Autobiography of an Initiate on the Path to Immortality

Russ Michael
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF AN
INITIATE
ON THE PATH TO
IMMORTALITY

BY RUSS MICHAEL

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Autobiography of an Immortal on the Path to Immortality

by Russ Michael

First Edition 2006
Revised 2008

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Published by:
Russ Michael Books
P.O. Box 654
Virginia Beach, VA 23451
USA

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An initiate is someone who begins, starts, or acts to move her- or himself to higher and higher degrees or levels of conscious awareness and self-mastery.

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Chapter 1
My Life Began At My Death

There was nothing visible around me to alarm or alert me in any way to the fact I soon would be physically dead. Yet that was an undisputed fact. Within a brief half hour or less my vital young, exuberantly healthy 18-year-old human physical body would be clinically dead. In other words, not a single sign of life could be detected in it until 20 minutes later when my vacant spirit returned!

My still very conscious, much alive and totally free spirit left my abandoned body lay where it had crumpled in a lifeless heap. I was dead! It was NOT a “near death” experience.

The China midday sun was bright and hot that eventful day. My whole being sweated and sweltered as I worked in the hot sun of the top deck of our huge Merchant Marine oil tanker, the U.S.S. Ashtabula. That sudden and so vivid death experience forever remains indelibly imprinted on my body cells, in my mind and in my soul memory.

Our tanker was steaming slowly down the winding Yellow River in China. We were bound for Tiensen, a seaport where we would be refueling the many coming and going U.S. Navy war ships.

It was 1945 and terrible, long World War II was soon about to end, though none of us aboard ship knew it then. My grade, Seaman 2nd Class, was the lowest rank possible in the U.S. Naval Merchant Marine Corp. This meant anyone of a higher rank could tell me what to do and how to do it—and by our strict U.S. Navy protocol, I was obliged to “jump to it,” or else.

I got my morning work orders earlier in the day from Jim H., head boson in charge of the top deck. I was kneeling down with a hammer and chisel in my hot, sweaty hands reluctantly, lazily and slowly chipping out all the ugly brown rust spots on the heavily coated grey metal top deck that I could see. The entire ship was going through a spring cleaning, soon to be wholly repainted inside and out, including the inside surfaces of the ship's emptied out water ballast tanks, deep down in the hull of the ship below deck.

George, one of my close seaman buddies aboard ship, had been assigned to paint what I imagined were very cool empty water ballast
tanks far below top deck, and which were accessed from the engine room. I envied him strongly. I resented being assigned to work duty in the blistering hot, sweltering sun.

Actually, from day one of my enrollment, when I foolishly volunteered to “join the Navy and see the world” as all the U.S. Navy posters proclaimed, I hated naval service with a deep and angry passion. I rightly felt that I had been greatly betrayed by the lying politicians who ran the government of my country, the USA.

Yet, at age 17 and with my mother's signed permission, the deed was done. I was promptly enrolled in the Merchant Marine branch of the U.S. Navy for a long two-year hitch.

I knew from the first hour of my induction into the U.S. Navy that all my cherished natural human rights and freedoms—the free-will over self-control of my body and being—had suddenly and absolutely vanished. Anyone of a higher rank than that of my “lowest of the low” Seaman 2nd Class status would be my boss—at will–up to the day of my happy discharge from the armed service.

I had to live under a coarse, rude, insensitive chain of command. Anyone higher than a Seaman 2nd Class could tell me what to do and how to do it with impunity and for malignant purposes, if they wished.

I soon learned if I showed or demonstrated the slightest signal of rebelling or refusing to follow orders from a “higher up” I would be “called on the carpet” by a senior ranking naval service man or the boson or officer in charge and punished on the spot or court marshaled and thrown in the “brig” (navy slang for a jail).

My heart and soul loved freedom and I yearned to have my body, mind and soul be set free again during almost every hour and day of my enlistment in the U.S. Navy. I hated every minute of being ordered around, and of being told what to do and how to do it by an endless array of often crude and usually quite ignorant, sometimes even intentionally cruel bosons, officers or “straw” bosses.

While mentally bemoaning my sad fate in the hot sun, I was jarred out of my pity-party reverie by the surly, acid-tone voice of J. H., a pompous burly boson who presided over our top deck. Jim H. walked quietly up behind me ordering me with a leer to “step to it.” I was to leave my tools lay and report to the boson below deck in the engine room “on the double.” He said the boson in the engine room requested an extra hand to
help paint the inside surface area (the ceilings, walls and decks) of our huge merchant marine oil tanker’s water ballast tanks, and I was it!

I gladly dropped my tools on the spot. There was no love lost between Jim H. and me. He knew it and I knew it. I jumped to my feet and gave him a sassy quick and snappy salute from my forehead with my right hand, stopping short of a few inches from his sardonic grinning face. Jim H. was the one boson aboard our oil tanker who went far out of his way to be as mean, bossy and cruel as he could be to me whenever I was assigned to his work crew on the top deck of the ship. At the same time, I was relieved to know that I would soon be out of the hot sun and would soon working with my good buddy George below deck, who was already far below deck painting the empty water ballast tanks. I spun on my heels and descended down the long, nearly spiral stairway that took me down, down, down to the huge dungeon-like engine room. From bright to dark—very symbolic. Thereafter, my journey would reverse, going from dark to light; again very, very symbolic.

I finally arrived in the engine room and was pleased to greet and shake hands with the friendly boson in charge of the painting crew. He had a reputation for kindness, known as an easy boss to work for. I told him that my close buddy, George, was already painting there somewhere inside for him. I told him that in all honesty, I did not know a thing about how to paint but that I was so glad to be relieved of chipping rust spots out of the top deck under such a bright, hot, blazing noonday sun. I added with a smile that I would do whatever he ordered me to do with pleasure and speed.

He smiled at me and patted me gently on the back like the kind father-image he wore so well. He told me, “No problem, son. Look there. Just grab that big bucket of black paint and that big brush beside it. It's not too heavy.” He smiled widely at me again, “We're painting the farthest tank first, then we paint tank-by-tank back to the engine room here. We've already got one tank painted, but we still have four more to go. It's quite a job.”

The kind engine-room boson gestured toward a wide-open large round metal batten-down “hatch.” “You need to climb through four more of these hatches. Just follow the long light cord at your feet. It will be dimmer the deeper you get inside. The last tank is where your buddy George and the old ‘salt’ Sam are painting now.”
He pointed, “Just follow the electric light cord strung out there from hatch to hatch until you get to where friend George and Sam are painting. Then just go to work, son. Old Sam will be in charge of what goes on there in the tank, so you’ll be taking orders from him. He's pretty hard on you young 'jacks', but Sam knows his stuff. Don't worry, he will tell you what to do.”

I started to pick up the bucket filled halfway with very thick, light black tar-like 'paint' and the massive brush beside it. The kindly boson spoke again. “One more thing, son, it's dangerous to stay inside and breathe these paint fumes too long. So be smart, don't be afraid to take a lot of fresh air breaks. If Sam objects, just tell him I told you to come out whenever you wanted to. If you feel dizzy or faint, for God's sake stop painting and come back here to me in the engine room and get some fresh air and maybe a coke or a coffee, do you understand?”

His message and fatherly concern for my welfare was clear. I heard him well and said, “Yes, sir!” Nodding at him with a smile, I picked up the bucket and brush, finding the bucket surprisingly light. I stepped through the first hatch opening and clambered from hatch to hatch as told; following the light cord at my feet. I figured there must really be a lot of air in the tar-like paint. The bucket of coal-black paint seemed surprisingly light, considering the five-gallon bucket was well over half full.

Just as I got through the third hatch, to my delight I saw and heard my close buddy George, who was about my age, coming out for a fresh air break. He broke into a silly grin and greeted me with a thick, slurred voice. He was obviously quite drunk. I thought George might fall flat at any moment. He was stumbling and looked like he might fall down and really hurt himself. I set my bucket of paint and brush down. He leaned on my right arm as I supported his body weight and helped him clamber slowly back through the two hatches leading back into the engine room.

Even with me propping him up, George stumbled clumsily and almost fell several times. He was literally falling-down drunk. I laughingly helped him backtrack, holding him erect until we arrived at the engine room hatch and guided him through it. The boson would lead him toward a table where he would sit and have a hot coffee and much needed fresh air.

It did not make sense. I felt a sudden seemingly righteous anger well up inside of me. “Why in the world, if it was dangerous to be painting inside of the water ballast tanks like I was told, had the engine room boson allowed my best friend George inside when it was so obvious that he was
falling-down drunk?" I knew George loved his beer and got drunk easily. And where did George get hold of so much beer to drink? I hadn't seen any sign of empty beer bottles in the engine room.

I turned and trekked back slowly from hatch to hatch, soon arriving at the furthermost tank where the ‘old salt’ Sam was now painting alone. Sam was at least 50 years old. He seemed angry that George had left for a fresh-air break so soon. He never even asked my name. Even though he too was only a lowly Seaman 2nd Class like me, he immediately began barking brusque orders. He pointed a bony finger covered with black paint at the dry low ceiling overhead, then at the one remaining flat dry wall. He told me to just dip my big brush into the five-gallon bucket and spread paint over the ceiling overhead until every inch of it was wet and shining. He added that he did not want to see a dry spot anywhere on the ceiling when I was finished with it.

Then he said it was time for his fresh air break and that if he and George had not returned before I finished the ceiling, I should just keep on painting until I finished painting the last yet-to-be-painted wall. He said not to move anything or start painting the adjoining empty water ballast tank until he and George returned.

Perhaps it was just the contrast, but when I arrived at the ballast tank where Sam was still painting, the one light bulb attached to the extension cord that plugged into the engine room seemed to spread a whole lot of light. It was easy to see what was painted and what was not. Sam pointed out to me that there was a wet shine to the painted areas, while the yet unpainted surface ceiling and wall was flat and dull, showing no reflection of light.

Maybe the paint fumes were already affecting me, but his lack of warmth and his bossy know-it-all attitude grated severely on my nerves. Still the engine room boson told me that he had put Sam in charge of the painting crew, so I strict navy protocol obligated me to follow Sam's orders.

I could hardly wait for him to go. I wanted him to go. I gulped down my anger, grabbed the eight-inch wide brush and dipped it into the thick smelly black paint. Okay, then. This was not to be a fancy paint job. We only needed to make sure all surfaces were covered thoroughly with the tar-like black pitch. I loaded up my brush and started throwing it on the ceiling of the ballast tank that was maybe less than twelve inches over my head. It was an easy reach since the length of the boar brush bristles and
the handle extended my reach another good nine inches. I could feel my face being spotted with black paint.

Sam stood with hands on hips and watched me follow his orders for a few moments. Then he tossed his brush into his now completely empty bucket and lugged it with him as he clambered through the hatch. He was an old navy man so he was not in any big rush to do anything. I heard Sam make his way laboriously back from hatch to hatch to the fresh air and to the cup of hot coffee waiting for him there.

I felt instant relief from my anger the moment Sam was gone. I kept loading up my brush with paint and gradually splashed and covered more and more of the surface of the ballast tank ceiling overhead. I was determined to surprise both George and Sam when they returned with how much was done.

I worked hard and fast for a good four or five minutes longer when all at once I felt a sudden uneasy twinge; a sense of nausea. I was surprised and dropped my painting speed to a much slower pace. I did not like the feeling of nausea. I consciously tried to shrug off a persistent negative thought of not feeling well. As a rule, I hardly remember ever feeling so tired or sick.

My strong, young 18-year-old body was normally naturally charged with high vitality and abundant energy. I had greater than normal body strength due to my daily powerful Charles Atlas “dynamic tension” exercise routine. The muscles rippled all over my body and were hard as steel. I usually felt invincible.

Yet, despite my best efforts to deny or control it, my nauseous state was growing stronger. I suddenly realized there was no use in trying to ignore or deny it. I needed some fresh air! There was no denying that I felt ill. The somber forewarning of the boson that it was dangerous to paint inside the ballast tanks too long and for me to just come out for a break and get some fresh air if I did not feel well now rang loudly in my mind.

Without any more self-dialogue, I wisely tossed the huge brush into my bucket as Sam had done. I eased my body out from hatch to hatch; until I finally arrived at the last hatch.

I was about to stick my black-painted shoe and foot through it and clamber back into the brightly lit engine room. Instead, as I arrived at the hatch, I stuck my head into the engine room to take a long deep breath of sweet fresh air; which seemed to make me feel even much dizzier. I
peered through the hatch into the lighted engine room and saw my friend George, Sam and the boson hunched over a makeshift metal table joking and laughing, enjoying a hot coffee and a fresh air break. I guessed that George must be drinking a lot of black coffee to sober him up!

Sam sat with his back to me. He noticed the eyes of George and the boson lift as they spotted me about ready to clamber through the hatch into the engine room. They all seemed so surprised to see me back for a break and a breath of fresh air so quickly. At least, that is the thought and feeling that I “felt” projected toward me.

Sam wheeled his wiry body around at the sight of me and deliberately raised his voice. He wanted to make sure I would hear his sarcasm clearly, ‘these young whippersnappers are all ‘goddam’ goldbricks. I ain't seen one of 'em that knows how to do a decent lick of work!” His eyes met mine with a very brutal, belligerent and challenging glare. He swung his head and jaw, side-to-side with a toothy scowl to emphasize his apparent disdain of all “goldbricks.”

I stood riveted there a moment, feeling a deep rage churn inside of me. How dare this old salt loudly and publicly call me a goldbrick? One of the very worst insults you could give to anyone in service. His insults made me seethe with anger. Sam did not know that I had been raised up on a farm and had worked hard almost every day of from early childhood up to age 17 when I had so foolishly and so regretfully enlisted for what turned out to be for me two hellish long years in the Navy.

I gulped down a final last breath of sweet fresh air, wheeled on my heels and briskly made my return way back hatch by hatch to the ballast tank where my now almost empty bucket of paint and brush were laying. I bent over and seized my paintbrush, vowing to myself that I would paint until I dropped if necessary. I would show Sam and anyone else who thought I was a goldbrick that I could outwork and, if necessary, outfight any one of them!

My anger seemed to bristle and grow. My immature ego kept fanning the flame. I kept dipping my brush into the bucket and splattering paint over every dry surface I could spy on the ceiling overhead. I imagined angrily I was splashing the black paint all over Sam's sardonic grinning face. Yes, indeed, I would show them all!

However, destiny had other plans. All at once I began to feel so sick and nauseous that there was no way to ignore it. My body felt deathly ill. I
had the sudden intuitive feeling if I did not get back for fresh air quick, I would begin vomiting or faint and fall.

Common sense was beginning to win out. I reasoned with myself. Perhaps I was being foolish. Why was I so angry? It did not matter what Sam or anyone in the navy thought or felt about me.

I bent down to dip my paintbrush into the little remaining black pitch and lifted it up overhead thinking, “I am so close to being done with the ceiling overhead. This last brush full ought to finish off that last small dry area on the ceiling above me. Then I will go back to the engine room for fresh air before I do pass out.” I reached for it. That was my last, sensible, but now far too late conscious thought before my imminent death.

I had reached up to splash a last big brush full of paint on that remaining dry spot above me. Then all at once it seemed everything around me began to spin. At the same time, the walls seemed to be sliding up and down. The entire black room seemed to spin faster and faster and faster. It was just too fast for me. I simply could not keep up with the growing speed of it.

**Click!**

The next instant the entire world as I had just known it for 18 years was gone!

**Click!**

I AM a spark! I AM wholly, solely and suddenly only a pure, crackling spark of electricity and light!

**Click!**

Again, something changed! For whatever reason, every single fiber, atom and molecule of my body and being felt like it was immersed in a sea of raging fire. It was painful beyond words. Yet, no matter how hard I tried to move to escape that fire and flame, there was no direction in space to go to escape from it. That intense, inescapable, fiery pain raged and burned through every atom of my conscious being. It was too painful for my consciousness to bear!

**Click!**

I lost conscious awareness again.

**Click!**
Another abrupt transition! I was consciously now wholly free of pain; poised, aware, but motionless in a seeming dark void. My first thought was, “Where am I?” The answer came almost simultaneously.

I knew my body had died. I had just experienced the sudden unexpected total death of my 18 year old physical body.

**Click!**

A flood of light entered and passed through my now seeming fully whole and conscious being.

**Click!**

In one flash, I abruptly experienced a total living flashback of every single feeling, thought and act of the past eighteen years of my life on Earth in that now dead human body left far behind. Not one single event in my entire lifetime was missing from my observation, my so electrified awareness.

I stood calmly poised in eternity and carefully studied all eighteen years of that entire lifetime from birth to death. Though beyond my understanding of how it happened, my entire lifetime was encapsulated and yet clearly extended, seen, reviewed and relived in one flashing moment!

I literally relived and judged my each and every thought, feeling and action with great care and concern. I carefully evaluated every choice I had made each moment, hour and day of that suddenly now just passed yet so obviously fleeting lifetime.

My whole being was appalled. I could clearly see all that had transpired. I judged exactly where I had succeeded and where I had failed in each event or experience. It was far more than any judgmental God ever could or ever would make, though I know now that our ever caring and loving God judges no one!

It was also very clear that I had failed to accomplish the mission I had agreed to come and complete in that embodiment on Earth. I felt very sad.

**Click!**

Another swift and abrupt transition occurred. I was still in an “observer” mode, but suddenly I was suddenly back in old Egypt reliving brief, but pertinent segments of a former lifetime there. In that lifetime I had
been birthed and cast in a role as a powerful Pharaoh ruler, recorded in history books as Ahmose II (the second) reigning about 1600 BC.

Instead of focusing on fulfilling my Earth mission, I soon got lost in the power and politics of being a powerful Pharaoh. Thus, in Old Egypt as well I died before successfully completing my Earthly mission; the very same mission I had sacredly vowed to complete before birth in my just vacated 18-year-old body just vacated, where I had failed again!

Click!

Again, for obvious emphasis, I was in observer mode and consciously and swiftly relived brief fragments of the essence of yet another lifetime; a very ancient life, I sensed it was well over 10,000 years ago, in the region of Tibet. Due to a very foolish act of deluded belief, I died too early to assume my full power and authority as “a living God-King” of that ancient nation in that ancient time.

In one scene shown clearly to me, I was seated regally high on a colorful throne. I was carried on the shoulders of a caravan of very devoted religious followers through a teeming crowd of millions of subjects who fell at my feet as I passed before them. Yet I failed to fulfill my agreed to pre-birth mission, adding up to three consciously seen lifetime failures of the same mission!

Click!

I stood poised again in a dark void of space feeling strong inner pangs of deep regret; completely overwhelming feelings of sorrowful regret and guilt. I was judging and punishing myself more than any other human could. I saw and knew clearly that I had failed to achieve my before birth soul contract, my avowed mission, during all three of the former embodied human Earth lifetimes I had just reviewed.

Looking back at my lifetimes on Earth in human embodiment, I also knew beyond any vestige of a doubt that 3-D life was not real. Each life was only a dream and that I had just awakened from a dream. I understood clearly that every dramatic dream of a life on Earth was simply and only pure illusion. It had no real or eternal substance or true life. Form, by God’s law, is never eternal. It appears and then disappears.

These vivid and seemingly very real physical embodiments were only dreams. I knew absolutely that my own ‘I Am’ awareness was real, eternal and all-encompassing, yet all of the intense human drama, human
suffering and limitations or lack experienced on Earth that seemed so real while I was immersed in them were only empty dreams. There was no reality, no real substance or eternal truth to them. It was sheer illusion. A dream is only a dream!

Yet, it seemed important in some way that I return to that dream world and accomplish my extremely important objective or mission in it. Whatever it was, I obviously had failed.

The thought that somehow, someway, I would travel back through the void to Earth and repossess my body; to go on' to complete or fully manifest my ‘thrice-failed” mission, grew stronger and stronger within me. With a burst of self-intent, resolve and will power, I decided to make the effort.

Click!!

Instantly I saw a thin path of light open before me. I knew beyond any doubt that if I followed that path of light it would lead me back through the void to my expired 18-year-old human body on Earth. So, through an act of will, I began to slowly move forward, gradually picking up speed in a steady flow, moving on that thin pathway of light that continued to keep opening up before me.

All at once, I heard a strange cacophony of sound and saw an immense swarm of every conceivable ugly, fearful, monstrous and demonic shapes or forms that only a mind in hell could imagine. That sudden horde of cackling, shrieking, howling demons swooped down upon me and around me. I had no idea what was happening. I realized that these loathsome and obviously very evil band of spooks, phantoms, ghosts or whatever were determined to block my way back into my human body. For whatever reason, they were bound and determined with all their might and means to keep me from ever returning back to my human Earth body as I deeply desired.

To say I was frightened out of my wits is a major understatement. Though none of these horrible lower astral denizens actually touched or made contact with my being, the gripping terror and utter fear I felt by their sudden attack brought my flow on the path of light leading to my expired Earth body to an abrupt halt. Every atom or fiber of my being felt paralyzed; frozen with fright.

Yet something began to stir deep within my mind. A calm feeling rose within me and a single thought took clear, distinct shape in my mind.
“Why, am I doing this the hard way! All I have to do is call to God for help!”

No sooner had that thought formed in my mind when I saw a tiny bright pinpoint of white light appear in the far distance. The light was whiter and brighter than any white light I had ever seen on Earth. It picked up size and speed, growing larger and larger as it approached me faster and faster.

At what seemed a split moment later; the dazzling white light was at my side. It was pure love and light surrounding and enfolding me. I knew that God has answered my call for help. The ghastly, demonic horde of evil astral beings that had harassed and frightened me to the depths of my Being were gone. They obviously had all been consumed in the Light of God that never fails!

The sheer, utter eternal and exquisite bliss I felt through every fiber of my Being by being in God's Presence cannot be described in any language or form. The love, joy and peace that permeated me through and through is, was and ever will be humanly indescribable.

In audible spoken words addressed directly to me, God stated, “I AM you and you are ME. We are ONE!”

In answer to my desire to go back to Earth and once again 'take up’ my expired, now discarded or dead body, God explained that it could and would be done if that were my soulful will or desire.

God explained the other choice would simply be for me to remain in His Kingdom with Him in Heaven, stating again, “For you and I are One.”

Or, if I wished I could choose other parents and another time period to be re-birthed and re-embodied once again on Earth to continue my mission in an entirely new body. God made it clear that whatever choice I made, “It would be done instantly.”

Without any further thought, I knew that I wanted with all my might and power to return into my just discarded dead body back there in the engine room of the ship where I had died!

**Click!**

A split moment later, I felt the entire vibratory nature of my whole Being feel much heavier and grosser and denser. Along with that heavy, gross feeling came a revelation, a rush of triumphant joy. I knew God had granted my soulful desire. An incredibly exciting thought filled my Being,
“I AM—Why, I AM going to live!”

Click!

At that precise moment, I literally felt I was fully back in my very groggy, dense body; that a heavy “coat of skin” again was wrapped around my spiritual inner Being. Yes, I was definitely alive and back in my physical body again!

I blinked my eyes and moved my head slightly. I was laying flat on my back on the cold metal deck of the engine room with a small crowd of excited sailors gathered around me. My eyes blinked several times for I needed to adjust them to the sudden brilliance of the light hanging overhead in the engine room of the ship.

At the same time as I stirred, I heard the voices of several different sailors working on, bending over or standing by me shout excitedly, “He’s coming too!”

Someone, probably the engine room boson, shouted, “stand back everybody, give him air!” My body movement and now wide-open eyes brought a host of shouts and cheers. Obviously, everyone there felt a wave of relief that I was really alive and conscious after all, for all signs indicated that my body had expired.

I learned afterward that for almost twenty minutes after finding and bringing me back to the engine room, they could find no sign of breathing or a heartbeat in my body. Yet several of them were determined to keep working to try to revive what seemed like my dead body; all hoping some kind of a miracle could occur, and it did!

Of course, I knew then, as I know now, that it was nothing done at a physical or outer world level that brought me back into repossession of a lifeless body. It had definitely expired. I knew beyond any doubt that my physical body had been clinically, truly dead.

My unexplainable and miraculous return and repossession of my body was definitely not an “outside” job, but an “inside” job. It was a precious gift to me personally from and through the Grace of God, Who has made it possible for me to fulfill the pre-birth contract that I failed to fulfill in my two former briefly reviewed incarnations thousands of years apart on Earth before.
My elation was indescribable. I sobbed and sobbed for joy. I insisted on being helped to stand upright on my feet, explaining between sobs of joy that God alone had brought me back to life.

I wanted to be helped up the spiral stairwell leading up to the top deck by someone. I said I wanted to be where I could lay in the bright sun all by myself to get some fresh air and give endless thanks to God for allowing me come back to my physical body on Earth.

Several minutes later, I was helped up to the brightly shining top deck. As I requested, the crowd of sailors stood aside or slowly and quietly moved away. I laid there on the hot grey deck on a thick woolen navy blanket thrown down by a crew member for my comfort.

Through floods of tears, I poured out my great thanks and great joy to God for being alive!

A few sailors stood by and watched while I unabashedly sobbed and sobbed; feeling a gratitude and joy for life that racked wave after wave of deep ecstatic joy through my entire body and soul. My heartfelt, deep-well expression of joy must have lasted for ten minutes before a final deep, blissful feeling of mighty calm and peace settled and stilled my grateful Being. I was now awake to a deep and eternal new knowledge; to a shining new life reality!

I knew I was NOT my body. My death was literally my awakening!

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Chapter 2
Early Recollections and Premonitions

The earliest meaningful recollection I have as a young child was how I greatly liked going to bed at night. No matter how cloudy the evening sky outside was, when I closed my eyes and altered my focus just a little, a vast sky-blue Cosmos appeared. I saw a glittering, gleaming panorama of beautiful stars from my admiring and innocent closed-eyes perspective. It seemed so natural. In my naïve childish
innocence, I thought everyone could and did view at will this inner-mind-seen star-studded universe before dozing off to sleep.

This natural, innate capability to open my ‘third eye” to see and joyfully bask in the magnificent star-studded beauty of the cosmos ended after I was told, often, by my mother and much older brothers and sisters (five of them) that it was impossible. Imagine my surprise when they told me that in no way was it ever possible for anyone to close their eyes and see the stars in the sky. That I was just imagining it—and I had better quit it right away.

It appeared what I loved—they feared.

At the early age of 7, I recall my older brother Richard—my idol who seemed to know everything and who was loved a lot by everyone who knew him—let me and my younger brother ride to the store with him. His errand was to buy the week’s list of groceries for my mother who worked daily in the field since she worked all day, seven days a week and had no free time to do the grocery shopping. As a widow, she was focused on raising six children and all six of us expressed our great and loving gratitude to her when we matured.

The grocery store was a few miles away on a rural farm. The driveway off the road led up a steep hill to where the grocery store was standing. He saw a parking space and parked, but before getting out, he told us to wait in the car for him, that he would be back in a few short minutes.

Because he parked on a sloping hill, he pulled back on the brake and set the brake lever so the car would not go rolling backwards down the hill. Brother Richard told us to stay put in the back seat and to behave ourselves while he was gone.

As soon as my brother Richard disappeared through the doorway into the grocery store, I climbed over to the front seat followed closely by my brother O’, age six. I sat behind the steering wheel of the car and acted as though I was turning right and left, steering the car to some imaginary destination ahead. O’ got into the spirit of the game and fumbled around with the all the knobs and light switches and whatever else he could get his little hands on.

I could hardly believe it! Suddenly we were moving and gathering speed fast, instead of imagining it. I needed to steer the car “for real.” Little O’ had just bent down and released the car brakes. Instead of going
forward, as I had been pretending, our car was rolling backward faster and faster.

A higher power than my own must have taken over my body and being. As I turned my head to look behind us, I could see unless I turned the wheel we would crash broadside into a station wagon. I intuitively turned the steering wheel in the correct direction and we missed the station wagon by inches.

We were still rolling backward, once again aimed straight for a crash into another customer's parked car behind us.

I heard someone shouting in the distance, “Look out, turn the wheel!”

Just in the knick of time, and only through some inner form of guided reflex action, I turned the steering wheel the other direction and we rolled past it, another very near miss.

Our car continued rolling backward down and across an open field to a level area where, to my great relief, our car came to a full stop. O’ was watching with wide eyes and laughing gleefully all the while.

My heart was pounding. I sat there with my little hands glued tightly to the steering wheel. My brother Richard and a school friend of his had walked out of the grocery store just in time to see the entire miraculous event. He said he could not believe his eyes. He saw me miss the first car “by a hair” and shouted at me to turn the wheel when he saw our car heading right at the other one.

He and his friend shook their heads in disbelief, both were absolutely astounded. Richard never tired of telling our family and friends of the day when at age 7 I steered the car backwards downhill and missed two cars when there was hardly any space or time for a 7-year-old to make the miraculous maneuvers I had made.

He said it would have been very tricky to make the turns fast enough to miss hitting the two vehicles involved while driving forward, and yet I had done it while going in reverse. I had turned the steering wheel in the right direction at exactly the right second.

At birth, each of us possess genes prepared to provide us with a body that potentially can have great body strength as well as a subtle reserve of other outstanding natural capabilities just waiting to be found, known or summoned and utilized.
I would be tested in a car almost thirty years later and discover I had almost instant perfect reflex action. The official conducting the tests told me my reflex action score went off the scales or charts, higher than ever before recorded.

Ten years after that incident, when taking various tests after my enrollment in the U.S. Navy at age 17, I received a very high score and told I possessed extraordinarily high stereoscopic vision, very necessary in radar school training. On taking the standard Navy IQ test, my score enabled me to enroll in Naval Radar Training School, which on completion I would have graduated with an officer rank. However, other events greatly altered what could have been. Instead of being at the top, destiny was going to put me on the very bottom rung for my entire two-year hitch. Destiny has its own plans for each of us, but these are plans we personally choose and agree to before our births in human form.

I was destined to be a Seaman 2nd Class, lowest of the low, as you have already discovered.

Then I had another monumental destiny to know, to find and to experience what genuine IMMORTALITY could be and would be! And that is what the rest of my life story is all about.

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Chapter 3
My Surprising Personal ‘Psychic Windfall’ After My Death At 18

For a good 30 days after my unexpected and abrupt death experience, there was a sudden and very notable change in my human consciousness. One of these big changes was at a physical level; even “visible.”

My close Navy ship buddy, George, was quite happy to see me literally “come 'back to life’” and commented often about it for several weeks. He kept shaking his head in amazement. He told me there was
definitely a bright shine, a clear bright light in my eyes (the windows of
the soul) that had not shown there before my death experience.

As well, my 'inner' state at a personal conscious level was as if some-
one or something had thrown a powerful protective shield around my con-
sciousness. It was literally impossible for me to think, feel or express a
single negative thought or feeling, or to make a single negative action in
any way toward anyone around me for at least 30 days after my deliriously
happy return to my physical body

Consider the crude, foul talk and rude, sometimes cruel behavior
toward each other of several hundred males caged closely together, long
void of female company or privacy, and you will get the picture. Being a
kind and gentle person made me appear to be from some other planet or
from another dimension. My ego had vanished so nothing anyone else,
feet, thought, said or did mattered. I lived in a state of undisturbed daily
gratitude and joy.

I had no negative thoughts or desire to feel fear, anger or any negative
emotion toward any of my shipmates, not even the bosons or officers, not
even toward Jim H. My nature had been transmuted. My view and
perspective toward myself, people and things had swung from the typical
and normal guilt-ridden, confronting, aggressive “sinner” type most of us
behave like to a gentle, calm, soft-spoken “observer mode” that seemed
totally out of place aboard ship.

However, from the moment of my return to my body to this day, I
have felt a deep passion and aliveness and I have given great thanks to be
alive in my body each day upon arising and each night before going to
sleep. It did not matter what anyone around me said or did. I simply could
not and would not act or subjectively react in a chaotic or negative way
toward anyone. For those thirty days, I felt comfort and at peace with
myself and with others around me. Like St. Paul, I was “in the world but
not ’of’ the world.” I lived in a truly magical, miraculous, wonderfully
altered good world. The word good is a “corruption” of the word God.

After that approximately thirty-day period, I gradually moved back
into the atypical dysfunctional human world; the aggressive, guilt-laden,
confrontational humanoid behavior labeled “normal” by society or social
consciousness.

Somehow, in some way, my entire human Being had been charged
and uplifted simply by being immersed and literally “standing” in God's
Radiant Presence. Some of that radiance undoubtedly rubbed off on me, at
least for those first thirty days or so after my death.
As you will discover, I have fully enjoyed, encountered, acknowledged and often given deep, heartfelt thanks to God for a host of heavenly miracles in my life! Some of them were literally lifesaving as far as my healthful but ephemeral mortal physical body is concerned.

Over time and from many master teachers, I have learned I AM; to simply and consciously expect many miracles in my daily life. By God's Law we experience or become what we put our attention and focus upon!

What one has done, any other can do. It’s your choice; why not choose to be a daily miracle in someone’s life? Together, let’s be a daily miracle to ourselves and to others. It’s a fun life.

So be it.

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Chapter 4
Overcoming Paralysis of Both Legs from Polio

The Holy Spirit is doing it widely on Earth now, so using that sacred model; let’s simply collapse a little time and effort here. This following account, reproduced word for word, comes from a chapter I wrote very recently for another of my soon to be published books titled Your Soulmate is Calling. God’s divine spirit within our seeming dense human body is formidable.

(Excerpted chapter)

Chapter 3
So–Can YOU Manifest a Soulmate or a Twin Ray

A cardinal law of the universe is that by nature any question we ask, the answer is within the person who poses a question.

In this case, the answer is a resounding, loud, emphatic, “Yes!”

I declare this with assurance since I personally have summoned or called forth not only a Soulmate, but quite a few seeming impossible things as well. With a steady determined
focus, my deep desires and grand dreams have manifested. My first really big impossible one was to recover from polio that paralyzed both my legs. I was unable to move them no matter how hard I tried.

In my early youth, I planned and practiced daily to become a professional basketball player. I chose to play with or against the bigger crowds of kids or grownups, for I already knew I could learn far more from them than from my own age group. By age 17 when I joined the Navy, I was well-known in high school circles as one of the very best high school basketball players in the entire state of Michigan, USA, where I grew up.

After boot camp training in the western part of the USA, I was rapidly transferred to an Officer's Radar Training school in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, USA. This was a plush life—I was living high in a fancy top-of-the-line hotel where all of us who were training for radar school were quartered. I felt like I had the whole world in my hands.

However, disaster struck. One day out of nowhere my testicles swelled to abnormal size and were very painful. I became deathly ill and was rushed to the nearest Naval Hospital where at least five doctors merged around me trying to determine what had caused my dire illness. They soon discovered my seeming bloodless, snow-white paralyzed legs that showed no feeling.

After days of conferring with each other, performing an extremely painful spinal tap (without anesthesia so it took four strong male nurses to hold me still) and being fed handfuls of tablets and capsules every few hours, a doctor finally consulted with me. He told me some very bad news. The doctors had diagnosed my condition as Poliomyelitis. He said my legs might be paralyzed for life! I was shocked.

Then and there I resolved with my heart and soul—that very instant—no matter what the doctors did or said, nothing would keep me from recovering, from going forward after my discharge from the Navy into the professional basketball field that I so desired with all of my being!

There are no accidents. Months prior to my joining the Navy I bought and read a book by Charles Atlas on how he was transformed from a 137-pound weakling to one of the strongest men in the world. He explained he never used weightlifting or anything except his mind and imagination and the counter-stress
of mentally and physically pitting one muscle movement against another!

He called this revolutionary new technique, “Dynamic Tension,” something that I had been practicing for a few months already before joining the Navy. I knew the technique worked because I saw my own thin body had become more muscular. I had added 15 pounds to my weight and felt healthier and stronger daily.

When the doctor told me I might never walk again, I would not and could not accept it. I vowed within me that I would be back up on my legs and playing my beloved game of basketball with joy and fervor again within two or three months. Thus, each day after doing my dynamic exercise routine with the upper part of my torso, which I could move freely, I imagined—even though there was not even the slightest sign of movement showing—that my left leg was straining and moving away from my right leg, and vice versa. Though there was not even the merest hint of movement the first week, I kept up my imagined dynamic tension movement of my legs. I imagined that I was bending my leg fully at the knee or lifting one leg up high, then imagining the other leg was up in the air. In my mind, I pushed up or pulled down my leg with all of my might and strength—day and night, day after day—dozens of times. Often, a nurse would stand and watch, wondering what I seemed to be straining at, what I was trying to do.

“Persistence pays” is not a mindless saying. Within two weeks, I could feel and see that movement was coming back into my legs. At first, the movement was very slight, but the doctors were amazed. All of them said whatever I was doing, to keep on doing it! In another week, I was actually taking turns lifting one leg up after the other, even trying to get up out of my hospital bed and trying to stand up on them. The nurses who saw me try to stand insisted I stop and get back in bed again. However, I was determined to walk again.

In less than two months, I was walking around in the hospital on crutches. By the end of the third month, I was discharged from the hospital. I was a fully recovered patient.

After another month or two, I was actually back on a Navy basketball court. I had to learn how to play basketball all over again. I developed a completely different form and style of shooting baskets, of dribbling, of the moves and fakes that are a part of basketball skill mastery. Yet slowly and surely, I did it.
I did a dumb thing. I decided one night to go out and have fun in the bustling tourist city of Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, without permission. A bed check discovered my absence and I was booted out of Radar School.

Very soon after, the Navy transferred me back to the West Coast again and assigned me to naval duty aboard one of the largest naval oil tankers, the U.S.S. Ashtabula. All the while, I had developed and persisted with my dynamic tension exercises. I easily won the ship's all-weight wrestling match. No one aboard ship could last more than a minute or two against my great strength. A few days later when the big event was over, I was declared the All-Weight Wrestling Champion of our U.S.S. Ashtabula. Topping it off, I dined with officers and was awarded a three-day pass when we made port in Calcutta, India. I spent three exciting days having endless fun while my shipmates had to stay aboard ship all during our stay in exotic Calcutta.

Two years later, after receiving my honorable discharge from the Navy and finishing my last year of high school, I received an honorary basketball scholarship to Western Michigan University. The basketball coach there was thrilled to have me on his team---but as soon as the basketball season began, I was offered the opportunity to play professional basketball.

In 1947, I began a joyous fun-filled pro basketball career, playing all over the USA and other countries, a career that ended in 1955 in a severe car accident. However, my dream was more than amply fulfilled. I had dreamed and held on to the dream that I would grow up and be a pro basketball player---and it had become a thrilling manifest reality!

The message I AM relaying to you is that I learned it was possible to manifest even the most seemingly impossible dream simply by faith and a persistent forward motion toward my goal. I also learned to rejoice when anyone broke any new record or accomplished anything that was beyond the norm, simply because I knew that if someone else could do it and if it was my deep desire to do it as well that no matter what the odds that appeared against it, I could do it too! That applies equally to you as well.

Can YOU manifest a Soulmate or a Twin Ray? I know from my own experience over many wonderful years in human embodiment that I could and did manifest several most wondrous Soulmates. Chances are that before this planet Earth unfolds into its final Golden Age and ascends into its destined fifth dimension,
my Twin Ray will merge with me and I with her. The chances are good that you too will not only manifest a Soulmate before then, but as well your own divine Twin Ray. I know that if I can, if others have done it, then you can do it! The question then arises: Will you do it? Knowing you can do something is one thing. Doing it requires your own act of will, as this manifestation is one that no one else can do for you! Can is a knowing! Will is a doing!

What helps anyone is knowing that he or she can do it because others have already shown the way or have done it, whatever it is. So, if you wish to succeed in making any desire you hold become manifest as a 3-D reality, it is wise to read or hear the personal success stories of how others have done it. During my course of serious self-education, I was fortunate to know about and secure a series of volumes titled, The Greatest Scientists in The World, The Greatest Statesmen In The World, etc.

(end of excerpted Chapter 3)

The stories and knowledge of their astounding successes certainly added to my own motivation or inspiration to achieve the many various noted successes in life I have achieved to date. May you do the same.

Chapter 5

My Dream of Becoming A Professional Basketball Player Comes True

My older brother and role model supreme, Richard, was a better than average basketball player. He made it as a regular first-string player on our hometown high school basketball team in his sophomore year. Most do not make it to a first string regular level until they are high school juniors.

From early childhood, I observed how my brother Richard practiced and practiced to be good at shooting baskets, dribbling, passing, faking, sidestepping, etc., and was very adept at it.
I recall one time when playing “one-on-one” against him (and though I was four years younger, I was already a very formidable foe) when Richard made a very long shot and won the game, I grimaced and wailed loudly, “Boy, you sure are lucky!”

Richard placed both hands on his hips, body posture and voice well aligned, “Michael, there is no such thing as luck! You're either good or you ain’t!” Of course, Richard, who always appeared calm, cool, collected and wise beyond his years, may have used a little exaggerated “emphasis” just to make a point.

Richard was normally a very polite, considerate and respectful brother; showing recognition and honor to everyone. He always was encouraging me to do the same. Thus, this was a rather out of character teaching style for him–but it imprinted an instant strong and indelible memory marker in my mind.

Looking, but not staring, back, I think it might have been that moment that crystallized my greatly determined desire that whatever practice, practice it took, I would one day become one of the best pro basketball players around.

I loved playing basketball with every fiber of my being! I was definitely foreordained to make this deep desire of pro status within me a reality. I knew, as my brother Richard suggested, if I really wanted to be good or one of the best around, I needed to play basketball with kids much older than myself, which I did at every opportunity.

Through practicing every day to “do shots” (make baskets with the ball) that seemed impossible to others like turning my body one way while shooting over my head from my other side, by the time I was in my freshman year in high school I made first string regular (an almost unheard of feat). I was usually in the first five, regular game start-up position.

Once basketball season started, in no time I was recognized in high school circles throughout the entire state of Michigan as a top team player. No one was surprised when I was selected as one of the two All-State forwards of the five players comprising Michigan’s All Star basketball team at our high school class C tournament status level.

