, swayed and touched her head while the minister directed her to renounce Satan while he asked the whole crowd to pray for this lost soul.

JZ was sick already and the sight and sound of the bleating minister pleading with the old woman to denounce Satan was almost enough to make her retch. When he finished with the old woman he beckoned to JZ to come close.

She stepped up before him with a defiant look. Looking straight into his eyes she told him that she loved God more than he did, that Satan did not exist...and when people truly understood God they did not believe in sin or evil. She said she was dying...and if he laid his hands on her he had better pray for her as someone that loved God and not to dare mention Satan.

In stunned disbelief the minister stared at her. Unable to hide his fear he slowly placed his hands on her head as JZ bowed it. However before he could say a word she looked up again and reminded him one more time NOT to mention anyone but God in his healing prayer.

The trembling pastor was now thoroughly intimidated. He raised his eyes and called out in a loud shaky voice, "God, our Father, look on this child. Lift up her life so that she may be healed.

God, Oh, God!" At that exact moment a flash of blue light streaked down from the top of the huge tent like a lightning bolt. The electricity and blue light went straight down through JZ's body.

The power was so intense it knocked the preacher and the woman next to him flat off their feet and to the ground. The whole congregation witnessed the extraordinary healing miracle and gasped. A hush of silence followed. JZ did not fall. She stood there thankfully knowing God had heard her prayer to be healed.

Slowly the congregation began to murmur. The (was tThe) sound grew into screams and moans. Shakily, the preacher got to his feet and peered at JZ. "Who are you?" he asked.

"One of God's own" was her calm reply.

Frank appeared at her side and grabbed her hand to usher her away. She smiled up at him, "I feel different, Frank. The pain is gone!"

“We’ve got to get out of here before we’re mobbed,” said Frank as both he and Joan pulled at her. As they walked hurriedly back to the car Frank told her they had seen the streak of light from where they sat. He asked her if she had felt anything.

In a mellow voice JZ told him that it had felt like an electrical surge of energy pouring through her. Amazed...Frank said it looked just like a powerful bolt of lightning had hit her. When they reached the car it was already dark. JZ looked up and said the stars never looked so bright before. They were like crystals close enough to reach up and touch.

Joan cried over and over whining that Jesus had saved her. JZ looked her straight in the eye and told her, “No, Joan. Jesus didn’t save me,” and with a great smile said she had saved herself through her own trust in God.

Early the next day, JZ returned to the hospital and asked the doctor who had attended her to have her blood analyzed as quickly as possible. She would wait for the results. When the report came back the doctor could not believe it. He told her there was absolutely *no trace* of pathology. *JZ was totally cured!*

Chapter 63

I LOVE MYSELF MORE

To me, one of the most inspiring stories of a one hundred and eighty degree change in attitude and life style comes from a master named George. At one time George owned five huge and very profitable burger franchises. He had over 500 employees and 25 managers working for him.

George had worked himself up from a small beginning to a great success. His family--his wife, children, parents, brothers and sisters--were all tremendously proud of him. His twin sister thought he was a genius,--which, of course--George now admits to being. The inners self of each and all of us is *pure genius*.

The continual stress of business expansion reached a final pinnacle for George one day. He absolutely had to stop and take a good, long look at his whole life style. It seemed that for years his every waking moment had been spent on getting his business to grow bigger and bigger...for him to get richer and richer! He was already a multi-millionaire...“Why on earth do I want more?” he then asked himself.

The more he actually looked at it, the more he realized he had come to a vitally important crossroad in his life. Should he walk on to new and unknown adventures, or should he keep walking sideways, with the same boring, boring, boring experiences and boring, boring, boring problems? He decided to take a week off to think it through.

The week of contemplation and just “being” gradually turned into *two years*! George lived in the wilderness, doing nothing but being filled with the joy of daily exploration of nature and self. During those two years his wife ran the business. But all that time, the entire family--wife, children, parents, brothers and sisters--urged George to “wake up to reality.” They wanted him to come back and to make his already huge

thriving business even larger...and his financial empire ever greater!!

George listened thoughtfully to their pleas and arguments, but he was gradually discovering that his love for himself was greater than any other love. His genuine happiness and joy--not theirs--came first for him. He knew--each and all...they were responsible for their own perspectives or up or down self-attitudes about life....

Finally he made his own firm decision. He would leave everything behind...the huge empire, the palatial home, his wife, his children and his kin. With this decision the weight of the world dropped off his shoulders!

When he announced his decision to leave and give everything to his wife, his entire family grew furious. How *dare* he forsake duty and obligation to his family? How could he--George--be so selfish? Friends and family turned angrily against him. To this day his twin sister has not spoken to him. George became the family outcast--to them—a derelict, a deranged, self-centered radical, no longer so greatly --*conditionally, of course*--loved, honored or admired.

George said it did not really matter to him. He understood their rage. When he left he spent some more time in the wilderness, and then went sailing the oceans. The RAM was an important part of his life. Gradually, George reached a point where he decided that he wanted to make a modest home for himself.

Very familiar with the RAM's teachings on manifesting, George found it easier and easier to manifest whatever he desired. He proceeded to find a comfortable home and by the Law of Attraction was promptly led to an abrupt inspired idea that brought him all the money he needed to pay cash for it.

Today our good brother George is comfortable and rich in countless genuine ways. He is totally sovereign. He relies on no one else for support of any kind. He has a modest home and

land to grow crops, ample home-grown food stored and many animals he loves.

In *my book* George is “one in a *billion*” a man who has proven to himself--and others looking on... that George loves the *real* gold of inner wisdom far beyond the “fool’s gold” of the now world corporate marketplace.

George says “I love myself more than all of the stuff I left behind. I am a far, far much richer man today than ever before.”
He certainly is!

Chapter 64

EMPTY HANDS FILLED

The RAM never passes up an opportunity to teach a lesson--as Audrey--from North Carolina reports.

It was the last day of the September 1986 retreat in Yucca Valley and the RAM's audience was huge. The moment arrived when the RAM was to give his final toast to the audience. To dear Audrey's dismay she discovered she had forgotten to refill her water glass--after the earlier session--and now her glass was empty. She desperately wanted to join the crowd's individual *toast* from the RAM.

She hoped the master next to her would notice her dilemma and fill her glass, but Audrey saw that he was intently focused into his own world of thought. She looked helplessly toward the RAM as he raised his glass high. What could she do?

In a desperate desire to join the group in this final toast together she decided she could do it-- in spirit (was spiri),--if not actually with water. She raised an empty glass and held it high--as though it held a glass of water. The toast was made and everyone drank. In the silence that followed the RAM turned his eyes toward her.

Carrying his own glass of water the RAM stepped off the stage and walked to where Audrey stood. Without a word he extended his hand and offered her a drink of water from his glass. The look of love and compassion in his eyes transcended words. The kindness and the graciousness of his act made it clearly evident that everyone is loved--everyone known and acknowledged--by the RAM.

With tears now in her eyes--Audrey accepted the precious drink direct from the RAM--and thanked him with a voice filled with emotion. Still without a word, he nodded--stepped back

onto the stage--and addressed his parting words to the audience that then brought the retreat to a final close.

For Audrey it was a most touching moment in her life and one that she will embrace in her soul forever

Chapter 65

DOGS KNOW NO EVIL

This story comes from Michigan--from a master named Mike--inspired by his golden retriever *Sammy*. About ten months old, Sammy...was still a pup. Mike was getting angrier with Sammy by the day

Sammy was always digging holes...either in the new lawn, the garden--the flower beds--or in the old lawn. He was chewing up everything in sight and constantly littering the front yard with shredded chunks of wood--scraps of freshly chewed cardboard or paper--and old tin cans dug from some nearby ravine. Every time Sammy dashed wildly through the garden he knocked down--and/or trampled--Mike's most prized flowers and vegetable plants.

To add insult--to injury--Sammy insisted on jumping up on every newcomer who appeared at Mike's house. Since he had probably just dug a hole only a few minutes before, his feet and nose would be caked with wet mud or black dirt. Sammy would even jump up to offer a greeting to guests as soon as they got out of their cars. Before Mike could warn them, their lovely new dresses or light colored pants would have big, black smudges imprinted on them by Sammy's paws or nose.

Naturally--who then got the forced thin smile--or the dirty look? *It wasn't Sammy!*

Mike was beginning to think that Sammy purposefully thought up or conjured old and new ways to deliberately aggravate him and everyone else. While he kept an exuberantly friendly attitude about him--just to deceive people--Sammy seemed to always do just the deliberate *wrong* thing.

One day when Mike scolded him--for yet another obnoxious deed--Sammy lowered his head as if guilty. Mike then felt sure Sammie had planned these aggravating things purposely.

One sunny morning Mike stepped out bright and early to find a whole new pile of litter and pieces of wood scattered on the lawn in front of the house. Sammy had done it again! Disgustedly, Mike reached down to pick up the wood pieces at his feet...when a startling thought pressed through his mind. "Dogs don't know right or wrong, they only know pleasure or pain!"

Mike suddenly remembered how the RAM stressed the fact--that nature is the best teacher around--and if we pay attention to it we will understand and grow in wisdom. Mike sat down to fully contemplate his new thought (full stop here?) He reasoned that dogs live innocently in the moment and simply follow the momentary choices of pleasure or pain. They naturally seek the next most attractive pleasure, and always avoid or move away from anything painful. *Dogs know no evil!*

"What a grand thought!" Mike said aloud to himself. "Dogs only know how to live in the now-- in the moment--always reaching out for the next best experience that life offers to them," he mused silently. He smiled to himself.

When he saw Sammy running over with a friendly, wagging tail...Mike felt a whole new world of understanding toward him. He gave Sammy a few loving pats and then went in to share his wonderful--now most liberating new thought--with Angie...the woman he loved and lived with in that moment. Angie appreciated his revelation greatly and thanked Mike for sharing it with her. They both then felt and adopted a fresh new attitude toward Sammy.

To this day Mike says he has a new sense of understanding about the precious innocence of all animals. He said he was thankful for the RAM's advice to *let nature be our teacher*. Mike felt he grew a whole new foot that day!

Chapter 66

A VISION OF ROPE

This wonderful tale comes from a woman master from Tenino, Washington. Her name is Elizabeth.

The weekend had arrived and Elizabeth planned to make a long-awaited trip up into a secluded mountain area where she could be completely by herself. She knew exactly where she wanted to go. Her destination was at the end of a winding, narrow, dirt road. The road was seldom used...but travelable. She hastily packed provisions--jumped into her pickup truck and began the long but beautiful several hour drive into the mountain wilderness.

Very early into the trip her truck started making funny clicking sounds under the hood. But it still seemed operable and she was eager to get to her destination. Therefore she decided to wait until she got to where she was going and then would check further to see what was making the noise and causing the occasional jerking vehicle movements. Elizabeth sped onward.

She was on the winding dirt road--and nearing the top--when the noises and jerks began to sound very serious. She was so near her destination she decided to continue on to her camp site before stopping to investigate. As she made the last turn, the pickup shook and clattered fiercely. She pulled off at the end of the road. "I made it!" she thought with relief. Steam was pouring out from under the hood.

With a sigh of relief Elizabeth got out of the truck and lifted the hood to see what was causing such a ruckus and a sudden cloud of steam. Her face turned grim. It was worse than she imagined. A bolt had worked itself loose on one side of the fan and engine. It looked like her fan belt was completely gone except for an occasional thread wedged along the side.

She groaned, “What now?” How in the world was she ever going to get back down from the mountain top? She knew she could fasten the engine bolt to the fan and take care of that problem.

There was lots of water rushing through the nearby stream...so she could get water and fill up the radiator. The huge challenge was she did not have an extra fan belt. Without a turning fan belt she knew the pickup would overheat and completely burn up the engine. What to do?

She decided that somehow she would solve the problem and would know exactly *what to do* when the time came. She called forth from the Lord God of her Being for the answer to come *in perfect timing*. Then she stretched out on the tall green grass to enjoy the solitude she had come there to experience. She stilled her mind and tried to relax. Yet the thought of being stranded high on the mountain at the end of a seldom-traveled road kept returning.

As she pondered for a solution a strange image--or clear lucid vision--appeared in her mind's eye. She saw herself sitting by a colorful tepee braiding a rope from the tall grasses at her feet. The vision vanished and she wondered why and where it had come from. As she laid back on the grass again the same vision came *weaving* back into her mind. She was an Indian squaw--sitting cross-legged on the ground, she was taking handfuls of long grasses and slowly and carefully braiding the grass into a thick strong green rope.

Elizabeth narrowed her eyes and furrowed her brow in deep thought. What did this mean? Why was that recurring vision flashing before her eyes? What did it have to do with her predicament?

Suddenly a light flashed on. She jumped to her feet with glee. “That’s the answer!” She cried jubilantly to the trees and

rocks. "I can weave this tall grass into a strong enough fan belt!"

She gave thanks to the *Father within* as tears of gratitude rolled from her eyes. She knew absolutely--without a doubt--that it would work. She spent a part of that day and the next morning braiding a fan belt and making all of the other needed truck repairs. She then tested her grass-braided fan belt. Yes indeed, it was strong and taut. She filled the radiator with water. When she turned on the motor her pickup purred. She shouted and whooped for joy!

Elizabeth was smiling broadly and often all the way back on her drive back down the mountain. She felt like the whole world was in her hands. She knew she was capable of anything. At the bottom of the mountain she got back on the main road and stopped in the first small town she came to.

She pulled in at the first repair garage she saw. She told the mechanic *up front* that she had only two dollars with her...but she needed a fan belt. The mechanic smiled and said he believed he could fix it for that. When he looked under the hood and saw the braided grass fan belt he was totally flabbergasted!

Rather than tell him the whole miraculous story...Elizabeth simply laughed and said that it was the only thing she could think of. Then she added, "...And it worked!" The mechanic shook his head in wonder and amazement. He stripped off the grass belt and replaced it with a more modern --20th century conventional--motor vehicle fan belt...

Elizabeth says she has kept the remains of the grass fan belt to remind her forever that she is totally sovereign within her own being. She is a light on Earth who proved to herself--and others looking on--the answers to all outside challenges in life...are truly found within us.

Chapter 67

AFRICAN VIOLET MIRRORS

Grant--a wondrous master from California--tells of his magnificent experience with a large container of potted African Violets. The violets belonged to a woman friend that Grant had been dating for years. She had faithfully watered, nursed and coaxed them...but in over ten years they had never indicated any willingness to bloom.

During a move from her condo one day she told Grant that she was thoroughly disappointed with her precious African Violets. As far as she was concerned they were never going to bloom. She had tried everything, and they indicated they had no desire to awaken to their genetic beauty. She said he could have them if he wanted them.

Grant--like myself, who loves all living green things--quickly agreed to be their new owner and caretaker. He took them home...selected a nice sunny spot in his living room and gave them a good watering. As he tended them Grant thought of how the RAM is our grand mirror...showing us our potential. And he had a sudden good idea.

Grant's neighbor Alice also had African Violets. They were just starting to bloom that week. He took his container of violets over to introduce them to the violets next door. During that brief introduction he told his violets that they were equally as lovely as the violets owned by Alice. He said he would love to see them *come of age* in their new nice warm, sunny spot in his home. He gave them some more loving thought and feeling--and more water--since he was leaving town for a few days.

On his return from his trip Grant opened the door and walked quickly into his living room to check all of his beloved plants. To his immeasurable surprise--and open-mouthed awe--

the African Violets were all in magnificent full blazing, dazzling bloom! He laughed and cried and blessed them ...all at once.

Grant told me that they were still in bloom--today--months later. They apparently got his loving message quite clearly--and decided to live up to their full African Violet potential--when Grant showed them that he cared! *Love* is the answer to all things.

Chapter 68

A GIFT FOR A FRIEND

In his teachings the RAM speaks of certain animals that have souls quite similar to mankind. *Bigfoot*--or the *Abominable Snowman*--also known by many other names...is one of these. They are child-like and very forgiving, since they do not judge anything from a sense of right or wrong. They simply enjoy their freedom and their silence without the stress of an altered ego.

Dolphins and *whales* are also included in this same category. These particular creatures chose not to lose themselves in the sorrows and conflicts of human kind. They are simple, joyous, intelligent and innocent. Like Bigfoot they have stayed sweet in nature. They--like us--are “fallen” gods that chose the water as their home.

Eric--a master from California--tells of his most touching experience with a dolphin. Eric had spent some time in the waters off the West coast and had soon begun to feel at home where these joyous creatures live. One day--in the course of romping and playing in the ocean with one of these delightful friends--he decided to give the dolphin a gift.

Eric fashioned a string of pearls large enough to fit over the snout of the dolphin. That particular afternoon he swam out to meet his friend. The dolphin cavorted and leaped and then swam up close to be caressed. Eric gently caressed his friend, and then looped the string of pearls over the head of his companion. The dolphin nudged him warmly, then dove out of sight.

Puzzled--Eric waited a few minutes--wondering where his friend had gone. Soon the dolphin reappeared and Eric was glad to see it was still wearing the necklace of pearls. As the dolphin approached Eric saw that it held a small, round, smooth white stone in its mouth. It was a gift for him.

Eric said he burst into tears as he held out his hand and received the priceless gift from his beloved --most innocent, and deeply appreciated--friend.

Chapter 69

BIG SUR LIGHT SHOW

Two sister masters, Del and Mavis, were traveling north from California to Washington in August, 1987, when they felt compelled to stop near Big Sur to take pictures. The RAM had told recent audiences to be on the lookout for “light shows” that would be very beautiful to see. All at once something caught Mavis’s eye in the pool of water at the edge of the shore below.

She saw huge flashing lights like giant flashlights. It was bright Daylight nevertheless as Del --now alerted looked--she also saw the same huge flashes. Together the two watched--spellbound--as the lights increased in number and began to change into brilliant colors. They seemed to rise up and move across the horizon--appearing to be about twenty feet across--in gold, blue, green and orange hues.

As the two sisters watched breathless and fascinated the rays of light shifted into solid bands and lifted higher and higher finally to encircled the sun, one color at a time. The lights flashing across the water matched the hues around the sun. Then to their delight the bands of brilliant colors began to spin and revolve around the sun in a glorious rainbow mix. It was the exact same light show of revolving colors now playing on the waters below. Excitedly the two shared each shifting new spectacular light effect--as the minutes carried on to over an hour.

From time to time a passerby would stop to see what the two sisters were staring at and discussing with such exuberant and animated joy. None of them saw anything except the normal sunrays streaming across the water. All of

them undoubtedly thought the two women were high on drugs or simply just *out of their minds*...so they quickly excused themselves and continued on their journeys.

After a time--Del said she was tired and wanted to go--but Mavis wanted to stay and watch some more. When Del looked again at the lights she saw three arrows of light pointing north. It was time for them to go. Mavis saw them too and agreed. At that moment the golden light from the sun began to bathe both of them and their car in molten colored gold. They looked at each other and their bodies looked like they were painted gold. Del turned to look at the sun--which seemed to be the origin of the gold--and saw that it had turned into a solid blue color.

“Look, Mavis,” she shouted joyfully, “The sun is blue!” Mavis looked directly into the bright golden sun and it immediately turned solid blue for her, too.

As the two elated sisters--now gloriously bathed in gold leaped into their car to go, Mavis said, I think they’re going to follow us.” (Meaning the lights.)

Del started the car and began driving north and the spectacular array of colorful lights and geometric patterns followed along by their side.

After driving for another fifteen minutes or so, they both agreed that they wanted to stop to view the light show from a still position once more. They pulled over to the side of the road and watched for almost another hour. At that point their senses were satiated so the sisters got back into their car to continue on. As they rove on the light show ended as abruptly as it had begun... though both sisters say they can still now recall it vividly, at will, year later.

Del has had “inner vision” for several years so the light show she experienced was simply another grand variation

of the great unknown. Her story is even more valid and meaningful to me since I have personally also seen the blue sun--and a similar light show—en-route to Snow Mountain in 1988. A blue sun is an incredible sight *in itself* indeed!

Chapter 70

BEHOLD GOD!

The RAM sends a variety of “runners” to masters, all of them intended to make us see our own God within more clearly. At the arena, July 1987, he said he would send to those in the audience who would allow it the opportunity to see the Unknown God. He added that he would send this splendid vision at the least expected time.

Barbara--a master who was born in Washington--tells of her encounter with the grand runner. She said that days prior to that RAM intensive, her head felt as fragile as an egg, that it ached, and tears flowed from her eyes very easily. Her body temperature fluctuated rapidly from hot to cold and back again repeatedly.

Meanwhile though--she said--her mind became much clearer.

Barbara attended a local woman's group meeting--the night before the RAM's intensive--and it made her sick. The group was strongly feminist. The following day her thoughts were then torn between choosing to go to the RAM's intensive and staying home. At the last minute she decided to go. She said she was glad she went. Never had she felt so moved by any teaching. When the RAM promised to send a runner of "Behold God" she *knew* his runner would appear to her.

Two nights after the event, she woke up in the middle of the night shaking and dripping with perspiration. Her body was trembling so hard...when she got up--to get a glass of water--she could hardly twist the water faucet. She went back to bed and after a time...she fell sound asleep again.

A while later she woke again. When she opened her eyes she saw a soft pastel greenish -yellow light form in front of her.

A feeling of pure bliss immediately engulfed her being. The form was not physical, but ethereal...yet more real than real. Barbara said it's impossible to put the feeling or the vision into words but she never before had felt so complete...or so totally fulfilled.

She adds--since then--people have begun responding differently to her...and she to them. The elation of that moment has stayed with her. Today she is more aware than ever that success at only a 3-D material level is an illusion. What is really important to her now is to live a life of joy and a life of heartfelt thanksgiving. She has found that she has no need to ask advice of others...that all the answers to all questions--or human problems--are waiting inside her. She need only allow them their reality.

I have personally known Barbara for some years. She is a sensitive and joyful soul. She has been seeing the God in others for a long time...so it is no surprise--to me--that she allowed herself this wonderful exquisite self-vision of her blessed own God self within.

Chapter 71

GETTING THE TEACHING TELEPATHICALLY

It is a well-known fact that even though some masters do not personally attend certain RAM intensives--through lack of funds or other commitments--many get the essence or major substance of the teachings through thoughts and feelings. It appears that the space or distance factor is superseded by the intense desire of the individual to *know!*

Dee--a master from the East Coast--told me of being attuned to the Yucca Valley retreat in September, 1987. It was at that retreat that the RAM first began anointing masters with holy oil. Dee said during that week--for the first time--she could feel her energy vibrating and rising up her spine and into her head. That certainly coincided with the fact that the RAM began that intensive by working with the entire audience to literally blow breaths--or bursts of energy into their *seals*-- otherwise known as *chakras*.

Dee said one day the heat seemed to build up in her womb and rise slowly like electricity up her spine to her head, and she would gasp ecstatically when it occurred. That same day, the RAM explained to his audience in the desert--hundreds of miles away--how once activated, the energy would rise up from the loins or the womb like waves of invisible white fire and would hit the pituitary gland in the head and then bounce out of the mouth in short popping sounds.

After those periods...Dee said she would look down and actually see a phosphorescent white fire coming from her hands. This again matches perfectly with what the RAM was telling his audience in Yucca Valley, that some of those who were getting attuned would not only arouse the white fire in their hands--and

see it--but that soon they would even see it coming from their mouths. He said it was a healing flame and that the warm hands placed on an illness of the body would heal the body.