After an illustrious basketball season at the end of my junior year in high school, I was 17. Spirit must have decided it was time to learn the difference between talking and action.
Three of my close basketball team friends made a pact that the four of us would join in an exciting adventure I had dreamed up. We would all hitchhike to Hollywood, California, almost 2000 miles west, after our school year ended.

Sadly, to my chagrin and great disappointment, one by one, all three of them came up with very flimsy excuses why they just could not go with me. I was furious with them, but I decided I would do what I had vowed to do and honor our pact whether they did or not. That foolish decision was an irrevocable decision in my heart and mind.

Against the wishes of my mother and against the strong advice of my very alarmed older brothers and sisters, a few days later I packed a small travel bag, hugged my mother goodbye (who slipped me an extra few “bucks”), said my goodbye’s to those staying behind; and set off by foot on my long journey ahead.

I was in amazing good luck. I hitchhiked the long way across the USA from Michigan to California—catching several long rides almost nonstop, mostly from truck drivers. I arrived in Los Angeles only four days later.

I wanted to see Hollywood, so I caught a bus there and checked into a cheap room for rent right off of Hollywood Boulevard.

A few days later, the few extra dollars my mother could spare and had given to me for my trip was nearly gone. I faced my first away-from-home survival challenge.

At the same time, the bright tinsel streets of Hollywood during war time was filled with young sailors, all of whom seemed to have beautiful girls holding their hands. The sailors looked good in their white Navy uniforms, even if most looked like what we would today label skinheads.

There were many enormous “Join the Navy and See the World” posters plastered on walls and enlistment booths at many street corners all over Hollywood. The glamour of it all got me. The more I thought about joining the Navy and seeing the world, the more the idea really appealed to me.

I soon found out what papers I needed to have my mother sign to permit me to join the Navy at age 17. I was one year under the legal age of 18. I telephoned mom collect and told her I had decided to join the Navy, like my brother Richard, who was an officer with two gold bars, had. (He
was a flight instructor in the Naval Air Command.) I told her what form to fill out and asked her to mail it to me care of general delivery to the U.S. Post Office in Hollywood, California.

My mother was shocked and adamant that she would never sign to have another son sent off to war. With lots of begging, pleading and a solemn promise to take care of myself, she finally consented. Less than a week later, the signed form was there and I was quickly processed into the U.S. Navy (maybe before I changed my mind). After getting my honorable discharge from the Navy in 1945, I knew I needed to go back and finish my last year of high school. I needed to have a diploma if I were to get a job anywhere. I also yearned to achieve my goal of becoming a pro basketball player. I was sure I would be offered a basketball scholarship to some college when my high school basketball career was over, and that did come to pass.

Prior to going back to finish my last year of high school, I was welcomed home like a war hero in our small farm community town of less than 1000 population at that time. It was also wonderful to see and greet my old hometown friends again.

Mr. B., the esteemed basketball coach at our only local high school, was elated. My younger brother O’ had helped carry our now locally famous “Michael” family basketball tradition, left by Richard and me. The high school team he graduated with had achieved an unbroken winning streak for two years! Coach B. was sure that now his winning streak would continue, at least until I turned 20-years-old, when I would disqualify to play any longer at a high school basketball team tournament player level.

Coach B. was right on target. The phenomenal almost three-year record-breaking streak of straight wins continued right up to my last game; the day before I turned 21. The local and state newspaper sportswriters had a field day writing rave reviews of my performance. They had constantly posted headlines detailing my huge tally of baskets, “Another astounding B. high school team win” with words phrases like “impossible shots by Michael,” “Amazing shots,” “out of this world,” “unbelievable shooting by Michael.”

Our small town high school's solid winning streak finally ended on the next game played by our high school team without me as a player. The sports writers made a big thing out of that as well.
Not only had I become a basketball player idol and “legend” in my home town, but as was expected, for I was advised to be prepared for it by Coach B, I got an almost immediate invitation of a free basketball scholarship at Western State College in Ann Arbor, Michigan that I accepted with glee!

However, just before we were about to begin the 1947 college basketball season, I received a surprise letter from George Anderson, coach of the then very famous House of David “bearded” basketball team. He offered me a team position and a nice salary as a professional basketball player. What a rush!

Yet, nature can often make us prove we want what we want. I still had to prove myself. I did not start in our first game as a regular. Instead, I sat on the bench with a lineup of other team player substitutes.

Then to my utter consternation, it was quite late in the game when George Anderson yelled at me to take off my sweatshirt and into the game and play as a substitute for Tom, the team captain. For whatever strange reason, instead of looking like a new hotshot on the team, not a thing I did that first night felt or looked right.

After that poor showing, I sat on the bench for several more weeks before I got another chance to show my stuff. Once more, for whatever reason, my performance was sloppy. It appeared that I just could not do anything right. At the end of the first month at payroll time, George Anderson privately handed me a wad of bills and told me he was sorry, but no matter how good a player and star I had been in high school, pro basketball was a far different league and he was letting me go from the team!

I was shattered! I had just received my “walking papers,” so I caught the first bus home. Facing my family and friends in my small hometown with the bitter news that I had been let go as a pro ball player from the House of David by the team owner and manager took courage, but I did it.

Within days after I arrived back home, the startling news spread fast, far and wide. However, I got a wonderful unexpected surprise invitation to be a regular starting line-up player in the annual St. Joseph, semi-pro industrial team, by W------l, a washing machine company known around the world. It was technically not professional basketball, but it was a semi-pro league and I loved basketball!
I was paid a salary but did not have to do a single “lick of work.” I did have to punch in at 8:00 a.m. and punch out at 5:00 p.m. at the time clock five days a week and I got a very nice weekly salary. Once again, the local area and semi-pro league sports writers wrote rave reviews of my outstanding game performances.

Late in our season, I got a surprise telegram from George Anderson. He wrote that due to injuries, etc., several of his regular starting five ball players were out of action for the season. He needed a player fast as a “fill in” for a few weeks. They play ball year round and an exhibition games tour was scheduled in Wisconsin. He wrote that he would gladly wire me the money for my travel, food and lodging, etc., and offered a very attractive salary for the few weeks they would be needing me in that part of the country if I agreed to meet and travel with the team.

My heart, body and soul agreed on the spot! I told my semi-pro coach and my boss at work at our huge industrial plant about the emergency telegram, and that I had already wired George back that I would accept his offer to play at a pro level again. I added intuitively that if George Anderson did not keep me on the team, I would probably be gone for a few weeks before I could continue my much-appreciated job and would continue to play on their semi-pro team again.

This time, put in the starting line-up, during the first game with the House of David team, I was my normal flashy whirlwind basketball player self. I had practically won the game myself! Tom Gatsyk, long-time tour team captain, came over to me after the game, surrounded by other players on our team, and all shook my hand warmly. Tom declared to me and to everyone who could hear when I had first arrived to play for the team billed as “a hotshot high school basketball star from Michigan,” he and his teammates thought I was a real stumblebum. None of them really wanted to play with me. Tom shook my hand hard a second time. He grinned widely and told me I was one of the best basketball players he had seen around and I was very welcome to be a full-time starting line-up team member. Tom said he knew that George Anderson would certainly agree. George was in grinning full agreement and soon became a warm, kindly father figure for me in the wonderful, thrilling and exciting years ahead of playing pro-basketball all around the USA and in many other countries too; Spring, Summer, Winter and Fall and I loved it!
From that day forward, my pro ball career rose upward and onward. My dream had come true. I was the much admired and well-respected pro-basketball player I had dreamed about being!

Chapter 6
Meeting My First Soulmate In This Lifetime

Seven years of playing pro basketball almost non-stop across the USA, Hawaii, Canada and other countries was tremendously fulfilling to my body and soul. I loved basketball with a passion and I quite normally put my heart and soul into every game I played.

George Anderson hired a set of pro ball player twins, the White brothers, to join our team. They were from a suburban Chicago area. Both of the White twins were not only terrific basketball players but wonderful companions too, and I struck up an immediate warm friendship with them.

In the course of getting to know each other during the first several months after they joined our House of David basketball team, one of the twins showed me a picture of his beautiful 16-year-old cousin, Bonnie B., who lived in San Francisco. I knew we were scheduled to play there and it would be our base for two weeks the next month. When I saw the photo of Bonnie, my heart jumped a beat. The twins proudly said that Bonnie was a billboard model for Janzen swimsuits.

They told me Bonnie and her parents promised to attend the series of games we would be playing in San Francisco. Both of the White twins assured me that they would be glad to introduce me to their beautiful young cousin Bonnie and her folks when we played our first game. I was elated. It was obvious why she was a billboard model. Bonnie was stunningly beautiful. I could understand why at age 16 she was picked as a perfect billboard model.

I definitely wanted to meet Bonnie with all my heart and soul. I felt deep in my heart at that moment that Bonnie and I were destined to meet in this lifetime! That was certainly a genuine premonition, which would be
fully confirmed in the far future when I gained more insight into my far past life with Bonnie in another lifetime together in lovely Hawaii. I could hardly wait for the day to come when our team would arrive in San Francisco and I could meet and greet Bonnie in the flesh. The day finally came. Before the game got started; one of the White brothers took my arm and led me over to where Bonnie and her parents sat. He said he had arranged for the three of them and me to all meet together after our game at a nearby very popular restaurant that was open night and day.

Bonnie’s parents were very nice, and I sensed an instant warm rapport with them as well as with Bonnie and me from when we first looked into each other’s eyes and souls. It was obvious at first glance why Bonnie was chosen to be a S.F. Janzen billboard model. She shone like the sun with long blonde hair, stunning looks and a dream figure. My heart started doing flip-flops at my first sight of her. It seemed almost impossible to take my eyes off her. I was so thrilled and happy to know we would all be spending time in an all-night restaurant with her and her parents after our game that night.

Bonnie told me that basketball was her favorite spectator sport. She said she was also a cheerleader in high school and would be rooting for our team to win with all her heart and soul. Her physical beauty and the clear, sparkling, innocent purity of her body, mind and soul stunned me.

Knowing that Bonnie fervently loved basketball and was observing me play, I ramped up my body and mind to play one of the better games of my life to that date. A few hours later, Bonnie more than amply rewarded me when we met at the restaurant. She again squeezed and shook my hand warmly and whispered to me, “You are the best basketball player I have seen in my life!”

Her parents appeared to approve of me fully, as well. The White brothers both put in lots of good words to all three about my sound and trustworthy character. Obviously, all the players in this dream theater-in-the-round on Earth come on stage to play their chosen and specific roles at the exact right time and place.

Bonnie faithfully attended every single game we played those two weeks in San Francisco and close surrounding cities. Mainly Bonnie and I managed to meet and have lunch or private dinners together during or after her school hours. We always met late in the evening after all of our games. It was obvious to both of us from the start that meeting each other and our Soulmate love was meant to be. I did not know then of the deep spiritual
nature and the keen psychic powers Bonnie possessed, but I was destined to learn about them soon.

Our basketball schedule would bring us back to the San Francisco area 45 days later. Bonnie promised she would write me a letter every day until our House of David team came back to San Francisco, when our team would spend another full week based in lovely San Francisco. We both knew and expressed our deep love to each other and yearned to be close together again.

I was always “a perfect gentleman” with Bonnie. We held hands but did not share our first kiss until I kissed her goodbye at our last meeting together at our favorite restaurant, the one where we met after our first game in San Francisco. That one precious, breathless, passionate kiss kept my heart beating wildly for days and night afterwards.

I assured Bonnie that I too would be writing a daily letter to her and that she would be in my heart and on my mind every moment until I returned to hold her in my arms again. We had obviously felt an instant and deep love for each other at first sight, and the love grew. All people, places and events have a divine purpose. There are no “accidental” meetings in life!

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Chapter 7
Testing My Psychic Power ‘Wings’

True to our word, both Bonnie and I wrote daily love letters to each other. The deep soul connection between Bonnie and me became strikingly apparent after the first of the following psychic incidents.

While traveling across the nation, George Anderson would often stop and allow our basketball team to visit an hour or two at major national “monuments” like Yellowstone National Park, the Mammoth Caves found in Kentucky and Mt. Rushmore (the faces of five USA presidents carved high into the side of a mountain in South Dakota).

The next day our House of David basketball team assembled and boarded our bus, heading north on Highway 101. We left San Francisco
very early in the morning and soon arrived at the huge Redwood Tree Park, a long stretch of tall and majestic enormous redwood trees. We stopped for an hour to enjoy hot coffee and a rest, and to do some sightseeing by a restaurant advertising the “largest and oldest Redwood Tree in the world.” As I recall, the tree was easily at least a good 2,500 years old and wider at the base than three cars parked side-by-side.

Forest rangers protected the ponderous tall old tree from tourists walking right next to it and defacing it. Signs were posted all over that it was illegal and severe fines would have to be paid if anyone was caught going over to the other side of the fence and near the well-protected tree.

However, on seeing so many hearts with the initials of pairs of lovers carved all over the tree, I asked my teammates to help hoist me over the fence. I had my jackknife in my pocket and wanted to carve out a heart with my and Bonnie's initials on this tree that was thousands of years old to the lasting memory of our love. Over the ages, it would literally be an enduring sign of the deep heartfelt love Bonnie and I felt for each other, perhaps for thousands of more years! My teammates gladly helped and cheered me on.

Once over the fence, I reached up high on the tree and hastily carved a large heart and carved our initials, R.M. and B.B., in the center of it. When I finished, I raced back to the fence to avoid being caught by a Forest Ranger or park attendant and was hoisted back with several “helping hands.” My teammates cheered all the while. Knowing clearly I was breaking the law, I was glad to be back over the fence before a park official came along to arrest me for defacing the stately ancient old tree.

About ten minutes later George Anderson finished his coffee and sandwich. He called us all back to our bus and we continued on to the next city we were scheduled to play, a hundred or so miles further north. I wrote and mailed a long, passionate love letter to Bonnie daily. I missed her beautiful charming presence the first day we parted. Bonnie had our travel itinerary and sent me loving letters care of General Delivery to the post offices in the different cities where we were playing.

It was how and where George Anderson received letters from his wife or business correspondence while on tour, so it was no inconvenience whatever for him to pick up any mail along with his in whatever city we were performing.
One of the several letters waiting for me on arrival our next exhibition game with a local “All-Star” team thrilled and shocked me. George came back from the local post office and gave me three or four brief love letters from Bonnie. I ripped them open on the spot and read them all as fast my eyes could move. To my utter amazement, I read the letter Bonnie wrote and posted the second day after we were gone. In it, she told me she had a very unusual but wonderful and romantic dream, saying it seemed so real.

My eyes opened wide, Bonnie wrote that in this very vivid dream she saw me climbing over a tall fence. Once over the fence, I ran to a huge tree where I took a small knife and carved a big heart on it with our initials in the center of the heart. She emphasized that her dream was so lucid and so real. All through her dream, she could feel my great love for her. My mind was in a whirl. How could Bonnie have written about this before receiving my letter that told her I had done it? I looked at the postmark of the letter. It was mailed the day after we left San Francisco. There was no way she could have received my letter to know I had actually done what she had seen in her dream.

I showed the letter to George and told him the story. George was somewhat shocked at the deed I had done. Had he been there, he certainly would have forbidden me to do it. The House of David was a very large, rich, self-sustaining religious organization. None of us ball players were members of it. We were the best pro basketball players George could find and hire around the country, but George himself understood the reality of telepathy and psychic phenomena. He understood quite well the spiritual rapport that could exist and surface between people in love.

George said it appeared that my lovely girlfriend Bonnie must be very psychic. He smilingly said we must be true lovers, for how else could she ‘tune in’ with such a clear, graphic dream of me carving out “our love” for the whole world to see on the world’s biggest and oldest tree!

In my glee, I quickly showed Bonnie's letter describing her dream to all of my teammates. None of them could believe it—except, that is, for Bonnie's cousins, the White twins. They told me and the other team members that they believed it. They had often heard from Bonnie's parents how she had demonstrated unusual psychic powers to them and to other family members or friends on several occasions.

Back in San Francisco forty-five days later, as scheduled, I soon learned after a few responses that Bonnie could actually call to me telepathically, asking me to give her a phone call right away! Each time
after I found a phone and responded, she had always laughed merrily, saying “Hi, my sweet. So, you got my message. I just wanted to hear your voice, so I sent you a message to call me.”

I always seemed to feel her request and rushed to respond to her “call,” dashing to a nearby telephone. It was wonderful! Over the sweet days ahead while in San Francisco, Bonnie told me about the books she read and studied about Edgar Cayce, the Sleeping Prophet, from Virginia Beach, Virginia, USA, who did psychic readings concerning health and healing and of people’s many past lives.

I was very interested in Cayce. Bonnie excitedly shared some of the spiritual truths she had learned from the Cayce “readings” and in his books with me.

I was astounded. I knew beyond a doubt that Bonnie was definitely my “special other” in my life. At that time, the word “Soulmate” was unknown to mass human consciousness on Earth. In time, I would personally introduce that idea or concept, the specific word “Soulmate” to the world masses via my best-seller book in 1970. Over the years, it would become a concept or idea and the word “Soulmate” was on the hearts, minds and lips of almost everyone on Earth a few decades later.

One night while our basketball team was still “based” in glamorous San Francisco, a scheduled game was cancelled and Bonnie's folks invited me over for a family dinner. Of course, knowing of Bonnie's obvious immense interest in me, her parents, who adored her, surely wanted to get to know me better. They seized the moment with the dinner invitation, and then asked me to stay overnight in their guest room rather than go back late at night to my hotel room. I gladly and gratefully accepted. Every moment with my dear Bonnie was a Godsend to me.

After dinner and several wonderful hours of her mom and pop and me getting to know each other better, Bonnie and I slipped away into the library. We spent hours hugging, kissing and talking until it was about midnight. I realized that it was time for me to get a good night's rest. The next day our scheduled basketball game would be in a city south of San Francisco several hours away. It was an early afternoon game, so I knew George Anderson would have all of us on the road by at least 9 a.m. the next day.

Bonnie walked me to the guest room, hugged and kissed me good night and went back to visit with her mother again. I went straight to bed
and straight to sleep. While I slept, Bonnie and her mom talked about me. Then their subject changed to Bonnie's incredible gift, her psychic ability to send telepathic thoughts to me at will. Her mom challenged Bonnie to give her foolproof demonstration.

Bonnie said she would be glad to prove it. She asked her mother to draw or write down three unique objects or images. Bonnie said she would take them with her to her room and would mentally transmit them to me while I was asleep. Her mother pondered a few minutes and came up with three images. She jotted them down on a little paper pad and handed the pad to her daughter.

Bonnie fixed all three items in her mind and told her mother to keep the pad. She said that she would send the three items to me in a dream while I slept, and told her mom that as soon as I awoke and came down for breakfast to ask me if I had any unusual kind of dreams during the night while I slept.

Bonnie and her mom parted ways for the night. Her mom went to bed with her already asleep husband and Bonnie to her adjoining lovely bedroom. Later Bonnie told me she had stilled and calmed her outer and inner being. Then she psyched herself up to send me the three images in a ball of light with the absolute faith and conviction that I would see them clearly and vividly in a dream, and be able to remember and verify having seen all three in my dream when questioned by her mother in the morning.

During that night, I awoke hours after falling asleep to a very lucid dream. First, I saw a point of light, then, click, click, click, I saw all three of the images very clearly and vividly, each in bright radiant color.

I saw a glittering gold ring; a shining medieval golden castle with spires; and a large gleaming silver ice-skating rink. I knew that I certainly had dreamed something very unusual and would have no problem remembering and telling Bonnie about these vivid images first thing in the morning when I went down for a family breakfast.

I woke up bright and early and got downstairs just in time to say goodbye to Bonnie's dad. Her father was a very prosperous barber who owned his own huge San Francisco barber shop and had several employees.

Bonnie and her mother were already awake and the three of us sat down to breakfast. As soon as I sat down, Bonnie's mom came over to me, looked straight into my eyes and, with the little note pad in hand, asked me
Strange as her question sounded at first, I instantly and clearly recalled my strange, unusual, crystal-clear dream almost as if I were looking at the objects again. With much surprise at her question, I blurted out, “Yes, yes. I had a most unusual vivid dream. It was in bright living color and about several things, but they made no sense to me in the slightest.”

Bonnie's mother was astonished. Her eyes widened as she asked me what were the ‘things” I had dreamed about. I told her that first in my dream I was standing somewhere and then saw a light. As I looked closer, the light changed into a gleaming gold ring, then vanished. Next, I saw what looked like a fairy-tale shining golden castle with spires, followed by an image of a very large frozen surface, which I knew when taking a closer look was a gleaming silver ice skating rink. Then I woke up and told myself I needed to remember my dream to tell Bonnie about it at breakfast.”

Bonnie stood glowing with glee and delight. She had now clearly proved her telepathic and psychic ability. Her mom, dumbfounded, shook her head in utter, shocked amazement. She showed me the exact same three “images” clearly written down in the same order on her notepad. She told me in breathless excitement that after I had gone to bed, she and Bonnie had talked a while. Before going to bed, she had challenged Bonnie to prove beyond a doubt that she could really communicate with me telepathically, like Bonnie asking me to call her in her mind and my answering ‘the call” by phoning her back almost immediately.

Bonnie had previously told her mom that we were so attuned that she could get me to call her anytime telepathically. Her mom had seen Bonnie demonstrate what appeared to be minor psychic powers a few times, as had other family members from Bonnie's early childhood, but she was incredulous. She said it was just by chance that I called and that such a thing was just not reasonably possible.

Bonnie was resolute and told her mom she would demonstrate her ability, she would prove it to her right there and then. She asked her mother to be quiet while she contacted me. While her mom watched, Bonnie closed her eyes and sent a message for me to call her immediately. When the phone rang a few minutes later, to Bonnie's delight and her
mother's shocked surprise, it was definitely me on the phone asking if Bonnie had called me.

The next dramatic, definitely “chilling,” and very impacting psychic event that occurred between Bonnie and me affected us both on the spot in a profoundly life-changing way. The event had an effect that absolutely blocked any further contact with Bonnie by me for a predicted and proven true long, lonely ten-year period.

Chapter 8
My World Crashes Followed By Almost Fatal Car Crash

The momentum of great love Bonnie and I felt for each other grew daily. I knew without a doubt that I wanted to marry Bonnie. I prayed she would say “yes” to my long thought-out, carefully formulated and, if need be, bent-knee proposal. I invited Bonnie to our favorite restaurant and held my breath. Then with a wildly beating heart, I finally raised the courage to voice my heart felt marriage proposal to her. There was no need for me to get on my knees.

Bonnie lit up like a bright noon-day sun. Her blue eyes looked deep into my eyes and she told me she loved me with all her heart and soul. She said, “Yes,” adding it would be a dream come true for her.

We embraced and kissed. Tears of joy flowed from both her eyes and mine. My entire being felt an immense personal sacred ecstasy. Bonnie said she would need to get permission and blessings from her parents for our now planned-for marriage date. She was still 16, soon to be 17, and could not legally marry without her parent’s permission in the state of California until she turned 18. I suggested that we marry in June, soon after my pro basketball team seasonal tour ended.

Bonnie said she knew that both her mom and pop loved and respected me. She was sure they would both very willingly and lovingly their happy permission without any argument about her being underage. So, then and
there, we decided that with their permission we would plan a joy-filled June wedding.

Her parents seemed not too surprised and they not only gave us their instant permission, but insisted that instead of staying at a hotel after season's end and my return to San Francisco, that I be their houseguest up to the day of our marriage. Also after our honeymoon, they wanted us to live with them until we found our own private apartment or home, hopefully near theirs.

Bonnie's folks chose the most luxurious and expensive hotel in San Francisco for the reception after our wedding ceremony. Bonnie and I opted to skip the traditional marriage vow. Instead, we each formulated and said our own brief but loving marriage vow to each other before our attending family members. The minister then pronounced us “man and wife,” which we then immediately sealed with a traditional long and loving kiss.

Bonnie's parents sent and received confirmation to over 200 wedding reception invitations mailed to their family relatives, friends and business associates. The dinner, the music, the hotel service and the wedding dance was a forever-to-be-remembered gala event. I was all dressed up in a black tuxedo and Bonnie was a breathlessly beautiful bride in her elegant, lovely white wedding dress.

I had no car of my own, so Bonnie's proud, beaming parents gifted us with the title and keys to a brand new Studebaker. It was their joyful and loving wedding gift to us. Wedding gifts from 200 guests were piled high. It took us days after our honeymoon to open the gifts and send thank-you notes. Our sacred wedding ceremony, our swanky first-class wedding reception and our weeklong honeymoon trip in our brand new Studebaker spelled out a marriage experience that was more joyful than words can express.

A few days after we returned from our honeymoon, I arranged for Bonnie and me to be interviewed by the owner of a National Radio Advertising company at his home in nearby Menlo Park, about a half hour drive from San Francisco. He was looking for a sharp husband/wife sales team to travel the USA selling radio advertising.

After interviewing us for hours, he hired us on the spot. Less than a week later, Bonnie and I said goodbye to her parents and friends, and we were soon on the road traveling from city to city. We did well selling
many radio ads to local businesses in each new city we visited. We fussed and spat a little with each other, but on the whole all was bright and cozy. We shared an idyllic marriage. We felt a great love for each other, but the green monster of jealousy was soon to appear. It would subtly and suddenly destroy our blissful marriage.

While traveling, Bonnie confided to me that just before we met, she had a big crush on the very handsome captain of her high school football team. She said she thought he had been sending a strong signal of his interest in her too.

The sudden, disturbing thought of Bonnie having a wild crush on someone other than me brought up terrible, deeply felt feelings of fear and anger in me; the anger growing when a week or two later when passing through San Francisco, she rummaged through her things to show me his photo in her high school annual yearbook.

Thus, the stage was set for the soon uncontrolled explosion of violent anger I would physically project and release during my enraged falling down drunk, gross, act of violence against Bonnie. This would instantly sober me at that awful moment. It would also bring a surprising and abrupt “full-stop” end to our otherwise so loving and utterly idyllic Soulmate relationship and marriage.

About four months later, after a return trip to San Francisco to our newly rented plush and private apartment we now used as our “home base” between tours across the USA selling radio advertising, Bonnie and I decided to go to the Kopper Kettle. It was a very popular nightspot for the “in” young crowd in San Francisco.

We had barely arrived when Bonnie excitedly pointed to one of the many huge adjoining tables, where I saw a lively group of young folks having fun together. Bonnie told me to look. She announced the very handsome athletic looking young man at the head of the table was the high school football captain she had told me about. She asked me if I thought he was good looking.

He was obviously very good looking. I suddenly felt the green monster of jealousy jump up inside of me. I ordered a bottle of red wine and poured out a big glass to the top for both Bonnie and me. I started chugging down my first glass of wine in less than a minute. I then poured myself another. I was in a jealous, angry mood and I declined Bonnie's
invitation to dance, I said that I really wanted to drink a few glasses of wine first.

A moment later, as if by magic, he appeared at our table and asked Bonnie to dance. She looked at me, and asked if it was okay. The fact she had not said “no” to his broadly smiling dance invitation disturbed me.

Acting nonchalant, I said, “It’s up to you!” Bonnie stood almost immediately and extended a dainty hand to “him.” He whirled her off to the dance floor, dancing several fast music dances with her. He was a very good dancer too. I sat smoldering inside. I chugged down another full glass of wine in two quick gulps and then finished off the rest of the bottle. They were still dancing, so I waved the waitress over and ordered another bottle of wine, which arrived just before he and Bonnie returned to our table.

He did not walk Bonnie back to our table. After the dance was over, he said something to her and walked back to the table to join his friends again. When Bonnie returned and sat down, she looked elated. I did a “slow burn.” Bonnie wanted me to dance a slow dance with her, but I said I just did not feel like dancing and proceeded to finish off another glass of wine. Bonnie became angry and pouted noticeably, for she loved to dance and she knew that I also liked to dance. Yet, I was refusing to dance with her. She told me I was drinking too much and too fast. I merely grunted and drank more.

A momentum was now building. Once more, there stood “Prince Charming” at our table as if on cue. He asked Bonnie if she would like to dance to the “slow dance” that was now playing. Bonnie jumped up and walked to the dance floor area with him.

My eyes followed. I saw him gradually draw Bonnie closer and closer to him, while the slow, oh-so-romantic tune played. Bonnie had gotten into the spirit of the romantic slow dance. She was naturally responding to his magnetism and good looks, and I could see her head resting on his shoulder.

I felt betrayed, abandoned. Through my drunken stupor, she looked like she was in a state of bliss. A jealous rage grew and grew through every fiber of my being. In my dementia, as I watched I thought that Bonnie was surely “in love” with him. I could see him try to pull her closer and closer to him and she was not resisting his obvious advances. She appeared to be enjoying the slow dance with him too much!
To add fire to the already wildly burning flame, this time he and Bonnie danced until the entire set was through. My rage grew. The moment Bonnie got back to the table I got to my feet and told Bonnie to get up. I said I had enough of the Kopper Kettle and we were going home. I repeated that I wanted her to get up and for us to go straight home that minute.

Bonnie sat like the Rock of Gibraltar. She said she was really enjoying herself and asked me why I wanted to go home so early. I was determined we would leave. I grabbed her arm and roughly pulled her up to a standing position. I told her we were going home right then. I added if she wanted to stay then I was going to drive the car home without her.

Bonnie knew I was too drunk to drive and figured she would have to drive us home. When I began walking toward the front door to leave, Bonnie grabbed her purse and strode angrily behind me. I insisted I would drive. How I ever managed to drive the car safely back home to our apartment miles away as drunk as I was is a mystery. My guardian angel was certainly at work.

However, ten minutes later, after nearly hitting a few cars, we were back at our apartment. We both started to undress and go to bed when Bonnie mentioned how thrilled she was to have met and danced with “him” at the Kopper Kettle. My anger and jealousy reached critical mass! My anger was too much to contain. In a moment of uncontrolled jealous rage, I jumped to my feet and swung a fast hard-folded fist straight into her soft belly.

Bonnie doubled over in pain. She also suddenly turned white as a ghost. Her hands clutched her belly. Bonnie just had her stitches taken out from an appendix operation the day before and my sudden shocking blow to her midsection was like me putting a knife into her belly.

Years later, I discovered that is exactly what she did to me in a former lifetime in lovely Hawaii about 4000 years ago. Bonnie, one of my three wives in what is known today as ‘the Valley of the Lost Tribe’ had stabbed me in the belly with a long dagger. She killed me in a fit of jealous anger over my love affair with a newly captured beautiful slave girl. That event occurred during my rule as a ruthless warring king, on the lush green garden island of Kauai.

My remorse at what I had done was instant. I had never raised my hand against a woman before in my entire life. It was so out of character
for me and Bonnie might die on the spot: As Bonnie struggled to draw in a much needed vital breath of air, TIME STOPPED.

The apartment living room vanished and I was suspended somewhere in spirit in space. The deep sonorous stern voice of my Higher Self spoke directly to me in loud clear words, stating what I had done had created a rift between Bonnie's soul and my soul. My Holy Spirit within said sternly my violent act literally caused a “parting of the ways” between my beloved Bonnie and me. I would soon be going my way and she hers in a matter of a few days. I was told our marriage had now come to an end. No matter how long or how much or hard I tried to reach her, there would always be an absolute invisible but real barrier set before me that I could not breach between Bonnie and me.

That invisible barrier, I was told, would last right up to the moment when the vivid scene in the “vision” I was about to see would repeat itself, detail by detail, before my trembling body and eyes.

**Click!**

I was viewing a scene of a beautiful Queen, who looked much like Bonnie. She beckoned to her new husband King, who looked much like me. She said if he would just step into the circle of flame and dance in the leaping flames with her, he too, would achieve the same seeming body immortality she had so enjoyed for thousands of years.

The King watched as his ruthless, tyrannical–so youthful, ageless and beautiful looking Queen Wife–stepped into the ring of flame on the dais before her that would gift her with eternal body immortality. However, as he watched, to his and her utter horror, the flame was now revealing the truth of her real body age. Instead of bolstering her youth, she was growing older and more wrinkled, moment-by-moment, until she aged to where she fell and crumbled into a heap of dead grey ashes.

**Click!**

The vision ended abruptly.

ABSOLUTE SILENCE

**Click!**

The seeming physical or solid world returned. I stood transfixed. I was cold sober. My whole body and being suddenly trembled with shame and remorse; how could I hurt the one I loved so greatly? I reached out and hugged Bonnie, begging her forgiveness, pulling her close as I wept.
Bonnie was now slowly beginning to catch her breath, but her face was still ashen and pale. She was rightfully in complete shock at what I had done. Obviously hitting her in the stomach as I did, so soon after her operation, could have killed her; that one horrible uncontrolled violent act I had just committed. We both wept for a considerable time. I told Bonnie how very sorry I was for what I had shamelessly done. Though we went to sleep that night with our arms around each other, our marriage would soon dissolve.

As predicted clearly to me by my Higher Self, one step led to the next. Each drove us further apart. A divorce was now inevitable. Bonnie's totally shocked, now very much alarmed and highly protective parents made sure that I signed a legal paper of divorce before I left the area. They knew after my divorce I planned to return to my much-loved career in basketball.

After a series of very astonishing events, it would ten years before I would see that exact same vision repeated again before my eyes and trembling body. Then another two years would pass by before I would set eyes again on my strikingly beautiful first and so beloved Soulmate Bonnie “in the flesh.”

Meanwhile life goes on. George Anderson sent me a long telegram asking me to fly in to Chicago and catch a bus to a long-established House of David training camp located at nearby Beloit, Wisconsin. There, the team would train for two weeks before an extensive, already booked exhibition tour of most of the USA, and through much of Canada and Mexico.

It was good to be back doing what I loved with all my heart and soul, and what I did so very well too. However, I found myself yearning to be with Bonnie again. As foretold, Bonnie's parents were determined not to ever allow me to make any contact with her. For years, I chased the “ghost” of Bonnie in my mind and in my heart. I longed to be with her. In every city we visited, if I saw a female walking down the street who from behind appeared might be my beloved Bonnie, my heart would beat fast again. Yet always, it was another's face.

One by one, the years came and went. My decade of off and on, wonderful, exciting, fulfilling years of playing pro basketball was about to come to a crashing end, literally.
Besides having a great love for basketball and the opposite gender, I loved beer. If a game was not scheduled to be played the next day or night, I would often greatly over indulge. We finished playing a night game in Fon Du Lac, Wisconsin, in the winter of 1955. After the game I went to our hotel bar and chatted with an apparently rich young basketball fan who had seen me play that night and praised me for my outstanding performance. He pulled out a wad of bills and insisted on buying all the drinks. He drove a big black sparkling new and very expensive Lincoln. I learned he also loved beer and women, and we both soon got “stinking” drunk. He knew the area well and we were soon driving from tavern to tavern trying to find two attractive girls that we could “pick up” and have some fun with.

Finally, after drinking and leaving empty-handed at well over a good half dozen bars, t was getting closer and closer to the 2 a.m. legal closing hour for taverns in Wisconsin. My buddy said, “No problem,” and that he knew of a tavern only five minutes away where the owner allowed all his regular patrons to stay, drink and party all night long IF they were there before 2 a.m. If we drove fast, we would make it. That sounded like the answer.

When he said there were usually always some young attractive local girls who stayed to party, I said, “Let’s go, buddy.” Destiny was calling me.

By that time, we were both staggering drunk. My new drinking buddy put his foot down on the gas pedal and took that big Lincoln to its maximum speed of 120 miles per hour. Drunk as I was, I started to feel a whole lot of apprehension. It was winter and the roads were slippery! Just as I was about to speak up and tell him nicely that I thought it would be better if we weren't speeding so fast on such icy roads, we hit a sudden large sheet of ice just as we drove onto a country bridge that crossed a small river ahead. He saw the ice and panicked. Whatever he did, it suddenly spun the car—at this breakneck speed—into the guardrail of the bridge. Before I had time to think about it, the door on my side popped open and I was sailing out. I flew through the air down over the embankment and landed flat on my back on a life-saving pile of snow below.

I lost consciousness as soon as I sailed out of the door. Meanwhile the car followed the pitch of my path. The guardrail was demolished and the heavy big black Lincoln went flying through the air, landing squarely on my body about 17 feet below. I was unconscious and now firmly sand-
wiched between the car above me and the now hard-packed snow pile below me.

Meanwhile, 200 miles away, my mother in my hometown in Michigan awoke from sleep. In a clear dream vision, she saw my entire horrific car accident. She saw me sailing out of the car and the big black car landing on top of me. Her startling vision repeated and she saw my entire accident event occur two times as if for emphasis.

Back at my accident scene, the driver remained seated within the car. His new Lincoln was cushioned by its landing on the tall pile of snow—now smashed down to the ground with me lodged tightly underneath his car and the greatly compressed snow pile.

The driver was shaken but miraculously uninjured. He sat frozen with disbelief for a long while, slowly replaying the accident in his mind. He soon recovered from the sobering shock that he was alive and well. It was unbelievable after such an incredible and spectacular high-speed car accident and fall from the bridge, now looming high above him.

He realized he had survived the crash without any apparent serious personal injuries, as we both found out later. After collecting his wits, he managed to open his car door and get out of the car. He stared at my arm and cold hand extended from under the car at his feet. He was shaken and frantic that I had been killed.

He said he tried and tried in vain to pull me out from under the heavy car. He could see blood, but I seemed to be alive, although unconscious. He said try as he might, there was no way he could pull, push or budge me an inch. I was simply wedged too tightly between the snow and the car for him to budge me in the slightest.

He could see blood and knew he had to run for help quick. I was bleeding and it was icy cold. Fortunately the doctors said the bitter cold helped my blood coagulate, so my body managed to keep enough blood to stay alive.

Looking around in all directions, the frantic driver spotted what he guessed was a farmhouse light in the near distance. He ran to the farm, knocked furiously on the door and told the farmer what happened. He asked the farmer to please quickly call an ambulance, a wrecker and the police. They needed to pull the car off my body and take me to a hospital quick.
The farmer said he would make the call and advised the driver to go back to his car in case I became conscious and needed comforting. My drinking buddy said he then rushed back to see if there was anything more he could do for me while he waited for help to appear.

When I “came to,” I had no idea where I was or what had happened. The only other sentient thing I knew strongly was I felt the two agonizing extremes of bitter chilling cold and searing hot pain. No matter how hard I struggled to move, I could not seem to escape the pain. It was very similar to my previous death experience at age 18. At that time, ten years later in mid-winter of 1955, I was 28 years old.

Whatever it was or wherever I was, something was holding me locked in a state of complete immobility. I could not accept the feeling of being hopelessly trapped and helpless. I decided I would struggle with every ounce of my might and being. I desperately needed to escape whatever was binding me. I was determined to be free!

**Click!**

I struggled so hard I once more lost full consciousness.

**Click!**

It seemed only a moment after my mighty struggle of will power to escape when I began slowly to become consciously aware I was on my feet. Furthermore, I was slowly walking around and around the Lincoln in a daze. No memory of what had happened came through to me. I was simply in a daze.

All at once, I realized that I was walking around and around a car that sat there before me on top of what had been a high snow pile a few minutes earlier. There was blood everywhere, staining the white snow. The snow was squeezed down almost flat to the frozen rock-hard winter earth by the weight of the fall of the car on it.

All at once, a light seemed to flash in my brain. I suddenly remembered my last conscious thought and vivid moments of the car accident: I recalled my recovering consciousness while under the car in the bitter freezing cold with my left leg thigh being pressed tightly against what I later found out was the red-hot exhaust section of the tail pipe of the car.

I recalled feeling cold and hot, but most of all I remembered that unbearable hot searing pain somewhere in my being. My left leg had bad burns on it. I then recalled how I had felt trapped and had struggled with
every ounce of my consciousness and being to break free from whatever was holding me trapped.

In that process, I managed to break free and now I was walking around the car in circles. I stopped walking to think through more of what had happened.

All at once, I heard a voice calling to me from a distance. I turned to see my drinking buddy, now very sobered, shouting something and running toward me. He stopped before me in amazement. I was a bloody mess from head to foot. I would soon learn I had a severely burned leg, several broken bones, a shattered left wrist and shattered facial head bones on the upper right side of my face. The scar tissue is still visible to this day.

The doctors and plastic surgeons who worked on me at the hospital told me a steel pin had been placed in my right cheek to hold the skull and face bone together and that my left wrist bone was so shattered they had to cut my wrist on both sides. They then swung it back and tied it to my arm while they scraped out all of the bone fragments they could find. No problem, as the doc predicted, the few shattered fragments they missed painfully worked their way out of my skin after a few years.

After about three solid months of rehabilitation in the hospital, I was discharged. I was told all my body parts would be functioning normally soon. Within another year or so, my near-fatal accident was relegated to only a memory, as it still is today.

While recuperating in the hospital, I decided that my basketball career was finished. It was time for me to find some other worthwhile or exciting life pursuit. I returned to our small town in Michigan for starters. On my greatly welcome “prodigal son” return, my mother told me what worried her so much about the lucid visions she had of my accident was when she saw the car hurtle down to fall on top of me.

She said the motion in the accident stopped. Then in the “after silence,” as she kept looking, she was horrified at what she saw.

First, a small wisp and then a stream of what looked like fog rose gently and calmly from out of the ceiling of the big black Lincoln. The ethereal fog slowly took on shape. She said she knew it was me in spirit form. I appeared to stare down at my body somewhere beneath the car as if I was wondering whether to leave the body behind and go on in spirit, or to go back down into my body again.
Obviously, I made the decision to return into my body. She said, as she watched, I simply reversed the process. My ghostly form dissolved back into a thin tiny gray smoke-like wisp and disappeared back down through the ceiling of the car.

It was then that the entire same clairvoyant vision of the accident and aftermath repeated itself in exact detail. She saw a clear repetition of the entire accident. It made her tearfully worried and stressed, feeling she had seen a real 3-D vision of a car accident I had or would have.