After I returned from Yucca Valley I was one of the first persons to talk with Dee...so I knew that surely she had been attuned to what had been taught there. This phenomenon should be no surprise to anyone familiar with the RAM since he is able to impress uplifting or teaching thoughts to anyone who will allow them to register. Dee is the kind of soul who is open and reaching out constantly for more knowingness and understanding, so that is surely why she was one of those fortunate masters who got the teaching...even though their physical bodies were a considerable distance from Ramtha's teaching site.

Scores of others have also reported receiving the teachings over long distances, so this phenomenon is becoming increasingly more common. For many it is becoming an everyday occurrence...a way of life. That should be good news to many readers who are not able—for whatever reason--to attend Ramtha's various intensives. Once something is *known* it becomes possible in your own life....

Chapter 72

A PEARL AT HER FEET

Sue--a master from Oregon--tells how her ten year old son Adam wanted to attend a Children's Day with the RAM...and did so. She was so elated by the difference that day made in Adam...that she made a spontaneous decision to attend the *Ego vs. Altered Ego* event in Yelm two days later. She said that day in the RAM's audience she finally began she to hear the still small voice of the God within. She began to learn to create meaningful days instead of bumping into the same old trees.

After returning to Oregon...Adam made a choice to live with his father, thus now Sue felt fired--at last--to move. She had long dreamed of moving to Washington to be with the "family" she had experienced there and that she yearned to join. Yet as she packed and made preparations she was constantly assailed by fears and doubts.

What was she doing? Was she crazy? How could she leave her home...her secure comfort zone? It was terrifying to let go of her possessions and a trauma to think of going so far away. At every disconcerting thought Sue turned to the Lord God of her Being and asked for strength and courage. As she aligned with the power within...courage and hope always came forth.

At last the day arrived. She had packed what she wanted to move and had sold or given away the rest. As a last goodbye to her home, she wanted to take one final stroll outside to greet the rising sun. As she picked up her coffee and moved out into the new day she felt herself move into a new life. Joy enveloped her and happy tears flowed like a silent river. Feelings of "I can! I do! I Am" permeated and thrilled through her entire being.

At that instant something drew her attention to the gravel at her feet. She gasped. There lay a brilliant, glittering pearl...! She reached down and gently picked it up...for she knew it was a special Ramtha gift for her.

Wave after wave of joy and gratitude coursed through her. Even though she had received her own treasured pearl at Yucca Valley this one she knew reflected her courage to go out of the known and into the unknown...so it was even more precious to her.

Chapter 73

OVER THE MOUNTAIN

This is a story about a former Roman Catholic Priest from Austria. While growing up, Ludwig always wondered *what was over the mountain*. He graduated from high school and university and then entered the priesthood. His constant goal was to find God and to become a saint.

Ludwig's priesthood gradually took him from Yugoslavia where he started to Germany and then to England. In Great Britain he read books that introduced him into the concept of the *Great White Brotherhood*. Thus when at last he heard about Ramtha he was well prepared. Ludwig says his first reading of the white book of the RAM's teachings rang so powerfully in and through his soul....

However with that reading came his growing need for dramatic changes. No longer did he feel comfortable with the limited views of his church. Every Sunday Ludwig spoke on BBC radio and it took him hours to prepare for each program. After reading Ramtha's teachings he knew the knowledge was already inside him and he stopped making preparations for the radio show. He spoke effortlessly and without a script. In turn his program quickly became very popular.

When Ludwig decided to come to America the station producer wanted him to continue the show from America...but he decided against it. After a personal audience with the RAM in San Diego he made a decision to leave the priesthood. Ludwig simply wanted to live in this country. He wanted to be with the RAM whenever or wherever possible.

Some of his friends bought a nice home on a farm in Washington--where he now lives--and is blissfully happy there. He

wakes up singing and walks around without a watch on his wrist for the first time in his life. He says he is now very content and at peace.

Ludwig says that some of his co-workers in the priesthood think that he is being influenced by the devil...and they try to talk him into returning to the priesthood. Yet he says he keeps his life simple and controls his own destiny with joy. He gives thanks all of the time for the simple things on the farm around him. The miracle of stepping out of the priesthood--into *Godhood*--is the greatest miracle of his life....

No longer does Ludwig wish to become a saint. He already has become more than that in his own being. He says he now knows there is even more--on the other side of the mountain--than he could ever have imagined!

Chapter 74

A CAR LIKE THAT

This is a story told by Anne Marie at Yucca Valley about an incident following an audience with the RAM. It seems that JZ likes to drink a Coke to help her get grounded when she comes back into her body. There was none available at this point so Jeff planned to make a stop to pick up some. For whatever reason Ramtha chose to stay in the body as they drove away in the long sleek Lincoln.

Anne Marie was with Ramtha--in JZ's very feminine body--seated also in the back seat as Jeff pulled in to the convenience store parking lot. Jeff strolled in to buy the Coke while the other two waited in the car. At this point two young men in a pickup pulled up next to them. Naturally, these young men looked toward the beautiful Lincoln--with two lovely blondes in the back seat. So being typical young men, they rolled down their window and made a few complimentary remarks about their great beauty.

Ramtha... in turn...rolled down his window and smiled winningly as he said in his own naturally masculine voice, "*And how be you, masters?*"

Well...you can imagine the surprise these two men felt at hearing *this voice* coming out of such a gorgeous "babe." Apparently their curiosity overcame their reluctance and they began a quick paced conversation with the RAM. Anne Marie normally very talkative was silent.

One of the men said, "Boy, I'd sure like to have me a nice car like that one!"

The RAM smiled and his eyes twinkled as he amiably said, “*So be it!*” Anne Marie raised her eyebrows...but kept her silence.

As Jeff emerged from the store and walked up to the car...the men in the pickup took a last long look and drove away. When they were on their way once again... Jeff turned and asked, “what was that all about?”

Anne Marie chuckled as she told Jeff about the interesting “pick up” attempt made by the two young men. When she got to the part about one of them wanting a car like the Lincoln and the RAM responding with a hearty “So be it!” Jeff turned to the RAM with a quizzical look and asked, “How are you going to do that!”

The RAM’s face lit up like the morning sun as he explained with delight, “*That is already arranged. A short way down the road, they will have a small accident. The company that insures his car will pay him a sum of gold and that gold will be enough to make a down payment on a carriage like this one.*” He beamed with satisfaction.

Both Jeff and Anne Marie laughed aloud. They knew the RAM has often said that he is not above--or below--anything to make a point. By now the young man surely is driving around in a long, sleek Lincoln and perhaps wondering about that strange encounter with the two beautiful blondes in the convenience store parking lot.

Chapter 75

RUBBING ELBOWS WITH A STAR

A few years ago while Art was vacationing at a resort in Mexico, a wealthy friend gave him a couple of the RAM's audio tapes. Art thanked the friend and put the tapes aside. Time passed and two years later Art still had not listened to the tapes.

Art and his wife--a nationally known psychic with offices in both Los Angeles and San Francisco--attended a large convention of metaphysical speakers in Phoenix about this time. Because of his wife's involvement...Art knew most of the celebrated speakers and psychics in attendance. A group of them invited him to view the Honolulu video of Ramtha.

As he watched the video, Art was struck with the feeling that *here* was a teacher who truly knew what he taught. He also noted that the RAM spoke with *Shirley MacLaine*. He recalled how he had always loved her acting so very much and had long had a desire to meet her sometime. The more he mused the greater became his knowingness that he would soon be meeting Shirley... A part of Art had definitely peeked into the future.

A *Count* who was in attendance at the convention asked Art to accompany him to a horse show the following day and Art accepted the invitation. The count was well known and they were ushered to one of the finest tables. As they sat quietly waiting for the horse show to begin...Art turned in his seat and literally bumped elbows with the person sitting on his right. As he glanced over he could scarcely believe it. There she sat. It was *Shirley MacLaine*.

Shirley smiled warmly, extended her hand and asked his name. He returned the smile shook hands warmly and told her his name was Art. He was astounded at this immediate *miracu-*

lous manifestation of his desire. Next, Shirley introduced him to her two companions, *Jeff and JZ Knight*. It seems that JZ was showing one of her prize winning horses at the event.

Meeting all three of these beautiful souls that day made a great impact on Art. Two years earlier when he had been given the audio tapes...he wasn't ready to hear them. But when he saw and heard the video the night before...he was touched by the RAM's teachings...and it literally soon turned his entire life around.

Art and his wife moved out of the big city. Both now live on a lovely, serene forty acre ranch in Yelm, Washington. Art knows that he manifested far more than meeting a movie star. By listening to the RAM's teachings he soon learned to create a life-style and a peace of mind that brought great joy to his body and soul daily....

Chapter 76

GET OFF THAT TRAIN

Regina--a master from New Jersey--was at the Seattle airport and was confused about the flight schedules. She put her bags down...grabbed a courtesy phone and called for flight information. She was directed to go to gate number nine. She picked up all of her things-- including her friend Joe's old Ramtha book...now out of print--and walked through the security check to the subway train that would take her to her gate.

Once there she again set all her belongings down to wait for the train. As the doors opened she grabbed up all her possessions and boarded the train that would carry her to her gate. As she sat on the train speeding through tunnels beneath the airport she glanced down and noticed that the portfolio containing Joe's book was nowhere to be seen. A clammy, cold feeling passed through her. "Oh, no!" she cried out, "No way am I going to lose Joe's book?" She knew how much he really treasured it.

She sat there in agony, wondering how she would ever find her way back to the place where she had boarded the train. A voice shouted inside her head, "*get off the train right now!*" Regina hurriedly grabbed up everything and leaped off to the ramp just as the train doors were sliding shut.

The train pulled out and she looked around to see where she was and how she might find her way back to where she had boarded. Ah...a man in blue was walking briskly toward her. She would ask him. Before she could get "How do I..." out of her mouth...she saw something that made her eyes go wide with astonishment. There it was! This man in blue--with his eyes twinkling merrily--had in his hand her missing portfolio--with Joe's book safely tucked inside--he extended it toward her.

“That’s what I’m looking for!” she shouted gesturing excitedly toward the portfolio and pointing to her name tag on it. Without a word he handed it over to her with a very large grin. He then turned and walked away. “Thank you!” she cried. The man in blue never turned back, he simply walked on....

Later---as she pondered her incredibly strange experience... Regina wondered and finally suspected or *realized--who* that man in blue--might have been.

Chapter 77

A MANIFESTED PEARL

Kay first met the RAM in Phoenix in 1985. The impact totally changed her life. She quit her job and began a whole new way of living. At first the feelings of letting go of the altered ego brought such pain she felt suicidal. Her body reacted violently, bleeding and breaking into violent uncontrolled spasms. As all her past *came up*...she acknowledged and owned it. Kay was wise enough to *ride her consciousness* right through it.

Observing others around her...Kay recognized that they were using aggression as outlets for their fear. She saw clearly the games of illusion and saw that she was creating all of them. She was rapidly becoming aware that every facet of her life was self-created. Now by allowing--and owning each experience as being her own creation--she was no longer the victim...but the centered triumphant *master*.

One day at the local laundromat Kay wiped the table clean so that she could fold the load of clothes she had ready to come out of the dryer. Being alone in the laundromat, Kay had no inhibition about speaking aloud. "Ramtha, how am I doing, my beloved brother?" On second thought, she added, "I know I don't need your confirmation; I know I'm doing well. However, it would bring me great joy to know your feelings about how I am doing."