She quickly went into my grandmother's room and woke her. My mom told her of seeing my terrible accident scene in a clear lifelike dream and that the dream repeated itself. She sobbed and wailed that she was worried for my life. My aged grandmother eventually soothed my mom, and finally got her back to bed and asleep again.

She told my mom the next morning that if an accident like that really had happened to me, they would probably hear from me or the police or the hospital where I was taken in a few days or so.

A few days later, I asked one of the doctors to call my mom and tell her about the accident and that I was okay. He was glad to do it. He kindly called and told her that I would be in the hospital for months, but that I was okay. He said after several operations and some good plastic surgery, I would be back to a totally normal healthful, with a natural appearance of my face and body again.

The cost of my medical treatment, operations and plastic surgery with months of hospitalization must have been staggering. Fortunately, the insurance of the drunk driver buddy's father paid for all of it. And, wouldn't you know it, several lawyers came out of the woodwork offering to ‘take my case.” One in particular said he had researched and found that my drunk buddy's parents owned a nice home and their own profitable business. Because my accident ended my career as a highly paid professional basketball player, he was sure if I allowed him to sue them on my behalf, I would wind up owning their house and their entire business, as well as any other properties or cash reserves they might have.

The very suggestion and thought repulsed every cell of my body, mind and being. My drinking buddy and his parents has suffered enough. Not for all the money in the world would I or could I ever allow a lawsuit to be made or filed against them in or for my behalf.
Thankfully, I was learning the lesson all through my life that if there was a major choice between possessing sudden big money or finding peace of heart and mind through spirituality, I would hopefully one day be able to walk away from the fast or big money and never look back!

Life was going to gift me with many outstanding opportunities to overcome major temptations and with lessons big and small, all aimed at what I needed to learn. There would be yet many more grand life adventures waiting in time for me to explore through the many exciting years ahead. Each one would be a step on the path to my finding and knowing IMMORTALITY—and then sharing my own self-experience and knowledge with others who would learn of and seek their own divine self immortality. So be it, and so it is.

Chapter 9
Trying To Fulfill the Role of a Successful Songwriter

After my ironclad decision that it was time to leave my beloved pro-basketball career behind, I was sure what I really wanted to do next would soon be crystal-clear to me. However, yet another series of fateful events would occur before I came to that ‘juncture’ of my life.

Lyrics came naturally to me. All during my childhood, I loved writing poetry. During my time in the U.S. Navy I met Hope D., an attractive girl in Richmond, Virginia. I wrote a love song about (and for) her, titled, *Stardust in Your Eyes*. I even managed to find a navy buddy who was an accomplished piano player to jot down the notes. I sang the song, lyrics and melody to him as he prepared a one page “lead sheet” of my love song. He told me any good musician or singer could play or sing from my copy of his lead sheet. I could hardly thank him enough. I was eager to surprise Hope with a copy of it.

The dedication and gift of a copy of the master lead sheet of my love song written for and dedicated to her thrilled Hope, body and soul. With
stars in her eyes, she swore undying love to me forever and me to her. We even made plans to marry right after I had served my two-year enlistment and was discharged from the Navy.

As I now know, all love is forever, yet our love expressed through a marriage was not meant to be. While overseas, I had sent Hope many torrid love letters and received swarms of them in swift return from her. But when I was handed my honorable discharge and got back home to my family, I suddenly realized I was not ready for marriage.

I wrote a long apologetic loving letter to Hope telling her she was free to seek and marry another; that I knew in my heart and mind that our marriage was simply impossible for at least two sound reasons. First, I knew I needed to finish my senior year of high school and get my high school graduation diploma. Secondly, I could never give up my goal since childhood of becoming a pro-basketball player.

Hope quickly expressed her deep disappointment to me in a return letter, but she also lovingly wished me happiness and success in my tightly held dream of playing basketball for a living.

As destiny would have it, a few months later, while back in high school, I met Isabelle B., an attractive girl from the nearby small city of Benton Harbor, Michigan. After a whirlwind of dates and passionate lovemaking, we decided one night, with her mother's written permission, to “elope” to a nearby justice-of-the-peace in Niles, Michigan, and be legally married.

I was 19, over the legal age in Michigan, so that presented no problem. However, Isabelle was only sixteen, so she needed her mother's written permission. I was surprised that her mother, who was quite ill and lying in her sickbed at her home, gave us her written permission almost in an instant. We were secretly married the next Saturday.

Isabelle attended High School at Benton Harbor, where she lived with her older brother and mother. I managed to keep our elopement and my marriage to Isabelle a secret from my family for a few days, but finally revealed it to my mother. Mom was very shocked and worried that I had married so young. She had heard me speak of Isabelle as my “steady date,” but she had not yet even met the bride.

I learned a few months later, just before Isabelle's mother died, the reason she agreed to allow her daughter to marry me at age 16 was because she knew from her doctor's medical reports that she would die
within weeks or months. When we told her we wanted her permission to get married, she simply asked us if we really loved each other. We both said yes, so she seized the opportunity to make sure her daughter was happily married before her imminent death.

The huge ego-based problems in our marriage were immediate. Both my very young wife and I were emotionally and mentally immature. Thus, what could have been blissful and joyous union soon turned into an incredibly unhappy marriage. Our problems were greatly amplified when Isabelle's mother died a few weeks later. In her mother's last will and testament, her cash savings, home and grocery store business was left jointly to her daughter and son, Edward B. (who was about three years older than Isabelle).

After her mother died, I moved in to the home willed to my new young wife and her brother. I helped daily to run the small neighborhood grocery store business. What really caused the biggest rift between Isabelle and me was that almost immediately after I moved in, she reminded me repeatedly that I owned nothing. She said the money in the bank, the home and the business was hers and her brother's, and not mine.

My sensitivity about her sudden non-sharing, non-loving attitude set the stage for the constant, almost daily marital feuds between us.

Meanwhile, Isabelle found she was pregnant only weeks after we were married. My first son, R.D.M., was born nine months later. Isabelle and I often separated, then we would make up. She and lived together off and on through a series of separations. I was proud of and loved my healthy baby son greatly. However, I was not destined to enjoy his company for long.

Suddenly, during a time of separation, when I had moved in with my mother, a very striking psychic event occurred. Isabelle had become pregnant again less than three months after R.D.M. was born, and that was good news to me. I intuitively knew she would birth a girl and that having a daughter would be a joy to me. However, a few weeks later I awoke in a lucid dream. In the dream, I saw a very tiny girl baby crawling toward me, with jet-black ringlets of hair on her head. Isabelle sat beside me and reached out to touch the tiny infant.

In my dream, I shouted, “stop, do not touch her or she will die.” I then awoke from the dream and, as I started to think about what it might mean,
I immediately fell back to sleep. A few moments later, the exact same dream repeated itself before my eyes, in every detail.

I awoke with the realization that having dreamed this bizarre, frightful vivid dream twice in a row, it had to contain a very significant message to me. My mother, who years later also experienced the vision of my bridge accident repeated twice, told me she was sure it was some kind of a warning message to me about something concerning Isabelle's pregnancy. When I told Isabelle about it, she angrily replied it was just a dream and nothing more.

A few weeks later, Isabelle's baby doctor took an x-ray and announced that if we were to save the baby's life, Isabelle needed an immediate emergency Cesarean operation. The operation was scheduled and performed in hours. He delivered a tiny baby girl weighing only 11 ounces. I was ecstatic. However, she died about 12 hours later.

I was heartbroken. I felt that somehow Isabelle had done something wrong to cause her death, possibly an attempted abortion, which spurred the sudden need for a Cesarean and the baby's death. This event was the final straw needed to end our marriage. I felt even more estranged and distant toward Isabelle from that moment on.

Time keeps moving on, and by the time my final year in high school was over, I made my decision to accept the basketball scholarship to Western Michigan College in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Isabelle also agreed to my demand for a divorce. We both could hardly wait for the legal divorce proceedings to be finished and thus end our bitter marriage for good.

We parted paths on a sour note. I was allowed visitations of my son, subject to me paying support money directly to Isabelle.

Isabelle was just as happy about our divorce as I was when the state's legal “chains that bind” were removed from both of us. She eventually did find a nice man whom she married. He applied for and received legal adoption of my beloved first-born son, R.D.M. I was told years later that he saved from my son from drowning, and drowned himself in the process. This perhaps explained why my son refused to talk or visit with me years later when I hoped to reestablish a father and son relationship with him in the late 1980s.
A few years later, in 1955, after my terrible car accident and after my arrival back home to my mother’s place in my rural home town, another segment of my destiny unfolded.

My deep fascination and attraction to sexy or pretty young females was a steadfast ongoing tone or presence through my entire lifetime. I loved the ladies. I loved to interact with beautiful women—day in and day out when possible.

The prettier they were the more determined I would be to meet and interact with them. A few months before my almost fatal car accident, our House of David basketball team was to play basketball at a distant city in Northern Wisconsin. George Anderson decided to stop for coffee and a brief rest at this little quaint little Wisconsin town on the way.

When I saw this stunning, out-of-this world good-looking young waitress working in her father’s restaurant, it was “love at first sight.” I could hardly wait to know her name and soon found it was Nancy. I asked Nancy for a movie date and, after some thought, she accepted.

I also met her conservative small-town folks. When they discovered I was with the House of David team, they decided to attend one of our locally scheduled games. Here too, like with Bonnie in attendance, I put on a sterling performance for my sugar-sweet Nancy and her folks. Even so, I felt her parents, especially her father, thought I was too old, or too much a “man of the world” for their shy, sweet, young, very protected and very conservative Catholic daughter.

Nancy gave me crystal-clear signs that she was very concerned what her parents felt or thought. She told me she would never do anything that might disturb their peace of mind. I was determined that I could overcome any and every obstacle set before my sudden ‘true love.” Yes indeed, I would “woo and win” her Valentine-like heart and her parents would also soon love me. Before we would have an occasion for another intimate date, my terrible over-the-bridge car accident occurred.

Nancy heard the shocking news that I had been in a bad car accident and taken to a hospital near where she lived. She quickly caught a bus to see me. Nancy brought flowers and stayed with me for several hours. She lovingly hugged me close and told me she wished I would get well and out of my sickbed fast.

During her visit, I told her the doctors said I would be in perfectly good physical shape in another year or so. I also had decided to quit
playing professional basketball for good. She was shocked when I told her I was seriously thinking of coming back and settling in her little hometown in Wisconsin after visiting a while with my mother and family in Michigan.

When I said that way I could be near her all the time, Nancy seemed very alarmed. She told me she really liked me a lot, but it simply was not possible for any real or meaningful love relationship to develop between us. She reminded me again that she just could not and would not do anything against her much beloved, very religious and strict parent's wishes and they had told her that I was too old for her. Besides, she wanted to attend a college of her choice in the fall of the year.

I was crestfallen. My ego was instantly rebellious at the thought of not being able to pursue a relationship with her. I vowed to myself that even if Nancy thought it was impossible, I would be able to overcome her parents’ negative stance toward me. I was determined to date and keep company with their obviously so obedient and so beautiful daughter.

During my brief visit with my mother and family in Michigan, I told my dear mother I planned to go back to that little town in Wisconsin near where my accident occurred and set up a nice new business there. I explained I had some basketball income saved, but I needed a little extra cash, which I knew my mother had banked away and could loan to me, if she wished.

I told mom if she would lend me an extra three thousand dollars, I would be able to buy the flashy brand-new lemon yellow Lincoln convertible I saw at a Lincoln dealer, which I was determined to own before my imminent return drive to Wisconsin.

I said I wanted to arrive back in Nancy's little hometown in style. I needed additional funds to buy camera equipment, buy or lease office furniture, etc., for me to set up a photography shop business in the small town of A..., Wisconsin, where Nancy lived.

I knew a young couple from nearby Niles, Michigan, who were recently married. The man was a professional photographer whom I knew I could hire to run my business for me in Wisconsin. I told mom the “couple” had already agreed to my weekly salary terms. They very much appreciated my offer to pay for their room and board until they could afford a place of their own in A..., Wisconsin.
I said there was no other photography shop anywhere nearby, so I felt I would soon be running a highly profitable photography shop business. My mother listened to my plans and my ardent plea for financial help and lovingly agreed to loan me the extra $3000 “safety cushion” I needed for my new adventure. I was jubilant. That same night after falling asleep, I had another one of my lucid forewarning visions.

This one clearly spelled big trouble ahead. In my lucid dream state, meaning I knew that I was dreaming while I was dreaming, I saw the clear blue sky above me. Suddenly, it filled with ominous dark black clouds. A stream of jagged electric blue lightning bolts darted from the clouds overhead and thunder shook the Earth at my feet!

I was astounded. I sensed I was being warned that if I went forward on my new business venture that there would be great trouble ahead for me! This was not what I wanted to know or believe. I simply went into complete denial of what I felt the message was meant to convey to my mind.

However, to my astonishment and wonder, the exact same identical and spectacular warning vision repeated itself before me. It reminded me of my repeat warning vision when my little baby girl died.

I pondered what to do. The thought of showing up in Nancy's small home town, parading around in a shiny new yellow Lincoln convertible, and establishing a prominent photography business there in the area tugged and pulled at my ego. I decided to do it, regardless of any later sad consequences I would have to face and overcome.

On our arrival in A..., Wisconsin, my constant efforts to win and woo Nancy were an immense disaster. My flashy big car and elegant new business image got me into a whole lot of trouble. The stage was set. I suddenly had a visit by two FBI agents. Later I learned that someone jealous of me dating Nancy and of my big Lincoln convertible called the FBI and told them that he thought I was a drug dealer. That ominous visit was followed a few days later by the local A. sheriff who appeared at my door with an arresting warrant. I was soon sitting on a hard grey stone jail cell bunk.

Nancy resolutely believed the false drug dealer accusations made against me. She refused to talk to me or visit me in jail. Her small town reputation was at stake. In no way did she want to be associated with a publicly accused drug dealer, even if it was not true.
At that point, I was so down in spirits, so totally and completely, body and soul overwhelmed by the great injustice of it all, that I came a hair's breadth, or a “razor slice” of taking my life through an act of suicide with a razor blade. I protested my 100 percent innocence loudly and strongly. At the same time, I was a well-behaved jail prisoner, so no one thought or would even find out that I would think of using a razor blade to slash my wrists and take my own life. I cried my heart and soul out for a good hour; told God I did not want to live in a world where such terrible injustice was happening to me. I was literally determined and poised to end my life. I picked up the razor blade, held it poised above my wrist, ready to start slashing my wrists, to let the red streams of blood gush and flow.

Yet, just before “executing” what would be an irrevocable decision, something inside my heart, mind and soul stayed my hand.

With my decision to go on in life, a sudden new calm feeling welled up inside me. I knew no matter how bad things appeared, by some miracle, the truth would become known and I would be set free. I would be found to be innocent of all charges, and out of jail, I could then go back to my hometown, where I could start my life all over again. By now, it was obvious that Nancy had no faith in my innocence and I released my hold on the thought of us ever getting together.

I put the razor blade down and laid my head back. I soon fell into a sound, refreshing long sleep right there on the hard stone jail bench.

The following day, true to my intuited feeling, a series of new events and revelations brought a quick dismissal of all charges against me. I was assured by my lawyer he would take care of an immediate expunging, a complete removal of the records of a false arrest charge placed against me. He explained, that way I would have no criminal record on file in the state of Wisconsin. Later on I realized it was maybe because the sheriff or the county may have feared charges of false arrest and wanted to get rid of any official arrest records.

However, I love freedom, and once again, I was free to go where I chose. By the end of the next day after a long overnight bus ride, I was back in my hometown in Michigan, devoid of my new car. My savings and my mother's $3000 loan were gone, all spent in a futile effort to pursue a vain and empty dream staged for me by my ego. That was some lesson!
You can be certain after that lesson I vowed to myself that I would be quick to heed any other obvious forewarnings received about wiser future choices to make; and yes, I did. Some of them clearly saved my life. Otherwise, I would have certainly “died” again. Yet, there is no death!

A few weeks at home and I realized I did not wish to stay in that little hometown of my birth. Pondering what it was I really, really wanted to be doing next, I decided first I would make a move in residence to the nearby big city of Hammond, Indiana, where employment easily could be found. Hammond was a fairly large city adjacent to Calumet City and Chicago, Illinois.

This is where, in due course and time, I met and soon made friends with David K. He and I became fast friends the moment we met. We partied a lot together at the many lurid striptease joints that were located on almost every city block in nearby Calumet City, Illinois. A few weeks after becoming close friends, David K. told me he planned to start a collection agency business in the area. He knew it would be a big income business and would take only a small investment to get it set up and going.

He proposed we form an even 50/50 partnership split in the business. With little investment, simply renting office space in another already established office of a friend of his, we got our own phone installed and soon had our own legal collection agency business address.

David K. had business friends everywhere who had accounts in arrears. Soon we were getting all the business we could take care of. His job was setting up contracts with his business friends. We received 60 percent or more of whatever we managed to collect from debtors who had long overdue accounts owed to our clients. We quickly built a big collection agency business throughout the Hammond and Chicago area.

All of the people owing money were first sent an official collection notice from our agency. Then my job would be to call, in person, at their business, home or job for those who did not send in the money legally owed to collect all or part of what was long past due to our client.

David K. was 100 percent right. We both soon were making, dividing and wildly spending a lot of money within the first few months of starting our collection agency partnership.

In due time, we had a thriving business and extra cash in the bank and in hand. Then remembering my long time desire to be a successful songwriter, I figured out how to do it. I told David K., who also wrote
songs, about my greatly inspired idea. I explained we would form a company called Amateur Song Writers Association (ASWA). We could simultaneously form ASWA Music Publishing Company, plus ASWA Records Company, thus we could and would publish and record his and my songs in our own ASWA Song Publishing Company portfolio through our own ASWA Records Company.

David K. thought it was a winning idea. He took care of the legal paperwork while I quickly composed a “How to Write Songs” test with a colorful bright orange cover and bold black print, and a 54-page booklet titled, Amateur Song Writer Guide. The booklet not only revealed in detailed steps how anyone could write a song, but also explained that any amateur songwriter could join our ASWA organization for an annual fee.

Thus, she or he would have easy, direct access or entry to our ASWA Song Publishing Company. They could also have their songs recorded (at a low production cost fee) through our ASWA Records Company located right there in our local Chicago area.

Soon, through another songwriter friend, I was introduced to a hypnotist and magician in Chicago who owned his own little local record company with a large up-to-date art-recording studio. He agreed to give us a good rate anytime we wished to have any of our ASWA records made.

We printed up 5000 copies of my booklet. I searched around and almost immediately found a book distributor who liked my booklet on sight. He said he knew it would sell and contracted with us to stock these booklets for sale on counters of bookstores in the region.

Sure enough, copies of my songwriters guide booklet began selling fast. We got calls from amateur songwriters, artists with bands, and quite a few would-be singers (solo, duets and groups).

I soon found and signed an exclusive recording contract with the original Spearmint Gum ‘Tony Twins” who contracted to be recording artists for us. Several local very good bands were signed up with ASWA recording contracts.

I signed up one extraordinary young local 12-year-old female artist who auditioned for me; she had won dozens of first place awards at singing contests. She was gifted with one of the most powerful, talented singing voices I had ever heard. I was thrilled. I gave her a recording contract that same day. I billed her under the professional artist name of ‘tipsie Lee.”
In the mid late 1950s, there was another famous child star who had a last or family name of “Lee” who was recording big hit songs for Capital Records steadily.

I wrote over 100 songs and several that I had just written were soon scheduled for recording. It appeared I was well on my way to fulfilling my desire to find fame and fortune as a successful songwriter.

Chapter 10

A Friend Who Was On FBI's ‘Most Wanted’ List

C alumet City, was a “stones throw” away from Hammond, Indiana. My business partner, David K., and I soon made it almost a nightly habit of looking for beautiful female company, scouting various taverns and striptease joints located on almost every block in the main downtown section of the city.

In the course of events, one night after checking out tavern after tavern, I met and started dating Lola, a beautiful, sexy, dark-haired waitress in a busy family-run tavern. The owner was a burly, heavyset, tough but lovable lady with snow white-hair whom customers only knew and addressed as “Ma.” Lola was her granddaughter.

I started to frequent Ma's tavern several times a week. One night, while drinking beer at Ma's bar, a nattily dressed man walked over and introduced himself to me. He was certainly a unique person and may be living today, so to preserve his identity I will call him “Grudge.”

Grudge told me he heard I was dating his niece Lola so he wanted to get to know me and bought me couple of beers. His language was crude but Grudge always treated me with high respect. He was very likable as a bar drinking companion, so over the weeks and months ahead we were most always buying each other a beer or two. In a few weeks, the two of us became fairly regular “drinking buddies” at Ma's tavern.
Grudge told me Ma was his mother and he would occasionally work the bar for her, which I saw him handle with expertise from time to time. He managed the place and 'tended bar' when Ma was not there, mostly in the afternoon. Ma said that was because Grudge wanted to spend nights drinking with his many friends. Everyone in Calumet City seemed to know and like him a lot.

Grudge had a habit of walking into bars and ordering a free round of drinks for everyone in the house. Therefore, he had a host of “good weather” friends. I visited scores of other taverns in the area with him. It seemed all or most of the striptease joint or tavern owners, many of whom were “Mafia,” knew him well. Grudge was an extrovert and extremely gregarious.

I was “floored” when I learned from Lola that Grudge had just been released from prison only a few days before we met. That was hard to believe. Lola assured me it was true; further confiding her uncle Grudge was on the FBI’s Top Twenty “most wanted” list for several years before the FBI finally caught him. When apprehended and tried for his crimes, he pleaded guilty to get a lesser sentence and was sent to prison for 10 years. He got out on parole in eight years for “good behavior.” I asked what for, and she said accosting pedestrians and robbing them at gun point, grocery store robberies, tavern robberies and even bank robberies. I was stunned.

She said her uncle Grudge had been in and out of reform schools, jails and prisons ever since a teenager. Though he was a likable and friendly person, most of his entire teenage and adult life had been a steady life of rebellion and crime. Lola said that Ma had disowned him several times, but then Ma always relented and asked him to come home to help her run her business. Lola said Ma told her she thought if she gave Grudge work and enough pocket money he would eventually grow up and leave behind his criminal proclivities and activities.

Once the sudden shock of Lola’s revelations was over, I agreed that her uncle Grudge was definitely a friendly and very likable person. I said Ma letting him help her run the tavern was probably the best way to keep Grudge out of prison.

I could see Ma really loved her wayward son. Right there and then I decided I would do what I could to help dynamic, feisty Ma keep Grudge out of serious trouble with the law again.
t a huge national Record Company Conference held in Chicago in
the mid-1950s, I met and made friends with Dick W., a member of
a highly successful quartet of young male singers—a terrific four-
some who already had several big hit songs under their belt.

I soon learned that Dick lived on a huge country estate in suburban
Chicago after we became very close, good friends. Always thinking up
new ideas to make more money, since I normally spent it as fast or faster
than I earned it (like Grudge), I propositioned Dick W. with the idea of us
forming a partnership and starting up a lucrative construction company
business.

I suggested we be equal partners, each putting in the same amount of
startup capital and sharing profits on an even 50/50 basis. He had plenty of
cash on hand from the several smash hits his group had already chalked
up, so he agreed to give it a whirl.

With us each putting in a startup investment of $5,000, I set up office
immediately. I obtained a city license and began to advertise and launch
our quickly formulated construction company.

When first arriving in Hammond, before going into the collection
agency and music company businesses with David K., I worked at job
going door-to-door job to obtain customer “leads” for a construction
company that specialized in selling and installing new siding on older
homes.

The job I had was simple and direct, so it appealed to me. I went to
residential areas, knocked on doors and told owners we could put siding
on their homes at a price they could afford. If they responded, I would set
up an appointment with my assigned closing agent partner. Then my very
capable partner Bill, a 6’6” tall charismatic salesman, would close the sale.
I got five percent of the full price contracted to do the job.

Bill could sell hot melted ice to the Eskimo's if I found a lead. Even if
someone expressed only the least interest in putting new siding on their
house, Bill would surely talk them into it almost every time. Therefore,
from day one, I began making a sizable steady income and I thoroughly
enjoyed doing my crucial part of the sale. Knocking on doors and talking to people was no problem or challenge for me, as long as I could say what I needed or wanted to say, without being forced to use a “canned” sales talk.

Bill told me about a month later the company we worked for simply wasn't paying us enough, but he needed the money so he could not quit. He was very disappointed to learn I was quitting to start a collection agency but wished me the best of luck. Bill promised me if I ever got up enough money together to start my own siding company construction business, he would switch over to working for me full-time in a heartbeat.

I was raised in a dirt poor family of six children, but all of my older brothers and sisters grew up to gradually start up and own lucrative construction companies. My two sisters could build a complete house, doing most of the subcontractor work, including roofing and painting, themselves, all in a month or so. They built new homes or did large and small reconstruction jobs

My oldest brother Herbert, now passed on, actually created several subdivisions in the Benton Harbor, Michigan, area under our family name. Therefore, I knew there was fairly quick good money to be earned in the construction business.

As promised, as soon as our construction company opened its doors to do business, Bill quit his company and came to work for our new construction company. He made the move the moment I told him we were ready to do business, and to begin with, I would give our business a good start by knocking on doors to get a good stack of leads in our hands right away.

In a few days, thanks to my knocking on many doors and Bill's masterful, charming, easy-going salesmanship, we soon contracted and were doing five or six profitable siding jobs. About two weeks later, I ran into a huge twenty room remodeling job. From the start, we knew it would easily take over a month to complete it, even with hiring three or four extra construction workers.

Bill wrote in the contract that our construction company would be paid one third of the full contract price as a down payment when the contract was signed, then another third when we were two-thirds done with the job and the final third on completion—when the entire job was completed in a “good workmanship manner.”
Unknown to “D” and myself, when the job was two-thirds done, Bill went to the elderly female homeowner who had contracted the big job with us and told her that I wanted him to collect the second third of the money, since we were now two-thirds done and I needed funds for materials and to pay salaries to my workers.

He easily convinced the elderly woman that it would be okay to make the check payable in his name. He also asked her to call her bank to tell her banker he would be there to cash the $30,000 check made out to him in another half hour or so. He told her he was really a major partner and actually owned the biggest share of stocks in our construction company, so no problem; and she believed him.

Dick and I realized afterward that Bill was an accomplished con artist. He had wrapped all of us around his finger with his likable charm and wit. Once Bill had the cash in hand, he quickly disappeared from the area, never to be seen again, with $30,000 of our money in his pocket.

Bill had a knockout good-looking and shapely live-in female companion who traveled with him. When Dick and I went to her apartment, it was empty. The landlord said she had moved out the day before. She had obviously skipped town with Bill.

Late in the afternoon of that day, when Bill did not appear for work at the construction company office and was not to be heard from or seen anywhere, I called the elderly owner of the house we were remodeling to see if she had seen Bill. She told me how Bill had called on her very early that morning. He told her he was really the secret big shot owner of our construction company, that it was time for her to pay the second installment of $30,000 because I needed the money to pay off workers so I could finish the rest of the job, and for her to make the check out to him. He then asked her to call her bank and tell them he would be there in a half hour to cash her check, which she did.

At the sound of my astonished “What?”, she asked me if anything was wrong. I was shattered by the shocking news! How could Bill do this to us, his friends? Then knowing how worried she was, I assured her not to worry, our Construction Company was reliable and we would fulfill our contract in time and in a good workmanship manner, even if it meant a big loss of income to Dick and myself.

It was a great shock to learn that Bill was a con man. He was so naturally friendly and likable. It was an expensive lesson to learn,
especially for me. Dick and I figured Bill had probably headed for parts unknown already. Nevertheless, I quickly called the Hammond, Indiana, police department and told them the story. When I said I had no picture of Bill to give them, they said they could not do anything about it but did fill out a full report. I had to go to the police station and sign it, as well. I was told there was no use for the department to put out an alarm for local area officers to be on a lookout for Bill without knowing who or what to look for.

The money was certainly gone for good. Thus, not only did my own much anticipated windfall of a nice expected business profit vanish, but in order to fulfill our contract, Dick and I had to come up with some extra cash out of our own pockets. Also, without Bill to do his irresistible sales magic, we were literally out of business.

Our now closed down business venture and his small net loss of probably well under $15,000 meant nothing to Dick. However, seeing the dejected, forlorn look on my face, he pondered a few moments and then tried to pick up my spirits with an idea that had just come to him.

He told me excitedly he had close friends, two local very rich brothers who had immigrated to the USA from Cyprus early in their youth. He said they were now both very rich Chicago industrialists and lived in a huge estate out in the nearby countryside.

During a recent visit with them, he said they asked him to keep a lookout for a sharp honest couple to handle a very secretive high paying job for them. The job would involve international travel, but it could be the answer to my wanting to earn some big money fast!

I was instantly all ears. Dick went on to explain that these two rich industrial friends were very close pals of his and were from Cyprus, a small Colonial-governed country near Greece, still under colonial dominion of England.

The two brothers were patriots helping to finance an armed revolution already growing in Cyprus. They needed a married couple, or common-law partners or lovers, with proper IDs and “clean” ID paperwork to be overseas “gun runners” for their cause.

The couple hired for the job would be traveling in style aboard the same cargo ship to make sure the large store of guns secreted in their industrial product cargo shipment containers would arrive safely in Cyprus
and into the eagerly awaiting hands of their revolutionary brothers and sisters.

Dick suggested that Lola could pretend to be my wife. He said if we did it, we would literally pocket a sure and immediate huge fortune with each gun shipment we managed to get through into Cyprus. Being adventurous by nature, I was immediately drawn into the thought of such a tantalizing and well-paying adventure. The idea of me being a successful highly paid “gun runner” pumped up my ego fast. I brightened up on the spot and told Dick I would talk to Lola about it right away. I was sure I could at least talk her into going to a meeting with the two brothers. I said I would get back to him and then he could call the two brothers and tell them he had found a couple perfect for the job, and that we would be happy to have a private meeting with them right away. Then we could see what kind of a bargain we could strike together.

Lola said “No, no, no.” She would not attend any such meeting with dangerous revolutionaries, even if they were Dick’s good friends. However, after ten more minutes of pleading, Lola finally agreed to at least go and see what kind of “a job deal” we would be offered.

Dick was glad to hear Lola had agreed to at least attend a meeting, so he called one of the two brothers and vouched that I was not a secret agent, just a “plain Joe” who was honest, intelligent and highly ambitious. He said we might be the right couple for the job. His friend returned his call 15 minutes later after conferring with his brother and asked Dick to tell us that, with Dick's recommendation, he and his brother wanted to have a face-to-face meeting with the two of us at their country estate at 8:00 p.m. the next evening. He asked us to confirm with Dick if we could make it.

I said, “Yes.” Dick said he would firm up the meeting for 8:00 p.m. the next evening if I gave my solemn promise that Lola and I would meet him at his home at 7:15 p.m.

He explained the brothers said we both would have to sit in the back seat, blindfolded with a guard seated between us, of the limousine he would send to Dick's place at 7:30 p.m. sharp.

We two—or anyone—we were not allowed to know who the two Cyprus brothers were or where they lived, so we must agree to wear blindfolds for the entire half-hour drive to their country estate. Then when the meeting
was over—same deal—we must wear our blindfolds until we arrived back at Dick’s home.

When Lola heard we would be blindfolded, she almost backed out of her commitment. I managed to persuade her that to look at it as a big, harmless adventure. I was sure Dick would never let any harm befall either of us. She knew Dick, and because she respected and trusted him, she agreed to be blindfolded during the drive to and back from our meeting.

We were there and right on time. A big white limousine drove up into Dick W.’s circular drive. As promised, we were waiting there with Dick, since he was also attending the meeting. He walked with us to the limo, greeted the chauffeur and guard, then took a seat in the front with the chauffeur.

Lola and I were quickly seated in the back seat with the burly guard between us. Blindfolds were taped over our eyes by the chauffeur while Dick joked and looked on. The back passenger windows of the limousine were tinted dark so no one could see that we were wearing blindfolds as we drove down through the busy city and soon out on quiet country roads. I can clearly recall and feel that eerie long drive while blindfolded in my mind's eye today!

Wearing blindfolds, time dragged by slowly. The driver seemed in no rush and it seemed like an hour before we finally came to a full stop in the driveway of the huge countryside estate owned by the brothers. On our arrival, the guards told us keep our blindfolds on until we were seated in our chairs in the living room of the estate, where the two brothers now sat waiting for us to arrive.

We were helped out of the limo; the strong guard and tall chauffeur held us each in a tight grasp underneath our right armpits. They guided us slowly and carefully step-by-step to the door, saying when to lift our feet or walk across a level patio to a sliding glass door. A housekeeper or servant opened the sliding glass door and we were ushered in to stand before our seats.

Once inside, shades or blinds were drawn on all the windows and the glass sliding door. The tape was pulled off and our blindfolds removed. We were directed to sit in two of three large fabric seats placed side-by-side. Dick sat in the other one.
First, Dick greeted and hugged his two Cyprus brother friends warmly, then plopped down into the chair beside Lola. The two brothers sat in stately leather upholstered chairs before us. A glass of wine was poured out for all of us by the chauffeur and a smiling and zesty loud toast was made to Cyprus FREEDOM. Within minutes, after some brief small talk, our solemn unforgettable meeting began.

Both of the brothers had dark jet-black hair turning gray and olive-skin complexions. They appeared to be in their late sixties or early seventies, short and overweight, with bright sparkling brown eyes.

The apparent younger one of the two brothers elected to be the first to speak. He said they were glad to meet us and explained we were there only because their very good, highly respected and much trusted friend, Dick W., had vouched for us. He said whether we agreed to their gun-runner proposition or not, neither one of us were to ever say a word to anyone about our meeting with them if we valued our lives.

He paused. When he felt we both fully understood the seriousness of keeping a ‘tight lip” and the gravity of his kindly worded veiled threat, he began probing us each for the reason we had agreed to the idea of undertaking such a highly risky assignment.

On the bright side, he said would be paid $100,000, an equal $50,000 split for each of us, for each successful “gun run” we made between the USA and Cyprus. In addition, we would also travel almost constantly in sheer luxury. All costs for travel, food, drinks, and daily and nightly entertainment, along with wad of steady daily pocket money, would be paid entirely by them. It sounded terrific to my ears.

The other older brother now spoke. He seemed to be the kinder of the two. After this short, preliminary get-acquainted meeting, if we all agreed, they would arrange for us to have another much longer meeting with the two of them.

Therefore, until our second meeting, no kind of ironclad deal would be struck. If all the needed ID and passport details for us could be safely worked out, we would be given pocket money right up to the day of our departure for Cyprus. I liked that part of the plan a lot.

He paused again, then emphasized Cyprus’ long revolutionary fight was an ongoing, very immediate and serious fight for freedom. He said we both needed to know in all seriousness that if we were caught and convicted of running guns to their countrymen in Cyprus, we would surely
both be tried and hung on the gallows. Gunrunning was considered a crime punishable by death by those controlling England's politics. The dictatorial government of England had constantly refused to give Cyprus its long-sought freedom from their long-held Colonial dictatorship.

I knew the thought that we would be caught running guns, imprisoned and hung would make a big impact on Lola, and it did. No such fear welled up in me at that moment. The thought of pocketing $50,000 at the end of each luxurious trip with all expenses paid sounded terrific to me.

In the 1950s, $50,000 was easily equal to $500,000 now in purchase power. That seemed worth the risk in my get-rich-quick mindset at that time. The younger brother, who saw Lola gasp and turn pale with obvious fear, spoke up. He stood to his feet and said it was time to call an end to our first meeting. We had been told enough. He said he could not speak for his brother, but he personally felt satisfied that after meeting and talking with us that we two might be just the right two they were looking for. However, once begun there would be no backing out. He said all four of us would need to be fully committed to go every step of the way through it, if we opted to 'take the job.” If so, he said, looking straight at me at me, we could let our mutual friend Dick know if we wished to go into further negotiations with the two of them with another meeting in their home.

If NOT, raising his voice for emphasis, we were to surely remember, even though we did not know their identity, where they lived or anything else about the two of them due to the blindfolding precautions they had insisted on, an armed revolution was deadly serious business. We must always remember that our lives depended on our silence.

He said if our choice was to refuse, then we must never say a single word to anyone that a meeting of this kind had occurred between them and us—not if we valued our lives! He said we must know their bold support and fight for the freedom of Cyprus, the beloved country of their birth, and allegiance to their courageous patriotic brothers and sisters there could not and would not be compromised. He asked us if we understood. We both nodded our heads that we did.

The meeting was over. The other brother stood and we parted with friendly smiles and firm handshakes.

Once again, we were gently blindfolded, led slowly back to the limo, then seated and driven back to Dick's place. The drive back seemed twice
as fast, for both Lola and I were doing a lot of thinking all the way back. The driver probably also took a different, shorter route. Lola had already made her decision. She would have no part of it, not for all of the money in the world!

Dick was asked to take off our blindfolds as soon as the guard and chauffeur drove out of his long countryside driveway. He waited and then quickly removed them, to sounds of relief, rapid eye movements and gradual smiles from Lola and myself. We were both so happy to be able to focus our eyes on wherever and whatever we chose to see again. It had seemed to me like we were “in the dark” for a small eternity.

Lola quickly let both Dick and I know in no uncertain terms that I was welcome to “kiss her goodbye” and find someone else to take her place to run guns to revolutionaries in Cyprus or to anywhere else on Earth, if I wished, but her answer was, “No, no, no!”

She asked Dick to tell his two nice, rich Cyprus industrialist brothers her lips were sealed. She would not breathe one word to anyone ever about the scary adventure I had talked her into sharing with me. She said to tell them she would be only too glad to forget it and hoped they would do the same. Lola’s was a clear “thanks, but no thanks” decision.

Since I knew no one else to team up with me for that tantalizing gun running proposition, I asked Dick to let his Cyprus brother friends know I wished them great success. That I highly respected what they were doing, and that I was body, mind and spirit with them for wanting to quickly winning their freedom for their beloved country of Cypress.

I urged Dick further to explain to the two of them that without a partner that I knew I could trust I was disqualified and to assure them I would agree not to breathe a word to anyone about the clandestine meeting we had held.

Time passes by. Cyprus was given the freedom longed for and fought for. There is no danger today to others, to myself or my family 50 years later in revealing my briefly “relived” and totally true account of how I almost became an international gunrunner.

Several decades later, as my life path unfolded, Ramtha, dynamic Master Teacher, would train or condition me to do what seemed like very impossible miracles while completely blindfolded.
One of those astounding miracles while blindfolded led me directly to that already foreknown blissful soul union of heart and hands with Maria, my final Soulmate marriage partner (as revealed in Your Soulmate is Calling).

Chapter 12

Do I Choose a Life of Crime or Not?

Thinking back, it amazes me that Grudge was not in prison when I visited Chicago years later. He was constantly figuring out illegal plans or scams about how to make big money fast without doing anything honest or creative to earn it.

Grudge knew that I was going through hard times with my music publishing and record company. He told me one afternoon that one of his old prison buddies had been recently released and arrived in town. The two of them had cooked up what he thought would be an easy robbery of a nearby payroll check cashing place that cashed checks for the many steel workers in the area.

He said he had it from a reliable “inside” tip that tomorrow afternoon this certain payroll cashing office that was set up in a tavern in the heart of the steel mill factories in industrial Gary, Indiana, would have several hundred thousand dollars cash delivered by a local Brink armored truck agency. All this cash in small bills would be setting in the safe at the tavern by time the steelworkers started coming in to cash their monthly checks or weekly checks, usually after 4 p.m.

Grudge told me if he and his friend timed it to be there before the workers started arriving and cashing their checks, they could step up and walk off with all of that money with ease.

To handle the robbery, it would take both of them, each with gun in hand, since his buddy would need to hold a gun on the owner. He would be holding a gun on the customers while the money was removed from the safe and thrown into a big gunny sack they would take in with them. His buddy would order the owner of the tavern to open his safe and place all the money into the bag. One of them needed to carry the heavy bag of
money while the other partner held both guns on the owner and anyone else around.

Grudge said to make the robbery fast and foolproof they needed someone they could trust as a get-away driver. The driver would just wait and have the get-away car engine running, ready to speed away when they returned with the bag of money.

He grinned his fox-like grin and said this is where I came into the picture. If I agreed to be the get-away car driver, I would also be provided with a loaded gun, just in case I needed it. He said if I would agree to be their get-away car driver, his partner and he would give me a third of money, since that would be fair to everyone.

I told Grudge I never shot a revolver in my life, only a .22 rifle when I was a kid. I did shoot an army rifle during practice when I was in the Navy, however in no way would I consider shooting at anyone unless they were trying to kill me, and even then, I would never shoot to kill.

Grudge, told me not to worry, he had not killed or shot at anyone in any one of the dozens of robberies he had committed. Still grinning even more widely, he said people do what you tell them to do when you point a loaded gun at them. Even if I had to fire a gun, there was no need to shoot at anyone. I could aim over their head or to the side of them. He said no one would be hurt or killed, and he would cross his heart and swear on a stack of bibles about that.

Grudge said both he and his prison buddy were real experts at staking out and robbing these kinds of places and they never got caught! He said he got too drunk one night shooting his mouth off too much about “a job” he had done and someone tipped off the police. Otherwise the FBI would never have caught him.

He swore that from past experience he knew this robbery would be a snap. Grudge said I could easily count on sixty to seventy thousand dollars cash as my share of the loot. The robbery would have to be late in the afternoon of the next day. Two days from then, all three of us would have more money than we would know how to spend.

It all sounded so easy, so smooth and so simple. I began to think more about it. All I had to do was drive the get-away car. I didn't even be have to be involved in the armed robbery myself, and yet I would get a whole third of the “loot” we would bring back with us.

As Grudge knew, I had acute money concerns. I needed a pile of money like that to keep my ASWA record company going. It was too big
of a temptation for me to resist. I told Grudge, with that kind of a share of
the loot just for driving the getaway car, I would do it, but he and his
buddy would have to promise me on a stack of bibles that no one would
get shot or killed. If so, I was their man.

Grudge beamed. We shook hands on it. Grudge put his right hand to
his heart and gave me a solemn oath that neither he nor his good buddy
would shoot anyone at the robbery. With that, I walked with him to a
dingy room and board place where his ex-prison buddy was living. His
buddy was friendly to me but, in sharp contrast to Grudge, was a very
grim and serious type friend to have.

He brightened up when Grudge told him I was the reliable get-away
driver they were looking for. He turned solemn again, shook my hand in a
very hard grip and said I had made a good decision. It would be a “snap”
and soon all three of us would be throwing a humdinger of a wild party
with plenty of “broads” invited.

As planned, Grudge's buddy met us at an obscure Calumet City
parking lot. He arrived in a fairly new Ford station wagon he said he had
just stolen. We would be ditching it later. I got in and drove it around the
block, making sure I knew how to drive it. We would have to make a fast
get away after the robbery.

The plan was set. After the robbery, Grudge would jump in, sit beside
me and give me ongoing directions of how to drive the streets to another
obscure parking lot less than six blocks away.

On arrival there, we would leap out of the stolen auto and toss the bag
of money into the back seat of his buddy's car. Naturally, we would be
sure to wipe off any fingerprints from the stolen car and leave it there. We
would drive at normal speed to a small motel where we would divide the
money into three equal sacks.

Both Grudge and his buddy wore extra-large work jackets that would
allow them to tuck their guns under their belts and walk into the check
cashing place without anyone knowing they were “packing.”

His buddy handed me a revolver with a gleaming black walnut grip
and asked me if I knew how to shoot. Without waiting for my answer, he
said it was fully loaded and showed me where to find the safety release
catch to release it in case I needed to do some shooting!

He knew I made Grudge vow no one would be shot so he was having
a little fun with me, but I was not amused. They both studied their
wristwatches. Grudge's friend was nervous but eager. He said it was time
to start up the car. It was nearly 4:30 p.m., and according to their calculation we needed to be parked at the check-cashing place with them both walking in the tavern’s front door by 4:45 p.m.

The tavern enjoyed a thriving business. Every Friday was payday and hundreds of steel workers came there to drink a beer and one or two shots of whiskey, and to cash their checks. There was a small office and check cashing window to the far left of the long bar.

I was very nervous but I tried to keep cool. Grudge guided me to the tavern we had targeted to rob. I turned into the parking lot and backed the station wagon into the parking space Grudge gestured for me to park in. The game plan was after parking the car, the two would go in, order drinks at the bar and “case the joint.” If the coast were clear, they would go ahead and pull off the “stick-up.”

When Grudge and his buddy raced back to the car with their big haul in hand they could toss the money bag into the back seat. His buddy would jump in back. Grudge would jump in front. That allowed Grudge to give me street-by-street directions to the parking lot where his buddy’s car was parked.

It looked like the time had come. Grudge glanced at his watch, turned to his buddy in the back seat and said, “Ready, guy?” His buddy in the back seat nodded a silent grim-eyed “yes.” Both stepped out of the car. With a stern look on his face, Grudge told me to keep me to keep my eyes on the front door of the tavern. He said we needed to “barrel” out of there when they were both back in the car with the loot. My whole body and being was tense and tight. I could hardly gulp out my two words, “I will.”

My eyes followed them as they walked about 20 steps to open the tavern door. They were just a few steps behind three other customers who had stepped through the tavern door before them. None of the three were dressed in workmen clothes. Two were wearing suits.

Some of the steel workers were already off work and starting to arrive early. I knew Grudge and his buddy wanted to pull off the robbery before too many check-cashing patrons arrived.

Perhaps a minute—which seemed like an hour–passed and two battered old cars drove into the lot and parked nearby. The drivers were both dressed in grimy blue work clothes. They must have worked together, for one waited for the other to get out of his car. Then the two hurried into the tavern.
A few more minutes passed. Another steel worker customer arrived. He parked and hurried to the tavern and through the front door. Minutes later a middle-aged couple, the woman giggling loudly, came out the tavern door. Arm in arm they strolled to their car, got in and paused to kiss passionately. I prayed silently for them to go. I didn't want any witnesses to the robbery.

To my relief, he started up their car engine and they drove slowly out into the street and away.

It seemed like at least 10 minutes had gone by. With each passing minute, my anxiety, concern, tenseness and fear grew stronger. At about this time I was questioning why I had allowed Grudge to talk me into being a partner in this robbery.

I regretted I had ever allowed myself to be tempted by the thought and desire of fast and easy big money. I felt more and more guilt over failing to be more principled in my thinking and saying to myself, “I should have said no.”

At that moment, the two would-be tavern payroll robbers stepped slowly out of the front door. I tensed, ready to rocket out of the parking lot soon as they arrived and jumped in. But there was clearly no rush. They were plodding along toward the car at a normal walking gait. My mind raced. What happened?

The two neared the car and the usual perpetual grin on Grudge's face was gone. There was no heaping bag of money in either of their hands. Both looked like death walking. They slid slowly into the car, his buddy in back and a woeful Grudge sat beside me in the front seat. I was shocked, but at another level their return with a robbery occurring was a pleasant surprise.

I voiced a different thought and asked, “What happened?” I peered at both of them in wonder. Grudge spoke first through clenched teeth. He said after ordering drinks and casing the joint, both of them agreed it just did not look right. There seemed to be too many non-worker type customers sitting at tables. His buddy and he both said they felt something was wrong very strongly.

He repeated, shaking his head, “something was wrong with the picture.” The two drank their beer and quietly talked it over. Grudge said because he had been out and on parole for less than a year and his buddy for only a brief few days, the two of them thought it could have been a set-up, a “sting,” and they were to be the targets.
They discussed the thought that maybe the hot tip Grudge got from the insider, who he thought was a friend, was “bait” instead. Grudge's buddy said several men and women in casual wear or business suits looked like they could be undercover agents or local undercover police.

Since they were both in strong agreement that “something was wrong,” they decided to finish their beer and then drive to the parking lot where the stolen car I was driving would be ditched. They also needed to get our guns hidden fast. Grudge said, if either of them was caught with a gun it would be a big violation of their parole and they would both be right back behind prison bars, which both hated.

Though undisclosed to Grudge and his prison buddy, the relief I felt was immense. It soon grew into elation. My whole being was filled with gratitude. This certainly had been a stern lesson, but I realized that a life of crime was definitely not for me!

When we returned to the parking lot where his buddy's car was parked, we rubbed any possible fingerprints off the steering wheel, door handles and dashboard surfaces, and abandoned the stolen car.

Grudge's buddy had already collected his guns from Grudge and me. He placed them in a little black leather satchel, removed the back seat of his car, stowed the satchel under it and put the seat back in place. I learned later from Grudge that his buddy had bought them from a local Chicago mob underground gangster who was a low-priced stolen guns source.

I gave silent inner thanks and heaved another big sigh of relief when Grudge's buddy dropped us off at the front door of Ma's tavern. He waved goodbye, never to be seen by me again.

Grudge and I stayed at Ma's tavern until late night. We both put away a whole lot of beers. Neither one of us talked about the failed robbery attempt. I felt that Grudge himself was unconsciously glad that he had not begun to initiate another string of robberies that would have eventually landed him back in prison. After two or three beers, his warm likable mood had returned—along with his almost perpetual grin.

For me it was a lesson well learned. It made me feel beyond a shadow of a doubt that a stress-filled shady life of crime was clearly not my desire or my chosen future path.

We learn from our mistakes, or we do not. I felt my lesson had been learned. In retrospect, for whatever reason known only to my soul, I surely had succumbed easily to the idea and strong temptation to acquire fast, big money by robbing someone else of it. Clearly then by God's grace, I had...
barely escaped being an armed robber, which would logically cast me into the role of a hunted criminal as Grudge had been.

I pondered that even if the robbery had been successful and none of us were ever caught, how could I have lived with myself? A life of crime would be a long fearful life of looking over my shoulder every hour of every day up to the day of my death, fearing or expecting to eventually be caught and punished severely. We all play our chosen roles in life. As Shakespeare knew and said, “Life is but a dream …” Knowing this now, I judge no one for whatever dream role he or she plays.

A role is a role is a role. And a dream is a dream is a dream. A good role or bad role; it is only a role chosen until we wake up from the play or the dream we are dreaming.

That night I chose never to live or even consider living a “low life” of crime. The “high life” of an eventual genuinely deep spiritual being who would awaken fully was beckoning to me as my self-chosen and self-created destiny.

Many times through my life, I had sincerely promised myself I would not be tempted again to gamble or give in to fast money schemes. However, I repeatedly gave in to such temptations. It shows the human-side difference between a self-promise to keep a commitment and a deep soul dedicated BE attitude or consciousness. To BE takes a lot of repeated tested experiences and almost daily vigilant practice before you BE it, instead of DO otherwise.

I practiced LEARNING that lesson several more times over the decades ahead before I really became what I AM or what I BE, which surely then determines what I then DO.

In short, it is what we be that counts, not what we do. From a be attitude, we move wisely then from the WHOLE picture to the seeming PART of any picture.

Glancing (but not staring) back, I knew that night as I went to sleep that I had again failed to pass an important morality test, but from that night and day on, that severe of a choice would never come again. Also, in time (years in the future), I would know that a lesson once learned never needs to be repeated.
Chapter 13

Astounding True Predictions Made From a Card Reading Psychic

In the course of my occasional visits with Grudge at Ma's tavern, I was quite surprised to hear Ma and Grudge talking about a card reader psychic who resided in Calumet City. Ma was trying to talk Grudge into going to this local neighborhood psychic who from what I overheard was recommended by their family members and some tavern customers as profoundly accurate in her predictions.

Ma told me she wanted to see what the psychic had to say about Grudge's future. I gathered that she must have had a psychic reading herself and wanted to compare notes.

I could see Grudge's eyes light up as he turned to me and said. “Hey, Michael, you know what? Come with me. I'm gonna pay for yours. Come on, guy. What the heck? It’s only ten bucks and then Ma and me can both see how good this creep is!”

Before I could say yes or no, a widely grinning Grudge laughingly pulled me off the bar stool to my feet and I obligingly followed closely behind. As we neared the door on our way out, Ma yelled at us from behind the bar. “Ya gotta tell me w’at she tells ya, ya hear?’’

I was surprised when we arrived at the elderly psychic's home that she did not even have a sign in her window. She used the living room of the small house as her waiting room if she had more than one customer at a time. When I asked her why she did not advertise, she said because she was just a housewife who made a little extra money she needed by doing card readings and she didn’t want to advertise herself as a psychic.

She eyed both of us. When Grudge said we both wanted to have a reading and he would pay for both of us, she looked us over again. Pointing to me, she said she wanted to do a card reading for me first.

The very lively but elderly psychic reader asked Grudge to be seated in a chair in the waiting room and he would be next. She pointed to a rack of magazines and newspapers and said he could read any of them if he wanted to and that she would be back for him soon. She gestured for me to follow her into her small kitchen to her kitchen table. Closing the door behind us so that the reading would be private and, obviously, so there
would be no distractions to her intuitive or psychic focus when she studied or read her deck of cards.

She picked up an ordinary deck of 52 playing cards from the kitchen table before us. Then she shuffled the deck of cards quickly, handing the full deck to me. She told me to relax as much as I could for a few moments. Then I was instructed to “cut” (divide) the entire deck into three separate stacks.

After cutting them, she told me to set the three separate stacks in a straight row, from my left to right on the table between us.

We sat facing each other across the small kitchen table. I told her I understood, that asked if she wanted the bottom card to show. She said she wanted all three stacks with all the cards to be facing down on the kitchen table because she “worked” on only one stack at a time.

After pausing for a few moments and feeling as relaxed as I could, I followed her directions.

The psychic reader picked up the smallest stack to my left, explaining it told her my past. She turned the stack over and studied the image on the card, then turning them with all images up, she fanned all the cards out in that stack, and started doing her “reading.” She stopped and studied a card from time to time.

As she read my cards, I was astounded. This lady who was a complete stranger to me was revealing major incidents from my early childhood up to the present, some of them very specific and right on target. I almost died at age two from some childhood illness—shortly after my father died—but miraculously recovered. (*Exactly what my mother told me!)

She said I was raised with a big family of brothers and sisters. (*Yes, six total.) A close cousin playmate of mine had died when I was in my early teens. The accident looked like it had been a train wreck. (*It was!) I had major problem with my legs in my late teens. (*My polio.) I had traveled a lot and loved what I did. (*Basketball.) I met the love of my life while traveling far from my childhood birthplace. (*Bonnie.) She had scored one incredible “hit” after another. I was totally astounded.

She then picked up the middle card stack and said it represented my present. Studying the top key card and the fan shaped oval of cards before her, she announced that I was still surrounded by a huge family of brothers and sisters, all still alive, and all of them loved me very much. Studying
the cards a few moments, she said I had two sisters and at least two brothers. (*I had three brothers.*) She said my mother was visible, which meant she was still alive, but she could see no sign of my father around me so she assumed he had passed on. Furthermore, she said when she saw me nod my head in agreement, his passing was during my very early childhood.

All of what was she “saw” was totally true. My jaw dropped and my astonishment grew. How could she see all that in that deck of plain, rather worn cards, she was studying?

She continued, saying it appeared that I have many “irons in the fire,” in fact too many. She said I would do better if I focused on just one main stream of my life at a time instead of so many all at once.

I thought about the various business ventures I was currently handling: the collection agency business, the music publishing and music recording business, and a construction company business.

I had to agree. This lady really knew her stuff. However, I was soon about to change my opinion.

She reached for the third stack, saying it represented my future. Her eyes grew wider and wider as she studied the key first key card upon turning the stack over. Then, after adeptly fanning all the cards out before her into another oval shape, she looked intently from one to the other.

I watched silently. She suddenly threw her hands up into the air, saying “Oh, my God!” She stared into my eyes and said I needed to be prepared for many very astounding, extremely unusual events and people in my future.

First, she said, before another year passed I would be making a sudden, snap decision to go on an extremely important trip to a far away destination. Furthermore, she told me I would start my trip alone. However, soon after starting out, two other companions would join me on my trip. They would remain with me all the way to our mutual far off destination.

She studied the cards some more and said all kinds of obstacles would rise up along the way, but each would be overcome and the three of us would finally arrive at our final destination several days later.

Peering further into the row of cards, she told me that almost at the instant of my arrival at my destination point, “You will be met by a kindly,
very extraordinary elderly person. He will greet you in a surprising way.”
(*Martin Kearns.)

‘this person will be your mentor for awhile. He will help you to
accomplish your aim in arriving at this far away destination.” She kept
studying the cards further and said, “You have come to Earth with a
mission. You have a great plan you wish to fulfill. It will be difficult, there
will be hardship after hardship and obstacles for you to overcome all along
the way, but in the end you will succeed in what you plan.”

She paused again and stared deeply into my eyes, “I could tell much,
much more, but I am not permitted to do that.” She continued, “However,
I can tell you this. You will live a very long, very full life, and you will
overcome all those tests and hardships set before you for you are
determined to accomplish a great personal mission in life you came to
Earth to do. You will have guidance, protection and help from great
Spiritual Beings all of the way.”

She said, ‘that's it, young man, I can't tell you any more,’’ as she
gathered together all of the cards in the deck. While doing so, she made
one final stark prediction, which also came true!

She told me, with a smile and nod of her head, “You will come back
here years later and want me to do another reading for you, but it will be
impossible. You will see,” she smiled widely, then stood up stared at me a
long moment with great wonder in her eyes. Then wished me “God speed”
on my life journey, and asked me to kindly tell my friend in her living
room ‘to step in” and get his reading.

I thanked her and stepped out of the kitchen and, as requested, to tell
Grudge it was his turn.

While Grudge received his reading, I sat wondering what in the world
this elderly psychic was raving about. She seemed to be so accurate, about
my childhood past and about me having too many irons in the fire now,
but why was she making up all that hocus-pocus about my future?

All of it sounded like some fanciful drama she made up for me in her
mind. I had no plans or the slightest desire whatsoever to leave the
Chicago area. Indeed, she was just making all this up. What was that about
me starting off on this long trip alone and two others joining me. Where in
the world was she getting this stuff? Who would join me?
I shook my head, dismissing anything and everything she had predicted for my future as well meaning but certainly only the raving of a highly imaginative, aging psychic card reader. She must make up whatever stories come to her mind to keep her clients satisfied. I wondered what she was telling Grudge about his future.

On our walk back to Ma at her tavern, I told Grudge that the psychic had surprised the heck out of me about what she knew about my past and what might be going on around me now, but I thought she had deliberately made up a lot of “mumbo-jumbo” about what would happen to me in my future.

Wild as it seemed, to my wonderment and great surprise, everything she predicted about my long trip became my 3-D reality well before another full year passed by. Even her final off-the-cuff prediction that I would be asking about her but she would not be around to do another reading for me would come true.

Years later, during a trip to the Chicago area, in a brief visit with Ma and Grudge I asked how I could contact this psychic for another reading. They told me this extraordinary housewife card reader psychic had passed on about a full year or so after I had left on my trip to Tin Pan Alley in New York.

That news seemed like ‘the icing on the cake.” What an extraordinary woman! I knew I had been highly privileged to meet her and be advised accurately about actual, forthcoming 3-D events by a simple, sacred humble God-Being housewife who had the uncanny knack or ability to use ordinary playing cards to peer far and wide, across and through time and space, and very clearly into my upcoming future. Bless her heart.

Time waits for no one. In due time, as predicted and which I had momentarily dismissed and forgotten since it seemed so meaningless at the time, I found myself headed straight toward my amazing, fully foretold startling destiny in far off New York City.
Chapter 14
Opening My Third Eye

Various major events with our ASWA Records Company had taken shape. We had contracted with a truly wonderful local Chicago area group, Leon Evans & His Band, who I used to record a few of our songs. The song on the B side of one of the finished single records was a composition I had co-written with my business partner, David K., titled, Troubled Mind—Troubled Heart.

Both songs, the A side and the B side, were sung by a talented local Chicago area singer. I signed a recording contract with him after hearing his audition. The A side of the 45 RPM record featured Clap Hands—a “crowd rouser” song that had a truly rocking beat that I had written several years before “rock music” arrived with the Beatles.

Our young 12-year-old award winning singer, Tipsie Lee, recorded several more of my songs, including Twinkle Top Helps Santa. ASWA Records was “geared up” to have a nice display of stacks of commercially pressed records for public display and sale at our ASWA booth at the upcoming huge national record company conference being held in Chicago in another two weeks.

I had also met and became close friends with two local Hammond, Indiana, songwriter brothers, Mike and Sam. Sam was the main songwriter, putting heart and soul into them. Mike only dabbled with song lyrics and tried to help Sam get his terrific songs published.

Without hesitation after seeing and hearing Sam's songs, I not only signed a publishing contract for several of them, we teamed up to write several songs together. Sam liked to compose the melodies, while my preference was to write an appropriate lyric for his unique, ultra catchy melodies.

About three weeks before the exciting big Chicago record convention gala event, I was drawn to read a book written by a yogi. He explained in simplified terms how to open the ‘third eye,” thus collapsing time and space and see into the future. It seemed plausible to me.

The yogi wrote that with persistent daily effort, anyone could succeed in looking clairvoyantly through space and time into the near or far future via his “opening the third eye” technique. He explained the why and how
of it, similar to what we know today as holographic technology. However, holography was then unknown at a mass public level.

He said the reader needed to think simultaneously from three different levels, and all at the same time. The reader is to:

- First, take or assume the spirit overview.
- Second, link mentally and lovingly with the mind of any known Ascended Master like Jesus, Buddha, Krishna, etc.
- Third, with whatever chosen question in mind, hold awareness through the physical brain at a conscious personality level. During this process, the reader steadily focuses attention at a point about a half inch below the bridge of the nose.

The yogi stated that light is the basis of all known reality. Thus if the reader could manage to first achieve and hold an inner calm, harmonious body state either laying down or in a seated yoga posture with eyes closed and then rolled back to that described “third eye” area with patient stillness, a small point of light would appear and form a small, electric-blue ring or circle.

If the reader’s mind held steady and calmly on it, awareness would soon gradually “sink” into the center of the dazzling blue ring. He said a question posed to Higher Self demands an answer. Thus, without notice, the electric blue ring would expand into a vivid, “greater than life” vision. The scene would usually be in full color. The reader might see an image or some kind of meaningful symbol that mind would consciously translate into the correct answer to the question posed, either immediately or in due time.

I read and re-read the book and instructions. I was determined to make all the persistent effort needed until I achieved what at first seemed like ‘the impossible.” The thought of being able to see into the future at will, even if it took persistence, was very appealing to me.

I tried it that night, and night after night just before going to sleep for a whole week or so. On my third night, I got to the stage of seeing the point of light and a vivid electric blue ring, but no further. Finally, after another ten minutes or so of steady focus, I finally gave up.

I was certain that with persistence I would do it, so I kept at it. Yet, after seven days of trying, I still had gotten no further than to seeing and
holding my focus on the blue ring. Nevertheless, I promised myself I would not give up until I succeeded.

Over almost the whole week following, night after night with fervor and zeal I would try again and again. I was determined to make the attempt every night thereafter until I succeeded.

My persistence and “intent” to succeed must have been the catalyst. A few evenings later, after moving quickly past the pinpoint of white light stage on to the blue ring stage, while being still with little or no movement in consciousness— it happened.

I suddenly felt an effortless motion of my awareness sinking down, down, down, deep into the center void of the dazzling bright circle of blue light. I could see gleaming white, white and violet rays streaming from the outer edges of it. An instant later, I was there. My third eye had opened!

Click!

A scene unfolded within my full awareness. I knew that I had succeeded in opening the “eyes of spirit.” I was a fascinated spectator, but puzzled by what I saw. There were no words said. I saw only a stark, incredibly clear picture of the bust of a youthful man’s head and face. His hair was coal black, with big busy black eyebrows and a nice likable smile.

I studied the picture, realizing I was definitely being shown the specific answer to the specific question I was asking “spirit.” Yet what I was saw and deeply pondered made no “connective” sense whatsoever to me. It was not the face of anyone I had ever seen or knew.

Click!

I suddenly came out of my third eye experience. “I did it!” But what did it mean? I lay quietly awake without going to sleep for some time. I was awed and filled with wonder at what I had clairvoyantly seen so vividly and lucidly. Practice with persistence pays. Since childhood basketball practice days, being stubbornly persistent toward achieving what I wanted let me achieve many seeming impossible feats. I gave thanks that I had learned the pragmatic wisdom of practice and persistence.

I realized with a feeling of immense satisfaction and pleasure that beyond a doubt I had finally succeeded in opening my third eye. Yet, although I pondered and pondered before gradually falling sound asleep
on what the message was supposed to be in that face, I could not fathom it; not in the slightest, at least not for now!

A huge portion of the answer would unfold in about another week. More, if not the rest of the answer would come to me in a most unexpected face-to-face meeting in Hollywood a few years later. Eventually I learned there is a vast difference between linear time and holographic “no time” or the Eternal Now! I did receive the WHOLE answer I sought, however. My linear mind in linear space was fashioned to handle one PART of the “whole” reality at a time.

The question I held firmly in mind was, “Who is a major immediate connection or link to help me fulfill my soul’s destiny on Earth?”

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Chapter 15
Meeting That Important Stranger Shown Clearly In My Vision

There was excitement in the air! It was Monday and I was back in my office, busy working at my desk. The gala three-day Chicago convention had ended on Sunday, the day before, and what a terrific “door opener” it had been. I had established an incredible number of important contacts who could lead to rapid expansion of our ASWA Records business.

My partner, David K., and I had met many famous celebrity singers and major record company owners, including a group of four fine college-age male singers, all in their early twenties, who were on the top of the charts with their hit songs. Dick W. was one of the elite four singers in that group.

As you may recall, Dick was my construction company partner, the rich singer friend who introduced me to his gunrunning friends from Cyprus. Dick and I clicked when we were first introduced to each other. Over the next few days, we became fast friends. I was excited to find out that his home was in the Chicago suburbs.
Always on the lookout for new material and new singing talent, the current president of Capital Records Company, at that time (in the 1950s) one of three of the biggest record companies in the USA, came up to my convention hotel room to listen to several of our ASWA Record Company demo records.

He agreed that Tipsie Lee was just as good a singer as his own famous 12-year-old Capital Records singing superstar who currently had several songs at the very top of the hit songs charts too.

After listening in stunned amazement to her wide range and exquisite timbre and force of Tipsie Lee's voice, he said she was really as terrific a singer I had told him.

I was happy to hear him confirm that Tipsie Lee was a recording company goldmine since I owned her contract. I told him Tipsie Lee would certainly make it big if she had a recording contract with his Capital Records Company and I was willing to sell her contract to him for a reasonable figure, if that was of interest to him.

He thought about it for a few moments then said that a Tipsie Lee recording promoted by Capital Records would not be good business. His already highly visible and now super successful child star would probably be unreasonably jealous and maybe impossible to handle if he bought Tipsie's contract from me or recorded and promoted a single or album of her songs, even if Tipsie Lee was such a dynamite singer. He made a good point, so the two of us moved on to other convention music business activities.

In reviewing events of the past three days, David K. and I had enjoyed a fulfilling and rousing good time. When the record convention was over, we agreed that the various and many unique contacts and friendships we had made with different major record company owners and various singing groups and star celebrities would serve the interests and growth of both our ASWA Publishing and ASWA Record Company extremely well.

My stream of thoughts about the convention suddenly halted. I looked up from my desk at a faint knock on my office door. My secretary Ann, popped her head through the door and said I had two visitors, Sam and Mike, and a friend not known to her who came with them. She said they were anxious to see me and asked if it would be all right to send them in.

I smiled, happy at the thought of seeing Sam and Mike and asked her to send them in. I always looked forward to doing business or spending
my free time with Sam and Mike. The brothers were always together. A warm, sincere, very good friendship has developed between the three of us.

Sam and Mike had attended the enormous Chicago Record Company Convention. They had in fact made preparations weeks in advance. They also rented an exhibition booth. Sam was eager to show the whole music world the many fine songs he had written.

I met and interacted there with the two of them a host of times during the three-day non-stop action. Sam and Mike had both been busy making every possible personal contact they could with anybody who was somebody. This huge music event featured an enormous gathering of nationwide record companies, and famous singing stars and groups. It also included many successful songwriters and every kind of a music business promoter you could imagine.

The two brothers greeted me in their usual warm friendly manner. Mike took the arm of the bearded stranger and ushered him over to my desk, where I sat. “Michael, I want you to meet Don Reed.” He said, “We met Don here on the first day at the Convention. Don is a hot top songwriter with some big hits under his belt already. He wrote Why Don't You Believe Me the big Joni James hit...”

I was very familiar with Joni James' terrific hit song. I lit up. I arose, reached out my hand and congratulated Don with a warm handshake. I told him in all truth that Why Don't You Believe Me was one of the best songs around in years and congratulated him in being the writer of such a knockout tune. I said both the melody and the words were sensational and it was definitely one of my own favorite songs.

Kiddingly I said. “Got any more like that?” Don burst into a huge smile. He spoke in a soft but confident voice. He said he had hundreds more like that, most were better and he would be glad to show me some of them if I had the time or would make the time.

Mike broke into the conversation. He said they met Don at the convention and Don had told them he wanted to hang out with the Chicago music crowd for a month or two before going back to Hollywood where he and his wife lived. He said that since Don had no other contacts or friends in the Chicago area, they had asked Don to stay with them at his own home in Hammond. He said staying at a hotel would be very expensive for Don and why spend that kind of money if he could move in with
him, Sam and his wife at his home. He told Don he was sure his wife would agree to have him as their houseguest for a few weeks.

Sam saw my desk littered with paperwork and realized I was busy. He interjected, “Michael, if you’re too busy right now, the three of us can come back later. How about all of us having lunch together, my treat!” I agreed to a lunch date with pleasure.

Mike chimed in again. He said that even though Don would be around for a while, he wanted me to take a quick five minute look at Don’s stuff before lunch, so we could talk about it while we ate.

Sam spoke again, saying that he and Mike had told Don about all of the “good stuff” I had written too and Don was interested in looking at my own terrific song, *Mirror, Mirror on the Wall*.

Don, bursting with pride, told me he was also a sole owner of both an ASCAP and a BMI song publishing company in Hollywood so he was always on the lookout for top-of-the-line songs from other writers. He paused for breath and said he also acted and sang in Hollywood, where he lived, and had a personal contract with one of the top two talent agencies in Hollywood.

He unzipped the fat satchel he was holding under his left arm, rummaged quickly through it muttering he wanted to show me something. Don had my full attention. I watched as he opened the satchel and quickly searched through it. He found what he was looking for. He handed me a large 8 by 10 inch, black-and-white publicity photo. He pointed to the name of the Hollywood agency printed under the bottom of the photo beneath his name.

I froze on the spot. I realized I was looking at the identical face, detail for detail that I had seen in stark black and white color—when I opened my third eye! Obviously, with his thick and full black beard, I had not recognized his face when I was introduced to him. However, there was no doubt about it. This was the face of “that important person” in my future I had asked about! I stared at the photo. That was the face. Those were indeed the exact same thick black bushy eyebrows.

My mind spun. I stared agape for several moments before I could speak. I knew with a sudden, great, warm wave of joy through my whole body and being that I would not only make time for Don to show me his stuff, but I could hardly wait to sit down and talk with him in depth.
In our several weeks together ahead, we became very close friends. We formed a fast, true and lasting friendship to this date–if Don is still “in the body” and reads my life story. I lost contact with Don about 20 years ago, after we met again at a gala awards presentation banquet of the Hollywood Motion Picture Society in Hollywood.

My beautiful Hollywood-actress girlfriend Elisabeth, who later married Bob Wills, Jr., and is now deceased, was then president of the Hollywood Motion Picture Society. I received an award at the event. One of Don's beautiful love songs, which he had pulled out and sung to Sam, Mike and myself several times during the late 1950s when we were together in the Hammond, Indiana, had finally been published and recorded! It was the number one hit of the day, recorded by Barry White. During that precious time spent with him, I learned a whole lot from Don Reed about the music business, especially about songwriting and opening the doors to record and music publishing houses.

Don would be returning to his Hollywood home in less than two months, but the truly vital, great connection he would become in my life would not be revealed to me until nearly two years later. when destiny and The Holy Spirit placed me at the right place at the right time through an astounding and completely genuine ten-cent “miracle” event.

Don Reed would leave for now, but several unexpected, dramatic “record making” events–big life-making changes–were about to unfurl in both Sam's life and mine.

Many other astounding “miracles” planned by unseen forces would follow. I was about to have a new music business partner, Sam.

Sam, Mike and I had been destined to be join forces in a most astonishing, highly eventful, “music-making” year ahead.
A few months after Don Reed left the area, a turn of unexpected new events unfolded. They shattered what had been my rock-solid foundations for financial security in Hammond.

David K. and I had a sudden, silly, yet apparent irreversible “falling out” of our friendship. With it, the previous stable flow of daily income from my half of our partnership profits from our collection agency business ended abruptly. David agreed to give me what I thought was a reasonable cash settlement for signing the collection agency over to his complete and sole ownership.

He also withdrew his partnership and investment with me in building up our ASWA Publishing and ASWA Record Company business. ASWA had grown considerably. I had acquired a host of talented solo singers, groups and bands, all under exclusive recording contracts with me. Our ASWA Publishing Company “leg” had hundreds of terrific songs in reserve, a majority of them my own, but sales of the few records we had pressed and were distributing were slow.

We simply had not reached a point where any appreciable income was being generated. More money was going into the business than out, and since we were not making any money from our two ASWA music company businesses, David generously or wisely agreed to sign off from our partnership agreement and give me complete full, legal ownership. Thus, the responsibility for all bills due and payable now rested on my shoulders alone.

This sudden new twist to everything—after paying a host of high bills due without sustaining funds from another source to pay my monthly office rent and the cost of maintaining my ASWA business—it appeared my music publishing and music record company career was nearing an inevitable, sudden, crashing end.

About then Jim, my friend in Chicago who owned the record company and state-of-the-art recording studio, presented me with a unique get rich quick scheme. The lesson of overcoming a temptation for fast easy money kept repeating itself with me. This kind of a temptation takes
on even more glamour or attraction when you think or feel you are in a state of lack or drastic need.

Jim was a genuine genius electronic device inventor. In the late mid-50s he was far, far ahead of his time. He pulled out a tiny metallic “wireless” device and showed it to me. It was only about two inches square and fairly flat. I said, “What is it?

Jim grinned and said it was a wireless shock-producing device. He had tested the device in several different ways and he said it worked perfectly. He explained that prior to coming up with this invention, he had made several other wireless gadgets that allowed him to look out of his second story bedroom window, open his garage door below, start up his car, put it in reverse and roll it out slowly to a stop without a driver or passengers.

He said that in the cold winter, his devices allowed him to have his car sit out in his driveway, even warming up the engine and inside of the car, before going down his apartment stairs and out into the winter cold.

At my look of astonishment, he said a combo of gadgets made this an easy feat. However, he had recently thought of another use that could make both of us a fortune overnight.

A quick red flag went up in my mind over other “get rich quick” schemes that failed, but Jim was a good friend and someone I felt I could trust. He was definitely not a con man, and was a good personal friend. We had done quite a bit of recording session business together. I always noted he was always quite masterful in all his recording studio projects I had witnessed, so I made up my mind to hear what he had to say.

Jim let me have a closer look at the device again. It was a compact little gadget made of leather, copper wires and metal. At the turn of a switch, it produced a wireless controlled electric “shock” across a considerable distance.

Grinning even more, he said at the turn of a switch, if it was taped to or touching bare skin of anyone or any animal less than a mile away, he could give an instant shock or a series of shocks to that person or animal.

His grin got even wider. He said since he was a gambler who loved horse racing and had many well-heeled Chicago mob party friends who owned one or more race horses, his device could make even one of their
very poorest runners cross the finish line to win any race yards ahead of the rest of the pack.

Jim told me his research and development had gone well past the theory stage. One of his rich mobster friends who he thought might help fix a race using his set-up had jumped at the chance to test the device. He said both of them had binoculars and watched what his device would do as one of the mobsters poorest, older race horse ran around his private countryside race track.

He said every time his mobster friend told him to do it, he turned the switch and both could see the horse, already running at top speed, jerk and suddenly step up its pace. After several jolts, it was running for its life, far, far beyond its normal racing speed. They clocked the horse and it beat all previous records around the track. It was clear proof to both of them that if they were able to use his gadget, almost any horse could be forced to outdo itself and cross the finish line yards ahead of the nearest challenger and they could rake in a fortune at the track.

His mobster pal was extremely enthusiastic. The two of them talked about setting up the next local big race where he could enter one of his racehorses in a few weeks. His mobster friend said he was sure his poorest runner could bring them a sure win. It would be a sure bet. The odds would all be against his horse winning, so an upset would put the both of them on easy street.

Jim explained all the odds would be big that his mobster friend’s racehorse would be in last or near last position at the finish of the race. This meant if he and Jim loaded up (betting as much as they could afford and placing the bet just before the betting window closed), they would both make a sudden and massive overnight fortune.

Jim heard about my “settlement” with David K. so he knew I had a windfall of extra cash on hand. He was eager to work out a deal with me. If I would lend him money to lay down as a bet, he assured me he would pay me back at least five times what I would agree to loan him.

He turned the shock device volume down and asked me to try it. Not too thrilled about the prospect of getting shocked but still wanting to know for myself that his device worked as he said, I walked to the other side of the room. I stopped short of my office wall, turned toward him and braced myself apprehensively for the shock. My right hand was cupped against the metal part of the device.
“Here it comes” Jim yelled.

OUCH!

It worked with the speed of light and the turn of a switch. I was glad he had turned the device down to a milder range of shock, and I was not about to ask him to turn up the volume to see how that might feel. I knew for myself that the device worked exactly as Jim said it could and would.

No doubt if the jockey or an attendant in on the fix placed that small, flat, metal device under the tail of even a slow racehorse, the horse would run like the wind to win the race. I told Jim it sounded good, but since we still had a good three weeks before he needed the loan, I wanted to think about it.

As the days passed, I realized on a 50 to 1 long shot, I could bet ten thousand dollars of my cash on hand in the last few minutes of the race and turn it into a half million dollars. Wowee!

After all, I argued in my mind, I certainly needed more money if I was to stay in the music business. With half a million dollars in cash backing me up, I could package and turn out plenty of big-time record hits.

As fate or destiny would have it, giving in to the temptation and deciding to go ahead with a big bet on a fixed horse race was taken out of my hands. Jim walked into my office with dejection written all over his body and face less than a week later. There was a look of woe in his eyes. In a forlorn voice, he said the “fix” was off.

At my look of surprise he explained that two of his mobster’s close friends, who also owned race horses, had paid a jockey to overturn a “fixed” horse race yesterday where big bucks had been placed on what was supposed to be a winning horse by several major members of the Chicago “mob.” The mobster told him two of his lifelong friends who had changed the outcome of the race, causing a big money loss to these dangerous mob members, were found gunned to death beside their garage doors early that morning.

The message was clear. The Chicago Mob would not allow any independent mobster to “cut into” their big winnings on fixed races in their territory. Jim said his mobster pal was white as a sheet when he related the story to him. He told Jim he was scared stiff and there was no way he would let his race horse be used to set up a fixed race that might
conflict with bets being placed by the trigger-happy “big boys” in the mob. The mob member said he did not want himself or his family facing the wrath of his mobster “friends,” who he knew obviously thought nothing of “blowing away” anyone, friend or foe, who dared to try to take control of or “chisel” into their lucrative territory.

I had conflicting thoughts and feelings at Jim’s news. From one perspective, I had seriously thought of taking the plunge. I reasoned that all I had to do was loan a few thousand dollars to Jim, place my own $10,000 bet on the right horse just before the betting window closed, and collect what would be immediate gigantic winnings. With that kind of money, I could go on to be a millionaire in the music business in no time.

On the other hand, part of me, remembering several other fast money “lessons” with sad endings, I was kind of glad the decision to not get involved had been made for me.

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Chapter 17
Tin Pan Alley Here I Come

Meanwhile, the settlement I had received when I gave up my half ownership in the collection agency with David K. was dwindling rapidly. I wondered if after meeting all my needs and pressing bills there would even be enough funds left to pay my office rent. My rent was soon due, on the first of the month hardly two weeks away.

However, time does not stand still. It seemed a silver lining around the dark cloud of my existence was about to open up a new path for me into a seemingly much brighter future. Maybe I might even find a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

My reverie ended when Sam and Mike marched into my office. Sam had a big grin on his face. He said, “Wait until you hear this! I call it Satellite Beep Bop. Sam was very good at making up new melodies. A musical friend of his had taken Sam’s music lead sheet and played his tune on a saxophone while Sam recorded it on his tape recorder. Sam plugged in his portable tape recorder and pressed the play button. A few moments
later, I was enthralled by the wild, lively beat of his song. It sounded like an absolute sure winner to me!

Sam explained he got the idea or inspiration for his melody from the recent worldwide news of a satellite successfully placed in orbit around the earth. With that melody and that title, he and his brother Mike knew they had a sure-fire hit on their hands. After thinking up their strategy, they came to my ASWA office to offer me a proposition—one I saw I could hardly refuse.

Mike, the business partner of the two brothers, said they wanted me to write the words to Sam’s new song. He said I could publish it through my ASWA Publishing Company and then register it with BMI or ASCAP. He suggested I use Leon Evans and His Band—a talented local area band under contract with my ASWA Record Company—to record the tune.

Mike said Sam had just legally formed his own record company. It was already registered with BMI as DeBest Records. He said it would not cost me a single cent to get his new song recorded and pressed. He and Sam knew we would have a hit on our hands and they would willingly pay all the costs involved.

Sam emphasized, his offer included “popping” for the music arrangement, the band, the recording session and even pressing the first 500 copies of the Sam’s song to send out to D.J.’s right away.

Their idea was it would be a single 45-speed record. Sam wanted Satellite Beep Bop on the front—or “feature” side—and my already recorded master of my rousing Clap Hands pressed on the “flip” side. That way only one song actually needed to be recorded. It would save time and money.

Mike said if it was agreeable with me, we would split the ownership of the Satellite Beep Bop song, with Sam’s DeBest Record Company pressing the record. He said Sam would own 51 percent controlling interest and I would own 49 percent interest.

Sam, nodding his head in agreement, saying it seemed fair since he and Mike would be putting up all the money to get the record recorded and pressed. It sounded more than fair to me, but I let them do the talking.

Sam chirped in enthusiastically that I could start sending sample (demo) records to all of the local and key national disc jockeys. If it ‘took off’ like they expected, the majors in the recording business like Capital
Records, RCA Records and other such giants would surely be offering us big money to buy the master, since they could press and sell it by the millions in their mass of distributing outlets nationwide.

I could hardly contain my own surging excitement. It was a miracle. How could I say no? I accepted their offer and we shook hands on it. I told them we could put it into writing later. I was eager to start the project immediately and so were they. I wrote the lyrics that afternoon, so the song was now officially co-authored by the two of us. I also made all the other needed arrangements, scheduling a recording date at Jim’s recording studio. Jim said we could record within days and would easily have the record in shape as a “master” for pressing within hours after the recording session.

One week later, we had the finished master of *Satellite Beep Bop* in hand. Sam ordered a quick pressing of 500 records with his new “De Best Records” label imprint. We also got assurance from the record pressing company that they could swing into immediate production of tens of thousands of record per week for Sam if the record took off and we needed more in a hurry.

The masterful Leon Evans band did a really piping hot instrumental version featuring their terrific saxophone player. From the start, the D.J.’s loved it. It took off like a satellite streaking high into the heavens! Local and national disc jockeys were soon raving wildly about it. Many predicted the next giant hit song of the summer would be, *Satellite Beep Bop*.

My office phone began ringing off the hook. I was getting a flood of phone calls orders for records day and night. There was also an avalanche of letters and telegrams from bookstores—both at national and local Chicago area levels. Most bookstores wanted a minimum order of 10, 50, 100 or more records—most, if possible, within the hour to sell IMMEDIATELY!