She turned to put a pile of dried clothes on the table. "What was that?" A *gleaming white pearl* sat there on the table...that she had just wiped clean! The pearl was very real. It glistened and shone with its own light as she picked it up. Suddenly a flood of joy and love was flowing like a river through the middle of her chest... and a stream of hot tears began to course down her cheeks.

Regardless of how the pearl got there, Kay realized she had gained her own pearls of wisdom by following what she knew within herself. Yet her own knowingness told her the RAM was constantly aware of what she was doing...and this was his miraculous way of acknowledging her questions to him. Her heart sang with gratitude and joy.

From that day forth--Kay said--she has had the ability to tune into the thoughts of others and could manifest her desires quickly. Kay had found that the only singular thing that ever stood in her way was unreasonable fear. Now she faces every single fear and it disappears and her desires swiftly become real. Life has become simple for Kay now. She *feels* the teachings of the RAM in here heart...which brings her a joy and a true peace...beyond understanding.

Chapter 78

THE PERFECT SHELL

Judi had taken her first full week of vacation without her children and went by herself to an island off the coast of Virginia, not too far from her home. There she had her first real life experience with the RAM.

She was walking along the beach looking for beautiful sea shells. As she meandered along she was constantly running into the same man also walking along the shore picking up and discarding shell after shell. After many passing encounters they fell into step side by side and began to engage in friendly conversation.

He said he was looking for two shells that would match the perfect two he had already found. He showed her the two shells...one crimson rose with a blood red flush...the other a quarter moon in a blue-black midnight background. The colors in both shells were intense. To her surprise, Judi blurted out, "I'll find perfect matching shells in those colors for you." He laughed and the two walked along while he kept picking up and discarding shell after shell.

At one point...Judi *felt compelled* to reach into the sand. As it streamed through her fingers she held a crimson shell, perfectly formed and matching the one he had. For a brief moment they both stood in awe as they compared them. She then handed him the shell. He protested that she should keep it for herself--but she insisted--adding that she would also find the other matching shell.

Once again, a brief few minutes later she bent down to reached into the sand. This time...to pull up another perfect shell---the color of midnight blue--a perfect match to the one he

had. He happily accepted the gift of it and decided to go to dinner together. They finished the evening at her place over a pot of coffee. They then exchanged addresses and reluctantly shook hands to say goodbye. Their handshakes were the first time they had touched physically--their souls had already touched non-physically.

Next morning Judi arose and walked the beach--through strong winds--looking for another perfect shell for herself. She discarded hundreds. All at once a voice boomed inside her head, "So, you are looking for perfection, beloved woman? Pick up that shell." She stooped down to pick up the shell. It was cracked and had barnacles covering it, but it shouted perfection! She then realized that all of nature was *pure perfection*--all around her--even the gale-like wind.

As she walked on...she wondered about the commanding voice she had heard in the wind. She spied a dead crab upside down on the beach and addressed herself to nature. "So, that's what you do with your dead."

All at once the same strong voice blew through her head again, "Want to see what's done in nature with that illusion you call death?"

Judi looked up to see a seagull flying against the wind--fighting its way upwind--to the crab. It swooped down and looked to the dead carcass and began to consume it. As Judi watched in wonder --and then continued her walk--the voice spoke on to illuminate her of the meaning of death. All life is forever. All thought contemplates itself to create worlds upon worlds. The voice said that she could have all these words back *as her own* in two years time.

A few months later, she met a master named Mary, who showed her the Ramtha Honolulu video. Judi was struck by the RAM walking up to a lovely woman and saying, "Walk in the

sand to the edge of the ocean, and I will come to you in the wind.” Judi burst into tears. The words flamed through her like roaring fire and a mighty wind rushing through the canyon. Se knew without question that The RAM had been her unseen voice!

Chapter 79

TO JUDGE IS TO LOSE

Cheryl's two wonderful friends, Lawrence Kennedy and Sandra Sitzman had given her at least forty audio tapes of the RAM's dialogues. After listening to the tapes "Inner Earth" and "Love of Self" a great calm came over her. Waves of love of self and passion for life poured through her.

Her attention was drawn to a shimmering pale gold light form before her--wide at the bottom and narrow at the top--reminding her of a pyramid. Sensations of intense, pure love ran through her like endless rivers. She felt the music playing on her stereo flow physically through her body. Her head began pulsing and she felt a distinct sensation of movement or alignment taking place. Feeling total trust, she allowed it to happen without judgment. In fact, she sensed that she *had* to accept this experience *without judgment*.

Several ecstatic hours went by. Finally feeling contented and totally filled beyond words...she slid under the warm soft covers and fell into a peaceful sleep.

Cheryl woke late the next morning and skipped breakfast since she had promised to give Lawrence a lift to the lumber yard. While Lawrence was busy selecting wooden rods to build her a pyramid, her consciousness suddenly expanded. She seemed completely aware of all things. Cheryl felt she had grown over a hundred feet tall...and just as wide. A sense of full knowingness about all things going on in the building washed through her, including exactly how to construct the pyramid.

In a state of pure identity with all things, Cheryl was awed by the wonderful sensation. As she and Lawrence moved to the counter to pay for the rods she moved effortlessly by his side.

The cashier totaled the bill. "Eight dollars and sixty cents," she said. Cheryl reached for her purse. She could feel Lawrence looking at her and she felt shocked...thinking the full amount would be at least sixty dollars.

She wrestled with her conscience as to whether or not she should tell the cashier. She felt her own judgment and the judgment of Lawrence passing through her, "It's not fair not to tell her she made a mistake!" And no sooner had she thought it, when the cashier caught the same thought. "Wait a moment. I'm sorry, I pressed the wrong button. It's sixty eight, thirty-six!"

At the *moment* of judgment between right and wrong the feeling of all knowingness and power left her. As she and Lawrence walked out of the store, Cheryl contemplated her just now strange experience. Certainly, she had done the right thing. She had not permitted the clerk to make an error in her favor. She had paid the correct amount. So, why had that high state of consciousness suddenly left her?

Sandra joined them and went off with Lawrence on another errand while Cheryl sat on a bench outside the bakery and pondered further. While waiting, she decided to go into the bakery and indulge in some of her favorite sweets.

"Give me a half dozen of each of these three cookies," she said, pointing to each type. The girl gathered the cookies and placed them in a white bag. Cheryl paid and walked back to the bench to reflect some more while she waited. She reached into the bag to choose one of the three types of cookies and was shocked to find that the bag contained only a half dozen each of two types of cookies. She quickly checked her receipt and found that she had indeed paid for three half dozen cookies, so she had been shorted.

A sudden thought flashed through her mind. She had just received a valuable lesson. She had paid for more and received

less, and just a few minutes earlier she had gone through the judgment of paying less and receiving *more!* The two experiences were simply opposite sides of the same coin.

Her limited self was being taught a lesson by her unlimited self. She knew that the very fact that she had made a judgment of right versus wrong had instantly altered her consciousness. Superconsciousness is without judgment! By making that first judgment of right and wrong at the lumber yard she had lost not only her power, but also had to pay for sweets that she had not gotten.

At that moment, Cheryl remembered that she had asked the night before to be free of all judgment. It appeared that the first lesson in that process had been given *and realized*.

Chapter 80

WALLS DON'T IMPRISON THE SPIRIT

The following is excerpted from a letter written to me in November, 1987 from Wendelle, a spiritual brother held in prison.

“You were right! I just LOVE the beautiful book you sent me. I received it last Thursday and immediately began reading it. I read it all day and all that night and part of the next, finishing it the first time. It was so good I started all over again and read it again more slowly...sometimes reading some of the latter chapters two and three times. It is a beautiful story, and so well written.

“But what was most amazing is that the philosophy advocated by Ramtha is exactly the philosophy I have always had deep inside of me but I never found anybody I could share that with because they would never understand. I have always believed what the RAM says about good and bad--righteousness and sinfulness, God and the devil, heaven and hell--and man's relationship with the creation he finds all around him.

“I also know that man controls his own destiny and actually creates it every day of his life. I do believe in living in the eternal NOW. Yet nobody can express that so simply and beautifully as that magnificent teacher. His dialogues are so efficient--so clear--and so wise that it seems really impossible to me for anybody to ever dispute them. When the program moderators treated JZ so badly on the *Today* TV program I almost threw my shoe at my TV I was so upset. The world is really so terribly ill-informed.

“I learned such a great deal from the Ramtha dialogues, or perhaps--I remember a great deal--because I always know immediately that he is right when he offers an explanation for something. His explanation of the failures of Christianity and the churches is so correct.....

“Yes, my friends, this story brought tears, laughter, anxiety, love, great admiration, sadness and a full range of emotions. It is a very great book...and my best Christmas present.

“But above all, I treasure the wonderful autographs in the front by my much admired JZ Knight and Jeff. My blessings will always be with them. I am glad that they have discovered that living in the now is the only way to enjoy this great adventure.”

“Please do not feel sorry for me. I too am undergoing an adventure. All life is a great adventure, and this is as great as any. Prison is a state of mind as much as anything else, and I can truthfully say to you, I do not feel myself imprisoned. I have been able to do as much in here as anywhere and I find a great field for learning. I see radiant Deity around me and I see the darkest of withdrawn souls. If only they knew what they are doing to themselves. I find that I can help a few, but most choose their misery and do not want help yet. The whole thing is a beautiful panorama of Godly unfoldment. Those who are ready to progress find their own way. Those who are not, block it all out to preserve the state they are ‘enjoying’. I could tell you some hair-raising stories of what goes on in here.”

“I only have six more months to go, and then I too will be free to move about again. I still have a great many adventures to experience... I am winding up what I came here to do, and it looks like the timing is just about right. I should finish my ‘mission’ here in about six months, and that is when I am scheduled to be released. It all works out beautifully.”

“My blessings in LOVE and LIGHT to all of you.”

“Wendelle”

Author's note: Wendelle was released in mid 1988. He is the author of over at least 20 really excellent UFO contact books...

Chapter 81

FORTUNE COOKIE

Rick--from Birmingham--Alabama, knows so well how the RAM can make a playful plot come out with a real surprise ending. One night Rick had dinner at a Chinese restaurant and was given a fortune cookie that he could pull the fortune out of without breaking the cookie. Rick's imagination leapt to possibilities and his highly creative soul came up with a grand scheme. He would play a wonderful trick on his close friend, John.

Rick arranged for John and several other masters who were currently watching Ramtha videos and listening to Ramtha audio tapes, to meet him for dinner at that same Chinese restaurant a few nights later. Meanwhile, he stacked the deck. In this case--not cards--but *stacked* fortune cookies.

He managed to match the size and color of the strip of paper that fitted into the fortune cookie. He then carefully typed the message: "Master, you are greatly loved" on it and slid it into the cookie. His plan was that John would assume that the RAM had personally sent him the message.

Rick arrived at the restaurant early and gave the waitress his "loaded" fortune cookie, instructing her carefully to be sure that John got that particular cookie when the fortune cookies were served after dinner. He explained that they were playing a trick on John and it was important that he was the one to get that cookie. When John arrived he pointed him out to the waitress and she agreed to play her part in the conspiracy. The stage was set.

Dinner was heartily enjoyed by all. Now was the moment for the big joke on John. Rick waited with eager anticipation. The waitress appeared at the table looking quite agitated and

said she needed to speak with him. He walked a safe distance away from the table with her and she told him that she was sorry but somehow the fortune cookie had gotten placed in with all the others...and she did not know which cookie it was now. The restaurant was packed and John would never get the “right” cookie. The game was over!

Rick returned to the table just as another master, Arlene, joined the group. The discussion picked up again, and tales began to be swapped about the grand experiences that had happened to each one since the RAM had come into their lives. Arlene sat silent and envious as she listened to tale after tale of amazing events; nothing wonderful in connection with the RAM seemed to have occurred in her life.