It was phenomenal and overwhelming at the same time. There were also telegrams and phone calls from the top brass of several major record companies with one immediate offer of $5,000 advance from RCA Records to take over record production and sales of what looked like was going to be the smash hit song of the year. All three of us were gleeful and jubilant.
The owner of Capital Records (who had visited my hotel room at the Chicago Record Convention) called to congratulate me on having what appeared to be a “sure fire” super hit. When I told him that RCA had already offered us a $5,000 record sales advance, he said he was prepared to beat their offer, but only if I would agree to let Capital Records press and distribute our sensational hit record immediately.

He explained that no time must be lost. The record-store owners would not wait long to have their record orders filled. In fact, most would cancel if we did not deliver records to them fast. He said if the stores were not able to obtain a record, no matter how much it was touted or in public demand, they would call and complain to the local area DJs fast. If the DJs heard too many complaints, they would drop any record that was not available and push another hot record instead. In that case, what could be a big hit song could quickly die on the vine.

It made sense to me. He reminded me Capital Records had their own huge and capable record pressing plants on both coasts and in Chicago, so they could service all the record stores in the country with ease, adding that I would be wise to sign a contract with them without delay.

Dick Clark, who had the biggest musical star show around for years called Dick Clark’s Bandstand, asked me for a review record. Dick phoned me after he heard the record was hot. He said he would be playing it on his Dick Clark Bandstand show about three or four weeks later.

Sam, Mike, my new secretary and I were all basking in a mixed state of high joy, chaos and pandemonium. Mike and Sam were literally “beside themselves.” Both shared and expressed glamorous visions and hopes of being millionaires soon. Both resisted my vote and urgent plea to sign an immediate contract with Capital Records. Five thousand in the late 1950s was then equivalent to a cash purchase power of $50,000 or more today.

Meanwhile, neither Sam, Mike, or their family and friends—nor I—had the money needed to pay for and press thousands more records immediately. I agonized over the dilemma. How would we ever fill the avalanche of record orders streaming in from record stores? Most of the record-store owners wanted receipt shipments of our hot smash new hit right away.

Mike and Sam pleaded with family and friends, trying frantically to raise substantial amounts of money. They wanted to press 50,000 or
100,000 records to meet the apparent explosive demand, but no one they knew had that kind of extra cash to loan them.

I pleaded and pleaded almost tearfully to Mike and Sam to give up the idea of raising money in time themselves and let Capital Records take over. I argued there was no time. I felt certain we could and would lose it all; and sure enough, we did.

Our frantic days of growing desperation turned into weeks. Record stores were mad that we were not delivering their orders, saying their customers were angry and would cancel their orders if they did not get their record in a few days.

We heard through the grapevine that Count Basie’s band, featuring world acclaimed, hot solo saxophone player “Joe Williams” would be making a cover of our record within a few days. The rumor turned out to be true. Word was spreading around that Duke Ellington was also considering making a fast cover record of our song too.

Dick Clark called to let me know the Count Basie version would be played on his Dick Clark Bandstand show.

In my small cache of greatly valued memoirs, I still have a “collector” copy of both versions—Sam’s DeBest Record company copy and the Joe Williams” Count Basie band’s exciting rendition “cover” copy of *Satellite Beep Bop*. It was a super smash hit song—that almost was.

As fate would have it, what appeared to be and could have been one of the most exciting times of our lives vanished into thin air.

Dick Clark heard the ASWA version was dead, so he played the flip side of the Count Basie *Satellite Beep Bop* cover, a tune called *Picken’ On the Wrong Chicken* instead of our Leon Evans Band version.

The disc jockeys turned away to put their time and attention on featuring other promising new hits. The smoke and fire of our raging “big hit” had quickly dwindled into a tiny smoldering flame that flickered and gradually died completely.

Thus, the stage was set. Tin Pan Alley was calling me!

After the debacle of what appeared to be a wide open door to smash success quickly faded from our sight, I knew I had learned a valuable life lesson. I would never to go into a partnership again where my partner or partners vote could overrule my own strong intuitive wishes or choices.
In retrospect, it was clear that simple human greed had caused our downfall. Bless their hearts, Mike and Sam simply wanted more than what could have been a fair share of extraordinary quick wealth. We were literally a small step away from having a super meteoric record hit song—only to find ourselves “dead in the water” but a few short weeks later.

Over the next two months I knew that without incoming funds and being unable to pay my monthly office rent, I would have to let my office and my attractive new secretary go. The time had come for me to close shop with ASWA Publishing and ASWA Records Company. A few days later I did.

It appeared time for me to think about making other major downsizing moves too. I was about to let go of my apartment. I had bare-bones funds for basic survival needs. As was then seen, it did not look like I would be able to pay for my upcoming rent that was due on the first of the month—less than a week away.

However, something new was in the wind. Suddenly, Mike and Sam appeared at my apartment door. After knocking softly, Sam stepped in, followed by Mike at his heels. Sam told me that they had gone to my office and found my little closed sign tacked on the front door, so they rushed over to my apartment to see what was up.

I explained nothing was up, that actually everything was “down.” I told them I was thinking of moving back to my hometown in Michigan, where at least I would have a temporary place to stay with my family. They were always as supportive as possible, though hardly ever understanding or approving my weird adventures.

Sam wrapped his arms around me with a friendly bear hug. He told me he wanted to apologize for his being so stubborn, for not accepting the generous advance money offers from both RCA and Capital record companies. He said the reason he and Mike came over to see me is he wanted to apologize and ask my forgiveness. Sam was a very loving, sensitive soul and spiritual being, as well as a highly talented songwriter.

Sam admitted his refusal to make a deal with Capital Records had cost both himself and me a golden opportunity to become well known hit songwriters, for it could have happened over night.

On another vein, he said he had run into some extra money and wanted to help me make it big as a songwriter. He repeated he absolutely
could not imagine me not making it big as a top hit songwriter. He claimed that I only needed the chance to show my stuff.

Sam had always loved, praised and raved over most of the songs I had written. He said he thought I was one of the best songwriters in the country. From his viewpoint, he said almost any single song I had written that he had seen or heard could easily end up being a big hit song with the right artist singing it.

Sam looked at me and said with great conviction that he knew in his heart if I would get to Tin Pan Alley on Broadway in New York and show my stuff to many of the publishing and record companies, he felt I would have a handful of contracts within weeks of arriving there. Furthermore, to show his regret for not agreeing to accept Capital Record’s advance royalty, he wanted to make up for it by sponsoring me to a trip to New York if I would give it a “shot.”

I could hardly believe my ears. I had prepared myself to go back to my family in sad defeat, and now Sam envisioned and was offering me great hope. It sounded like very “sweet music” to my ears. For a moment, I did not know what to say. Then I blurted, “Sam, that sounds like a terrific idea, but I don’t even have enough gas money to get there and my car is falling apart. It needs new tires and a lot of repair work, right now!”

Sam dug into his pocket and pulled out a thick wad of bills. He said, “Michael, you know I believe in you, I have five hundred dollars here. Take it. It will really make me feel good if you will take it.” He pushed the wad of money toward me.

Mike spoke up a widening smile, “Michael, that ought to get you there and give you enough left over to rent a cheap hotel room until you sell a few songs or one of your ASWA masters. You have plenty of stuff to sell.”

It was a miraculous moment. I accepted the money with deep gratitude. We exchanged hugs and a flood of tears flowed. A couple days later, my car was packed and I was ready to go. I had already said goodbye to Grudge, Ma, Jim, Lola, Dick and a few other close friends.

I waved goodbye to Mike and Sam, and drove out of their driveway feeling great. I must have known at an inner level that I was soon destined to meet some extraordinary Human Beings.
Chapter 18
First Prediction Comes True

Even back in the late 1950s, Super Highway 90 crossed the country east from Chicago to New York City. With the aid of local and state maps, it was easy to locate Highway 90 and begin what I knew would be a hard, long drive to Tin Pan Alley located in the main Broadway downtown area of the glamorous big city of New York.

After leaving Mike’s driveway, it took another half hour drive for me to arrive at the Highway 90 access entrance. I began my tedious drive and it was another two hours before I felt weary enough to stop for coffee and breakfast at one of the popular Howard Johnson restaurants, a chain of restaurants with a bright orange roof that already dominated most major highways across the nation.

As I recall, there were Howard Johnson restaurants off and on all major exits on Highway 90. I saw the big road signs indicating a rest stop and restaurant area and pulled off the highway ramp exit. I parked my car—already very heated—at the closest parking spot I could find to the front door entrance.

It was then and is still is my habit now on long trips to travel very early in the morning if possible. Howard Johnson’s was surprisingly already very crowded. All or most of the big circular tables with bright orange leather seat cushions appeared to be taken. However, I spotted a bar seat at the large circular counter and seated myself before it became occupied by a string of other customers streaming out of a Greyhound bus and into the already quite crowded restaurant.

A matronly waitress dressed in orange appeared before me and took my order almost instantly. I knew what I wanted. I ordered a coffee and one of their delicious cheese omelets, asking for extra cheese, whole-wheat toast, orange juice and coffee. I had decided to splurge on my first breakfast. I could be diligent about how I spent my money all along the rest of the trip.

I had begun my journey with a conscious image and plan to have my breakfast at one of the Howard Johnson restaurants, since I knew so many of them sat along Highway 90, and I could stop for snacks there on my entire journey. Perhaps my intuition was guiding me.

The coffee and orange juice was served instantly and the busy waitress said the omelet with extra cheese and toast would be “right up.”
At that moment, the two young sailors perched on bar stools to my left began to engage me in a friendly conversation. After a while, one of them asked me where I was headed. Both were alert and seemed quite excited when I told them I was driving all the way to New York City.

Before another word was said, I learned they had already hitchhiked all the way from their Naval base in San Diego, California, and were heading across the entire country to New York City where both lived. One of them said thanks to a truck driver who had picked them up soon after they started hitching. They made the first half of their journey in less than three days.

They told me (but I already knew) that it was not legal to hitchhike alongside the road on any major highways. The truck driver’s ride had ended an hour earlier right there at the Howard Johnson restaurant where we were seated. I learned the truck driver, anxious for them to get to New York fast so they would have time at home to enjoy their 30-day leave, suggested they simply ask any car or truck drivers heading east for a lift. He said they could follow that routine on Highway 90 all the way to New York City.

It was obvious that the two of them could hardly contain their excitement. They said they were only a 30-day leave. Since neither they nor their families could afford the cost of a bus or train fare, they decided to hitchhike. However, even with luck in hitching rides both ways, the days of traveling would take up to half or more of their leave time. Thus, they would have only a few days with their family and loved ones when they finally got home, so they were anxious to get to New York City fast.

I looked like a possible ride, so the other older sailor pointed out that both of them were good drivers and if they could ride with me, we could all take turns driving and resting. He added they had planned to spend one night at motel, but they would be willing to give me the money for gas since they were going to spend it on staying at least one night at a motel anyway.

The other commented that New York City is a real hard place to navigate around in by a stranger. Once we arrived, since they both knew the general New York City area well, they could guide me to my destination point with ease.

It did not take much thought on my part to see the wisdom of accepting their plan. They both seemed very genuine and certainly friendly, and they certainly needed a lift. It would be a definite win-win-win for all three of us.
As had been predicted by the Calumet City psychic, the journey was both long and arduous. We stopped to fix flat tires several times and we literally keep resealing a constantly leaking radiator with chewing gum, and the starter sounded like it was beginning to fail.

Finally, on our last day to New York, the generator of the car went completely out. As fate or destiny would have it, the car lights stopped working too. Obviously, we needed to keep driving steady and get to New York before dark. Pressure kept building and the new hurdles seemed almost insurmountable. We pulled into a side-of-the-road rest stop to see what might be wrong.

Luckily, since we had so much trouble with starter, we did not turn the motor off. A truck driver at the rest stop, seeing we were having car trouble, strolled over and kindly checked under the hood. He said the alternator was completely dead and we had better not turn the motor off before we got to where we were going.

He guessed we might be okay if we kept the engine running. Pushing and releasing the clutch to start the engine would not work since my car was an automatic shift. When he heard we were going all the way to New York City, another 500 or so miles, he emphasized we had better just keep the car engine running at every stop we make, even gassing up.

We carried extra gallons of water and were constantly pouring water into the leaking radiator, often pasting new wads of freshly chewed gum over the apparent leaks.

With the generator gone, if we turned the motor off we knew we could not get the car started again. Therefore we kept the car engine running when we gassed up the car, pulled into a rest stop, or when we stopped to buy a sandwich, chips, candy bars, peanuts or something to “munch on” during the long way.

During that last agonizing stretch, I know all of us were silently praying and holding our breath that the car would hold out until we got to our three different destinations.

The two sailors had already told me they lived in two widely different parts of New York City. The game plan was to drop one of them off first, as we entered into his hometown close to the western outskirts of New York City.

Then, after another hour-long drive through the city, the other young sailor said he could easily guide me to a nearby old and well-known low-
cost hotel in Greenwich Village when I dropped him off at his part of the city. They both snickered and laughed when I first told them I wanted to find a motel very close to Tin Pan Alley. They reminded me Tin Pan Alley, world famous home of music publishing and record companies, was located on Broadway in the very heart of New York City. One of them said it would cost me a fortune to stay for just one night at any hotel in the downtown city district. He said I would be better off to stay in Greenwich Village, a quaint “Bohemian” suburb of New York City where all the artists and many Broadway show people lived. Once my car was fixed, he said I could drive in to the city if I wished but parking cost was “out of sight” and I would be smarter to take a bus or the New York subway. At long last, we arrived at the busy traffic outskirts of New York City, where within another hour, another major and even more astounding prediction made by that amazing housewife psychic in Calumet City was about to come true.

Chapter 19
Second Prediction Comes True

After removing his big white navy sea bag, the second the two nice sailors still traveling with me to New York City gave me clear street-by-street directions to the old, though still prestigious, hotel in Greenwich Village.

Less than 20 minutes later, I was there. I spotted the Greenwich Hotel and managed to see a single vacant parking spot directly across the street from the hotel lobby. It seemed like a miracle, for no other vacant parking spot was visible within blocks along the way.

When my last navy companion stepped out, he said that the back two tires on my car were dangerously low. He warned me not to drive too fast or my might have a blowout. I thanked him, we shook hands goodbye and I wished him a good time home with his family.
The obstacles to my arrival in New York City seemed almost endless. I waved a final goodbye to him, drove even slower and prayed silently to myself that I would not have a blowout before I arrived at the hotel.

Nevertheless, I vowed with absolute resolve and conviction to myself that even if the two tires were flat to the metal rim, rolling only on the concrete road, that no matter what I would keep driving the car until I got there. I was determined ‘to make it.”

It was nearing dark when I arrived. I parked and stepped out of the car. I looked and was amazed. The two back tire rims were nearly down to the concrete pavement. I gave silent thanks that despite all odds my seeming endless trip to Tin Pan Alley was finally finished.

I decided to take one of my smaller traveling bags into the hotel lobby with me, deciding I could lock my car and come back for my remaining bags after registering into the hotel. I also prayed there would be a vacant room, since I had not spotted any other hotel or motel signs along the way and I seriously doubted if my car would make it to another destination. I needed to keep my car motor running just in case.

I locked my car, picked up my travel bag and strolled through the large lobby. Though old, the Greenwich Hotel still held a rich, quiet elegance. I could see it was occupied by quite a few people, most were elderly, who were sitting, some reading newspapers while others were chatting with each other on sofas or at coffee tables. The atmosphere felt lofty but truly wonderful. It looked “rich” for my blood. I hoped the cost of renting a room for a week at a time would be within my very modest budget.

I asked the prim-looking attendant behind the check-in counter, who was dressed in a weathered looking suit, if he had a vacant room. Without looking at his registration book, he said folks rarely moved out, but luckily, an old-timer had just checked out of a room on the second floor only a short time earlier. He asked if it would be for the night, by the week, or by the month. I told him if the rate was affordable, I would be renting by the week since that would probably be less costly. He agreed and said if I would fill out the registration form, I could have the room for $20 a week.

That seemed high, but feeling I had no other option and seeing it looked like and felt like a really first-class hotel, and came very highly recommended by both the hitchhiking sailors, I told him I would take it for
a week. I gave him a $50 bill. He cashed my big bill and counted back my change.

At that moment, I felt a slight touch at my right shoulder. I turned to see a broadly smiling elderly gentleman—perhaps in his eighties—who wanted my attention. His eyes twinkled brightly. There was also a friendly smile on his face. He said, “You are a writer, aren’t you? Maybe I can give you the kind of help you are going to need in New York City.”

He pointed to a table off to the side and said, “When you get your bags up in your room, come and talk to me. I don’t drink coffee, but I will order one and pay for it—my treat—if you wish.”

I was astonished at this warm, friendly greeting from a complete stranger. How did he know that I was a writer? He looked as harmless as could be, though.

I asked, with uplifted eyebrows, “How did you know I was a writer?”

He grinned, nodded toward his table, and said, “We can talk about that when we get acquainted. Now you just take your time, son. I’ll be here and so will your coffee when you finish getting your bags up to your room.”

As I walked to my car to get my bags, I wondered if he was a harmless homosexual who simply wanted to put a “hit” on me. I was tired and wanted to shower and sleep, but I decided it might be nice to make friends and talk with someone in New York who had already offered to help me to find my way around. After all, he seemed so kind and he was willing to pay for my coffee. He might give me some good advice about where to go, whom to see, how to get there—and all that stuff. Obviously, New York City was big and completely strange territory to me.

I smiled, then held out my hand and introduced myself. He shook my hand warmly, his blue eyes twinkling even brighter. He said his name was Martin Kearns and that we could talk with more ease after I had my bags up in my room, telling me to finish doing what I had to do.

I watched as he slowly hobbled slowly back to his table and sat down. He moved so slowly. He very apparently had some form of physical disability. It almost hurt to watch him walk, but he appeared to be a respectable gentleman.

I spun on my heel and strode back to my car, eager to get my bags and look at my room since I had rented it sight unseen.
When I got to the car, I saw the front tire on the passenger’s side was totally flat too! Now my car was literally sitting on three steel rims, with only one tire that was still inflated. It was obviously a genuine miracle that I had made it to the Greenwich Hotel.

I quickly unlocked the car door and turned off the engine. It had been running non-stop for the last 500 miles or more. I knew my car would probably need to be moved in the morning since there must be a parking time limit on the street where it was parked.

I took my two remaining big suitcases out of the car and I marveled to myself over what an astounding trip this had been! Despite all the hardships we had encountered, persistence pays. I made it. Thank God for the help from my unexpected two sailor passengers.

All at once, the hairs began to rise on my body! I felt a sudden “rush” course through every cell and nerve of my being. I suddenly recalled what seemed like the fantasy part of the predictions made about a long future trip by the psychic back in Calumet City almost half a year ago.

She said I would be taking a long trip. I would start alone but two others would join me. She also said I would have great hardships along the way, yet I would finally make it to my destination. Then she said a stranger would meet me the minute I got there who would offer to help me do what I was going there to do!

Wow! It had all came true! All of it had really happened just as she said! I was thrilled and excited.

I suddenly felt wide-awake and eager to get my bags up to my room so I could return to the lobby and talk to this odd stranger. This had to be the man she said I would meet on my arrival.

According to what I understood, the psychic said he would help me get my songs published and sold, since that was the “mission” behind my long journey to this far away place!

It was mind-blowing. I was in ecstasy. I felt a sudden real hope and a song of joy in my heart.

At the same time, I also knew I needed to find a cheap car mechanic to come and look at my car and give me an estimate of what it would cost to fix it. I guessed the clerk behind the hotel desk could probably help me with that. With a leaking radiator, the generator dead, three flat tires and
who knew what else, that would probably eat up a huge hole in the limited amount of cash in my pocket.

God knows, I needed all the help I could get. But, I could do all that early tomorrow morning.

I really needed and badly wanted to shower and get a good night’s rest in a good bed too, but first I needed to get my bags up to my room. Then I could rush back down to the lobby and have a talk with this friendly and highly intuitive stranger.

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Chapter 20

Surprise! New Money and a Music Publishing Contract

Martin Kearns turned out to be an extraordinary being to say the least. He showed a big interest in my songs and told me he had no doubt that he could introduce me to the right people in the music-publishing field. I learned he had been renting an apartment on the second floor of the Greenwich Hotel for over 40 years.

He made sure that the hotel desk clerk called a highly recommended auto mechanic to meet with me in the lobby at 8:00 a.m. to see what could be done about fixing my car.

We talked for a good hour and then Martin suggested that after making such a long and constantly stressful trip I ought to get to my room, shower and go to bed early. Before we parted, he said if I had the details taken care of with my car in time, he was inviting me to have brunch with him in the hotel coffee shop at 11:00 a.m. Then he would be glad to show me his collection of books and play some classical music for me on his grand piano.

He had told me earlier that George Gershwin, who wrote “Rhapsody in Blue,” a long-time popular classic song even topping many other top song hits in sales, had been his very close friend. Martin himself composed music using mathematical formulations. He told me he would
also play a rhapsody for me that he had written years ago. After that, he would like to take me to Tiffany’s, one of New York City’s most popular restaurants where the elite in art and Broadway show business actors gathered and met all through the night into the wee hours of the morning. He said there were two or three celebrities he wanted to introduce to me.

It sounded too good to be true. With glee, I accepted his generous offer to meet so many of the “right people” in New York City so fast. However, first things first, my body and mind felt weary and worn. I needed to shower and give my body the sleep and rest it was clamoring for and that it so well deserved.

When the mechanic looked at the three flat tires and under the hood of my car at the leaking radiator, the leaking oil from the engine, the dead generator and the total all-around condition of the car, he said the cost of getting it back into “running condition” was prohibitive! He estimated it would probably cost at least five hundred dollars. My best bet would be to call a tow truck and have it towed away to a junk yard. He knew of a place where I would probably get $30 from the junkyard tow-truck driver since the junkyard owner who would sell the parts.

Five hundred dollars would eat up all of the cash I had in my pocket. Since the auto mechanic was kindly willing to take care of all the details, I told him please to do it. With a few moments of thought, I realized taking the subway or a bus was probably a lot smarter move anyway. I gathered what remaining personal property that was still in the car and went back to my hotel room to rest a little more before meeting Martin Kearn for brunch.

Sure enough, I arrived in the lobby about 15 minutes early. I was looking forward to meeting with him again. Martin hobbled down the stair and slowly across the lobby of the Greenwich Hotel, arriving at the sofa where I sat at precisely 11:00 a.m. His eyes were always bright and twinkling and his entire magnetic personal being seemed to constantly be filled with light. Instead of depression, Martin Kearn’s exuded constant rays of joy despite his severe body mobility handicap.

My slow walking at his side to an empty table in the hotel coffee shop seemed to take forever. Martin always took very tiny, slow baby steps. I marveled at his ability to transcend his handicap with such ease. It was almost as if his handicap did not exist for him.
Over the many decades that have passed since my long-ago Tin Pan Alley adventures; I often wondered if Martin Kearn was an Ascended Master in disguise, and I AM almost certain today that he was. He could not have taken on a better body and played a finer role than the one I was so very honored and privileged to share with him! That brief time with Martin was an unforgettable time of great exhilaration and self-fulfillment to my mind, body and soul. It was one of the great highlights in this lifetime.

During brunch, I told Martin that I had composed what I thought would be a terrific Broadway musical play titled, *Love Is Love*, with 17 of my own songs in it. His eyes sparkled with merriment as I explained the “men hate women and the women hate men” theme and storyline.

Martin told me he had several close friends he would be introducing me to that evening; providing they made their usual morning breakfast appearance at Tiffany’s. In particular, one of them was a very young, newly acclaimed songwriter-singer named Ersel Hickey. He then had the number one hit song in the nation, right at the top of the charts. The other distinguished person was Mary Carolyn Davies, who had composed the classic, well-known known song, *Melody of Love*.

He told me that Mary Carolyn was first and foremost a very famous published poet. She was a very long-time personal friend of his and one of the few still living who also had lived in her own apartment in that elegant Greenwich Hotel since its “showcase” opening over 40 years ago.

When I met her, he said I would see that although she was in her late 70s, Mary Carolyn was in good health. She was a lively and tireless fireball of energy who loved associating with young good-looking new artists or writers like me. He said she was very eccentric about the daily and nightly schedule of hours she kept almost religiously. She slept soundly from early 8:00 a.m. until late afternoon or early evening, then spent her awake hours writing song lyrics and visiting her artist and writer friends at Tiffany’s all through the night.

Not only did Ersel Hickey and I meet, it was an instant warm friendship. We even got together and collaborated on a few songs, none of which were ever published or recorded. Mary Carolyn Davies also struck an immediate liking to me, and over the weeks ahead, we would meet night after night at Tiffany’s. We co-authored at least a dozen or so song lyrics together. Her forte was lyrics, since she was heart and soul a genuine full-fledged poet.
One of the songs she wanted to “work on” with me struck me as very witty and certainly eye-catching. It was titled, *Rattlesnake Glide*. I am sure it must have related to a New York City dance style that might have been popular then.

Mary Carolyn Davies was also an extraordinary and clearly outstanding being like Martin Kearn. When we walked together down the street to Tiffany’s or any other destination, she would always walk with me arm-in-arm or hand-in-hand like a teenager in love. It was wonderful. There was nothing erotic or sensual about her love for me or anyone else, for it was real and came from the depths of her being.

Martin called to let me know that Richard Mills, owner of the then largest music publishing company in the world, was back in town and despite his packed schedule, he had arranged for me to spend a full hour showing Richard my portfolio of lead sheets, piano copy sheets, and record masters. We needed to be there at precisely 11:00 a.m. that morning.

It was nine in the morning, so I gathered what I considered the best of my and easy-to-show material together and we caught a cab to the Mills Music Publishing company office on Broadway, located in the heart of Tin Pan Alley. We arriving a few minutes before our appointed time and were directed to take a seat in the waiting room by Richard’s secretary. He was in a meeting with someone else and would be with us soon.

I could hardly believe my luck. Within a few brief minutes, I would be meeting with one of the top giants in the music-publishing world. Sam and Mike would be jubilant to hear of my good fortune, I knew. I could feel the butterflies in my stomach, but tried to calm myself as much as possible.

The door to Richard’s office swung open. A man dressed in a flashy cream-colored business suit walked out. He closed the door behind him, nodded his head at us, said a friendly goodbye to the secretary and walked out of the office. The buzzer rang on the secretary’s desk and she picked up the phone. She listened a moment, then told Richard Mr. Kearn and his young songwriter friend had arrived. She hung up the phone and said “Walk right in, Richard is expecting you.”

Richard greeted Martin very warmly. They were obviously very good friends. He extended a friendly hand to me as Martin introduced us. Martin explained that he was there just to make the introductions, as he
had another urgent appointment and needed to go. Before leaving, he said he was sure Richard would find that I was a prolific and very good songwriter and probably had a few songs he would be interested in publishing.

He thanked Richard again for making an appointment with me, turned to me and said he would meet with me at the hotel later, then excused himself and stepped out of the room.

Richard made small talk with me a few moments and then asked to see what I had to offer. I showed him some of my lead sheets, telling him that first I would like him to listen to a demo master of *Clap Hands,* explaining I had written both words and music. I told Richard I really felt that with the right artist it could be a smash hit.

Richard put the needle on the little 45-speed record. He turned the play button on and sat down to listen to what I had to offer. I saw him sit up to full attention after the first few bars played. The orchestration was very professionally arranged and played. The song opened with a rousing “bang” of music and hand clapping that never “let down” until the final note of the master played.

Richard’s hands seemed pressed tight to the top of his desk and when the song finished, he arose to play the demo again. I could see the excitement in his eyes. He kept nodding his head yes, as if in deep thought about the right artist to select.

When the song finished the third time, he said there was no doubt in his mind, no matter what, my song would be a great addition to his extremely select Mills Music catalog and he would like to make me an offer.

First, he explained he wanted one of the two writers of the classic song *Stardust,* who would be billed on the song as my co-writer, to make some changes to the lyrics. If that was agreeable, he was prepared to offer me an advance royalty payment of $5,000 on the spot.

I could hardly believe my ears; $5,000 then was like $50,000 now. I nodded yes. As soon as my voice returned, I said I had no problem with that. I said I had a close songwriter friend, Don Reed, who wrote the hit songs *Pretend* and *Why Don’t You Believe Me.* Don had told me it was a customary thing in the music business to add another well-known songwriter to a new song published.
Richard Mills picked up his phone and rang his secretary. I listened open-mouthed as he told her to cancel all of his appointments for that entire day. He said he first needed to dictate a publishing contract with me for a new song he was buying, then he intended to take me out to one of the finest restaurants he knew for a big steak dinner as his guest.

Thanks to Martin Kearns opening a magic door for me, I received a check that same day made out to me for $5,000, which I cashed after having an exquisite two-hour long steak dinner with Richard. Even for that huge amount in those days, I had no trouble cashing the check and receiving the $5,000 in cash. Richard Mills called over to his nearby New York City bank to make sure they would cash his check made out to me, without any difficulty. I only needed to ask for the bank manager, show my endorsed check and gleefully count the 50 crisp $100 bills.

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Chapter 21
Private Dinner with Future Emperor of Japan and His New Bride

Martin Kearns was gleaming when I told him that Richard Mills cancelled the rest of his appointments for the day, took me out for a steak dinner and gave me an advance of $5,000 on a music publishing contract for my song, Clap Hands. Martin said he would be busy with other projects for the next few days and suggested I might want to make the rounds of the various publishers and record companies in Tin Pan Alley during that time.

With one of his normal broad smiles, he said in his familiar easy-going voice that he would let me know when firm arrangements were made; he had another, and in his eyes even bigger, once in a lifetime surprise in store for me. He said it was one I would never forget!

At my uplifted eyebrows, he said it was a big secret and it would be really best for me just to continue making all the personal music publishing and record company contacts I could. He assured me that when it was appropriate, he would let me know what his wonderful, once in a lifetime surprise would be.
I wondered what he was hinting at, but I understood it would be wise for me to make all of the direct personal contacts I could with all of the heads of the various publishing and record company owners in Tin Pan Alley while I was there.

Sam and Mike were jubilant when I telephoned and told them both excitedly of my great good fortune. They too urged me to talk to everyone I could talk to while I was there in world famous Tin Pan Alley, for it was then the seat of the heart of the music industry (which gradually over time moved to Hollywood and the Beverly Hills, California, area, as well as to Nashville, Tennessee).

With $5,000 cash tucked safely away and within my fast and easy reach, my new sense of self worth and bold self-confidence helped me open doors and talk to various heads of music and record companies that might not otherwise have opened for me. I remembered the boldness of Don Reed and emulated it as much as possible.

Among the other various professional record “masters” already made and that I owned and had with me was the ASWA song recorded by Tipsie Lee titled *Wowee, Wowee, Wow, Wow, Wow*. On the flip side was *Have You Seen My Puppy Dog*. Both tunes had been written by a young, lovely local Chicago area woman. Upon hearing them, I had them published and recorded by Tipsie Lee almost immediately. I knew if I got it in the right hands I would be offered a nice record company partnership contract for it.

Sure enough, upon hearing Tipsie’s spectacular voice on a master ready to be pressed and sold, one of first owners of the many small record companies that dotted the Tin Pan Alley signed a contract with me immediately. He agreed to put up the cash needed to pay to press and promote the record to national DJs before another three weeks had passed by. He was a good talker and convinced me that rather than paying me any upfront money, to allow him to hold and use that extra money upfront money that would have been be paid to me to promote a fast, smash hit for us! Since I had a big wad of on-hand cash in pocket already, I was easy to convince.

Several days later Martin Kearns came to my door and asked me to promise not to talk to anyone about what he was about to reveal to me. After I vowed to keep what he was going to tell me a secret, he told me he was a very, very long-time close friend of one of the wealthiest families in New York City. He said they owned one of the largest meat producing and
packing companies in the world. He had received an invitation to a private dinner of five with them and the currently visiting Japan royal family son, Prince Akihito and his new bride at their palatial New York City home.

Being a very close trusted friend of theirs, he asked them if they would kindly allow him to bring me with him, thus making it a private dinner for six instead of five.

Martin’s eyes twinkled with joy as he spoke. Because of his close friendship with them, his request to bring me along, to share dinner with the future to be Emperor Akihito of Japan and his new wife was granted without question. They only requested for security reasons that I would keep the dinner date with their illustrious guests a secret until the dinner was over, as it was not something they wanted known or spread in the media press. Neither they nor the Prince and his bride wanted photographers with flashbulbs popping off before or after dinner.

I could hardly believe my ears. My trip to New York City had turned out to be so astonishing in so many ways. No wonder the Calumet City psychic threw up her hands in surprise and wonder. Perhaps it was not “a show” after all. She must have glimpsed some of this.

The next afternoon we arrived for our quite literal “royal” dinner date. When Martin rang the doorbell at the ponderous front entrance of the estate, we were greeted by a butler all dressed up in a black tuxedo, same as Martin and me.

The butler was expecting us. He obviously knew Martin well. He ushered us into the waiting room, where I was soon introduced to our two hosts who greeted us both warmly. They said the other two dinner guests from Japan would arrive any minute. We could talk and wait for them in their huge, very elegant living room, where many huge, expensive paintings by famous Masters hung on the walls.

We made “small talk.” Both hosts seemed genuinely to want to know more about me as we waited for the two royal guests to arrive, as I must have been a mystery to them. The housekeeper interrupted to ask our hosts for some advice about seating arrangement protocol. Then we continued talking for a few minutes more until the butler arrived to announce to our hosts that the royal guests had arrived and were waiting to be greeted in the waiting room.

Our two very hospitable hosts excused themselves, asking Martin and me to remain seated and saying they would return with the young royal
Japanese couple and introduce us to them on their return in a few moments.

Martin had tutored me on dinner table “manners” and told me international and social protocol “demanded” that we bow slightly when introduced to the royal couple, which I did at our introduction, as prepared.

To my surprise, the very young, soon to be Emperor Akihito and his beautiful bride spoke perfect English. Both beamed with warm friendly smiles at our introduction to them. After introductions, our hosts beckoned for all of us to be seated on their plushy elegant sofas and we engaged in more “getting acquainted” talk until the housekeeper arrived. She announced that dinner was ready to be served and, if we were ready, to follow her into the dining room.

The dining room was gorgeous and the dining table already laden with fruit bowls and tasty delicacies. Six immense high-back chairs with purple velvet upholstery sat around the table, one chair at the head of the table, two on each side, and the sixth chair at the foot of the ponderous gleaming mahogany/dark-walnut table. The table was at least two yards wide and eight yards long. The elegance of the setting stunned my senses.

The man of the house stood erect at the head of the table and waited patiently for all of us to be seated by the housekeeper before finally taking a seat himself.

The housekeeper had directed the young, obviously pregnant bride to be seated at his left with Prince Akihito was seated beside her. The wife of our host seated herself at the foot of the table with Martin seated to her left and seating me to Martin’s left. This placed me between Martin and the kindly man of the house.

The champagne, wine and various courses were brought in by a team of male and female servants, all of whom were dressed in rich, nicely tailored and appropriate black and white attire. They swarmed around us through the entire meal that lasted at least two hours with more courses served than I could remember to count.

Not only was the affluence evident, the atmosphere radiated warmth and goodwill for all. Being raised in a dirt-poor family out in the country where luxury and bountifulness like this could hardly even be imagined. I was enthralled. It was certainly a very special event to hold, review and
remember fondly for a lifetime. Martin Kearns had promised it would be a once in a lifetime event and it certainly was all of that!

Throughout the entire meal, Martin Kearn was the life of the party. His body, mind and soul were filled with humorous jokes and thrilling stories. He kept everyone laughing and chuckling. I understood fully why the rich and the famous loved to keep company with him. Martin’s fine wit and charm were unexcelled for any conversation or any occasion.

We learned that the new bride was six months pregnant; so in a matter of three months the newborn son who would succeed his father and be crowned Emperor of Japan shortly after the turn of the millennium. We all were able to take turns after dinner to feel the six-month fetus moving around in her belly.

I also learned that Prince Akihito and his beloved wife had a busy schedule of social and political meetings while on their New York City trip. Nevertheless, after rising from the dinner table we spent another hour or so of intimate, warm-hearted conversation in the living room before they left. Before departing, the royal couple both gave each of the four of us a warm and loving goodbye hug, then went on their way with a cheery goodbye and huge smiles.

Martin and I soon followed their leave. Like Martin, I too thanked both our gentle smiling hosts for their kind invitation, the superb dinner and for the rare privilege to meet Prince Akihito and his beautiful young bride. Time moves on. Not only was Prince Akihito soon crowned Emperor of Japan, the six-month infant in the womb of his mother, whom I was allowed to “feel” through her belly, was born three months later. He has matured fast and has stepped up to recently be crowned the new Emperor of Japan.

If I meet him face-to-face some day, I will tell him I felt his “presence” on Earth three months before he was born. I AM sure that will amuse him.

Time goes on and on and a world of abrupt changes that I would not like, though certainly of my own making, were scheduled to occur and rearrange my life paths considerably.
Chapter 22
My ‘Personal World’ Crashes Again

An apt ancient axiom states, “A fool and his gold are soon parted,” and I have played the role of a fool more times than I wish to remember.

After receiving the $5,000 royalty payment from Richard Mills, though I still kept my room at the Greenwich Hotel, I started living “high on the hog.” I was spending money like a drunken sailor; a role I had often played on first of the month payday during my two-year hitch in the Navy.

A certain major specified amount of my monthly navy pay was automatically sent home as support money to my mother and grandmother. The rest of my monthly paycheck, almost without fail, I would soon totally spend on beer or gambling.

I was a natural bold adventurer. In the Navy I learned how to play poker and “roll the dice,” sometimes for huge, fat piles of money. Gambling was always a big-time activity for a few days after any payday in any branch of the armed services, I suppose.

My mother said my father, who died when I was two after a drunken fight with his best friend, was said to be a big-time gambler. She told me she often never knew when he came home from a drunken gambling spree if the deed to their farmhouse or title to the car or tractor was still valid, or if there would be money to feed our large family of eight, the next day. The gambling genes were alive and active in my blood as well.

During my stay in the Navy at Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, I found and gambled at several of the huge casinos there. Now the sudden wad of new-found money in my pocket made me feel that I could be an invincible gambler. With so much money in my pocket, how could I lose? The gambling bug was biting me hard.

The thought of a fast three-week trip to Florida and back was more inviting by the moment. I loved the Florida climate and the tropical look around Miami and Ft. Lauderdale, and I had all the money I needed to have a good time, so why not?

I had been assured it would be a full three and possibly even four weeks before there would be any new income “action” with my song, Clap Hands that I had sold to Mills Publishing, and likewise with the
pressing and sales of the 45-speed single record Wowee Wowee, Wow Wow Wow.

I felt like my life was “on hold.” Two huge new doors in the music field stood wide open to me, each offering a potential huge windfall of big money coming my way. My future in the music business looked assured, rock-solid, but appearances can be mighty deceiving.

I seemed held in limbo and my desire to take a trip to Florida grew and grew. Two days later, out-of-the-blue, I made a sudden decision to stow my two huge suitcases full of music in the Greenwich Hotel storage locker and check out of my room for good. I decided to take a full three-week trip to Miami, Florida, to do some big-time gambling.

The thought of buying a new car crossed my mind, but then that would not have left me with the kind of backup money in my pocket that I could confidently turn into a huge fortune at the gambling tables. So I dropped that idea and bought a round trip ticket on a Greyhound bus to Miami and back instead.

The next day, after saying a quick goodbye to Martin Kearns and my new songwriter friends, Mary Carolyn Davies and Ersel Hickey, I boarded my bus with only one small suitcase of clothes. I had decided on a strictly fun-filled pleasure and gambling trip; so no music business would be involved. There would be enough of that to handle when I got back to New York.

After arriving in Miami, I found a reasonably inexpensive hotel and started to make the rounds of the various gambling places I could find. I really liked playing blackjack, and in my mind and heightened ego state and with $5,000 of “confidence” in my pocket, I was sure I could consistently intuit or outwit the various blackjack dealers. I planned to go back to New York with a huge bundle of money in my suitcase. My pockets would be too small.

Sure enough, my gambling luck was strong and immediate. After a week or so, I had already tripled my money and even felt somewhat concerned about carrying over $15,000 cash money around with me all the time. I drank plenty of beer and thought nothing of tipping an attractive waitress or a barmaid ten or twenty dollars, equal to $100 or $200 today. It was an easy come, easy go set of values.
Over the following three weeks, my winnings and losses were up and down, until the tide of my luck suddenly changed until finally it was very permanently down!

What had seemed like “easy street” and a well-lighted road to fortune had quickly turned into a grim one-way dark alley or valley of what was to me big money lost and no money returned. When I looked at the last $100 bill left in my pocket, I realized with a terrible awakening shock that I needed to hold on to that last hundred dollar bill. I would need it on my return to New York on the following day.

On checking out of the Greenwich Hotel four weeks earlier, the clerk behind desk had said that my room would be rented right away. He already had someone waiting for the next room or apartment vacant. So checking in and staying there was no longer an option.

I needed pocket money on my return to New York to scout around the city for a cheap room, for meals, bus fare, cab fare and making phone calls, which at that time was only five cents for a local call within any city in the USA.

Nevertheless, it was a real and startling “wake up” call. I was hit hard by the sudden reality of my sorry plight. It was an unsavory survival situation. My sudden nice $5,000 advance song royalty money was entirely gone, all gambled away, except for that final one hundred dollar bill in my hand.

I was tempted severely to take a chance with one more roll of the dice, in an “all or nothing” roll, in hopes my luck would turn for the better. Yet, I realized it would be foolhardy for me to try to recoup my losses, when obviously my early lucky streak had suddenly vanished.

Very reluctantly, I left the gambling tables and the gambling house. I waved a grim goodbye to the sexy waitress and went back to my hotel to pack my bag and get some sleep. According to my Greyhound bus ticket, I was scheduled to leave for New York City at 4:00 a.m. the following morning.