Meanwhile, the fortune cookies had arrived and everyone was given one. They were all opening their cookies and reading their fortunes with amusement. As Arlene picked hers up she admitted plaintively--to the group--that the RAM had never sent her any special runners or addressed her in any unusual way. As she finished her admission she felt sad and looked down to hide the moisture behind her eyes as much as to read her fortune cookie.

Suddenly, she shrieked, stamped her feet and cried out in laughter and uncontrollable tears! “Look, look!” she shouted. “*Master, you are greatly loved!!* It’s from the RAM. I know it’s from the RAM!” Everyone--but John--knew how the fortune got into her cookie...but no one said a word.

Later, John was let into the circle of knowing friends, and Rick promptly swore everyone to secrecy. Arlene’s joy was too real, too meaningful. Not one of them would tell her how the fortune really got into her cookie.

“Destiny” had *un-stacked* the deck and dealt out a much more meaningful card. Thus, by the time you read this, Arlene,

you already know *there are no accidents*. Thus the fortune cookie was destined to wind up in your hands. The message...*really was for you!* Rick was simply a lovable runner.

Chapter 82

MANIFESTING A HOVEL

As masters across the country heard “the last days” tape by the RAM--to be prepared for turbulent times ahead--many began to make their move to the northwest. The foremost thought in most of their heads was, “Now...how do I go about manifesting a home of my own in the country?” Most of them had been living in cities for years. Some had sold their homes and had some cash. Many others had moved with but a small hand full of funds but with a soul full of courage and high hopes.

Carolyn--a young grandmother--was one of the latter. She had very little cash on hand...yet a lot of determination to find the home she wanted. A helpful local real estate agent showed her quite a few nice farms but Carolyn simply did not have enough funds to make an offer.

Finally he told her about a five acre piece of property with only a large barn sitting on it. He said it belonged to a real estate friend of his and was not yet on the market but he knew for a fact that his friend was thinking of selling it. Carolyn looked at the property and knew it was exactly what she wanted. Even without carpenter skills, she felt she could gradually convert the barn into a truly comfortable home.

She told the agent that she only had \$500 to offer the seller for a down payment, but that she *wanted* that place as her own. He encouraged her to make a try. So--bolstered by his suggestion --Carolyn got up the courage to call the owner and make an appointment with him for later that day.

When she arrived the realtor asked her to sit down. He told her that he had to take a client out to see a nearby home and

would be back in half an hour. She sat down to wait, and spent some of that time envisioning herself on that property--as if it were already hers--the way the RAM had taught us. When the Realtor returned he thanked her for her patience and asked her what he could do for her.

Carolyn's heart was pumping wildly as she arose and walked up to his desk. She told him she wanted the five acre property that he owned with the barn on it. She said, "I will give you \$500 down and \$100 per month .I will move in and convert the barn into a home. When I can afford to pay more per month--or pay it off--I will. I *want* that property."

It was an astonishing offer. Both the down payment and monthly payment were *extremely small*. The realtor looked at her. He could hardly believe what he had heard. He then slowly broke into a grin...followed by a broad smile. He told her he really admired *her guts* and that it was very refreshing to find someone who really knew what they wanted. He told her to move in and he was sure they could work something out.

Carolyn has lived on that farm now for over a year--busily converting the barn into living accommodation--growing vegetables in the garden and building a food storage shed. She is cheerful, productive and contented. She knows that she has created her own dream and her own valuable sovereignty ...simply by wanting it, recognizing it and *going for it*.

Chapter 83

THE RIGHT WRITER'S DREAM

Pavel and a writer friend were discussing the difficulties of trying to hold down a steady job and write at the same time. During the conversation...Pavel advised his friend that he needed to find some wellness spa where he could be a caretaker. That would allow him full time to write his novel. He added that to have it his friend must want it with all of the passion of his being....

At the moment he said it... Pavel realized that he was really speaking for himself. He was a writer too...and such a place as he described would be ideal for him. As he thought about it his excitement grew by the moment. His ability to manifest what he desired had grown greatly and so had his confidence. He smiled knowingly that the unknown future would bring him what he wanted.

Six months prior a realtor had shown his sister, Vanda a huge estate in the country that would need a caretaker. The day after Pavel's discussion with his friend the realtor called to say the owners were now interviewing couples to take care of the place. He suggested Pavel might consider making application for that opportunity.

After the realtor hung up...the phone immediately rang again. It was his sister *Vanda*. Pavel knew this was no coincidence. Pavel felt that he was ready to move from the renovated chicken coop--which was his present home--to a mansion in the country. Brother and sister decided to interview for the caretaker job together.

The interview with the owner went well. She was extremely warm and friendly. When Pavel asked her to let him know when

she had made a decision she said she had already decided. The two of them now had the position. Pavel smiled...and silently thanked the Lord God of his Being.

At this date this was written, Pavel was still the carefree caretaker of a 220 acre ranch house setting within a huge three bedroom home in a paradise setting...with a river, waterfalls and plenty of room for his horse. This where he spent much of his time writing. Indeed, the dream he foresaw for his friend was really his own.

Chapter 84

A GRANDER AUDIENCE

Steve tells how the interview of him by *Windwords* in the April, 1988 Great Gods section was really his own manifestation. He said that at the various intensives he attended...anytime the RAM strode down the aisles--like everyone else--he had a strong desire to be acknowledged by the RAM. He wanted a touch, a gaze, a personal word or two.

While others around him were hoping for a touch, or a smile Steve would be busy judging them, even though he knew he was hoping for the same thing. He just wouldn't quite admit it to himself.

One evening while taking his shower, the desire came over Steve to be acknowledged *in a RAM audience*. The feeling was so strong that he called forth from the Lord God of his Being for it to become a reality. He did not have any particular picture of what the audience would look like or be. He just had an incredibly strong feeling.

A few hours later he received a call from the *Windwords* publisher requesting the interview. Steve promptly accepted with great joy! Considering the large RAM audience of subscribers and readers--his deep desire for acknowledgment had certainly come true--even if in an unexpected way. In fact, Steve acknowledged that his manifestation was even grander than he had imagined!

Chapter 85

NEW YORK CITY UFO

One evening in the early nineteen eighties the RAM was giving an *intensive* in New York City. The time had come for a break and as the audience left the auditorium the RAM made a bee line for the outside balcony overlooking the city. Tom--one of the two masters in attendance with the RAM on stage--walked out with him. The two stood silently breathing the cool night air and studying the star studded night sky overhead.

As he mused silently, Tom had a sudden thought. He verbalized it to the RAM. "It's going to be great when we lift our hands to the heavens and make a UFO appear. I know someday we will have that power." He looked to the RAM for reassuring confirmation of his thought.

The RAM gazed intently back into his eyes. Then with a *twinkle in his eye* he lifted his hands in a triad shape to the heavens. Instantly, a huge circular UFO appeared overhead, hovering close above them! Tom gasped in pure amazement. His mouth flew open. He stared in fascination at the great metallic saucer shape hovering overhead, flashing green, red and blue lights.

They were not the only ones to view the saucer shaped vehicle in the sky. *Thousands* of other New Yorker inhabitants who chanced to look in their direction at that moment saw the same awesome sight. Switchboards of local radio and TV stations were bombarded with calls. The event was proclaimed on the front page of the newspaper the following morning.

So many people had seen and reported the same spectacular UFO sighting that it *had* to make the news. The only thing that did not make the news was how and why that particular UFO appeared so mysteriously over New York City that magical night.

So, if you were one of them...as another famous writer often said, "That's...*the rest of the story.*"

Chapter 86

THE RAM IN PRISON

Even prisoners have had miraculous changes in their lives with the appearance of the RAM. The following is from an open letter from Gary who was held prisoner at the Arizona State prison in 1987.

“Let me tell you a little bit about myself. My adventures--and self creations--have included spending a speck of the illusion called *time* in the Arizona prison System...which has turned out to be the most amazing adventure of all.

“I entered this wondrous journey August 13, 1985, and guess what? The first miracle that came about, was that they moved me into a room next door to a writer and pilot. I’m a commercial pilot also...so we hit it right off. Anyway, this guy has written nineteen UFO books...since entering prison himself. He had done the re- search for the books as an Air Force pilot over the last twenty years. Since he was a writer who had many writer friends all over the country, one of them being *Shirley MacLaine*...who he had traveled with when checking out some UFO landing sites”

“He first offered me her books to read...which I dearly loved. After he could see my mind was open and I was hungry for more--he pulled out an unfinished manuscript--a manuscript that had been typed on just regular typing paper. That was October 1985. That was my first introduction to Ramtha. Since that wonderful moment, Ram- that has just continued to flow into my life...through a wonderful couple that have been longtime friends of my pilot friend.”

“My friend and I will both be free when the summer flowers bloom again in Spring – ‘just a moment away.’ We are both

thankful and we call this prison experience ‘*The School of Gods*’ for we have been prepared to be fearless in the days of change and we have found a sweet love and gentle compassion for all peoples and all now greatly polluted nature.”

“I have taken college programs in here--carpentry and horticulture--so now I can build my own ‘hovel’ from the ground up...and grow my own food. I have been humbled completely. I do give thanks to the God of my Being for that. I have learned to live in a small space and to be happy within. I wash my clothes in a five gallon bucket and hang them on the fence to dry. That’s quite a change from the eight bedroom, three bathroom home--on twenty acres I owned--but it has all been worth it to have Ramtha in my life.”

Author’s note: Gary P. was released in early 1988 and moved to Yelm to study at the Ramtha school... and to be near Ramtha personally.

Chapter 87

HE LEFT DRUGS BEHIND

Thomas--a lovable and creative master from California--tells how his stepson was cured of drug addiction. The stepson, Kurt, had been falling to lower and lower levels of consciousness the past several years. He had finally become so addicted to drugs that after one bout--that brought him to a point near death--he called his step- father, Thomas...to ask him for his help in giving up his addiction. Kurt wanted Thomas to drive to his city--several hundred miles away--and pick him up immediately. He said he was broke, sick, and needed a lot of family help right away.

Knowing it is wise to help only those who help themselves, Thomas told Kurt that he would indeed help him to cure his addiction...but only under certain provisions. First he would have to find his own way to Thomas' home. Second, Kurt would have to follow his curative advice to the letter. There was a prolonged silence at the other end of the phone...and Kurt hung up abruptly. Kurt obviously wanted *to be rescued*...but the terms needed to be evaluated.

Early the following day there was a loud knock on Thomas' door. He opened the door to find a very sickly looking Kurt standing there. Thomas invited him in. He fed him and told him that his therapy was starting immediately. He sat Kurt down on a couch in front of the television screen and told him that he wanted him to do *nothing* but eat, sleep and watch Ramtha videos--and to listen to the RAM audio tapes--for *one whole month*.

At first Kurt resisted. He tried to block out what the RAM was saying or simply fell asleep. Observing Thomas was gentle but firm. He woke Kurt up--again and again--reminding him that

if he wanted to recover from his drug addiction he must comply with the provisions agreed upon with his grandfather.

Kurt gradually gave up resisting the wisdom and love of the RAM. He actually began to look forward to every audio and video lesson. Kurt soon knew that he was not only loved and respected the RAM, but that the RAM was only a mirror of himself...and his own self-love and self-respect grew.

A month later--when Thomas *officially* ended his unique drug therapy...Kurt was a new man. He no longer felt any urge to self destruct through drugs and alcohol. Today he is awake to the brilliant light of his own inner being. Like scores of other--once forlorn but now fortunate entities--when the RAM came into his Kurt's life he left drugs behind forever....

Chapter 88

A \$500 PHONE CALL

Dick--a master from Oregon--had attended many of the RAM intensives. One of the teachings that really stuck in his mind was the “act as if” principle. This means to pretend, pretend, pretend, and soon that pretense would become a living reality. Dick started pretending that he was having mental dialogues with the RAM. Whenever he needed to think things through--or talk something out--he simply had a two way talk personal with the RAM within his mind.

After having these two way dialogues for several months, Dick found himself in an especially great turmoil. Doubt crept in and he questioned whether he was really having a two way dialogue with the RAM. As he posed the question to himself he actually *heard* the voice of the RAM reminding him, “*You recall ‘pretend, pretend’? Indeed...you are hearing my voice!*” For two years Dick continued to carry on these conversations.

Then, one day he told the RAM that he wanted to move from Oregon to Washington, but that he did not have enough money to make the move. He clearly heard the voice of the RAM say, “*Indeed, would \$500 be enough?*”

Time went on...and still no money. Then Dick got a job that involved running errands. There were two particular phone booths located conveniently off the road...where he would stop to make necessary calls while driving his route. These were open booths, littered all around with junk and piles of trash. One day while dialing a number Dick spied a fat envelope on top of a pile of rubble next to the phone booth. As he waited for the call to go through he absent-mindedly reached for the envelope.

He opened it and saw a wad of ten and twenty dollar bills in-side! His eyes popped and his heart pounded. He quickly hung up the phone in mid-ring and emptied the envelope. He slowly counted out four hundred and eighty dollars...near enough to be rounded off at *five hundred!*

Dick looked around anxiously but could see no person in sight. It was obvious that someone had dropped the money while making a call. He struggled with the choice of waiting around or simply claiming the money as his and getting out of there fast. After thinking it over for a bit, he decided to go on with his errands and return later to see if anyone came back to claim the money. He jammed the envelope--fat with money--into his jacket pocket and went on his way with a much lighter step.

Two hours later Dick had finished his errands and was on his way home. He stopped again at the phone booth. As he got out of his truck and walked over to the phone booth, he saw a young boy standing at the other phone booth crying. He quickly walked over and asked the boy if he needed some help. The boy said yes, he wanted to call his mother, but he didn't have a quarter. Dick reassured the boy, handed him a quarter and helped him dial the number.

At that moment the boy's mother drove up to the phone booth. Since he was late she had been looking for her son. They were greatly relieved to see one another. The woman turned to Dick and asked, "Were you trying to help Timmy?" Dick nodded.

The woman thanked him profusely and told him how wonderful it was of him to want to help, and that somehow *he would be rewarded*. Dick accepted her praise and knew in that instant that the money in his pocket had been gifted to him. He went on his way with a light heart, giving thanks for his sudden cash *wind* fall, and remembering the voice of the RAM saying, "Indeed, would \$500 be enough?"

Chapter 89

THE RAM KNOWS WHEN TO SMILE

Anna tells of a *personal miracle* that she experienced. She is sharing it in the hopes it will bring understanding to other masters who are having similar challenges.

“I first was in an audience with the RAM in October of 1981. In those days masters who had not been to a dialogue before would sit in the front of the audience and would almost be assured of a personal contact with the RAM. Immediately I knew Ramtha to be who he said he was. Never in all my reality had I been in the presence of such love--and emotion so all encompassing--so unlimited. I loved him deeply and I knew he loved me. He loves us all; he is love!

“And that smile of his was like the sun itself. I saw him smile at specific entities in the audience and it looked like a big hug to the soul. However when the RAM called on me I did not get that dear smile. Instead, I got a very abrupt ‘And you, lady?’

“I asked my question, and Ramtha answered with humor and love...but very little of what one would call warmth. Clearly I felt I was being held at arms length. I had mixed emotions in response to this treatment.”

“Nearly every time the RAM was in New York City in the next two or three years, I was in the audience. Never again did he call on me. I don’t even remember raising my hand to be called on. Perhaps I was afraid of being ignored. I do remember always feeling slightly out of place in his audience. I usually went by myself and never felt very connected to the other people there. I tried to be invisible and very much in my own space... and I was.

“Then I moved west. Next I saw the RAM at one of the first intensives in Seattle, in January of 1984, the *Understanding Master*. Needless to say it was a grand teaching and I’m surprised I remembered so much of it because I spent most of the time in that audience crying. I really didn’t know why. I wasn’t really hysterical...just a constant stream of tears ran down my face.”

“At some point it came to me clearly that I wanted a smile from the RAM. One of those all encompassing, unreserved ethereal hugs! I had seen them for others...but never for me! Toward the end of the day we lined up for our gifts from the RAM...potted bulbs not yet to bloom. When I approached him to get mine, I got a nod of the head from him. Nothing more.”

“Later we lined up for a glass of wine for our final toast of the intensive. In my turn I again approached the RAM, and once again received only a nod of the head. No longer was I crying, I was confused and angry. Why didn’t I deserve one of those smiles? I wanted to know.”

“On the ride back to San Francisco my tears started to flow again. Over and over, I thought about the weekend and I wanted *to know!* In a flash, a vision occurred. It was over in a moment... yet in that moment I saw the whole picture. In that brief moment, I knew that I had never been a part of the army of the RAM when he did his march. Thirty-five thousand years ago, I was a tyrant and I wanted to *kill* the RAM. I saw my role clearly. No, I wasn’t the one to actually run the sword through his body--but I wanted to--and would have if I had been given the chance. A very rich and powerful tyrant, I had armies marching against the RAM, even though I knew he spoke the truth. Rather than give up my wealth and power, I wanted him killed!”

“For thirty-five thousand years I had waited for the RAM to forgive me. That is why that smile was so important to me. If I got one of those smiles I would know I was forgiven. In that re-

vealing moment, I knew why I had never been given the ‘smile’. Through my tears I laughed aloud as I realized the game the RAM had been playing with me. He--of course--no longer cared whether I had tried to kill him or not! *He* was not about to forgive me. *I had to do that!*”

“In that moment--in my laughter--I forgave myself. Immediately, I felt my whole body enveloped in the biggest smile I have ever experienced...as the RAM laughed with me! Of course, the RAM never gave me that smile before. In looking to him for forgiveness I was giving my power to him. If he had given me that smile before I had forgiven myself it would have been like a *band-aid* on a festering wound. It would have felt good for the moment, but the pain of guilt would not have healed. I would have learned nothing.”

“I have not been in audience with the RAM since that intensive; I’ve not had a call to be. He is near to my heart and always there when I call to him. In his ‘personal miracle’ I find two very important understandings of *who* the RAM is and *how* he teaches.”

“First, he is impeccable in his teachings. How many times has he said, ‘Look to no one outside yourself for forgiveness. It is giving them your power. Forgive your self!’ He practices what he teaches impeccably. The other understanding is that the RAM knows exactly what you or I need *as an individual!* Even amongst an audience of several hundred...each is given personal individual attention--as is needed--for each to become his own conscious God self.”

Chapter 90

A BUTTERFLY IN OUR PYRAMID

During the first two day at Snow Mountain in 1988 the RAM spoke extensively about the similarity between a caterpillar turning into a butterfly and *sleeping gods awakening*. Our awakening will transform us as greatly as the caterpillar emerging from the cocoon as a sleek and gloriously lovely butterfly...free from its prior limitations.

Gayle and Angie were sitting under an open eight foot pyramid placed in a green meadow of their pasture in Washington state. Angie was telling Gayle how she was recognizing *and owning* so much since she had returned from the Snow Mountain retreat. They agreed that that is how a sleeping god turns into a soaring butterfly. Gayle had just finished telling of many of the limitations she was owning.

At that moment both of them stopped talking. They both saw a huge lovely multi-colored butterfly flitting through the air in front of the pyramid. Almost simultaneously they called forth aloud for the butterfly to join them. As they watched, the butterfly arced around into a sudden bank and flew directly into the middle of the pyramid. It soared over them then dropped down and brushed against one of Gayle's arms. Then it landed in front of Angie at her feet. While the girls oohed and aahed it paused at Angie's feet then leaped into the air and sailed away overhead.

Gayle and Angie exploded with joy and laughter as they danced about and hugged one another. Both of them felt that the timely appearance of the butterfly was symbolic of their talk and of their own *moving forward* in stripping off their *own cocoons*. They were bursting into butterflies of their own and both felt sure the RAM--or the Lord God of their own Beings,--had sent them confirmation that they in-deed were doing it.

Chapter 91

OPEN TO ANOTHER DIMENSION

Jessica--a bubbling raven-haired master from Tenino--tells how she was lifted into a new dimension in consciousness through a personal UFO experience. She was flat broke when she arrived in Washington...but desired very much to go see Mount Rainier. It was a great urging in her soul. She promised herself that when gas money materialized she would drive her pickup truck to the mountain and spend a whole day there.

Several days later an unexpected \$75 check arrived in the mail from a friend. Jessica bought food and remembering her promise to see the great mountain...so she filled up her tank with gas. Early the next bright morning she drove up to Cougar Camp in the park... got out and walked a green mountain trail alongside a gently flowing stream. She stayed all day at the end of the trail drinking in the view--and breathing in the fresh mountain air--with a zest and a passion...so natural to her.

The night was rapidly approaching so she got back into her pickup and drove slowly back out of the park. Darkness had fallen and the night sky was filled with sparkling jewels above her. She had reached a stretch of road between the park and Ashford--a small town several miles ahead--when she spotted what appeared at first to be a large red balloon almost at tree top level a few thousand yards off the road. Her curiosity grew and she pulled slowly off to the side and stepped out into the night to get a better look at the red balloon. To her surprise, two more *balloons materialized*--one more at either side of the original one--hundreds of yards apart. Her eyes widened and she saw them begin to grow in size. A golden halo of light was now visible around all three of them. She leaned forward and strained to see more clearly...her heart thumping.

To her dismay...at that moment a car rounded a bend in the road and the headlights began flooding the area as it drew nearer. She was hoping it would go away so she could watch the objects undisturbed but it kept coming toward her. It was moving quite fast, so it soon passed her with a roar. Jessica eagerly looked back toward the three red objects. They were nowhere to be seen. She kept scanning the sky in that area hoping to see them somewhere again.

All at once they magically appeared in the same positions they had occupied prior to the appearance of the car driving by. Her heart jumped again. Her spine tingling she watched as the three craft moved slowly toward her again. Alarmed now she moved nervously back to the truck and jumped inside. She watched with open mouthed amazement. She saw whirling lights around the craft. One by one they dove directly over her head with a soft whooshing sound and then disappeared. Now all three were gone....

Jessica would always remember that moment when each of the objects swooped down directly over the truck and then zipped away into the night. That experience opened up an entire new reality for her. No longer was it just hearing or reading about UFO's. Jessica had personally seen three of them up close.

Two weeks later--at 2am in the morning--she felt impelled to go outside. Looking up she saw a huge white circle of hovering high in the sky above her. She could clearly see a pyramid shape outlined in the circle and a small bright point of cobalt blue light emitting from the center of the triad. It hung there above her for nearly a half hour...then suddenly and instantly disappeared from sight.

She felt the two sightings were connected.... that they were meant to open her up to new understandings. Two weeks later... the RAM began to teach about the triad...and Jessica was already *primed* to learn all she could about it.

Chapter 92

AN INSTANT TYPEWRITER

Ross tells how in June of 1988 he made arrangements with Tom--the owner of an equipment store in Yelm--to make use of his used IBM electric typewriter. He put the typewriter in his car...knowing that one day soon he would be driving in the direction of Tom's store.

A few days later Ross decided to stop at the local Yelm grocery store to buy some cherries. Returning to his car with the cherries in hand he noticed his typewriter still sitting in the back seat.... He then determined that this was the perfect time to deliver it to Tom.

A few minutes later he was at Tom's store. He parked and lifted the heavy machine out of his car to carry it inside. The day was nice and warm and the front door was wide open. He strode in typewriter in his arms.