Being almost flat broke or fully broke was a sad, often repeated “moment of truth” for me. I spent a sorrowful, almost sleepless night in my room. Luckily, I had paid for it in advance. I set my alarm clock for 3:00 a.m., and got up and dressed as soon as the alarm sounded. A snoozing cab driver at the taxi curb outside of the hotel awakened and
took me on the 25-minute drive to the main Greyhound bus terminal in Miami.

The bus soon arrived at what was a crowded terminal. Bodies were asleep everywhere, even on the cement floor. I boarded my bus to New York City a little after 4 a.m., glad to leave the over-packed and dismal looking main bus station. I searched through until I found a still warm empty seat far in the back of the bus filled with sleeping passengers.

The trip back to New York City seemed to take forever. I tried to comfort myself by imagining I would be rolling in money soon, but my spirits were low. I would soon enough learn my luck had run out in New York City too. My earlier very cozy, secure and seeming so safe world was about to crash ever so much further than I would or could have ever wanted to imagine, or what I was now destined to face and handle.

Chapter 23
Down And Out

Looking back, glancing, not staring at the past, each one of our human lives are filled with lessons. Either we learn these appropriately timed lessons or they circle back to us repeatedly until that particular lesson is learned. Once any lesson is personally learned, it becomes another precious drop in our pool of gradually accumulated conscious re-awakening human spiritual wisdom.

My ongoing lesson all through my life since my awakening at my death experience has been to learn to place my allegiance or dependence on God and our Holy Spirit within, not on outer events or seeming power. I know now all things external are temporal, no matter what the glamorous 3-D appearance may be, and anything soon and unexpectedly can vanish before our eyes in a moment.

When I got back to New York City, my first stop was at the Mills Publishing Company to see how Richard Mills was doing in getting Clap Hands recorded. His secretary said he was just back from another four-day
trip and was very busy, but he said he would make time to talk with me for a few minutes in between meetings if I would be seated.

After waiting a half hour, Richard’s visitor emerged and the secretary told me Mr. Mills was expecting me. She said to knock gently on his door and go in when he asked me to come in, which I did.

Richard arose as I stepped in through his office door. He greeted me with a warm smile and a firm handshake. He gestured toward the chair before his desk and told me to be seated.

He asked me what he could do for me. I was somewhat surprised at his question but asked him if he had contacted Bing Crosby, Frankie Lane, or any of the other big top singers of the day he had told me at our steak dinner meeting that he would be contacting to get a quick single record made of *Clap Hands* made as soon as possible.

Richard dropped his beaming big smile and said he had been extremely busy with many other pressing, top priority business projects that needed handling. He told me he had a lot of catching up to do after returning from his vacation, which the day after meeting with me and buying *Clap Hands* for his catalog.

He said in all honesty up to that date he had not been able to coordinate a meeting with Bing Crosby, Frankie Lane, Frank Sinatra or any of the other big super singers of the day that he told me he was planning to contact about recording my *Clap Hands* song right away. He said all of them were busy, too, but eventually he could present the song to Bing or any of the other “big name singers” who he knew quite well personally. It was a terrific song and in time, he was sure he would find the right artist to record it.

He saw the huge disappointment showing on my face and quickly added that I need not worry. After all, he reassured me, *Clap Hands* was now a permanent fixture in his Mills Publishing Company portfolio and it would appear in the next printing of their catalog of Mills Music registered ASCAP songs. He said the major artists were always thumbing through his catalog looking through the thousand or more songs for their possible next recording sessions. So in due time he was sure I could expect Bing, Frankie or any of the big song artists of the day to see *Clap Hands* and record it.

I told him I was leaving New York City in a few days and wondered if he could make another immediate appointment to look over any other of
the other good songs in my other personal catalog that he might want to buy from me. He shook his head no, and said he would be glad to do so when he had time, but not to expect any appointment with him in the next few days or, for that matter, for the next several months!

He repeated he was booked solid for three months and suggested that I check back with his secretary in a couple of months. I was about to tell him that the recording company a few doors away in the same Tin Pan Alley building was going to record two of my ASWA masters as a new single 45 record, but at that moment his secretary rang. She told Richard his next appointment was in a rush and waiting, so he stood quickly to his feet, shook my hand warmly, wished me well and said he was looking forward to looking over a few more of my songs when the time came, and to pass along his best regards to Martin Kearns when I saw him.

My expectations were high that on my return from Florida I would be looking at or hearing Richard Mills tell me one of the then current super pop singers of the day had already made or was making a hot recording of Clap Hands. Richard Mills himself had spoken so positively about getting a quick recording of Clap Hands made.

What happened?

Obviously, there was certainly no sign of any immediate further income expected from Clap Hands or Mills Publishing Company. I needed to see what the record company had done (located on a higher floor of the same building in Tin Pan Alley) that was going to be recording a single of Wowee Wowee Wow Wow Wow from my Tipsie Lee ASWA record master.

Five minutes or so later I received another incredibly depressing shock. When I arrived at the door of the record company where the owner had promised to have Tipsie Lee’s record pressed and working for us, I saw a “vacancy” sign hung on his front door. It reminded me of when I hung that small “closed” sign on my ASWA Record Company office door back in Hammond about two months ago when I vacated it. Had the guy moved to another bigger office?

Bewildered, I knocked on the front doors of several other music publishing or record company offices nearby trying to find out where he had moved. I finally found a woman who told me that the record company that had been in that office had folded.
She asked me if he owed me any money. I answered, “No,” and she said the building manager told her that the record company owner had gone out of business completely. I contacted the building manager, who stated he had no idea where his previous tenant had moved or disappeared.

The only contact information I had for the record company owner was his office telephone number, now disconnected. I had no idea he might ever be out of business and now there was no way to contact him and at least ask for the return of my original soundtrack masters of the two ASWA record songs that I still owned but did not now possess.

My world had crashed totally!

In three weeks after going away and within an hour after my return to Tin Pan Alley, my whole life seemed to have been ripped apart without warning.

Why? I asked, “What happened?” twice in the last 15 minutes!

I was dirt poor in the heart of the biggest city in the world and it was shattering!

After paying $7 for a single night stay at the least expensive low-class hotel I could find and for meals, taxi cab fares, etc., my last tightly gripped $100 bill had already dwindled down to $70 and some change.

I made a snap decision to catch a cab to the Greenwich Hotel to pick up my two heavy suitcases of music stuff, clothes and the few personal things held in storage there. I decided to ship them by Greyhound Bus to my mother’s home in Michigan for safekeeping.

I dashed off a quick airmail letter to Mom, telling her not to worry, but to expect my two suitcases to arrive in a week or two from Greyhound Bus service. I asked her just to keep them safely in storage for me until I called for them in a few months or so or asked to have them shipped to me somewhere else. A mother is always there when you need one.

I was emotionally in great upheaval. I did not want to go back to Calumet City and confront Sam and Mike with the dismal sad news that everything had fallen terribly apart in New York. Nor did I wish in any way to stay and struggle with “big city life” in New York City. Little Hollywood in far-away California seemed far more appealing to my blood.

So considering the small amount of cash in my pocket, I had decided to keep only one light change of clothes with me in a small handbag. I was
sure I could find my way to the main New York City railroad center and hop one or more freight trains out of New York City to Chicago—and then across the USA to Hollywood where I could make a new start in life again, even if it took me a month to get there.

I realized that until I arrived in Hollywood, it would be the barest of survival for me. I would need to have at least enough money left to rent a cheap room in Hollywood when I arrived to last until I found some kind of temporary job that would bring me in some bare survival income. There was no doubt that I could wash dishes or peel potatoes in a restaurant if I ever ran completely out of funds. From past experience, I knew I could sleep under bridges or in abandoned cars or homes along the way.

Since I had already learned how to “ride the rails” shorter distances between cities at no cost either on top or inside of a freight train car, I knew where to go and what to do. Every city had a major railroad track junction where trains came and went in all directions every hour or every few minutes.

However, this time I was facing a very long, slow trip of several thousand miles across the entire USA. I would also have to be very wary and careful not to be accosted and robbed by another tramp or bum riding the rails.

“Bumming the rails” may seem like a hard way to travel, but in the summer when you are flat broke, a ride on or inside a railroad freight car is always a sure free ride as opposed to standing and hitchhiking. Hitchhiking often meant waiting for hours in a drizzling or pouring rain to catch countless rides, and I was heading clear across the entire country.
Chapter 24
10 Cents Turns My Life Around

With guidance from other fellow travelers also bumming their way to Chicago and Los Angeles, it took only four or five days and nights of almost steady freight train travel to travel from the New York central railroad yard complex to the Los Angeles main railroad yard.

There were occasional stops, both night and day, to replace a train engineer or an entire train engine, or to add train cars, as well, there were occasional stops to fill up the water tanks at remote outposts along the way; otherwise, the entire passage was made with relative ease, with only about three outstanding events that I recall.

The New York City taxi driver was astounded when I told him I planned to bum my way across the country to Los Angeles. He went out of his way to drop me off at a location where I could travel by foot to the central railroad yard where trains were going north, south or west. I spotted quite a few bums dressed in shabby clothes and was soon guided by one of them who also heading West to Chicago to what freight train to catch. One bum was headed straight to Gary, Indiana, practically a suburb of Chicago, to try to find a job in the steel mills.

I followed him as he pointed out what looked like a mile long freight train that would soon be heading to Chicago. He led the way and we clambered into an empty railroad car. All the freight train doors were generally wide open and easy to access. Once aboard, we sat down at some distance from each other. It’s how we established our own “territory” before bedding down on the hard wood floors for the long trip to Chicago. We were lucky. Many freight train floors are metal.

After arriving in Chicago late at night, less than two days and nights later, I said goodbye to my extremely quiet travel companion. I wished him good luck at finding work at the steel mills. I then wandered around wondering how I could find out which train would be going west toward Los Angeles. I spotted someone who looked like a train conductor standing beside a train engine and asked him if he knew which freight trains was going west toward Los Angeles.

He was very kindly and warned me to watch out for the “bulls,” men hired by the transportation companies who had carried short wooden
clubs. He said they were hired to beat all hobos or tramps they could catch with their clubs. Fortunately, none were in sight.

He said I was really in luck. According to his schedule there would be a freight train routed to go nonstop all the way in to Los Angeles in 15 minutes. He was waiting for it. It was heading west and it would stop and change engines on the track right next to us on the right of where we were facing.

He also said most of the freight cars heading out of Chicago would be filled up, so I would need to climb up and find a place in one of the open roof freight cars that would be loaded with non-perishable manufactured products and, in some instances, with fruit or produce being moved across the country.

I thanked him profusely for his kindness to a stranger on the road and chatted with him until the freight train appeared and came rolling slowly by for what seemed like forever. He pointed out that as he said earlier to me, all or most of the freight car doors were sealed shut. However, I might find a dozen or more open roof cars interspersed here and there through the length of the train.

He assured me empty cars with open doors would be added at stops along the way. I would have to keep my eyes open and then climb down and take possession of one of them. That way I might ride inside for most of the rest of the trip.

When the train finally did come to a full stop, the train conductor told me it would be a good half hour before the train would be on the move toward Los Angeles and points in between. He suggested that for now, I should just walk on down alongside the train, keep my eyes open to avoid the “bulls” and climb up the metal ladder alongside any one of the open top cars I could find and chose to travel in.

I was very thankful for the graciousness and timely help this total stranger gave to me. I shook his hand warmheartedly and told him how grateful I felt that he had taken the time to be so helpful to me since I was a complete stranger to him. I shouted goodbye and walked through the dark night along the freight train looking for the first open car that I could see, then climbed up the metal ladder and down inside. It was ultra dark, but I could feel it was about half loaded with small blocks of wood.
The sky above was pitch dark—not a star could be seen—so I felt my way alongside the nearest inside wall of the car toward what felt like the center and settled in for the long trip before me.

I thought I was alone, but to my astonishment I heard a voice speak out. The bum behind the voice, seated less than ten feet away from me, asked me where I was headed. Catching my breath, I said I was heading for Los Angeles. I heard him chuckle and say that even if it was too dark to see one another to have no fear. He was perfectly safe and maybe we could fill in a few hours of the night by talking to each other along the way.

When I asked his name, he said to just call him Pete. We began getting acquainted and before I knew it, the train jerked a few times, shuddered strongly and started on our long, long jaunt toward Los Angeles. There would be dozens of stops along the way. However, I now had a strange but delightful companion traveler all along the way.

Once the train started, Pete changed the subject from our small talk to philosophy. I was astounded at the sublime images and brilliant ideas he expressed. I was totally fascinated by him and we spoke for hours before I realized I needed to sleep. My body wanted rest. We stopped talking and I finally dozed off to sleep.

All the time that we talked, it was dark as pitch. All I could see of Pete, even as my eyes got more accustomed to the lack of light, was the vague shape of him seated in the distance. His voice held a timbre of utter confidence. In my mind’s eye, I imagined that in the morning when I saw him he would look like some clean-shaven, new-age university professor wearing brown, horn-rimmed eyeglasses and dressed in a clean sporty vest.

During those days there was a popular comic strip character named, “Pete the Tramp.” Imagine my utter astonishment when I opened my eyes in the morning light. I saw what looked almost like a “double” of Pete the Tramp. His eyes were wide open as he sat calmly a few feet away waiting for me to wake up.

Pete’s clothes were tattered and torn. His face held at least two weeks of black beard growth and was smudged with black coal marks. Several of his front teeth were missing, but his dark bright eyes and warm, friendly smile seemed to glow rays of bright golden sunlight.
Over the next two long days and nights, until we arrived at the Los Angeles central train yard complex, I listened to Pete speak about deep spiritual life matters with amazed and deep interest. He was certainly no ordinary human being.

Years later, at a hands-on course in the Ancient Mysteries as was taught long ago in old Egyptian Mystery Schools that I attended for seven years, Ramtha, our Masterful enlightened teacher, explained that Ascended Masters often appear in body form in the role of tramps or bums begging for food. In fact, he emphasized a tramp is actually one of their favorite roles. So perhaps my enigmatic fellow traveler Pete was in reality an Ascended Master playing a role, and decided to give me his company and share his insightful gems about the mystery of life.

After traveling through a huge desert and arriving in the golden green state of California, our freight train chugged to a stop at a small water depot in the midst of lush farmlands; what a sudden contrast it was. Pete, who had made this trip many times before, explained that the locomotive engine was always filled with water at this remote countryside stop.

It was the perfect time of the year. I spotted hundreds of orange trees loaded with big ripe oranges besides our freight car. Both Pete and I hopped down and loaded up with all the fresh oranges we could carry back to the freight car. I still recall the event clearly. I feasted hungrily on delicious, fresh ripe oranges all the rest of the way to Los Angeles, where we finally arrived a few hours later.

When our train came to a final stop at the L.A. terminal, I grabbed my satchel. We both jumped down to the ground and trudged slowly toward the train depot in the distance. Pete said he had enough change in his pocket to treat me to a warm “goodbye cup” of coffee at a small restaurant he knew located near the huge railway station. Coffee then was 5 cents a cup. I knew I would miss him, but Pete and I finally parted ways. He wished me well and I wished him the same. I never learned where he was going or why he was a bum.

I decided I could save money by catching a bus to Hollywood rather than splurging on a taxicab ride, so I rode a bus into the city instead. It really felt good to be back in Hollywood. It was a glamorous city. I was already fairly well acquainted with it. I walked and walked the many old familiar streets for hours, including the world famous Avenue of Stars, a star-studded sidewalk littered with names of top movie stars.
The oranges were gone and I was hungry again, so I enjoyed a leisurely, tasty hamburger. I saw a Los Angeles Times newspaper and scanned through the local Hollywood area room rental ads, hoping to spot a low cost room to rent. I soon found a small room right off of Hollywood Boulevard with only about an eight-block walk to Hollywood proper. It was vacant and cheap so I rented it on the spot. From my window, I could see the big HOLLYWOOD sign high on the hill over the glamorous ever-bustling city below.

After settling into my little room, I studied the want ads to find a job. I knew the last $60.00 left of the $100 I had kept for survival would soon be gone. It was a miracle that I was already in Hollywood and still had enough money left to enjoy at least one meal a day and pay a couple of weeks rent.

However, as always, time moves on. Days, then weeks went by. I applied for work and interviewed at dozens of places, only to be told that other applicants, more qualified, were chosen or the job was already filled. There were tens of thousands of would-be actors and actresses walking the streets of Hollywood, most looking for any part-time or full-time job that could be found.

My situation suddenly began looking hopeless and desperate to me again. I was bitterly disappointed that not one restaurant or tavern would hire me to wash dishes or glasses, or do cleanup work of any kind.

My last savings had finally dwindled down to change in my pocket and rent was due again—and I had no money left even for food.

It was out of character, since “giving up” is not my trait, but I made a sudden emotionally charged decision to give up trying to make Hollywood, which I loved, my home. It appeared impossible. No one would hire me and I was now literally flat broke.

My only hope of gross body survival seemed to hinge on a newly contrived game plan. I would catch a bus as far as I could ride to the outskirts of the city of Los Angeles. From there, I would hitchhike to one of the smaller towns or cities nearby and ask, plead or beg for work in a smaller town or at a farmhouse in the country where people would be more willing to help someone get back on his feet. Surely, if I got far enough out into the countryside I would find orange trees or vegetables to live on.

As soon as I made that a firm decision, I wasted no time following through. I caught a Los Angeles city bus with transfers to take me east of
the Los Angeles city limits to as far as I could go on that one ticket and transfers. About 90 minutes later, the bus driver turned around in his seat and told me we were at his ‘turn around’ stop.

This was the literal “end of the line” for me and I needed to leave the bus, since he would be heading back to Hollywood from there. I got out of the bus and started walking slowly down the street. It was a very sunny, hot California summer day. The sun was beating down on me as I walked and I was sweltering in the heat.

As I walked by a shady-looking tavern, my eyes leaped up to catch a sign posted on the window advertising an extra big cool glass of beer for 10 cents. I stopped and peered through the window. Both front doors of the tavern were invitingly swung wide open for easy access. The tavern seemed totally empty except for the bartender behind the bar, and it looked cool.

I felt around in my pocket. The last dime I had been saving for perhaps buying three packs of peanuts for 10 cents or a cup or two of coffee was still there. I had to make a big decision. The question in my mind was, “Do I listen to the call inside of me that wanted me to go in and order a cool glass of beer? Or do I save the dime for life nurturing food or drink later?”

The answer came almost with the thought. I stepped through the two wide open doors of the tavern and strolled to the bar where the bartender was standing. He was polishing a glass and watching me walk through the door toward him. My eyes were focused on his.

He wiped the bar where I had taken a seat on a bar stool and asked me what I would like. I told him I wanted to order his extra big glass of beer advertised for 10 cents. He smiled and said it was a hot day and a big cold glass of beer was the best thing to keep anyone cool. He turned the lever on his spigot and filled up a very tall glass of beer, just as advertised, and placed it on the bar counter in front of me.

I handed him my ten-cent piece and he rang it up and dropped it into his cash register. He then walked toward the other end of the bar to continue with his “busy” work of wiping up the long shining countertop at the other end of the bar from where I sat.

I took a large sip of beer, and though it tasted nice and cool I wondered to myself why I had wasted my last 10 cents of “survival money” on
a glass of beer when a couple packs of peanuts later would have lasted me for days.

It's funny how our perspective on little things can change so greatly under different circumstances. At that moment, for whatever reason, I glanced down idly at the bar floor at my feet and my eyes grew wide with amazement. I caught my breath. Did I see “dollar bills” lying at my feet or was I dreaming?

I took a quick sweeping glance around the empty tavern again and at the bartender. Sure enough, no one else was in the tavern except me. I knew the bartender was busy doing his cleanup work at the other end of the bar. I stared down at the floor again and was astonished. There appeared to be quite a few dollar bills lying on the floor, right beneath my feet.

How could I have not seen them when I walked in? Perhaps it was because I was looking at the bartender instead of at the floor. I slipped down from my stool, swept all of the crisp dollar bills together and sat back at the counter. I held the new-found money down in my lap where only I could see it and counted and recounted eleven very crisp one dollar bills. I wadded them up and stuffed them deep into my pocket with intense excitement.

My thoughts were that since the money was on the other side of the counter, I was sure it did not belong to the bartender. Meanwhile, I was the only patron in the tavern. “Finders-keepers” is the common rule, so it was mine to keep. It appeared to be a literal Godsend of sudden new wealth and I could put it to good use.

I drank the rest of my tall glass of beer quickly. With new money in my pocket, I realized I really did want to make Hollywood my home. Now I had enough money to go back, find work and eventually settle down to a solid new career of songwriting in glamorous, exciting Hollywood where I really wanted to be. That obvious inner prompted ten-cent investment I had just made in my future precipitated a sudden pocket full of money for me again. That turning my life path back toward Hollywood had a far greater, soon to be known significance than I could ever have imagined.

A deep destiny was calling me again!
Chapter 25

Important Meeting With ‘Eye of God’
Stranger Again In Hollywood

If you had the occasion, pleasure or privilege of reading my current updated Soulmate book, Your Soulmate is Calling, you will perhaps have noted my frequent use of the phrase, “there are no accidents.”

In truth or reality, everything fits together as a whole throughout our entire immense universe of God’s Creation. Of course there is a vast difference between the one perfect Creation of God our Father and the imperfect universe or world of illusion that, through free-will choice, the ego of our individual and collective humankind has made and continues to makes through wrong perception.

However, from time to time, you and I may each (or humanity collectively) awaken to or touch that infinite, ever-eternal perfection of God innately residing within the shining core of our collective and individual human consciousness.

When we finally do see or know of God’s perfection, we can rightfully and truthfully declare that everything and everyone in God’s Creation is in perfect place and in perfect time through all Infinity, and that in The Eternal Now there are no accidents.

And so it is.

I retraced my steps back to the bus stop at the furthermost outer city limits of the Los Angeles bus system and boarded the next return bus to Hollywood. I cashed one of my precious dollar bills, paying the ten cent fare to the bus driver for my ride back to Hollywood with great renewed hope and joy. I knew that my finding that surprise pool of money at my feet was no accident. It confirmed that my deep-down desire to make Hollywood my home was the right choice for my body and soul.

In most cities we visit frequently or live in for sometime there is usually a favorite restaurant we like to visit. My heart sang all the way back on the bus to Hollywood. As the bus started passing the familiar Hollywood landmarks, I was prompted to exit from my bus at the corner of Sunset and Hollywood. This is where my favorite, very normal, very affordable and very attractive family-type restaurant had sat for decades.
It was now around 4:00 p.m. on a weekend and the restaurant was bustling and fairly crowded. I strolled up front toward the cash register where I could get a better view of the tables and the round counter to see if I could spot an empty table and if not, a seat at the counter. I stood there for several moments surveying possibilities when I heard an excited voice from behind asking, “Michael, is that you?”

I turned my head quickly and saw Don Reed with a questioning look on his face. This time, I was looking at the same, lucid clean-shaven face of “the stranger with the dark hair” that I had seen after asking my Higher Self to open my Third Eye and show me who would be a very important contact in my life. The beard he wore when I first meet him was gone.

My mouth was agape. Before I could acknowledge him, Don sang out again, even more excitedly, “For God’s sake, it is you! Michael, what are you doing in Hollywood?”

My surprise at seeing Don Reed, probably the one person I knew who lived in Hollywood in the then Los Angeles population of five million residents, in that place, at that time was very astonishing.

Don, always bursting with life, new ideas and songs and always with massive new undertakings in mind, was beside himself with glee. He couldn’t wait to talk to me. He invited me to join him at his table for a cup of coffee. He said he had just come back from a visit with an executive he knew from nearby Capital Records tower and he was probably going to get another one of his songs published and sung by Barry White, one of the popular African-American recording artists of the day.

In the long course of the renewal of our destined good friendship, it now seemed to be Don’s turn to play host to the “new stranger in town.” The wheels of life do turn.

As soon as Don learned how truly “down and out” I was, he thought for a moment then told me he had a sudden wonderful idea. He said he and his wife had a female friend, Lillian M., who was a terrific writer of children’s stories. He was sure Lillian would be glad to meet me and would put me up for the night, and maybe for weeks if we got along all right.

He explained that Lillian M. was divorced with four children, all boys. He said all four of her boys, ages 5 to 16, were currently living in foster homes. However, Lillian had a steady daily job and rented her own very nice apartment. He was certain if he took me over to meet her and
explained my situation, and told her what a terrific songwriter I was, she would gladly let me to sleep on her couch. Then when I found a job with an income, I could rent my own private and comfortable apartment.

Don Reed was, is, and ever shall be, I AM sure, a dynamic soul who makes huge waves and pathways toward whatever good idea he holds in his mind. Thus, since his idea resonated fully with me too, a half-hour or so later I met lovely, sensitive Lillian M. in the flesh. There was an instant wonderful rapport between us.

Lillian clearly saw my immediate need for assistance, which she was able to provide to me freely from a generous and true loving heart. Don verbalized idea that the two of us might want to collaborate on writing some children’s stories together, which appealed to both of us.

My journey through a physical world of broken dreams had suddenly taken a sudden new course. Instead of each day being a dreadful nightmare of bare bones human body and mind survival, my guidance was leading me step-by-step to a joyful, soul-fulfilling life filled with famous people and through many personal, needed life lessons that would soon reveal and teach me a great deal about unconditional love.

Meeting Don Reed again in Hollywood was the second of two genuine miracles that happened only hours apart on that same “new day” on Earth. Thank God for all those dear ones who suddenly appear from out of seeming nowhere to reveal and help to light our way Home. I give thanks.

Conscious self-IMMORTALITY is calling softly and persistently to each and all of us.

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Chapter 26

Was the New Friend I Met and Brought Home An Extraterrestrial?

There was a nice flow between Lillian M. and me immediately. This led not only to intimate relations, but also to our collaboration on writing projects. Lillian felt a natural rapport with children’s stories and we soon collaborated on and developed a wonderful little children’s story, *Madam Chee Chee’s Ball*.

Our story was soon set to music thanks to a Hollywood movie-score arranger friend I had met through Don Reed. He was an elderly, distinguished looking, very spiritual man who was recognized as one of the leading, most popular music-score arrangers of the day for the Hollywood movie industry. He thought it was a delightful story and did the entire musical arrangement gratis.

Jim Ameche, younger brother of the famous actor Don Ameche, carved his special niche in the world as his older brother had. He was the leading disc jockey in the nation with close to 300 radio stations syndicating his daily broadcasts. Jim also had been connected to me via Don Reed, and he thought the children’s title and story was terrific. Jim Ameche narrated the half-hour long story “master tape” gratis. The entire story was set to music at his own personal professional recording studio in Hollywood.

Lillian and I both collaborated on the lyrics. I wrote the music to the title song, *Madam Chee Chee’s Ball*. Jim’s voice had the same resonant timbre as his brother, Don Ameche’s voice and he did a superb job of narrating our story.

In addition, inspired by Lillian’s outstanding writing ability, I invented and developed a copyrighted children’s story character named Twinkle Top.

Twinkle Top was a little space boy who had a bright star constantly shimmering over his head. The star changed colors according to the moods of Twinkle Top. His star shimmered bright red when he was angry, golden yellow when he was happy and glowed a dull blue when he was sad.
My forthright and handsome little space boy came from the imaginary pink-tar planet of Plunkett. Of course, Plunkett was the very brightest pink star in the glittering heavens of the entire Milky Way Universe.

Seven-year-old Twinkle Top owned his own little very real flying saucer, which was gifted to him by his mama and papa on his seventh birthday. Little Twinkle Top appointed himself as a cheerful ambassador of love and peace and traveled throughout the universe. He was almost always exploring other strange planets and constantly seeking high adventure.

In addition, I also wrote both words and music to a rousing Christmas song, “Twinkle Top Helps Santa,” that was recorded years later in the early 1970s.

Both Disney Studios and Hanna-Barbera, then the other major cartoon development company that featured “Yogi The Bear,” offered to publish it, but only if they could buy out the entire rights to my copyrighted Twinkle Top character!

That was a bummer, so without hesitation I refused their offers. I understood that Flash Gordon, Superman and most other such characters were sold that way by their “makers” too, and as years went by they were poor while those who bought and owned the copyrights to merchandising the character were rich almost beyond imagination.

I simply put Twinkle Top, on my ‘things to do” list. In my heart, I hoped one day to have enough funds myself to develop, produce and market an entire cute Twinkle Top family of characters. I knew the revenue could come back in billions once the Twinkle Top character became known worldwide.

I was told twenty years later by the editor of a large London children’s book publisher who raved over my character and story, who declared it to be unique and wished to publish it, that his bosses had turned thumbs down on it with a very firm “no.” He said they advised him to tell me my Twinkle Top character was still “20 years ahead of it’s time,” that the mass reader public they serviced was not ready for it yet.

By then, I had written six adventurous Twinkle Top children’s stories, but decided to “shelve” my delightful little character once again.
I strongly suspect the pressure was on the publishing house NOT to allow anything of an ET nature that spoke or hinted of the peaceful intentions of our extraterrestrial neighbors.

Our Earth, information about contact with ETs has been intentionally withheld from mass human consciousness on Earth since the late 1940s. It was around that time when the USA and other major world governments met and began secretly working with a colony of non-benign space visitors, the Grey’s, who are still living on Earth in deep caverns. The USA and other major world governments gave their official approval and allowed UFO abductions of Earth citizens in covert exchange for ET high technology secrets to develop their own spacecraft and military weapons. Government-built spaceships has been well-hidden secret and kept from the public eye for the past almost 70 years.

At a more mundane level, Lillian worked full time, six days a week. I certainly needed and wanted to be supportive too. Luckily, I found almost immediate work a few days after moving in with Lillian. I was hired by a coupon company to sell coupon books door-to-door for 50 cents a book. The coupon book I sold contained over twenty dollars worth of savings per booklet and featured movie ticket discounts, clothes discounts, restaurant meal discounts, etc.

By persistent, non-stop, door-to-door effort, I managed to consistently earn more than any of the other crew members. We were taken in small groups of a half dozen “to work” various low average income residential territories around the Los Angeles area.

I refused to use the “canned” sales talk and, as pointed out by my bosses, I “burnt up” a lot of territory simply going door-to-door honestly presenting what I was offering for sale. I also showed the two hard-to-get-along-with owners of the company how to more than quadruple their business. Following my advice, they added more coupons to make it a fifty-dollar value-savings coupon book and sold it for $2. This naturally greatly increased all of our incomes too.

The owners of the coupon book company quickly put me in full charge of the various half dozen or so crews that went out. They gave me increasingly more and more work responsibility with proportionately less pay. It was a poor business arrangement and after several personal strong disagreements, I quit in disgust, deciding to “let them to their own ignorant devices.”
No problem, I immediately went to work for a local area dairy ice cream company. They had fleets of ice cream trucks and needed drivers. I was soon driving a colorful ice cream truck through low-income neighborhoods with merry-go-round music and a jingling bell. My job was to sell Eskimo ice cream bars, popsicles, candy, etc., to children and parents through my assigned territory.

It was actually fun. I liked seeing the many beaming young happy faces at my arrival in their neighborhood, however, the pay was based on daily product sales and I was not earning enough, so I quit that job after a few weeks. I had another idea in mind.

Upon passing my chauffeur driver’s exam and holding a California driver’s license, I applied at Yellow Cab in Los Angeles as a taxicab operator. When taking my chauffeur driver’s examination, the inspector in charge of testing me for Yellow Cab made me repeat the “reflex action” test several times before he would record it.

While I was test-driving, out of my sight he would shoot off a loud cap gun to test my reflex action. I never knew when he would fire his cap gun, but I was instructed to hit the brakes hard as soon as I heard the gun go off. The gun shot was calibrated with the brakes of the test car and to his test instruments. I was told to slam on the brakes to a hard fast stop when he fired his gun and to maintain full control of the braking vehicle, so I did.

He refused to believe the test result. He asked me to repeat the test.

However, after the fourth time repeating the test and receiving the same score, he agreed to record the results. He said in amazement that what I was doing in my speed reflex test seemed almost impossible. He said that my reflex action was almost totally instant and that no one in the long history of the Los Angeles Yellow Cab Company, out of thousands of applicants who had been tested for reflex action in this test, had ever before scored such a fast reflex-action response!

There are no accidents. I obviously picked the right genes to do the work I planned to do on Earth. Playing pro basketball was obviously high on my list. Perhaps that fast reflex ability coupled with my unusual stereoscopic vision contributed greatly to my pro basketball success. Obviously, before my Earth “birth contract” I must have chosen the “right” gene pool that would enable me to be well equipped to accomplish the many great foreseen challenges that would be facing me during my life journey here.
It was a few weeks after working on my new job as a taxi cab driver that I met this so incredibly outstanding stranger at a tavern. After finishing my work shift, I would usually pull in for a fast beer or two at the same conveniently located tavern on my way home.

While enjoying my customary beer and conversation with the female bartender, I noticed this stranger walk up and take the bar stool seat beside me. He ordered a non-alcoholic lemonade and seated himself. When he turned and smiled at me, I felt almost as if I knew him. He was tall with a lean muscular build, natural blond hair and blue eyes. His smile was like a bright ray of sunshine and his voice was low and musical sounding.

Almost immediately, I began a conversation with him and was astounded at the philosophical statements he made. It was reminiscent of the wisdom expressed to me by “Pete the Tramp,” my hobo fellow freight train traveler from Chicago to Los Angeles.

My new friend Adam (not his real name) I AM sure said he was new to the “area.” He was such a friendly, magnetic, likable personality that after finishing off my third beer, I felt prompted to invite him to come home and meet my lady Lillian and have a warm home-cooked family dinner with her and our family now (me, her and her four children).

Through my persistent insistence, with both of us earning regular weekly incomes and after passing through much “red tape” at California State levels, Lillian’s four children were released from their foster homes to their mother again. It was wonderful. All four of these marvelously bright young souls were now happily living with Lillian and me.

Thus, from Adam’s possible ET viewpoint, we were a typical struggling happy Earth family of six. I was certain that Lillian would not mind. She would probably be intensely interested in the lofty ideas expressed by this incredibly interesting stranger. Lillian, too, had a deep interest in spiritual matters.

I explained to Adam that I was a Yellow Cab driver and my cab was parked outside by the curb, so it would be no problem to drive him to my home for dinner. He listened with interest. I explained that after dinner and a visit, I would drive him back to the nearby small hotel where he said he was lodged. Adam accepted my offer without hesitation and expressed his pleasure to be soon meeting my family and having a meal with us.

Just as I surmised, rather than being “put out” that I had brought home an unexpected “bar stranger” dinner guest, Lillian also took an instant
liking to Adam. No doubt, all or most “earthlings” felt that similar instant uplifting good feeling just being in his presence. Adam asked the children and us many questions that most people on Earth would know, even though, in contrast, he seemed to know so much about universal laws.

After dinner, the four children were ushered to their rooms and Lillian and I sat and talked in our living room for almost two hours with Adam before he suddenly spoke up. He said he needed to get back to his hotel for a meeting, that he knew tomorrow was a work day and we both needed our rest, so as much as he had enjoyed our presence, it was time for him to go. Though I insisted strongly on driving him back to his hotel, he insisted that Lillian and I had done enough for him. He asked Lillian to kindly place a phone call to the Yellow Cab Company where I worked and order a cab to pick him up. He said that was his firm, absolute preference.

When his cab arrived, Lillian and I both gave Adam, a long, warm, friendly and loving hug goodbye. We invited him to pay us a visit any time he was ever “in the area” again. Moments later, he and his golden, radiant beaming presence disappeared from our sight.

As soon as he was gone, both Lillian and I, still enamored by the extraordinary aura of Adam’s strange but magnetic and radiant presence, remarked to each other again and again that Adam was certainly somehow not just any ordinary human being. We speculated in genuine wonder if he could possibly be an extraterrestrial visitor to Earth.

Adam spoke seemingly perfect English, but his sentence word structure and tonal emphasis of some words definitely indicated to both of us that he was surely not a USA or “normal” English-language speaking citizen.

I clearly remember saying to Lillian in all seriousness, “If anyone could be suspected of being a spy from another country or planet,” it was certainly Adam.
Chapter 27

FBI Lies: Denies Tracking Me Closely For Many Weeks

During the earlier half of my Life on Earth, almost all of my relationships with women lasted less than a year or two before finally collapsing. That applied even to all my wonderful, brief but assuredly destined Soulmate unions.

We each and all walk our own path and there are no accidents—for each forward “step” along life’s journey in physical form moves us each one step closer to Creator God.

My relationship with dear, marvelous Lillian had reached that “end times” point. Lillian had gotten pregnant and would be mother to the second son in my life. Bryan Douglas M. had arrived on Earth and was already over two months old when I made the abrupt decision to quit my job at the Yellow Cab Company and hitchhike leisurely up to San Francisco. I planned to find a job there and maybe even make a final split with Lillian. I wanted to be “on my own” again.

Meanwhile, a very mysterious development had occurred. For the past four months or five months since meeting my ET friend Adam, I had easily noted beyond any shadow of a doubt that the same auto with the same two men inside was tracking me. They trailed behind me or stopped and had a beer or a coffee and ate at the same places I stopped at to eat.

The intrigue grew. One day after work, while drinking beer at a higher-class bar than I usually frequented, a man dressed in a sharp black business suit took a seat beside me and soon engaged me in conversation. The topic gradually switched from small talk to him asking about my opinions on the economy and what was America doing wrong. At one point in our conversation, he asked me if I believed in UFOs. I told him I certainly did.

This obvious “secret” agent fawned over my good looks. He complimented me about everything, not only praising my striking good looks, but also my good manners and my good mind. I wondered, almost out loud, if he was a secret agent trying to get some dope on me or just a homosexual trying to pick me up.
After about a half hour of strange conversation, he suddenly lowered his voice and asked me if I was in the market to make a nice bundle of cash. At my uplifted eyebrows, he quickly went on to tell me he had top government clearance classification and had easy access to acquire highly secret USA space weapon technology that could be sold to other countries like China or Russia for a lot of money. He wondered if I had any connections with anyone interested in that kind of a “market,” emphasizing there was a lot of money to be made, just for ‘the picking.” He finally stopped talking and waited for me to speak.

All of a sudden, I put two and two together. I recalled how I had been trailed all over the city by the same two men and that it soon started after meeting Adam and taking him home to dinner. I guessed that maybe the FBI or CIA thought Adam was spy, or knew he was an alien and were using subterfuge to “check me out.”

Another quick thought was after checking my Yellow Cab reflex test scores they might have even thought I was an extraterrestrial. For authorship reasons, I had also recently changed my legal given very German family name to “Michael.” That too may have deepened their suspicion. Maybe the CIA or the FBI thought that I was an enemy of the state, or something even worse, a spy from another planet.

A sudden silent anger and indignation whipped and bristled through my being. How stupid could these government agents be? Did they really think I would not notice the same car constantly tagging along behind me and the same two guys pulling up and going into the same places as I did? Did they really take me to be that stupid? My anger grew.

At that moment, a sudden “I will show them” idea formed and a bold, daring sense of high adventure beckoned to my mind. I decided to play the role he wanted to see me play. I forced a smile on my face and told him not only was I interested, but if he would hold my bar seat for me and would wait there for me there, I would make a quick phone call. I said there was a bank of phone booths at the street curb outside. I would make a call and get back to him in a few minutes.

I mentally and emotionally got into the “role” and played my part to the hilt. I walked out of the door like a man with a mission. When I got to one of the several phone booths outside, I stepped in and acted like I were dialing a number. I counted seven clicking spins of the dial. Then I put my ear to the phone, waited about six seconds and pretended to place a coin in
the coin slot. After pausing a few moments I further pretended to be in an animated discussion with someone over the phone.

After a long minute of talking, pausing and imagined listening, I hung up the phone, walked back into the bar and told the undercover agent my contact was very interested. I told him I had to go and take care of some other important business right away but that I would be in touch with him if he had a phone contact number for me.

The man reached into a side pocket of his suit jacket and extracted a business card. The card looked like an ad for a shoe store, with instructions to ask for Bill. If Bill was not there, I was to leave a phone number where Bill could call me back when he returned.

I read the card and stuck it in my pocket. As I finished off my glass of beer and stood up to leave, he stood too. He placed a pudgy hand on my shoulder and put on a friendly smile. As he shook my hand, he gave me another compliment about my incredible good looks. It was getting more revolting by the moment. It was hard to believe that most people would not instantly and clearly see through the BS flattery.

He repeated he would be waiting to hear back from me and if my contact was serious, we needed to get together and work out the details of a contract sealed with a little advance money. He assured me that at the least my “cut” in the transaction could possibly bring me a million dollars.

I nodded, and without another word, turned and walked out of the door with a well-pretended “macho man” look on my face.

My encounter with this secret agent was the final proverbial “straw” that weighed my decision to let Lillian know I was planning to “make a run” up to San Francisco. The past month or so it appeared we both wanted to be parting our ways. She said it might be for the best. If I got a job there and we separated for a month or two we would both surely know by that time if we wanted to totally dissolve our relationship.

Lillian, true to her caring and sharing nature, asked me if I needed any additional money to tide me over until I got a place to stay and a job. I had let her know that rather than take a bus, I planned to hitchhike, not so much to save money, but just for fun; and maybe yes, to save some money at the same time. I said I had all the funds I needed, but I told her if I was really desperate, it would be easy enough to call her collect on the phone and she could wire me a few dollars if she had it. So we parted for a while on a high note.
The next morning, I was up at 5:00 a.m. I thought no one would be awake that early, if the FBI or CIA was still covertly surveying my activities. I saw no one walking behind me, nor any moving cars following me, so I felt confident that I had outwitted their surveillance team if they had one posted.

I caught a bus a few blocks down the street from where we lived in the Echo Park Silver Lake area and bought a series of bus transfer tickets that took me to where I would start hiking. I was heading North on old Highway 101, which went straight up along the West Coast to San Francisco.