As he entered...he was met with whoops and hollering. Looking about he saw Tom, Elizabeth and Maura jumping up and down like children, laughing and shouting. "There it is!" "Wow!" "Look, he's got a typewriter in his hands!"

Ross was puzzled by the enormous "hoopla," but joined in their merry laughter nevertheless. Then Tom explained that Maura had just finished saying--a minute ago--that she needed a typewriter to type a work resume. Both he and Elizabeth had encouraged her to manifest one. Maura had agreed--and as they both looked on--she put her hands into a triad position and then called forth with great emotion that *she wanted a typewriter straight away.* She had scarcely finished the "So be it!" when Ross walked in the door carrying a typewriter.

“Less than half a minute had passed before the materialization of a typewriter for her,” Ross said. He smiled, “Miracles are really getting to be a normal way of life--here in Yelm--these days.”

Chapter 93

HE WAS TALKING TO ME

Dana--from Southern California--tells of her grand experience with the RAM at a San Diego intensive in 1987. The RAM was circulating around the room. He occasionally stopped to talk with various people. Dana was facing the front of the room as the RAM came down the aisle from behind her. He stopped walking...and after a moment of silence he began talking to the woman sitting directly behind Dana. She marveled at the things being said but did not want to turn her head to look directly at the RAM. *Something told her* to just sit quietly--and be--*and to listen!*

From time to time--as the RAM spoke to the woman--Dana would say to herself, "I wish he would say that to me." During the few minutes of conversation she repeated that same thought to her- self several times.

Suddenly she felt the electricity of the RAM's hands on her shoulders. He turned her body gently toward him. She looked up into his eyes while he squeezed her shoulders with love and then moved loving hands over her face and over her head and through her hair. The RAM looked deep into her eyes with love and said only one word with great feeling, "*Lady.*" He then gave her a final smile and turned on his way down the aisle to speak *audibly* to others in the audience.

During the few minutes of dialogue with the woman behind her Dana said that everyone beside her and in front of her seemed to be staring directly at her. Of course she knew they were staring at the RAM directly behind her.

After the session she went on her way feeling wonderful. She slept soundly that night and arose with joy the next morn-

ing. At breakfast in the hotel restaurant--her friend--Ann sat down beside her and asked her what the RAM had said to her in the audience the day before.

“Oh, no, honey,” she assured Ann, “Not me. The RAM was talking to the lady behind me.”

Ann’s eyes widened and she shook her head. “No, no, Dana, the RAM was just standing there for several minutes looking directly into the back of your head. He didn’t *say* anything. It was as quiet as a pin in the room. *Everyone thought he was talking to you mentally.*”

With a rush of emotion Dana broke into tears. She knew what Ann said was *true*. It was a miracle. The woman she wished the RAM had talked to --like that--*was her!* She remembered all of the RAM’s precious words and the sweet feelings she had about them...and sobbed with great joy.

“He was talking to me, indeed!” she said with a merry twinkle in her eye as she told me this wonderful tale. Her sister Angela--then added--that when Dana returned from the San Diego intensive...she was like a babbling brook...charged with high energy. Why not? Obviously, the RAM had communicated with her--*mind to mind*...and *soul to soul*--and *heart to heart!*

Chapter 94

I GAVE MY POWER TO A *OUIJA* BOARD

Damon from California told me how he had given his power away to an Ouija Board instead of choosing his own destiny. He said he had grown up with an intense interest in metaphysics. He read all the classic books. He took all the courses...always seeking and trying to find *the way* to reach *God consciousness*. At Christmas 1985 he was gifted with an *Ouija Board*.

A month prior--at Thanksgiving, he had met a woman named Rose--who was interested in the Ouija Board. Not knowing anyone else who was free at the time...he asked Rose to sit down and play with the Ouija Board with him. She agreed and they sat down to try it. Instantly the board *came alive*. From letter to letter...so quickly their two hands moved--spelling out the words-- "*make love*."

Damon was very thrilled at the success of getting a message even though the message surprised him. He knew he was not intentionally moving his hand and he was just as sure that Rose was not either. He asked the spirit for its name. The board spelled out rapidly again, "I am all things. I am love and truth." Damon was persistent...and the spirit admitted to being a *channel* named TRUTH.

TRUTH went on to say that the two of them had been destined to meet--having been royalty together in the past...and living many lifetimes together--and were destined in this life to live together until they reached a point of *unconditional love*. Damon ate it up He hung on every word.

Following the advice of the channel--they got married--but they did not make love. Damon could not get sexually excited

about Rose. She was not physically attractive to him. He merely saw her as a life companion--someone who would be with him all the time--to work on the Ouija Board for advice...a sure-fire-ticket to *God consciousness*. He says objects would move about in the room while they channeled TRUTH...and strange phenomena of all sorts went on around them. Soon word got out--and friends from all across the country would ask for personal advice --which TRUTH was always ready to dispense to anyone who asked.

One day...several months after their marriage--Damon encountered an old friend--Ralph. Ralph introduced Damon to cocaine--to “free base--smoked from a pipe. He trusted that Ralph would not have him smoke anything that was dangerous so went along with it for the experience. He says he instantly felt intense heat in his loins after the first couple of “hits” on the pipe. He went home and made heated passionate love to Rose. It was their first time...and she loved it. When Rose found out that free base made him passionate she encouraged his steady use of it. Damon soon discovered that whatever Rose wanted came out as a message on the Ouija Board. But he always “bought it” because he wanted to reach that state of unconditional love with her--promised to them--by TRUTH. He says their sex life got kinkier and kinkier.

Then something very wonderful happened. He saw the Honolulu video tape of the RAM and he sent for information about RAM's next intensive. Meanwhile Rose had stolen a credit card that he was unaware had been issued to him. It had a \$5,000 cash limit... and she was using the card freely. When he found out there was an intensive scheduled in Denver she said she had the money to pay for both of them to attend.

However something new blew in the wind. This time, when the Ouija Board was consulted, TRUTH insisted that Rose was not to go to Denver...only Damon. Rose was angry about it

but finally consented to Damon's desire to go to the intensive...and he went alone.

While he was in Denver Rose tried to telephone him several times--just before the intensive, but within seconds after her call was received--the phone would go dead. After several such calls--and finding there was nothing wrong at the hotel switchboard--Damon surmised he was not supposed to talk to Rose before the intensive started. She was drunk and angry and the energy did not mix with the upcoming RAM experience.

Damon recognized the RAM at once and was touched deeply by that encounter. He decided then and there to attend the next retreat in Yucca Valley. Meanwhile things changed between himself and Rose. She was continuously getting drunk and now acting violent. She had become so paranoid she was brandishing hand- guns and stashing huge butcher knives under their bed. At times she was suicidal.

In Detroit--while they were visiting his parents--Rose was arrested by the police and was extremely violent. Damon rescued her and they returned to California...where she soon became friendly with Ralph. Both she and Ralph decided they would go with him to the Yucca Valley retreat...and they did.

However Rose could not sit through even the first session. She said she would not stay in the dormitory and she did not want to go back to any more sessions. She rented a motel room nearby and tried to coax Damon into moving out of the men's dorm and staying with her. He refused. Angered, she drove back to their home in Northern California.

All the while...Damon kept trying to live with Rose because he was trying to find *that state of unconditional love* promised to him by TRUTH. But the day after his return from Yucca Valley he packed his things and headed north to Washington...to live by

himself. He knew it was time to take back his own personal power.

He attended a RAM intensive--in Seattle in 1987--where the RAM gave him a long hard intense look. Damon instinctively knew it had to do with the severe problems he was experiencing with his spine. His spinal chord was so degenerated that it was almost severed. He felt that the RAM was sending him help for his pain.

In a short period of time, through a sequence of immediate miracles--one of the finest spinal surgery specialists in the country was brought in to operate on him--even though he did not have the funds to pay for it. Three months later--as he related to me in his story--he walked without pain. His life--he says--is now filled with a grand new sense of joy and freedom. Above all...Damon says *his power is back with him* where it *has always belonged!*

Chapter 95

NO MISSION IS IMPOSSIBLE

From New York--Nancy, a beautiful master with laughing eyes--reminds us that nothing is impossible.

Her two small daughters had gone on vacation with a relative and she missed them enormously. They had been gone for over a week and she knew they would be missing her too. She sat down and quickly dashed off a short letter to each of them. She felt connected with them again as soon as her feelings were poured out into the written word. She knew her messages of love needed to be mailed at once.

Nancy also had an urgent business letter--that needed to be mailed out that day too--so she jumped into her car and headed for the nearby post office. By the time she arrived it was closed. The sign indicated that the last out-of-town mail pickup had been an hour ago. A passer-by told her that if she drove to the next town--she could probably get her mail out the same day--since they had a later pickup. Nancy leaped back into her car and raced off to the next town--some twenty miles away--determined that her daughters would get her messages of love as soon as possible.

When she arrived...she found that the mailbox was fully stuffed with letters...so the pickup would be there very shortly. Relieved, she pushed her 3 letters quickly into the box, and went on her way to do some needed personal shopping.

Just as she pulled into the shopping center, a horrible thought entered her mind. She had forgotten to put postage stamps on the three letters! She could not believe that she had done such a thoughtless thing. For a moment pain tugged at her soul. Now it could be many days before her daughters got their

letters. In fact, they might not even arrive before the girls had finished their vacation. Also, the important business letter would arrive too late.

She sat in the car and pondered the situation. She thought of the RAM's teaching that we create our own reality. Suddenly she decided it was true. She immediately saw herself getting the letters back from the mailbag and putting stamps on them. She held this image strongly in her mind as she rushed back to the post office.

She screeched to a halt beside the mailbox and peered in. Too late. The mail had been picked up and had been taken inside already. Despair surged back into her consciousness, however, she immediately checked it. She replaced it with an even stronger image of her holding the letters in her hand and placing stamps on them. A great reversal of thought, indeed....

Fired by the power of her own image she parked her car beside the post office and headed for the door. Once in the lobby-- she peeked through the mail drop slots and hollered if anyone was inside she needed to talk to them. Again and again she called out...but there was no response. She was all alone. All the doors were locked and no one was in sight...or within earshot. Now what?

A new idea lit up her mind. There had to be a back door where they brought the mail in and hauled it out. She walked out of the front door and strode quickly around to the back. There was the door... She knocked loudly on the door. No answer. Again she knocked. Still no answer. She called out that she needed to get in. Only silence answered her. In exasperation, Nancy grabbed the door knob and it turned. It was not locked. Slowly she opened the door and peered inside. Benches and overflowing mail bags were scattered all around. She called out again, with all her voice. No one replied.

Gathering her courage Nancy stepped inside... She was determined to realize her goal. If there was no one around to help her she would just have to go through the monumental task of emptying all the mailbags in order to find her three precious letters. She was determined that they would leave here tonight with stamps on them.

Looking around again at all the mailbags, Nancy decided that all she had to do was to tune in to the right bag. Using the consciousness and energy technique she had learned from the RAM, she was drawn for no particular reason to a bag off to one side. She bent over the bag and extracted a fistful of letters. She pulled out another handful and there--to her utter delight--was her business letter in her hand. Excitedly she picked up the whole bag and dumped the contents on the table and began to sift rapidly through the heap. In another moment, the two letters to her daughters were also in her hand. Her image was nearly complete.

With trembling fingers, she took stamps from her purse, stuck one on each letter, kissed each letter and blessed them and the post office. Quickly, she stuffed the envelopes back into the mailbag and walked elatedly out the back door. Only then did she have a thought about her "lawlessness." But she had learned by experience that the power within is stringer than any outward appearance or outer law limitations. Her tenacity had proved to her--that indeed--that our world is what we make it.