To my surprise and delight, I had been thumbing for a ride for less than five minutes, with cars and trucks whizzing by me at top speed, when an expensive newer model car pulled over to the side of the road. I dashed up and told the driver I was heading toward San Francisco and asked him how far he was going. He told me with a wide grin I was “in luck,” to jump in, that he was going to work in Santa Barbara and would drop me off on Highway 101 when he made his turn into the city.

I AM certain his car was bugged and our conversation recorded with plans made for me to be picked up by another FBI agent when he dropped me off. The driver immediately began plying me with questions as to exactly where I was heading, why, etc., while pretending it was simple curiosity.

Sure enough, within minutes after being deposited at the side of Highway 101 in Santa Barbara, a pickup truck with a husband and wife team stopped to pick me up. The wife said they were heading for Menlo Park, California, and told me to “jump in” if I was headed that way. I tossed my suitcase in the back of the pickup and sat beside her. The inside front of the pickup truck had a wide comfortable seat and the driver’s wife quickly shifted over closer to the driver so I could be seated comfortably.

Before long, the two of them began taking turns bombarding me with a barrage of questions and comments about me being all dressed up and traveling with a fancy suitcase. Why wasn’t I taking a Greyhound bus instead of hiking? Where was I heading, for the “city” part of San Francisco or for one of the many smaller communities south or north of San Francisco, etc.?

Having often spent hours thumbing a rides around the country, once waiting almost a whole day before being picked up by a truck driver, after
the barrage of questions from the driver of my first quick ride and now again from my second quick ride, I deduced that somehow the FBI had managed to track my early morning exit. They must have quickly “set up” rides with drivers told to pump me for information. They must really be wondering what in the world I was up to now. My little act about being interested in selling government secrets for big money must have caused quite a stir. I hoped I was not getting myself in a quagmire I might find hard to get out of.

Hoping to throw the FBI tracking team “off track,” I told the couple I was actually heading to a small town a little north of San Francisco. However, if they would kindly let me out in the downtown area of Menlo Park (I knew Highway 101 passed through it), I planned to grab a leisurely lunch there and then hitch another ride to San Francisco where I would be meeting with some important friends.

When we arrived in Menlo Park, the two of them cordially wished me a good trip, and like I requested, dropped me off at a curb in downtown Menlo Park. The moment I was out of the pickup truck and had grabbed my suitcase, I quickly put my own “game plan” into action.

I strolled slowly down the street until I spotted a McDonald’s Restaurant. I stepped into the restaurant, walked to the back kitchen area and opened the kitchen door. I saw a cook and several helpers at work. I told them I was inspecting the place and asked if there was a back door to the restaurant.

The surprised Latin or Mexican looking cook nodded toward the back door. I picked up my suitcase and boldly walked through the kitchen, out the back door and into the back alley.

Once through the door, I closed and walked at top speed down the alley for an entire long block. I then turned down several other streets, quickly getting farther and farther away from the point where the couple in the pickup truck had dropped me off.

I spotted a city bus coming toward me with a destination sign in front reading “Redwood City.” As it screeched to a halt at the bus stop before me, I turned to look to make sure no one was following me. No one was in sight so I leaped aboard the bus and paid the driver the small 20-cent fare to its Redwood City destination. We arrived in Redwood City in less than 15 minutes, where I quickly got off. I walked briskly away from the Highway 101 Main Street to a side street running parallel to it and kept
walking fast until I spotted a “Room & Board” sign in front of a huge home. It was next to a small, attractive new-looking “fast food” restaurant.

I knocked and a short, kindly woman with glasses answered. The price was right and the grounds outside of the boarding house were almost like a small park, so I rented the room without hesitation. I felt smugly certain that I had outsmarted and dodged the FBI surveillance team. I soon discovered that the Shellen’s, the charming husband and wife owners of the Room & Board place, also owned the spanking brand new fast food restaurant next door.

When they found out I was looking for a job, Mrs. Shellen told me they had just built and opened up the fancy looking fast food restaurant next door, and though their daughter helped a lot they really needed an extra “fry” cook and wondered if I might be one.

I told her if they had the patience to teach me to do the job, I would take less pay while learning and they could increase my salary when I was worth more for my labor. They both liked my apparent cooperative and agreeable easy-going attitude and hired me to go to work on the spot.

They were both extraordinary souls, kind and generous. Within days, they were treating me more like a son than a boarder. They also had an attractive daughter who worked at my side; and with whom I quickly became close and intimate.

Several weeks passed by when Mrs. Shellen, looking white-faced, asked me to stop what I was doing and come with her. With quivering lip she told me that she and Mr. Shellen needed to talk with me right away!

Imagine my shock when both the Shellen’s began hammering strange questions at me. Was I taking drugs? Was I a drug dealer? Who was I, really? Why was I there? What was I running from? What kind of trouble with the law was I in? I had taken a deep liking to both Mr. and Mrs. Shellen. After work, I would engage almost daily in deep philosophical talks with Mr. Shellen. I admired and respected them both highly. I liked my job and I also liked their daughter. They had treated me equally with great respect and almost parental love. I seemed like a family member, and suddenly I was being battered with strange and certainly accusative questions.

As soon as I recovered my composure, I stammered, “No! I was not a drug taker or a drug dealer. And as far as I knew, I was NOT in any legal trouble with the law.” I took a deep breath, trying to calm my wildly
whirling solar plexus. I asked them why they were pumping me with these strange, almost silly questions.

Mrs. Shellen looked at Mr. Shellen, and he nodded his head yes. She explained that two men had just knocked at their door about a half hour earlier. Before being admitted, they both showed their FBI badges and identification photo cards to the Shellan’s and asked to step in and talk to them about me.

She said the two agents had asked them if they knew if I was “on drugs” or not? They wondered what the Shellen’s knew about my personal background. They left without ever telling the Shellen’s why they had been investigating me.

One of them divulged that they “were on my trail,” but I had managed to elude them in Menlo Park a month or so earlier. However, it was only a matter of time before my name showed up as an employee of theirs on city records.

The two FBI agents had assured the Shellen’s that they knew they were loyal Americans and respectable business folks in the community and were not in any way being investigated. Before leaving, they had asked the couple not to say anything to me about their appearance, and she and he had agreed to keep quiet about it.

However, when the two FBI agents left, Mrs. Shellen said she and her husband were both very distraught. They did not want a drug dealer or a criminal working for them or, above all, showing serious attention to their daughter. So they decided it was best to go ahead and confront me immediately to see if I could tell them what was going on.

I explained that it was true, that I had discovered before leaving Los Angeles that someone was following me, for what reason I did not know. I guessed it might be the FBI. And yes, I had dodged them in Redwood City. However, I reassured them, I was not a drug dealer and I loved and appreciated both of them. I said that I liked their daughter very much, but it appeared best for her, for them and for me as well, to collect what wages was due to me and I would move out on the spot. They could then go on without qualms with their good life and I would go on to find mine somewhere.

I evaluated the savings I had brought with me and, coupled with my new earnings it was an appreciable sum, so why not head for Reno? The gambling bug was biting me again. I decided to catch a bus to Reno. I
planned to stay one day only and play blackjack through the night. After building up a nice cash “stake,” I could return early the next morning to Lillian and my young baby son, Bryan Douglas M, and Lillian’s dear four children, all of whom I was now missing quite a bit.

At the Menlo Park Greyhound bus station, I remembered my Florida gambling fiasco. Wanting to make sure that if I lost my money at the gambling table I would at least have my ticket back to L.A., I bought my ticket from Reno to L.A. in advance. I also reserved a bus seat back to L.A. for that same morning. I checked my suitcase, boarded the bus and found my seat number. Surprisingly, we arrived at the main Greyhound bus station in Reno in what seemed like a very short time later.

I found a swanky looking gambling house where I planned to try my luck, but first seated myself at the huge circular bar. I wanted to drink a few leisurely beers before gambling, so I ordered a bottle of Miller’s High Light beer.

By the end of my second bottle of beer, my eyes did a quick, almost unbelieving “double-take.” No doubt about it. I was looking at the same two FBI men who had trailed me so relentlessly in L.A. I could hardly believe it. My mind was in a “dither.” Why was the FBI pursuing me so relentlessly? I kept a sharp watch out of the corner of my eye while pretending interest in other things.

I saw one of them wave to the shapely Italian looking waitress, beckoning her over to him. He leaned over the bar to talk quietly in her ear. I saw her face turn white as she turned and looked directly at me, then back to him again. After his covert talk with her with her, I could see that she was suddenly in a highly emotional, agitated state.

With that sudden new development, I wondered if I should go ahead and follow my intentions to gamble or not. I decided maybe it would be better if I just found a place to stay for the night, then catch my bus early in the morning as scheduled to Los Angeles. I decided to try to forget I was being trailed, and to just relax and drink a few more beers instead. The waitress appeared to have been told to get and hold my attention. After about my fifth bottle of Millers beer, she was coming over, filling my beer glass and giving me clear signals that she was “hot for my body.” Suddenly in a flirtatious conversation, she said she was getting off work early, in only a few minutes, and maybe the two of us could “get together” if I was interested.
I was getting very drunk and I was very interested. Fifteen or so minutes later, we were catching a taxi. She gave the taxi cab driver the address. She then explained her girlfriend owned a house that was vacant and the only furniture in it was a mattress intentionally left in one of the empty bedrooms to “party on.” That was where we said we were headed. It sounded good to me.

After a few minutes more, I was in an almost unconscious stupor. The last thing I remembered was taking our clothes off and me having sex with her. The next instant, though it had to be six or more hours later, I was prodded awake. I opened my eyes to see two very big burly men, both about six feet six inches leaning down over me.

One of them snarled that I was sleeping on their private property and if I did not get my ass dressed and out of there right away, I would be thrown out bodily and arrested for trespassing!

Meanwhile, my head and my whole body throbbed with unbelievable pain. I felt like every fiber of my body was aching with rhythmic, painful hot and cold flashes. I realized, the waitress must have slipped a drug into my beer glass. They probably were watching and photographing me having sex with the waitress, a film clip which could possibly be used for blackmail later on. It hurt to think, but I guessed they probably tried to interrogate me before I passed out. Maybe they gave me truth serum? I must have been “out” for a long time.

Whatever, there was no doubt in my mind that I had been slipped a dangerously very high dosage of drugs.

I recalled at the same time I had bought a ticket and scheduled a bus with a reserved seat and it was leaving the Greyhound station in a few hours. I certainly I needed to get there before it left without me. While putting on my trousers I saw I still had my wallet, my driver’s license and Greyhound bus ticket, but all of my money was gone. I was back to the “small change in my pocket status” again.

I was in no shape or mind to argue with these really two tough looking birds, though I had taken on as many as four hoodlums in a fight, and sent them all running. I told them–no problem, I was leaving.

After being fully dressed again, I stumbled out the door and down the street and started walking toward what I thought looked like the “city center” of Reno, where I knew the Greyhound bus station was located.
I saw occasional people coming out of their front doors and getting in their cars to go to work. I asked someone and got directions to the bus station.

I walked at least an hour before I arrived. My body and head was throbbing painfully all the way. It was a forced drug experience that I would not forget. The Greyhound Bus clock on the wall indicated I had another good hour before my bus was to leave for L.A. I plunked down on a seat to wait. However, minutes before departure time my ears picked up to hear an announcement paging me, by name, to come to the ticket counter immediately. I wondered what was going on.

They were repeating the message on the loudspeaker as I walked to the counter. I was told by a very nervous looking clerk that my bus and my travel schedule had been changed. He said there was nothing to worry about, that my suitcase has been transferred to the alternate bus that I would be traveling in and I could claim it on my arrival in L.A.

He explained that due to overbooking, I would be riding on another bus, a special alternate bus. It went a different route but would also arrive soon and we would depart immediately for L.A., since all the other passengers were all ready onboard. I was upset at the sudden change, but the ticket clerk at the counter said actually my bus would only be making one or two stops on the way, so I would arrive in L.A. only minutes after my scheduled time anyway. He told me to take a seat and he would page me when my bus arrived.

When paged, I boarded the bus and took my assigned reserved seat beside an unusually very bright youngster, maybe twelve years old, acting and talking like a man of the world. He was traveling alone. He kept “hitting on me”; baiting me to see if I had any sexual interest in him. Along with the young boy, a CIA middle-aged couple sitting across the aisle also queried me constantly about what I did for living, where was I from, where I was going, etc.

The bus stopped at a small city along the way. The young boy got off. A single passenger boarded the bus. He was an elderly, distinguished, solemn looking man with snow-white hair. He pretended to peer at his ticket stub, then walked up the aisle and took the seat beside me. Within moments after being seated, he engaged me in conversation with “slick” questions that had not been asked by others. I could see that every question was to reveal what “my game” was all about and who I really was. Was I an ET or a loony earthing
He rode the entire rest of the trip beside me. After arriving and getting out of the bus, while waiting for and grabbing my suitcase, I saw him pass by. He gave me a cold, strange look and did not say a friendly word or a goodbye to me.

On my bus ride back home to Lillian’s apartment, I saw several of the same persons use transfers to ride the same busses as me back toward the Echo Park Sliver Lake area. When I got off the bus near our home on the street where we lived, I saw one of those same men making the bus transfer with me. I waited and walked a brief while. All the way home, I could hear his footsteps trailing along behind me.

In review, on my arrival home and talk with Lillian, I was staggered by the enormous waste of money that the FBI or CIA had paid a string or crowd of people to stupidly survey my every move for months, and possibly even a whole busload of covert CIA agents playing the role of ordinary bus travelers.

There was no doubt in my mind then or now that the “alternate bus” was a fake Greyhound bus that had been brought in so they could rifle through my suitcase and set me up with a more intense interrogation by a full busload of FBI or CIA agents. The staggering amount of money that was misspent that us common hard-working tax payers had to pay for made me furious.

When told the whole story, except for the sex part, Lillian indignantly felt the same way as I did. She helped me look up the address of the FBI office in Los Angeles. I caught a bus there early the next morning, walked into the main office and demanded to see whoever was in charge. I said I had a big complaint to register with whoever was running the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The secretary was astounded at my intensity. She asked me to give her my name, address, social security number and contact information, and told me to take a seat while she rang up the “man in charge.”

I waited a good twenty minutes before she said the “head” of the bureau was ready to talk to me. I was told to walk down a long hallway to his room. There was no need to knock as he was expecting me.

The head of the Los Angeles FBI office had a male secretary sitting at another nearby desk. The two of them observed and sized me up as I marched in. The head of the bureau, who sat behind an enormous oversized desk, pointed to a chair in front of it and asked me to sit down. I
told him I preferred to stand. He was surprised but asked me what my “beef” was about.

The anger welled up in my being. I told him that his agents were fools. I did not appreciate being trailed, set up and being drugged. I told him how easy it had been for me to see and know beyond a doubt that his agents were trailing me around everywhere. I ranted that either the FBI or the CIA had wasted a whole lot of our tax money and their time paying a whole busload of government people, agents that had waylaid and drugged me and possibly even administered truth serum to me by their agents in Reno.

He held up his hand like a police officer at a crossroad giving a stop signal. He spoke civilly but stated that he had checked all of the FBI records and there was no “file” on me, so neither he nor anyone else knew what I was talking about.

I told him that was a lie. My fast food bosses, Mr. and Mrs. Shellen in Menlo Park, had told me that two FBI agents had showed their credentials to them and had asked all kinds of personal questions about me. They had intimated to my employers that if I was not a drug user, I might be a drug dealer. I had lost my job and my good reputation.

The head of the bureau must have first been a police officer trained to stop cars at an intersection. He held his hand up to me in a “come to a complete stop” position again. He said if it really happened, which he doubted, it must have been FBI impersonators with false badges or IDs. Meanwhile, there was nothing more to talk about. He simply had to call our meeting to an end since the FBI had no record or personal file on me and that was his final word.

He gave his male secretary a nod with his head. He jumped up immediately and opened the bureau office front door wide for me to step through. Without a word, his secretary motioned silently with his head for me to walk out through the wide open door.

My anger deepened, but I knew it was useless to stand and argue. Obviously, the FBI was going to keep telling me that same outright lie—that I was not and had not ever been under surveillance by their agents.

Stunned at being given the “out the door” treatment, I strode out of the door in disgust, without saying another word, wondering if I ought to go to the Los Angeles Times newspaper and ask a reporter to publish my story.
When I told Lillian the FBI had vehemently denied having any record or file on me, and I was seriously thinking of trying to see if a reporter at the L.A. Times would write it up and publish a feature expose story of the FBI department’s big waste of our USA citizen’s tax money and their lying denial. She cooled me down and wisely suggested I leave the experience behind and go on with my life.

Chapter 28  
Leaving Civilization to Live in a Cave

At a spiritual level I reached out to fulfill the thirst in my soul for knowledge—the who am I, what am I here for type of questions that most of us ask ourselves at some point in our mortal Earth body lives. From all my studies to date there is a great tendency for a human being to start her or his “awakening” and search for the spiritual nature of life and Being approximately at age 35, rarely before but sometimes a few years later. The old adage is still true, where there is life there is hope! In this reference, there was hope of an awakening to spiritual self-identity, thus moving out of a world of limitation to unlimited vistas and a genuinely true reality.

After being “high” in consciousness for a month or so after my death experience—gradually sinking year after year more and more back into the gross physical world of illusion, though seeming pragmatic reality, I gradually started to find my way back toward my true spiritual core reality again. Much of the spiritual knowledge I hungered and thirsted for came from my lifelong practice of gathering ever more revelation that was thrilling to my soul from books or personal experience.

During my union with Lillian M., I was approaching that 35-year-old point of awakening and therefore was reaching out to understand who I was and why I was here with even greater determination. The Infinite Way books and teachings by Joel Goldsmith inspired me immensely. My soul led me to find the even more inspiring Baird Spaulding series, Teachings of The Masters of the Far East.
I gobbled up the entire series of five volumes quickly, and reading and rereading all of them at least four or five times. Baird’s contribution to my spiritual upliftment was immense. It was at this time that my interests and the personal interests of Lillian were more clearly seen as growing more and more widely divergent. Lillian was noting and arriving at the same mutual revelation.

My beautiful, golden-haired son with blue eyes, Bryan D.M., was a living “ball of light” and sunshine, about 1 year old at that time. I would place him balanced and standing tall on my outstretched hand before me and he would laugh and giggle with such glee that it filled me with delight. Lillian drove a hard but fair bargain. We mutually decided that we would end our relationship with love, gratitude and peace toward each other, and we divided our properties in what appeared “fair” to both of us.

We divided the two major literary properties on which we had collaborated. Lillian chose to have all rights to the creation and use of *Madam Chee Chee’s Ball*. *Twinkle Top* and all rights to its creation and use were mine. Lillian pointed out that in order to raise our beautiful 1-year-old son without disturbance I would have to agree to give up any visitation rights to him.

I pondered the choice and knew deep inside of me that my love for my son was already created and was forever, so time, space or distance of our physical body and beings was insignificant. From that posture, I agreed to grant her the relinquishment of my visitation rights with him. I felt that one day, perhaps in the far future when he reached adulthood, we would meet and establish a father and son, or a warm loving brotherhood of man with man relationship again. Perhaps the publication of this biography will lead to that deeply desired event.

Meanwhile, I evaluated my financial situation and decided for several reasons, one being that Lillian and I were now parting our ways, to leave civilization and live the rest of my life on Earth in a cave. In the late 1950s there was much talk about people moving into underground shelters, seeing world war and man’s inhumanity to man. I really felt what was called “civilization” was the most uncivilized state I could imagine. I almost felt like I was from another planet, and that I had found myself in the midst of barbaric and insensitive humanoid tribes; people who were out of their minds with greed, violence, and brutality. All of which totally grated against the deep spiritual “grain” of my Being.
Once the thought grew strong enough, I decided to follow through, taking nothing with me except a very small, easy to carry briefcase containing only:

- A single change of underwear and socks; a small jackknife (there was no abominable airport security checks then)
- A few chocolate bars; a pencil and about 50 sheets of paper to write on in case I chose to keep a diary
- My favorite, Volume 3 of the *Masters of the Far East* Baird Spaulding books
- Plus the small amount of money that would still be left in my wallet or pocket after buying my ticket.

Deciding it would be a one-way trip for a lifetime, I decided on a place where it would be warm, where I could go to a wilderness to find a cave and live out the rest of my natural life there, Hawaii seemed like and was the perfect choice.

Being raised in the almost brutally cold winters of Michigan, I loved and deeply appreciated warm summer weather. I also had played exhibition pro basketball with the House of David basketball team in the early 1950s and fell in love with all of the warm tropical islands there. Our basketball team toured all the major islands of Hawaii for a full month, often playing against local all-star teams, as well as a women’s team, called the “Honolulu Surf-Riders.”

I fell totally in love with Hawaii and its native people, who played basketball on hard stone basketball courts in bare feet! That full month in Hawaii was always outstanding in my mind, body, heart and soul and it now appeared time for me to journey there, find a cave and live out the rest of my earthly days in seclusion and meditation with God Almighty.

I decided to travel light. Therefore, clad in denims, and a blue t-shirt, I bought my one-way ticket to Honolulu. After I said my last warm goodbye to Lillian, her four wonderful boys and my radiantly beaming son, Bryan D.M., I boarded the plane with no suitcase–only my leather briefcase that was easily tucked under my arm or carried in hand.

Arriving in Honolulu, I caught the first city bus I saw at the airport going to the downtown area. I had two goals in mind. My first goal was to go to the public library to study maps of the various islands and decide
which one to fly to in search of a cave isolated from civilization that I could live in.

I hoped that after being inspired by the Baird Spaulding books, my own soul would give me a prompting or a clear signal about which island to choose. The second goal, since I had been corresponding with him by mail, was to call Joel Goldsmith, who lived in Honolulu, and catch a cab to his place to have a personal visit with him before going on my search for a cave.

Sure enough, while moving from map study of island after island, I came to the island of Kauai. Almost instantly my eyes were drawn to an area called “The Valley of the Lost Tribe,” which was of great significance to me in a long past life, as I would realize almost 15 years later. At once, without any further thought, I knew that I could and would find the cave I was looking for in that hidden valley on Kauai.

I knew absolutely without a doubt that I had found the wilderness area that I wanted to explore. Here was where I would find the cave I was looking for, where I could live freely off the fruits of nature. Hawaii was lush, filled with coconut trees and other very exotic fruit trees growing “wild” everywhere.

Satisfied that my first objective was finished, I telephoned Joel Goldsmith and told him I had arrived in Honolulu. I asked if I could meet and spend a few minutes with him before I arranged to catch a plane to Kauai. Joel said he would be very glad to see me and told me to come right on over. I took a taxi to his place and found him to be a distinguished looking, poised man with snow-white hair and bright smiling eyes. I felt he was more serious than I had imagined, but very hospitable.

When Joel heard my plans to live in a cave, he reaffirmed that the “Garden Island” of Hawaii, as it is known, was the most ideal spot in Hawaii for me to find my cave in the wilderness. I was quite surprised by his attitude when I showed him my Volume 3 of the Baird Spaulding, Masters of the Far East series. He quickly told me his own personal thoughts about Baird’s classic spiritual works. He felt that Baird was a bit “too imaginative” for him, but that the teachings in the books were certainly of great value to any serious student of spirituality.

Although Joel’s comments momentarily surprised me, it did not dampen my own strongly held belief and enthusiasm in the great personal or mass consciousness value of Baird’s great contribution to spiritual
literature of the day. Baird’s fascinating books had opened my mind and my own understanding and helped to establish my own conscious aim to reach “master-hood” and conscious aware self-IMMORTALITY in THIS physical human embodiment.

I was already beginning to get a glimmer of insight into the fact that there were almost countless good spiritual teachers on Earth. That one might disagree with another did not detract from any one of their valuable contributions to the WHOLE forward and upward spiritual movement that would eventually awaken all or most of the now sleeping masses.

After spending a good delightful hour or so with Joel, I evaluated my cash on hand and decided to save time. Instead of conserving what little cash I had by waiting for and catching the right bus, I looked for and hired a taxi to drive me straight to the airport. On arrival, I bought a one-way airfare ticket to Hilo, then the largest city in Kauai with a small population of 5,000. It certainly did not have the many mammoth deluxe beach hotels it has today.

Happily, I had only a short wait before boarding time. United Airlines and Aloha Airlines already had airplanes coming and going to the various other islands of Hawaii. They traveled between islands on the hour and at reasonable fees. I still had almost twenty dollars left in my pocket. Knowing I would have no use for money if I went forward with my plan to live out the rest of my life in a cave, I decided I would probably give it away to someone before leaving Hilo for the wilderness.

Less than forty minutes after take off, our flight landed at the Lihue airport. The air people breathe in the Hawaiian Islands is loaded with highly beneficial negative ions. Coupled with the warm gentle breezes, the canopy of a vast robin-egg blue sky and lush, healthy tropical trees and vegetation, it makes you feel almost as if you have arrived on a different delightful “Heaven on Earth” planet, and that is exactly how I felt! I was elated and jubilant. My entire body and soul felt like I was “home” again in a heavenly place where I belonged.

I asked the Hawaiian-looking airport clerk at the ticket counter if she could give me travel directions by foot to the Valley of the Lost Tribe. She said she knew of it, but not how to find the trail that would take me over the mountains and into it. After a few moments of thought, she told me that if I walked out the front door, down the airport road and turned right at the ‘t’ intersection where it met the main road that circled the inhabited part of the island, I would see the Hilo Museum about a half mile down
the street on my right. The museum was managed by a man named George
who, she said, was also a part-time tourist guide and would surely be able
to tell me how to get there.

She was right. I arrived at the small museum filled with aged
Hawaiian relics and talked to George. His eyes sparkled and gleamed
when I told him of my plans to find and live in a cave in the Valley of the
Lost Tribe. George said if I just kept walking straight down the road until I
came to the very end of it, there would be a wooden sign on the left side of
the road opposite of the beach and ocean on the right. There would be an
arrow pointing toward the entrance of the trail, so there was no way I
could miss it.

He emphasized that once I set foot on the trail, other than for some
spots along the mountain where it had been “washed out” by heavy
flooding or where part of the mountain had broken off, I could not miss
staying on the trail. At my look of surprise, he explained the trail was
known to be well over 4,000 years old and had been walked on by so
many people during that time that in some places it was almost two feet
deep as well as many yards wide. He said before I arrived at the end of the
road I would see the beautiful Hawaiian beach where much of the classic
movie *Lost Horizons* had been filmed.

I found out from George that the reason why the Valley of the Lost
Tribe was so isolated is because the wild oceans and big boulders in the
ocean inlet would not allow boats to beach and the cliffs towering on both
sides of the valley made it impossible to access the valley by land. He said
that more than one mountain climber had lost their life trying to scale over
the cliffs, and the only other way to get there was to be dropped off on the
wide-open expanse of the golden ocean beach at the mouth of the hidden
valley by a helicopter.

George, who appeared to be in his late 80s muttered sadly—if he was
not so old and at last unable to do it, he would have gladly traveled with
me. He said he had made his last trip into the Valley with a friend over the
arduous 4,000-year-old trail almost a year ago. He explained he made the
trip solely to gift the hermit, Dr. Wheatley, an African-American man
already living alone as a hermit in one of the many caves off the beach for
two years, with a new 22 barrel rifle, some spare ammunition and a big
hunting knife. Prior to that, he said to catch a wild goat as his meat supply,
the hermit would have to “herd” a prospective goat into a small confined
canyon space where he could catch it. George said he knew the gift of a
rifle and a big hunting knife would help to make survival life much easier for Dr. Wheatley, whom he admired greatly.

He explained that Dr. Wheatley was a brilliant, world famous medical doctor who left his practice to spend his life in a cave because, like me, he felt civilization was too barbaric. He explained further that Dr. Wheatley was an incredibly intelligent, generous and likable person who had been living in his cave over two years already and had turned into quite a contemplative philosopher and “mystic” who he personally liked talking to immensely.

Before I left, George asked me to be sure to pass along his deep respects and kind regards to Dr. Wheatley. He said Dr. Wheatley was very alert and would be quick to know of my arrival into the valley, so I would surely meet him on my arrival there. His last word on the matter was to be careful, since sometimes the trail narrowed to a feet where it had a straight drop down thousands of feet.

He said I would know I was near the end of the trail when I arrived at a manmade gate at the very tip of the highest peak. He said German families had colonized Hawaii hundreds of years ago and the gate separated the one side of the island owned by a descendant of the Miller family from the other side owned by the Robinson family, the latter who also owned another entire island under their family name that could be seen from the gateway peak.

Once at that peak and through the gate, it would be downhill all the way. The precarious old trail ended at the bottom of the last steady downhill mountain slope in a large cove of coconut trees nestled on the gorgeous golden sand beach at sea level.

I thanked George for his excellent directions and insights, shouted a warm goodbye and had only walked for about ten minutes when a battered old pickup truck stopped beside me. A man dressed in work clothes leaned out of the window and asked me if I needed a lift. Being eager to get on the trail, I accepted his offer and jumped in beside him. He dropped me off less than two miles from my destination, since he needed to make a left turn on a dusty road to the settlement where he lived.

He reiterated that I would have no trouble spotting the sign with the arrow pointing toward the 4,000-year-old trail over the mountain into the secluded valley. The leisure of the two-mile walk past the exquisitely
lovely beach where the Lost Horizons film crew camped when filming the movie was soon evident as my body, mind and soul basked in the beauty.

An hour later after stopping often to simply look around and drink in the beauty and aliveness of the unsullied nature above and around me, my eyes lit up at the sight of the brown wooden sign with the arrow pointing toward the old Hidden Valley hiking trail.

I paused to take one last long good look at the grandeur of the rolling white waves dashing and splashing on the expansive yellow sand beach below to my right. Then turning left, I hiked to where the arrow pointed—and there indeed was the beginning of the trail.

I started immediately to clamber up the rocky, craggy path, careful not to slip or twist an ankle, for it had a lot of twists and turns. Before long, the trail straightened up and leveled off. It also began to widen and deepen to at least two feet deep and thirty feet wide. As George said, once on this old trail you could stay on it all the way with no chance of losing it. The exception, also as he said, was when you had to skirt up over it to catch it again a hundred or two hundred feet further along the way because of natural washouts or avalanches or part of a mountainside breaking off.

All along, the temperature was perfect and I marveled at nature in all her glory all around me, on all sides along the way. From time to time, I would stop to rest or to eat. I would break open one of the many coconuts lying on the ground with a rock after boring a hole in one of the eyes with my jackknife blade and drinking the sweet coconut milk. Then I would put my jackknife blade between the husk and the white meat, break of chunks of coconut and eat them with great relish. I also cut off extra pieces to take with me and munch on from time to time. There were also ripe fruits in abundance on trees that George said were safe to eat and some of them were exceptionally tasty.

Darkness was setting, so I found a nice spot beside a tree. Gathering leaves and grass, I made a soft natural bed to curl up and go to sleep on under a blue canopy of bright, glittering stars. George said there were no poisonous snakes, spiders or ferociously dangerous animals in Kauai, so I knew I could safely “bed down” on a grassy knoll along the way.

Prior to talking with George, I envisioned that I might have to climb up a tree and try to curl up on a hard, wide enough, lower tree branch, and thus sleep restlessly that way through the night to be “safe.” Thankfully, George had allayed my fears. I was glad that I had spent several worth-
while hours pumping him for all the information I could get and which he was very happy to give.

Also prior to arriving on the trail, I had a deep fear of heights. Climbing up a ten-foot ladder and looking down would make me dizzy and filled me with trepidation. After completing my journey on the trail–up and down and around dizzying heights–my fear of high places was almost totally gone.

The trail kept winding up and down, but mostly up all the way to the peak of the mountain where I would be looking almost straight down many thousands of feet to the ocean far below. The most outstanding and quite fearful experience happened just before I reached the peak.

The upward trail wound up and down and around and I could often see where I would soon be far ahead or where I had been with ease. Suddenly at the most dizzying height I stopped frozen in place, for I saw four bulls or beef cattle coming toward me on the trail that had narrowed to about three-feet wide. I had been traveling upward slowly and with great caution, hugging the side up the cliff walls as closely as I could. I knew a fall from that height would be sure death.

I also knew beyond a doubt that the trail was far too small a space for any one of those four huge cattle to turn around and go back if they saw me, and there was no room for me to pass them. Fortunately, as luck would have, it the cliff wall to my left was indented enough for me to scramble up quickly to a perch about ten feet above the four bulls by the time they arrived and passed me on the trail heading down trail.

The first three bulls did not see me, but the last bull happened to glance up or saw me out of the corner of his eye. He was so startled that he almost stumbled over the side. His reflex action and frantic movement to regain his balance kicked several large rocks over the narrow ledge. I saw them sail downward. The bull happily recovered its balance and all four animals disappeared slowly around a bend of the trail below where I had just come been. I waited another moment, heart pounding, and climbed down very gingerly to the narrow ledge below and continued upward on the trail. It seemed like a good two minutes later after I continued forward before I heard the echo of three or four rocks hitting landing on the rocky sea-level beach down below.

I was probably white with fright and my heart was still pounding for a few more minutes, but gradually I recovered my composure. I gave silent
thanks to God that I was at a place where I was able to see the four bulls coming toward me in time to carefully elevate myself above them and thus to allow the four bulls unhampered and safe passage on the trail below me—without me or them going over the ledge.

The trail on my right continued to be less than three-feet wide with a straight drop down for another five minutes, always gradually winding up and around higher and higher. The view was breathtaking. However, caution was the keynote. A fall or slip over the slim ledge would be deadly. I kept a sharp eye on the trail ahead, praying silently to myself that no other cattle would decide to head for lower elevation below. All the while, almost from start to finish on the trail, I would see majestic looking white goats climbing above me or below me, either alone or in groups of three or four.

Suddenly, to my great relief, I made a wide turn and saw that I had arrived on a small plateau at the peak of the mountain, exactly as George had described. The large iron gate that separated the Miller family property from the Robinson property was easy to open. I latched the gate shut behind me with an iron peg attached to a wire. A sign hung on both sides of the gate asking travelers going through the gate to make sure it was securely closed behind them before passing through in either direction.

I rested a short while, enjoying the awesome view of the ocean to my right and the craggy high mountain ranges inland to my left. I spotted a fairly large island beside several smaller ones in the far distant ocean below and I assumed that it was probably the Robinson Island that George had told me about.

Once fully rested, I continued down the trail. From there on down, the trek into the beautiful valley far below was a gradual, long, occasionally winding but easy-to-walk slope. Around 45 minutes later, I sensed that I was almost down to sea level when I turned a bend and came to a wide, flat, green plateau. It seemed that about at the same moment, Dr. Wheatley and I saw each other on the trail about 30 yards or meters away.

Both of us stopped and eyed the each other. Dr. Wheatley had a two-year growth of a dark black beard on his face with a large crop of disheveled black hair on his head. He was dressed in goatskins, his hairy black chest and strong body showing a lean, muscular build. A .22 rifle was slung over his shoulder and cradled lightly under his right arm, and a
long large hunting knife tucked in a goatskin scabbard on his right hip. From a distance, he looked mean and very dangerous.

At the same time, he was appraising me. He could see that I was unarmed and no threat to him. His face broke into a smile and he shouted a loud, friendly sounding “Hello.” Thanks to my talk with George, I knew he was Dr. Wheatley, the hermit George had told me about, so I relaxed. I realized that despite appearances, this man was harmless. I smiled back at him and shouted an equally loud and friendly sounding “Hi.” We both stepped briskly toward each other at a quickened pace.

As we neared each other, I reached out a hand in friendship, which he clasped in his with genuine warmth. I spoke first, explaining that I knew who he was, that I had talked to George at the museum who had given me directions on how to find the trail into the valley, and that George sent him his highest regards and good wishes through me.

After asking about George’s good health, Dr. Wheatley asked me what I was doing there in the valley. Why had I hiked the trail all alone, since most visitors from “civilization,” knowing the many dangers on the arduous trail, came in pairs or in small groups so they could help each other in an emergency.

I told him that I was there for the same reason as he was, as George had revealed in my talk with him. I quickly explained I too was totally disgusted with so called “civil” society on Earth. I had decided to leave civilization and live in a cave with nature, far from inhumane society or “civilization” for the rest of my days as he had chosen to do.

Dr. Wheatley was amazed when I told him I planned to be living in the valley in a cave too. He said that there was a smaller cave very near his that would be perfect for my year-round use and he would be glad to show it to me when we got together on the beach below after he returned from his hunting expedition.

He said, however, the season was perfect for me to sleep overnight in the huge cavern beside the waterfall, which I could now hear in the distance. A huge river of water poured down from the towering high cliff at the mouth of the valley less than a hundred yards from the wide golden beach.

His plan was to continue on his hunt and probably return later in the afternoon. On his return, he would build a campfire and we could feast on a roast goat dinner together as a celebration of my arrival. I had noticed as
we drew closer and stood before each other that Dr. Wheatley also had a large white knapsack slung on his back. As I wondered what it was for, he told me he would also be gathering a big sack of oranges for us to share when he got back.

Instructing me just to keep walking the trail and to meet him at the waterfall beside the beach on his return, he waved goodbye and forged ahead on his hunting and orange-picking trip. I watched Dr. Wheatley walk leisurely up the trail until he disappeared around the bend, marveling at his rustic Stone-Age appearance. I then turned and followed the trail down around another wide circular turn to see the thick large grove of coconut trees unfold before me. I was guessing to myself that I was almost at sea level.

Five minutes later, I finally passed through the coconut grove loaded with thousands of ripe coconuts. When I got through the grove to the beach area, I was astounded at the unique view before me. Nature had “graded” that final downhill slope as I approached sea level in a seeming miraculous artistic contour.

I found myself walking alongside colossal huge boulders side-by-side, each larger than a huge house, abruptly followed by a sudden reduction, a new “wave” of boulders about half that size. The boulders and rocks again and again abruptly graded down to smaller and smaller rocks and pebbles, tier after tier, until the last block or so of my hike on the trail found me trudging beside a fine gravel beach that eventually abruptly again ended and turned into the shining golden sand beaches that Hawaii is so famous for worldwide.

On a return to this majestic valley years later, when I was dropped on the beach by a helicopter, I looked in vain for this astounding work of nature’s art. I wanted to share the amazing view with my lady companion only to learn that a huge hurricane had swept along this beach a few years earlier and had totally rearranged the beach. The colossal rock artwork had completely vanished as though it had never existed. It was a good life lesson that even the literal 3-D rock-hard world is temporal indeed!

I picked up speed, anxious to get to the side of the silver waterfall streaming down thunderously to the hard rock base on the beach below. The sight before me overwhelmed me with its beauty. The bright noonday sun shone golden rays above me. I could see towering red cliffs on both sides of the huge inner hidden valley to my immediate left. Before me, I stared at a half-mile or so of wide golden sand beach with occasional
coconut-laden trees standing tall here and there. All was softly highlighted by an electric-blue sky where a few fluffy white clouds were resting calmly overhead.

To my immediate right was the surging blue-green ocean with non-stop waves of frothy white surf rolling in, one upon another. At the same time, a warm tropical breeze was blowing gently in my face. It was an ecstatic moment of sheer indescribable beauty. The view and the feeling of finally “being home” there in this magical valley was a thousand times more beautiful and exhilarating than I had imagined it would be.

I walked onward toward the waterfall, almost levitating instead of stepping. When I arrived, I stood beside it for some time looking straight up toward the towering edge of the cliff over which it poured down. I turned around and around slowly, joyfully surveying the grandeur of nature in its sheer purity and glory above, before and all around me.

After a while, I sat down on a boulder near enough to the waterfall to enjoy the light spray and mist of tiny droplets of pristine pure water on my face and body. Not wanting to get lost in the secluded valley jungle area, I decided to save my explorations for tomorrow and just to relax and wait for Dr. Wheatley and enjoy the beauty and tranquility of life at its finest display all around me.

I thought about Dr. Wheatley’s vitality. His eyes shone and had a mystical far-away look that I later recognized in some of the top psychics in the world. He appeared to be incredibly robust and alive, which I attributed to the Hawaiian environment. He was eating nontoxic food, breathing nontoxic air and eating food grown in nontoxic soil. The kind of health and sheer aliveness he displayed was rarely seen in “civilization” and it amplified my determination to live out all the rest of the days of my physical body life right there in that safely isolated lush green Heaven on Earth Valley of the Lost Tribe.

When Dr. Wheatley returned, he shared two oranges with me from the sack full he had brought back with him. He came back with a large chunk of fresh goat meat. He said he used a single .22 bullet to kill it. He then bled it and, using a natural red salt found in ample supply on Kauai, he said a goat could be stored and would last him as a steady food supply for several months.

Carrying back both the goat and the sack of oranges was too big of a load, so always carrying salt in his knapsack, he simply cut off a good-
sized chunk of meat and salted the rest of it. He said he covered it with rocks and planned to bring the rest back to store in his cave the next day, since he was eager to talk with me.

Dr. Wheatley said talking with someone about his thoughts and ideas was what he missed most in his life as a hermit. He asked me to walk with him to the far right of the mouth of the valley by the ocean’s edge. He beckoned me to follow as he climbed up over several huge boulders and pointed ahead. To my astonishment and great delight I looked into a hole about the size of a 10-foot round door of a very large cave.

I followed him into the cave, which was not dark since daylight came in through a crack high in the ocean-side rock wall. The floor of the cave was at sea level but there was a large, flat, solid rock plateau about three feet above the floor level that was easily 50 feet wide and 30 feet deep. It looked like a stage platform where a whole orchestra of musicians could play.

Dr. Wheatley explained that he slept there the first few weeks after he arrived. However, one night to his horror he awoke to find that the sea had risen and water was filling the entire cave. The moon tide had abruptly changed that day and caught him by surprise that night.

No problem, though. He said he realized what was happening and dived down into the rising water. He then swam underwater through the round cave entrance to the surface outside, then to the ocean shore and had a good laugh at himself! After drying off, he slept in the cave in the valley that he later chose as his permanent home as a hermit.