Chapter 96

THE RISING SUN

The following scene took place at a recent large gathering in Rainier, Washington. A male master of my acquaintance was at the long table--heavily laden with food-- and he was happily sampling the delectable offerings.

A female master from a nearby city walked up to him with a big smile. Her were filled with light and sparkled with inner joy. She beamed at him as she said, "You know, I've been seeing you around at different RAM events the last few months...and I just have to tell you this. Every time I see you with that smile--you give to everyone--it makes me feel so good...and I get this wonderful image in my mind of *a rising sun*."

Startled--but obviously pleased--the man burst into an even greater sunny smile. He leaned across the table to tell her, "You know--for several months now--every day when I wake, I call forth for *my Christ to rise up like the rising morning sun within me* to warm and light my way, and to warm and light the way of all that I meet that day." Smiling ever more broadly now, he added, "It's so wonderful that you said that to me. It shows me that it's working. Bless you...and thanks for the feedback."

As the conversation continued...he went on to explain that he used the image of the rising sun that he had seen--one crystal clear morning--in Yucca Valley...at a RAM retreat. "First, a growing golden-red brightness colored the horizon. Then a small sliver of red fire appeared...rising slowly and majestically over the mountain. Gradually a huge ball of orange-red birthed forth and took my breath away with its fire and its beauty. It lit up the Earth and all about me. Now that same glorious light and warmth rises brightly--*in my mind and soul*--each new morning."

What a glorious RAMTHA-like way to greet a new
day...*indeed!*

Chapter 97

A STINGING REALIZATION

Wendy Dixon was busy working on her five acre farm in Tenino, Washington. Her two friends who had been helping her that morning had gone into town for supplies, leaving Wendy alone for several hours. As she worked among some bushes she accidentally bumped into a large hornets nest. Dozens of angry hornets launched an immediate attack on the nearest target... the top of Wendy's head.

The pain was instantaneous and excruciating. Frantically she tore at her hair pulling lots of it out along with handfuls of hornets. At the same time she raced madly toward the house full of pain and terror. Wendy had always been very sensitive to bee stings and now she was facing the death-dealing poisons pouring into her bloodstream in enormous quantities. Her fear intensified the agony and fire-like pain.

The last of the hornets had been torn from her head just as she reached the door. In panic, she dashed into the house and slammed the door behind her. As she did so her eyes landed on the tape player where--only an hour before--she had been listening to the RAM explain that everyone has created and empowered their own destiny. "Oh, RAM," she thought, "If that's true I have to create a sudden new reality for myself to survive this poisoning!" This realization stood crystal clear in her mind.

Still sobbing softly...Wendy proceeded to do what she knew she must do. She put a tape of beautiful music on the player. Then she lit some candles, set a bouquet of fresh flowers close by. She wetted her hair and head with Willard Water and aloe vera gel...and poured herself a splash of brandy in a glass of water as a sedative pain-killer. Her props were now all in place.

She had just set the stage for a new attitude...for a healing consciousness.

She sat down to calm her tortured being... knowing she had to create a new reality. She began consciously putting her focus *where the pain was NOT*. And it *worked!* Gradually--as she closed her eyes and inhaled the sweet perfume of the flowers--she tuned into the uplifting music and gently relaxed back into the center of her being. The fiery burning and the frightful shaking of her body began to lessen more and more and then stopped entirely. As her *centering focus* became absolute she felt herself floating in consciousness--or *riding the light*--as the RAM calls it. Gradually a *peace* that passed all understanding filled her entire petite lovely female being.

Wendy realized the hornets were a “runner” she had gifted to herself... to demonstrate that the power to control her destiny was *within* her. She only needed to acknowledge and *call it forth!* She gave thanks to her *mother* within for that dazzling pearl she earned at the price of a terrible sudden overwhelming pain and fear that day.

When her two friends returned they were shocked to hear her story. It was hard for them to believe--despite the multitude of visible hornet sting marks--she was healthy, happy and calm. Ignoring her protests they rushed out to burn the hornets nest.

Dear master Wendy’s enlightening experienced allowed them--and now, all of us--a greater understanding of the deep reservoir of power we can call forth from within under such very dire circumstances.

Wendy experienced a total healing. She did not suffer any signs of poisoning. The dozens of burning welts on her head--where she had been stung--began to heal as soon as she took charge of the drama. Lovely, brave Wendy replaced her “crown of thorns” with a radiant crowning and masterful centered new

reality. She was and is truly a *Queen of Courage!* I love her
dearly....

Bless her heart.

Chapter 98

HEARING UNSAID THINGS

Barbara, from Alabama, tells how a dear male companion had recently passed this plane. Being in a very sad emotional state she was eager to attend the RAM's upcoming Birmingham uplifting dialogue. Her long time friend--Jane--was also attending. Barbara was late for the grand event...but Jane was sitting up front when Barbara got there. And knowing how anxious her friend was to speak with the RAM Jane gifted her front row seat to Barbara. She knew Barbara would have a better chance of being addressed by the RAM seated there in the front.

As anticipated, the RAM spoke to Barbara at some length. One of the exchanges had to do with the diamond earrings she wore that day. She explained that--at a private audience the previous year--she had told the RAM she would like a companion. The RAM had replied with an impish look in his eye, "I will send you something to go in your ears! She had been puzzled by the remark.

Six months later she met--and began to date--a wonderful man who surprised her one evening with the gift of a pair of dazzling earrings. Each one was a half carat diamond. In her delight she immediately recalled the strange statement of the RAM "that he would send her something to put in her ears." She knew that the RAM had brought this wonderful man into her life, so she planned to thank him at the next dialogue. Now the earrings were a memento of the glorious time they had had together...before he had recently passed on to another dimension. She thanked the RAM for sending her the diamond earrings and the man that came with them....

The RAM nodded his head in acknowledgement. He then asked, “Are you so appreciative because of the great worth of the diamonds?”

Quickly, Barbara said, “No. I appreciated the man and the sentiment behind the gift more than the value of the diamonds.”

The RAM gave her a pleased smile and said, “The stones that sit in your ears represent the beauty that you hear.” He gazed at her and added, “I know what is your heart’s desire... and I will send it to you!”

Barbara waited anxiously for the taped copies of that audience. Finally, they arrived. Just as she put the first one on to play...Jane knocked on her door. Jane was so glad the tapes had finally arrived and they sat down and listened raptly. After they heard the RAM’s remark about the stones that sat in her ears...the taped voice of the RAM went on immediately to the person sitting next to her at the dialogue. They both realized at the same time that an entire and important sentence addressed to her was missing!

Jane and Barbara looked up at each other in astonishment. Jane asked, “But, where’s that part where he said he knew what was in your heart...and he would send it to you?”

They rewound the tape and listened very carefully. There were no such words on the tape. They stared at one another in wonder, then both had the same thought – “We must have heard him say that with our inner hearing!” They jumped to their feet and did a wild jig together...totally immersed in the joy that they had heard “unsaid” things from the RAM together.

What a “coincidence.” The only other person who had heard the RAM speak those exact words had just “happened” to appear at her door as she was ready to listen to the tapes. Barbara felt that the knowing RAM had supplied her with a wonder-

ful witness that could verify her own inner hearing. They asked several of their friends who were at the audience...but not a one remembered the RAM saying that last sentence to Barbara *aloud*.

Chapter 99

THE 'I AM' POEM STORY

Richard Brewer, author of this *I AM* poem that follows...tells us the wonderful tale behind the poem. Richard says he had started what he thought to be an all-encompassing poem several years ago jotting down a line or two from time to time but never fitting the lines together into any kind of continuity. He was not able to get any other ideas for it so bored of it...one day he gathered the assorted ideas together and put them away in a drawer.

Months later he ran across the pile of scribbled thoughts and sat down and re-read them. "These are good," he thought, "I should do something with this." He focused his mind and energy and called forth, "From the Lord God of my Being, I desire that this come forth in perfection now. So be it!" As he *centered* on the thought of "I Am" his whole body began to tremble--then shake--and with the shaking came a river of words flowing into his mind.

Richard grabbed a pen and started to write quickly. The words of the entire poem flowed out non-stop until the last line was completed, pouring out almost faster than he could write. His body jerked and vibrated with the intensity. When he finished he was exhausted and shaking. As he began to read what he had just written his body continued to shake and jerk with great emotion. As he read the last line his body exploded with indescribable ecstasy. He said the bodily sensation was exquisite beyond words!

Two weeks later Richard attended a RAM intensive. In his pocket he carried a typed copy of his poem. Sure enough the RAM stopped directly in front of him and declared, "Scribe, I am ready to be read to." Richard knew exactly what the RAM

wanted him to read. He pulled his *I AM poem* from his jacket pocket and read it aloud--to the RAM--and to the audience.

As the RAM listened he beamed his approval. When Richard was finished a smiling RAM exclaimed, "Wonderful. Wonderful. Have you ever contemplated, entity, that you *are* all of those things you have just read to me? You are all of them...for how could you be anything less? I will see that these words are exalted. Very soon I will find a great marble and we will have someone etch that in there, and we will place it upon a great mount for the winds of our forever to see and to know *the mind of man was!*"

At an intensive in Yelm in the summer of 1987 the RAM stopped beside Richard, leaned close and quietly told him that his prediction about the *I AM* poem would soon come to pass. Plans were underway for a retreat building he said...and when it was complete his poem would be etched on a plaque--at its entrance--as the RAM had long ago foretold.

Chapter 100

I AM

For ages countless in this world
My spirit has traversed
I've had my cultures rise and fall
In great sporadic bursts

Cross mighty oceans, mountain ranges
Deserts I have spanned
And observed perpetual changings
In the heavens and the lands

I've been prayed to and been revered
I've been killed and been harassed
And many times have I been loved
And many times outcast

I am the yin, I am the yang
I am both day and night
I'm the alpha and the omega
Simultaneous wrong and right

I am Yeshua Ben-Joseph
I'm Mohammed and the Buddha
Call me Moses or Elijah
Nostradamus, Zarathustra

I am Hermes, I am Krishna
I'm the RAM and Lao-Tzu
I'm all the saints and sages
And the basis of their truths

I will answer to Atilla
Alexander Graham Bell

You may call me Quetzalcoatl
I am known as William Tell

Michelangelo and Hitler
Have I written as my name
And the boy-king, Tutankhamen
He and I are one and same

I've explored with Ponce de Leon
And Columbus knew me well
And historians devote their lives
My stories to re-tell

I'm the poet and the painter
I am Shakespeare and Van Gough
I'm philanthropist and warrior
Gandhi and Geronimo

I am holy man and sinner
I am master and I'm slave
I'm the hills and I'm the valleys
I'm the wind and I'm the wave

I'm the cypress and the sycamore
The egret and the tern
I'm the tiger and the tit-mouse
The cactus and the fern

I'm the agate and the emerald
I am iron and I'm glass
I am turquoise and I'm coral
I am silk and I am brass

I've invaded every jungle
And my ships have known all coasts
And a human lunar landing
Finds a place among my boasts

Have you seen the Tower of London
I am credited for that
And the New York World Trade Center
Is a feather in my hat

The pyramids of Egypt
The ancient Chinese wall
The sphinx, the Eiffel Tower
I designed and built them all

Yes, I have created all
And more than herein told
And I will call myself a god
If I may make so bold

And here, I further venture speak
That naught can stay my hand
For I who write these words
Am the collective mind of man.

This classic poem was *scribed* by my dear friend
- *Richard Brewer*

Final note from the author scribe...

If you enjoyed these 100 RAM stories please encourage your loved ones and friends to obtain and read them...Please also obtain my own "*Autobiography of An IMMORTAL*"...or any of the soon to be **20...or more...** of my own Russ Michael Ebooks at: www.RussMichaelEbooks.com

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Bless your heart. *Bless us all*. We are all blessed. I Am--
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