However, he said there was no problem with the tide rising at this time of the year. Therefore, if I brought some leaves and grass to make myself a nice soft bed, I could sleep there my first night instead of the smaller cave next to his. It sounded like a great idea to me.

Next, he showed me his little garden where he grew rice and all kinds of interesting root vegetables that grew wild everywhere on the island. However, he said growing a garden was something he enjoyed and it made his food supply easier to access on demand.

He let me peer into his cave, definitely on “higher ground.” In addition to a nice bed made from reeds, I saw collections of rocks, shells and other natural things all in orderly display. I could see he had another 20 feet or more of open space in addition to his comfortable-looking reed bed that was made mostly of soft thin reeds.
He told me he bathed in the waterfall on awakening each day and drank and collected the pristine clear water he needed from it. The waterfall flowed in a good ten foot wide silver stream from the base of the fall through the clean sparkling golden sand into the vast deep blue ocean, less than a hundred yards away.

Dr. Wheatley built a fire using flint rock and what looked like dry moss into what was soon a nice blaze. He kept adding more wood and after an hour or so stated that the large flat stone he placed in the ashes was now hot enough to cook our goat steaks. He had divided the chunk of hindquarter meat he had cut off from the freshly killed goat that day and offered half of it to me to place on the rock. I wondered if the rock would be hot enough to fry a steak.

Sure enough, within five or ten minutes the meat was sizzling and popping. I saw Dr. Wheatley use his pointed stick to turn the meat over on its other side. He asked me if I wanted mine turned and I told him I really liked my steak very well done, so he said it was “up to me,” but cautioned me not to overcook it.

Before long, he removed his meat and set it down on a clean stone, saying he would wait until mine was done so we could dine together. I waited another minute or two and turned the meat over, which looked pretty black on the baked side. Thinking it was just charcoal ash from the fire, I let the other side sizzle and burn for another five minutes before I finally poked my stick—through it and brought it out to have Dr. Wheatley cut into smaller pieces with his sharp hunting knife.

Dr. Wheatley shook his head, knowing I was in for a sad surprise. The meat had shrunk to about half the size of his steak and when he sliced through it and gave me a hard piece slightly salted, I had to spit it out. It tasted almost like pure charcoal.

Dr. Wheatley had a good laugh at my expense and then generously divided his half of the meat portion of our campfire dinner with me, which tasted perfect. The slightly salted rice, wrapped in some kind of leaves after being boiled about ten minutes in a small pot gifted from George to the hermit, was also tasty.

Dr. Wheatley and I talked on and on for hours about spiritual concepts. He said he loved what he read when he glanced through my Volume 3 of the Baird Spaulding, Masters of the Far East book series. It was obvious to him and me both that we would have no trouble getting
along wonderfully as fellow “hermits” and spiritual brothers, especially since he revealed that he always took time to meditate for at least a half hour or more every day.

After the fire was going, thinking ahead, I gathered what I felt was enough leaves to make myself a comfortable bed (along with my leather travel bag as my pillow) on the plateau in the big cave where I would be spending my first night of sleep while in the hidden valley.

Thus after the campfire coals were only a faint glow and we had talked and talked for hours in wonderful communication to each other, Dr. Wheatley said it was hours past his bedtime and we could talk more the next day. After warmly bidding each other goodnight, we each went to our separate caves for a good night’s sleep.

Though the rock base of the bed was hard even with a good supply of leaves, I knew after such a long, fulfilling day I would have no trouble falling asleep and before I knew it, I was sleeping soundly.

It was early morning when I awoke and realized with joy where I was.

CLICK!

All at once, I felt my body and mind filled with a deep, still calmness. I heard, in a voice that was real, clear, almost loud and quite stern, the following decree that seemed to emanate from within the depths of my Being:

“Know this! There is no way that you will spend the rest of your days vegetating here in a cave. You are here on Earth to fulfill your mission. You will return to civilization, first to educate yourself fully with what you must learn about spiritual matters; then you will teach others what you know.”

My eyes opened wide in shock at what I heard. The voice spoke again, saying:

“There is no way that you will spend the rest of your days vegetating here in a cave. You must bid your brother goodbye and begin your journey back to civilization this day. Hear me! So be it. I have spoken.”

I knew instantly that I was NOT dreaming or imagining things. I was hearing the same voice of Higher Self that I had heard so clearly before on
my life path on Earth at other life-altering moments. I knew at once that
no matter how much of a Heaven on Earth place this exquisite tropical
valley was to me, there was no way that I would choose to defy such a
clearly stated inner command to “Get up, go forth and do my Father’s
business.”

At a point where I had found my very own personal Heaven on Earth
place and despite my long, very arduous trip to this exquisite tropical
hidden valley, if I understood this earth-shaking message correctly, I was
now being turned back to live my life in the “civilization” I loathed. First
to awaken myself more fully and then, when fully prepared, to help to
awaken the sleeping masses around me.

I knew with every fiber of my being that as much as I wished to stay,
I would soon be greeting Dr. Wheatley with the shocking news that I had
received a loud, audible, clearly spoken decree from Holy Spirit to go
back to civilization immediately to do what I came to do on Earth. No
doubt, he would be greatly shocked.

Yes. When I told Dr. Wheatley that I wanted to give him my copy of
Volume 3 of *The Masters of The Far East* book series because I was going
to back across the 4,000-year-old trail to Lihue to return to the mainland of
the USA because I had been given that decree from spirit upon awakening,
he was shocked.

However, being of calm spirit, he took it in stride, saying that each
soul must do what he knows he must do, for that is why he left
civilization. He wished me the very best trip back along the trail and great
success in my plan to do what I could do to awaken a barbaric civilization
to the fact it had a divine soul and a Divine Source.

My trip back on the old trail was easier and faster since I knew what
to watch out for and how to find the path again much quicker where nature
had “wiped out” a portion of it. I estimate that it took about 17 hours of
continuous hiking, with occasional brief rests. Dr. Wheatley had given me
six sweet, ripe oranges to eat along the way, along with a good supply of
dried coconut, so that energized me and eased my trip back to Lihue
immensely.

I arrived around midnight at the same north end of the highway where
the arrow sign pointed toward the trail. I began walking south toward
Lihue and got a lift from a man going to his late night job. When I told
him where I had come from and where I was going, he was amazed and wanted to be helpful.

He dropped me off in the central section of Hilo beside a small Pentecostal missionary church. He told me that since I was flat broke, to wait until morning and talk to the pastor of the church and his wife. He was sure they would find or supply a place for me to stay and help me find work so I could earn enough money to catch a plane back to Los Angeles.

He was right. In small towns, everyone knows almost everyone, and the pastor and his wife, were a Godsend. They were very charitable and helpful beyond words. While I was there, the major Lihue newspaper interviewed me and did a write-up of my trip. A reporter had gone into the valley and interviewed Dr. Wheatley two years earlier when folks in the area learned a hermit was living in The Valley of the Lost Tribe, so my meeting and talking with Dr. Wheatley was a “human interest” story that they eagerly published.

Approximately 15 years later, in my journey forward in time, I would meet and establish a good friendship with Dr. Christopher Hill at a huge spiritual conference where both of us lectured. He was the man destined to introduce SPIRULINA into the mass consciousness awareness of Earth humanity via his Light Force group.

He too had gone to live in a cave for the very same reason I did. Christopher and I had the very same identical experience of the Holy Spirit sending us both back to civilization so that we would complete the “mission” we had agreed to complete on Earth.

In less than two months, my part time job earned me enough to buy my one-way ticket back to Los Angeles.

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Arriving back in Hollywood, I read a book that explained how to manifest whatever we really, really wished to have in our lives. As well-detailed my book, *Your Soulmate is Calling*, the author explained all anyone needed to do was to use the mighty power of the mind coupled with daily visualization of seeing what you desired as a reality in your daily life. He advocated preparing a list in order of importance, placing what you desired most at the top of the list, followed by any number of your other deep desires.

I followed the directions to the “t.” I wrote and visualized: (1) owning a home of my own, followed by (2) a very high paying professional job and (3) possessing my own Cadillac. I wanted them all to be made manifest within six months, and six months later all three of these seemingly impossible things at the very top of my list, were joyfully manifest.

Never underestimate your power of thought and the fact that whether we realize it or not we are creating the world we personally live in each moment of every one of our lifetimes in human embodiment.

Simultaneously, heeding the prompting of the Holy Spirit who abides in every single one of our human Beings, I was determined to find and educate myself in spiritual truths, or God’s laws of Creation. I had no idea of how or where to study these truths, but in a visit to the library my hand fell on several books written by Count Leo Tolstoy, famous for writing *War and Peace*, his classic best seller book. However, these particular books were about deep spiritual ideas that Tolstoy expressed masterfully.

Tolstoy helped shatter some of the strong orthodox beliefs that had been instilled in me from childhood. In my own heart and soul, I knew that Tolstoy knew and was expressing ideas or concepts that I needed to ponder and understand. I read chapter after chapter of that first book in a few hours. I reveled and gave thanks that I was led to such an outstanding tutor. However, when I came to a sentence that started with “Jesus, the man,” I was horrified. How could Tolstoy call Jesus the Christ, equal to God, a lowly man?
Tolstoy went on to explain that Jesus was a man, an ordinary human being like each and all of us who had awakened to his divinity within, and that anyone of us who choose to could, with understanding and practice, be like Jesus. He said we could all do the astounding miracles that Jesus had done. My resistance was “up” and my heart was definitely beating faster. I was not only outraged; I was horrified. It was sacrilegious! It was blasphemy!

I threw the book down as though it was a poisonous snake about to bite me! The book laid there on my coffee table for hours while I did other work and pondered the rigid orthodox “beliefs” I held, weighing them against the immense wisdom revealed in the initial chapters I had read in Tolstoy’s book. The more I thought about it, the more I felt that maybe I needed to open my mind more. “Perhaps I really ought to read the rest of his book?”

I reasoned that if what Tolstoy suggested or said was something I disagreed with, then I could simply and safely keep my beliefs intact by ignoring and denying his beliefs or wrong ideas and not accept them as part of my own personal belief system. So, in reality, there was nothing to lose and possibly much to gain. I innately felt the book had arrived in my hands for a good reason and it might be wise to read further to see if I could find that good reason. I read further.

Soon, I understood. The utter beauty and glory of what Tolstoy as an “advance guard” Lightworker was revealing filled me with joy! Earlier in life, I was motivated by a set of books written about great orators, statesmen, artists, scientists, etc., that stated whatever any person succeeds in doing means that any other person who truly desires can do it too, and had already accepted the idea in my belief system. Jesus had “awakened” and had become a living model for every one of us to follow. If Jesus Ascended, and I believed He did, then anyone else, including me, could Ascend if that is what we choose.

With love and gratitude, I joyfully acknowledge Tolstoy’s inspiration and empowerment to my own forthcoming Lightweaver activities.

Neville, who gave me personal hands-on training at several of his workshops I attended as well as via the several books he had written, was the Lightworker who inspired me to manifest that three-fold miracle of a home of my own, a literal #1 top sales career in real estate, and a Cadillac, all in six months time. I made a quick transition from abject poverty to
incredible abundance simply by placing my full attention and focus on the reality I preferred to experience within and around me.

Another spiritual giant from whom I found guidance through almost regular weekly attendance of his lectures at his spiritual Philosophical Library in Echo Park, a suburb of Los Angeles near Hollywood, was Manley P. Hall. He was a most extraordinary Being; he awoke in his childhood and began to teach his ministry at age 12. He had already “awakened” early and wrote a ponderous, profound, collector’s item classic *The Mysteries* at age 21.

Here again, words can only fail to capture the enormity of the book’s immense spiritual value or of the “works” of this advance guard Lightweaver, Manley P. Hall. He was a beacon of light in Los Angeles and to the world all the days of his life on Earth, a towering giant. I hold him forever in high honor and esteem, as did all (or most) who knew him or his works.

Another tremendous and major source of my “awakening” and furthering of my knowledge about the Great White Brotherhood was the book, *The Secret Doctrine*, by Madam Blavatsky, who founded Theosophy.

This too was a classic work of over 1,200 pages and she too will be known in history as a truly outstanding advance guard Lightweaver.

Another likewise ponderous book written by Madam Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled*, jam-packed with revelatory arcane spiritual knowledge, had influenced me greatly.

My spiritual hunger was great. I read *The Secret Doctrine* book in one month. While attending Theosophy lectures at the Theosophy Center in Los Angeles, almost all other attendants I talked to said it took them almost an entire year to read this classic piece of work. I kept re-reading it.

There were, of course, other spiritual tutors whose books I read who are not as publicly known or acclaimed that I give thanks for and to like Edgar Cayce, Noel Street, Joel Goldsmith and Baird Spaulding. All led me step-by-step toward the path that would soon awaken me to what my own personal life mission on Earth would be.
Chapter 30

Yogananda and Self-Realization

About two years before I left civilization to live in a cave I had been gifted a copy of the great spiritual classic, *Autobiography of a Yogi*. After reading through the first chapter or two, I was very bored. I thought it was too Eastern or too Oriental and too mystical for my interest so I put it down and stopped reading it.

However, a year or so after returning from my trek to the cave in Hawaii, especially since I had read Baird Spaulding’s *The Masters Of The Far East* series, I decided to check the book out of the library and give it another quick spiritual investigation. To my astonishment, as I kept reading from chapter to chapter, I could hardly put the book down. What happened? I was waking up more!

If you have the opportunity to read Yogananda’s amazing autobiography, I AM sure you will understand why I read and re-read it several times. I will promise you—if you love miracles, you will love his magnificent book. It’s full of them!

After reading this book and learning that Yogananda’s Self-Realization Center was located right there in Hollywood within walking distance, I made it a habit to attend free lectures and events there as often as possible. A high school chum, Paul M., who had moved from Michigan to California, surprised me “out of the blue” with a visit at my home one day. We resumed our past good friendship with pleasure since Paul was deeply interested in philosophy and spiritual matters too.

Paul M. owned a home and rental property in nearby Gardena. For several years, we engaged in many wonderful warm-hearted philosophical talks at his home or mine for hours at a time. Paul agreed to practice daily meditation lessons in the Self-Realization home study meditation course, with me, which made the discipline easier to handle. Years later, from time to time he and his lovely wife Ginger would attend my spiritual workshops in the Los Angles area.

By practicing meditation daily as outlined in the weekly lesson installments of the incredible home-study course, after two years of study we graduated. We were qualified to learn and practice Kriya Yoga as “handed down” by Yogananda. Kriya was normally only taught by a “guru” (teacher) to a “chela” (student) one-to-one.
I was so grateful to learn meditation. The daily practice of meditation helped advance my awakening. Like all of Yogananda’s Self-Realization students, I AM and will be ever grateful that this extraordinary, loving, so very enlightened and masterful yogi—certainly one of the advance guard Lightweavers on Earth—had personally come from his home in India to awaken our sleeping “masses” in the West.

I met one of the embalmers who worked for the crematory in Los Angeles where Yogananda was cremated after his body’s death. He told me that always, without exception, when someone dies, by the fourth day the body begins to putrefy and disintegrate.

The embalmer said he saw the miracle of it with his own eyes, as well, this is on official record at the mortuary. Even on the 20th day after his body’s death, when Yogananda’s body was cremated as he had requested, there still was not one single, solitary sign of putridity or cellular disintegration of Yogananda’s body. It was in perfect condition!

God bless Yogananda’s beautiful, warm, loving, caring-sharing heart forever and ever!

Chapter 31
All of Us Have Pre-birth Soul Contracts

In the most literal sense that you can imagine—without exception—each and all of us born into human form on Earth or any inhabited human-oid planet in our vast starry universe are ordained “Ministers” for God!

God has personally ordained each one of us to spread the same beautiful message of love and light upon Earth that the Master Jesus taught and lived, and still does. We are to minister and live as the Master Buddha, Mohammed, St. Germain and countless other humanly embodied Masters have lived and taught.
You and I are here to keep our promises made to our Creator. In addition to revealing the commandments or Laws of Creation before leaving for our “mission” from Heaven to Earth, each one of us fervently vowed to “walk our talk.”

There are no accidents. Perhaps you are drawn to read my life story to help remind you of your own heavenly “agreement.” Or if you have already remembered your own personal soul contract with God, my life story may help you to further resolve to fulfill your own sacred vows to God Almighty and to your divine humanly embodied God-self.

Upon being shown my life review during my consciously experienced and remembered death at age 18 (as revealed earlier), I clearly saw and relived all the thoughts and feelings I had experienced for the 18 years of this life. Then I also was shown brief glimpses of where I had failed to complete my exact same avowed “mission” in two of my prior earlier lifetimes.

I repeat, God did NOT stand in judgment of my “life on Earth” review. I did. However, no other judge could have judged me as severely as I judged myself!

My own conscious real death experience at age 18 coincides 100 percent with what was clearly revealed Home with God, one of the conversations with God book written by our beloved brother, Neale Donald Walsch.

Home with God, published in 2006, is a timely blockbuster book about death. Filled with sacred, most holy revelation expressed directly from God, this book surely helps to comfort anyone who has lost and grieved a loved one or a dear friend through body death. What a boon to humanity. I give thanks.

In it, our Creator God tells Neale that a person who dies also might be shown brief glimpses into other of her or his important past lifetimes. God said that may occur in addition to a sequential full review of the entire lifetime just concluded. That was my definitely my own true self-experience during my conscious death experience at age 18.

After body death, while standing before God each soul is given a conscious choice. A choice is offered everyone directly and personally by God to stay in Heaven with God, or to return to Earth embodiment. This may be a choice of your return to the same body just “released” or to incarnate in another body through rebirth to complete her or his mission
on Earth. In addition, God explains that if the person who had just died makes the decision to return to her or his body to fulfill the uncompleted soul contract or pre-birth agreement made with God, the return back to the physical body would be instant.

Without exception, during my conscious death at 18 I personally experienced each and all of the following four basic functions as outlined by God to Neale Donald Walsch in this revelatory book about your, mine, or anyone’s human body “death process.”

1. I experienced the full life review in every detail.

2. I saw glimpses into two other pertinent lifetimes (all in one split second).

3. I was offered the loving free-will choice by God–personally–to return back to my existing 18-year-body or to incarnate in a different body. I could choose to “complete” my unfinished work on Earth, or stay in Heaven with God.

4. The moment I made a choice to return to continue fulfilling my mission on Earth–it was instant.

A moment later, as described earlier, I literally felt my transition back into my dense physical body that I still possess well over 60 years later, and am still in good “working order.”

In essence, your “mission” in life, my mission in life, and the mission of all missionaries of God on Earth–whether David, Moses, Jesus or another Lightweaver–is the same.

Although “set” in different time periods or stage settings, elsewhere or here on our breathlessly beautiful “theater-in-the-round” on Earth, all pre-birth contracts have the same most basic sacred and loving aim. We are there or here, individually and en masse, to awaken gently those still asleep among our planetary teeming masses.

My mission and your mission is to remember our sacred inner identity and purpose as “messengers” of God. In *Home with God*, God assured our Lightweaver brother, Neale Walsch, that every human soul embodied on earth, without exception, is his most beloved ordained “Messenger of God.” And so it is.

The first step for you and me is to remember and know that there can be and is nothing but God in all of Universal Creation. You and I are conscious God “parts,” extensions or outposts of the One God of Creation.
You and I, at the core or center of our human beings, are ordained to be conscious living, radiating expressions of God’s light and love on Earth.

If you think it through, you will realize that each one of us has a creative power and purpose. Each and all of us have our own unique talents and perfect abilities without exception. Will it get done? Action breeds action.

There is sacred, self-fulfilling work to do by each and all of us daily. What a privilege. I AM grateful and give sincere thanks to God.

There is no one embodied here who has been left out of the picture of God’s perfect and loving Creation here on Earth beautiful, or anywhere else throughout God’s entire Universe, for each and all of us have our own, unique, sacred and holy pre-birth soul contracts.

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Chapter 32
My Several Clear Lucid Flashbacks of Former Lifetimes

My various Master teachers have told me if we hold our intent and our focus on finding self-enlightenment, our soul will reward us with precious spiritual gifts and various kinds of tantalizing psychic treats from time to time. Some of those sacred gifts may be momentary glimpses or flashbacks into former personal human embodiments on Earth while in meditation or through a lucid dream state. Some past life flashbacks may occur spontaneously, while you or I are consciously absorbed in some relative thought.

I have been blessed with several such very lucidly clear flashbacks into some of my former lifetimes. This feels to me like an appropriate time to share a few of those “in-sights”—literally—with you. However, I have also had several other peeks or glimpses into other lifetimes that I will gladly share with you later.

From very early childhood, I enjoyed scouting through the woods looking for flint stone arrowheads. Over the years, I found dozens that
worked their way to the surface of the constantly shifting yellow sands of Warren Dunes Beach in South Michigan that was a short walking distance from the farmhouse where I was born and raised.

One day in the early 1950s, while in meditation my third eye opened spontaneously. I knew I was consciously looking into a live 3-D movie of my past. I both saw and sensed things about what I was viewing.

I saw myself as a tall, lean Native wearing a loincloth made of some animal skin, possibly beaver. It was warm spring or summer day and I was walking beside a winding green stream in the woods. My “squaw” was striding along with me, laughing happily.

I sensed the period was the early 1600s and the location was in the Minnesota area of the USA. I also knew that my Indian name, as interpreted into English, was Silent Waters. Hers, appropriately, was Laughing Sparrow. The scene vanished as abruptly as it had appeared, leaving me to ponder the wonderment and meaningfulness or relativity of it.

I could not connect it with anything or anyone then, but the memory of it has remained strongly imprinted on my memory bank.

My joy of warm summer weather and strolling along sandy beaches also goes back to my early childhood when all through my youth I walked almost daily on the golden beach sands and swam in the crystal-clear blue waters of Lake Michigan.

In my childhood, the early 1930s, the sand, air and water were still almost pristine pure. I recall that I could see the bottom of Lake Michigan at almost any depth. Aboard a boat, I could peer over the side and see down into 40 feet of water clearly. When I swam underwater, my visibility extended 15 or 20 yards ahead me. My love of strolling on a golden sandy beach in this lifetime was already well reestablished in my very early childhood.

The following two past lifetimes of mine were shown to me during other meditation periods. These two clear past-life flashbacks were over 10 years apart, and both former lifetimes were on the lovely golden beaches of Hawaii.

In one lifetime, in modern terminology, I was simply a beachcomber bum. I combed the beaches constantly looking for and hoping to find valuables and to survive off whatever food I could find on or off shore. Even though I sensed this lifetime was difficult, mostly in a constant
survival mode, I greatly enjoyed being carefree and able to survive “on my own.” I know that then, like now, the thought, image and feeling of being on a beach in beautiful Hawaii puts joy and warmth into my blood.

Many thousands of years ago, I was also a powerful tribal King with three wives and lived on Kauai in the Valley of The Lost Tribes, but I will go in-depth into that important past lifetime later. For now, here was the other vivid past life of mine in old Hawaii that also was revealed to me in meditation.

This flashback showed me in a tremendously happy and fulfilling lifetime, as simple as it appeared. My woman and I lived in a thick jungle off the Island of Oahu beaches of what would later become Honolulu. She was young, vibrantly alive, shapely, and had beautiful long jet-black hair. The period piece was easily more than a thousand years ago.

I sensed we had no children, yet it appeared all the days of our life together were idyllic. Every day and night appeared filled with our carefree daily laughter, our daily love and our daily joy. We were ideal companions, both brown-skinned and seemed to be vibrantly healthy in body and mind. We were also deeply in love and so very happy together, obviously Soulmates! I AM almost 100 percent certain this was a lifetime in Hawaii that I shared with Maria, my present Soulmate in this embodiment. Maria too loves Hawaii, the climate, the people and the music with almost the same kind of fiery passion that I have.

At another time, I had a vivid, lucid past lifetime dream that I recalled in detail. I knew beyond a doubt that it was a genuine flashback of another past life of mine. I saw myself living as a proud, independent Native in a stone cliff dwelling. The time was well over 1,500 years ago. We were a large bustling community of cliff dwellers. I sensed our large thriving cliff dwelling was located in the southwest of the USA. It was nestled somewhere on a very red cliff, possibly within a low mountain range area of Arizona, USA.

In pondering my flashback, it seemed the cliff dwelling was located somewhere in the mountain range between Phoenix and Yuma—closer to Yuma than Phoenix. Years later, during my almost daily series of cross-country lecture tours across the USA, I was told there actually were the ruins of a large cliff dweller society in that very region.

I have had several other revealing flashbacks that I may share with you later at the appropriate time. Meanwhile, please understand that you
too also have had hundreds or thousands of past embodiments in human form. We are entering “end times” sooner than you can imagine, and most of us embodied during this final Golden Age will be able to review any past life we choose to fully, at will.

So be it.

Chapter 33
A Well Known Ascended Master Calls Me to Work

There are no accidents. My friend Paul M. and I, both hungering and thirsting for spiritual knowledge, would often go to the Los Angeles public library and check out up to twelve books at a time, which was allowed then. Among the two-week supply of new books to digest, I was drawn to a blue-covered book, one of a series, titled Esoteric Psychology #1, which I quickly added to my stack of books to check out. I had taken an extra junior college course on psychology and the subject held a high interest for me.

Paul M. had also loaded up with books. After dropping him off at is home in Gardena, I drove straight home, eager to peruse through the new gems. To avoid a daily fine, I would have to return all of them to the library within two weeks, so I was hastily looking for a good new book to “dig into.” I stacked the books on the large coffee table in my living room, made myself a cup of instant coffee and came back to peruse through the tall inviting stack of vast new knowledge.

As I walked back to seat myself at the coffee table, I accidentally bumped the edge of it before I sat my coffee down. The jar was just enough to topple the tall stack of books, which fell in disarray. One of them fell to the floor. I set my coffee cup down, seated myself, then picked up the book that had fallen on the floor. I opened to the inside preface titled “Note from the Tibetan” and started to read. It was the Alice
A. Bailey book, *Esoteric Psychology #1*. As I read the note, I could feel my excitement mount.

The note from the “Tibetan” Master Djwahl Kuhl, known as the Master D.K. in Theosophy, explained that he was dictating a series of books to help awaken the masses to “the Mysteries.” He wrote that the author, Alice A. Bailey, was not receiving a penny from the sales of the books. Instead, they were placed in a continually growing and revolving fund that allowed more books to be published and bought by his disciples throughout the world who were now incarnate, and who were ready to find his books and begin to complete their sacred life missions.

I could hardly contain my excitement and started reading through the book. I never paused for an hour and realized my coffee was cold, but it did not matter. At that moment I knew my long-sought personal “guru” or Master I seeking had been found. I also knew at that same instant that I would be buying and reading every single volume of the Alice A. Bailey book series that was in print over and over and over again.

I recall how my friend Paul. M. would often refer to Yogananda as “our” guru. I would instantly correct him by saying that Yogananda was a great loving teacher and I honored him heart and soul, but I knew he was NOT the guru I was waiting for. However, I knew deep inside that when my “Master” appeared I would know it.

In Eastern literature it is an oft repeated phrase, “when the student is ready, the Master will appear”—and obviously, I was ready!

With every fiber of my body, mind and soul, I knew as I read this classic series of esoteric knowledge that I had truly found “my Master”—the Master teacher who could and would guide me toward my awakening.

As I poured through the Alice A. Bailey books one of D.K.’s many important world-changing predictions involved me directly, as I discovered a few years later. D.K. predicted that in the year 1975 (I was reading this in the mid-1960s), one of his disciples on Earth would teach the MYSTERIES to the mass public using radio “and other ‘mass media’ of the day” as his vehicle.

When the Alice A. Bailey books were dictated in the late 1920s and early 1930s, radio was just beginning to become known and prominent. D.K. elucidated that before this date, the MYSTERIES had always been taught by word of mouth only at very secret and well-secluded mystery schools, or by word of mouth to never more than two or three “chelas” of
a Master at any given time. Never on Earth had they been taught to the masses!

Within days, I knew I was totally and absolutely committed to read, study and read again the entire series of over 20 volumes of Alice A. Bailey books. My commitment as a disciple was made without reservation. I instantly followed my Master D.K.’s wise guidance. Instead of trying to memorize, I read and re-read. As advised strongly by D.K., I was determined to know and to understand, not to memorize.

He explained to us that his band of disciples were destined to read and rewrite his series of book dictations, gearing or stepping them down to a more easily understood human understanding. He said we must seek to understand and write our own books in our own unique way instead of saying “D.K. said this,” or “D.K. said that.”

He further explained that his disciples needed to read, re-read and ponder the vast New Age information that he presented by them daily. In that manner, each would automatically incorporate any understanding or belief that resonated with them into their own growing personal knowledge of truth. Thus it would be “owned” by each and all of them. Then as each dispensed it out into the world, the light would grow worldwide according to the immutable divine plan to usher in the imminent spiritual awakening of all humanity upon Earth destined after the new millennium.

The Ascended Master D.K. was a close companion of the Ascended Masters Morya and the Master Khuthumi. All three Masters worked out of a remote monastery deep in the wilderness of Tibet.

D.K.’s books were loaded with knowledge about the workings of the mysteries and Law of the Cosmos. He gave detailed information about esoteric astrology and said one of his key inner circle disciples, Dane Ruhdyar, understood it well and wrote excellent books about it. He also explained in detail how the seven major chakras functioned in all living Beings, from macrocosmic universal or solar heights down to our own, microcosmic in comparison, highly dynamic human chakras. Major parts of his books are dedicated to the detailed explanations of the seven rays.

In published letters to disciples throughout various parts of the books he dictated, D.K. specified what Ray any one of his disciples were using at the six major psychological points of their being: physical body, emotional body, mental body, personality, soul and monad.
Since each ray has a color and a unique quality or attribute, the combination of what ray at what point, and how little or how much, is what makes each of us unique. There are seven rays, three major and four minor rays, however, all seven rays are of equal worth or value, each is simply unique. Too much or too little of any ray at any of these basic six psychological points (physical body, emotional body, mental body, personality, soul and monad) could make an individual unbalanced.

In time, I learned the art of reading what ray was manifest at any level of the six points of any individual around me. In time, I often scheduled “ray readings” after lectures or workshops for attendants who wanted to know their psychological profile. I also succeeded in training Pat B., one of my beloved Soulmates, how to read the rays expertly too.

In a ray-reading “test,” as challenged in Dallas, Texas, by a student at one of my ongoing workshops where I was lecturing and teaching about the rays, Pat. B. privately “read” the same person that I had just privately read, and read the same rays as I had. The mathematical odds of that “just happening” was staggering.

Pat B. took the student into a private room set aside for my counseling. She looked him over, asked him questions about his behavior pattern or attitude, and wrote down the exact same ray I had analyzed at each of the six profile points of this “test” individual.

Pat did this not knowing I had already analyzed his six basic points and written them down on my own notepad. When she finished her reading of the student who challenged the test, the student, Pat B. and I compared notes.

Pat B. had written down the same identical rays at each of the same six profile points. I was certain she could and would, but the student was amazed. The odds or chances were easily one in tens of thousands that she could have selected the exact same ray as I had selected for each of his six different psychological profile points.

For a semester, I taught a fully accredited advance psychology course about the psychological profile of the seven rays at the University of Humanistic Studies in San Diego, California, when I was settled in that beautiful warm city. The textbooks were D.K.’s two books, Esoteric #1 and Esoteric #2.

All my class students “passed” without exception. At the last class session, all told me they wished my class would never end. Each vowed to
me that she or he would be studying more and learning all they could about the seven rays in the future.

Back in the early 1960s when I was studying D.K.’s books, I did not know of anyone else interested in meditation or spiritual ideas, other than my friend Paul M. It was like, “where is everybody?”

The contrast of what happens with focus is amazing. Within years, most of my old friends dropped away and, through my dedicated spiritual work, over 95 percent of the people moving in and out of my life were almost all deeply interested in spiritual matters! How’s that for an amazing “switch” of lifestyles?

Back then, I was eager to find some meditation group in the area other than the Self-Realization group. Pondering the idea for several days, I finally composed a quick little newspaper ad and placed it under the personals column of the Los Angeles Times newspaper. The ad was brief and to the point, stating I was doing meditation alone and I was looking for a meditation group in or close to the Hollywood area, where I lived.

A few days later, just as I arrived home from my real estate sales work, the phone rang. A very pleasant woman named Margaret explained she was the head of a fairly large meditation group in the area. She said even Sonny and Cher, who were then young and famous singers known worldwide, attended when their schedules permitted. The group meditations were open and I was welcome to come and join them that night.

Imagine my incredible astonishment when I arrived and discovered the group’s meditation study was based on the D.K. books. It was astounding! I could hardly believe it. Here again, in a city of millions, I had been drawn or led to straight to Margaret’s meditation class and weekly study meetings.

I learned later that Margaret was a real “old timer” and known to most of D.K.’s many meditation groups around the world. She had been a personal acquaintance and friend of Alice A. Bailey. I soon discovered that Alice left her embodiment over 10 years earlier and that the Master D.K.—as he had promised Alice—had arrived to “pick her up” at the death of her body.

Most of the meditation group attendees were disciples of D.K., and if not, they soon moved toward that desired direction or posture. There are no accidents, for certainly D.K. arranged my wonderful, joyful meeting
with his Los Angeles meditation study group. The odds of us linking up by chance are just too mind boggling.

Sonny Bono and Cher would show up at our meditation meetings from time to time, and actually “led” our meditation group into meditation at a couple of the meditation sessions I joyfully attended over the years ahead.

My daily personal meditation and now regular group weekly meditation coupled with my book studies eventually led, as predicted, to my writing my very first book about the why and how of meditation.

The Master D.K. often wrote public letters to his many “disciples of the day” published in several of the Alice A. Bailey books. D.K. also had a huge outer circle group worldwide, as well as a very small inner circle group of disciples, around him. If you were an inner circle group disciple, a dedicated and committed student of the mysteries, if you had a question for D.K. you were sometimes allowed a conscious mental interaction with him. He would conduct a very real, fully conscious inner plane meeting with you.

D.K. would set up the meeting with the chosen disciple who called to him telepathically during a meditation session. When D.K. replied, the inner circle disciple would hear D.K. speak loud and clear (similar to my cave experience). I had that wonderful great privilege only one time.

While deep in meditation I received a surprise notice from D.K. that he was responding to my desire to have a quick one-to-one conference with him. I was eager to ask a question and was utterly thrilled at the prospect of direct contact with him. D.K. patiently listened to my long rambling question and then, to my great chagrin, delivered what seemed to me like a terrible scolding. My oversize ego was suddenly and certainly deflated.

D.K. told me right off that I failed to follow his protocol as instructed in his books to phrase a question in a way he could answer the disciple in a quick sentence or two. He reminded me that by necessity he worked with and through “linear time,” as do all of us still stuck in duality on Earth view and deal with it. There are only 24 hours in a given day that he must use wisely and diligently since he often needed to consult with thousands of inner circle disciples around the world every day and night (Masters never sleep).
D.K. made it very clear that before I was allowed another conscious personal inner meeting with him, I would need to ponder and study his book dictations with more attention and focus. No inner circle disciple of His was allowed to ask a question that took considerable time or a great deal of “qualification” before being answered. He said much important work was always under his conscious consideration that needed to be handled, adding he was sure I understood!

After holding me in an aura of much personal love, gratitude and great care—and what felt like a warm smile—the “once in a lifetime” so very privileged and wholly conscious “inner” one-to-one “meeting” with my much beloved Master D.K. ended.

Chapter 34

Writing My First and Successful Book about Meditation

The Master D.K. was training all of his many disciples worldwide to reach a personal plateau in knowledge and confidence that would enable us to write books and present lectures about what we fully understood. The day arrived in the late 1960s when I realized that with all of my personal training and practice in the sublime art or spiritual science of meditation, I could probably write a good “how to” book about it.

Soon as the idea jelled into a concrete desire, I committed myself to the exciting, thought-provoking new project. After all, it was what D.K. was asking and encouraging us to do! And it felt like the right time and the right book to begin with.

It would be extremely self-fulfilling and joyful to me to share what I knew about meditation with those many souls on Earth who were already breaking out of more orthodox thought belief systems; those who were ready to try their hand at meditation and needed some sort of a guide. I could not envision a better way to help the sleeping masses awaken gently and surely than through meditation.
My experience in writing the ASWA Amateur Song Writers Guide had been very positive and had already given me full confidence that I could write a book about any subject that I felt confident and motivated, or inspired to write about.

Thinking from the WHOLE to the PART as trained by Master D.K., I began creating my book. The title would contain the ideas for all the chapter titles that would comprise my Table of Contents and the text of my book. I also knew I would only use “plain talk”—words straight from my heart about what I personally knew and had discovered about the why and how of meditation. Thus, the title for the book was born; *The Why and How of Meditation*.

Several months after completing my meditation book, I hand carried the manuscript to a local book printer. He kindly helped me design the book cover and gladly gave me estimates for getting it into a nicely finished book production. Evaluating the cost of different size printing runs, I promptly ordered five thousand copies. I felt sure that any New Age bookstores I personally called on would surely stock and sell it, and I was right. The cover was plain but caught the eye and the title was magnetic.

In the course of marketing my new book, I called on Arthur Peattie, the founder and elderly but still dynamic owner of DeVorss & Company, since they were book distributors to bookstores as well as publishers. Mr. Peattie was aghast when I asked him to take 200 copies on consignment to stock and leave for sale in the various New Age bookstores and New Age churches that were scattered all over the Los Angeles area.

He told he would take ten copies only and he really thought I would probably have to come back to recover them since new books by unknown authors were very difficult to sell. He stressed the point that he fully expected that I would have to come back and retrieve them a few weeks or months later.

I was stunned but not discouraged. I told him that several bookstores I had called on had already personally taken 20 on consignment and I assured him the books would sell. Yet he was adamant in his position, so I left only ten copies with him. He simply would not budge from that “mindset” decision.

Before I left, though, he sensed a “familiar spirit” in me and shared some publishing highlights of his days. Mr. Peattie was vital and alive
even though quite elderly. He would soon be passing on his business to his son, Chris, who I interacted with during the late 1990s.

One of Mr. Peattie’s brief stories intrigued me beyond words. He told me that after Annalee Skarin ascended her body (her ascension story can be found on the internet) she wrote a series of books, commencing with the first one titled, *Ye Are Gods*.

Art Peattie emphasized that he always double-locked the door to his publishing office every day when he left for home each night since he kept valuable business accounting records stored there.

However, one day several years earlier he unlocked his office door and walked in to see a tall neat stack of pages comprising a completed, perfectly written manuscript—ready to print—sitting on his desk. There was a brief personal note addressed to him on top of the manuscript. He said it was impossible for anyone to have entered his office during the night, since he possessed the only key to his private office and it had been in his possession through the entire day and night.

Baffled, he hurried to his desk and read the note, very neatly written and signed “Annalee Skarin” at the bottom of the note. Art said she explained she had manifested her book for him “through locked doors” to get his attention. She asked him to publish the book immediately and no contract or book royalties to her would be required, since in her “state” as an Ascended Lady Master she had no use for money.

I listened with fascination. Arthur Peattie, pleased that he had my full attention, continued with his story. He said Annalee Skarin told him in that note that she would be writing a whole series of books for him to publish. She would write a successive new manuscript every few months that he could publish until the entire series she planned were written and published.

Analee had also explained in her note to Arthur Peattie that the publication of her books was simply a practical and valuable way to help the unawakened masses understand that human body ascension is very real and very possible for anyone without going through a physical death process, a fact she demonstrated through her own conscious ascension.

In fact, as revealed in her fascinating series of books that I obtained and read over the next few months, she tells how she “materialized” before her ex-husband, a big city police officer who was her Twin Ray, and helped him to make his deathless physical body ascension too.
In six months time, after being tutored daily by Annalee, he too suddenly vanished “into thin air” in the same way that Annalee Skarin had appeared and disappeared before him. Both left all their “valuables” (purse, wallets, money) and all possessions (including her wedding ring and false teeth) behind. He had fairly large sums of money in his wallet and personal items like valuable rings and his watch all were found undisturbed after he also suddenly disappeared.

I enjoyed my friendly new acquaintance with Art Peattie more than words could say. I thanked him for sharing his stories, especially about how Annalee Skarin’s books had arrived and been published by his DeVorss & Company. I told him I would buy all of Annalee’s books as soon as I could take or make the time to acquire them. As well, I repeated that since he still insisted that I only leave ten copies of my book, I would do as he requested.

To my delight, more and more bookstores were stocking, selling and soon reordering copies of my meditation book. In addition, a little over a week later, I got a repeat order in the mail for another ten copies of my book on consignment from DeVorss & Company. There was a check paying for the first ten books.

Then another week or so later the next DeVorss & Company book reorder jumped to 25–then 50, then 100. Their monthly orders gradually leveled off to an almost “steady stream order” of at least 200 or more of this title month after month over the next 9 or 10 years.

This was just the beginning. Soon I would be writing a score of different books. One of them would be a bestseller and is still selling today in 13 languages worldwide—but more about that later.

My “how to” meditation book and many others have been out of print since the early 1980s. New spiritual horizons were opening up and beckoning me. I sensed a strong need for me to turn my attention toward a now pressing spiritual project that I knew required my full-time energy, attention and focus. I left my writing and book publishing business behind, but I was thankful beyond words for the great, easy-flowing success all my “wake up” books had enjoyed.
Chapter 35

Going To College to Learn Speech and Overcome My Lecture Fear

During my youth in junior high and high school I had a great fear of standing up before the class and talking. Each time I made the effort my entire body would tremble with fear. When I was called to “stand and speak,” I chose to take a failing mark rather than make the fearful attempt to talk in public.

Once my meditation book was in print I knew I needed to comply with my Master teacher’s further wise demands. D.K. insisted that his disciples write books and present lectures publicly. Thus, I needed to learn the fine points of public speech. This also meant, to my apprehension and dread, I had to overcome my fear of talking in public by actually standing up and talking before my classmates. Nevertheless, I was determined to face and overcome my long-held fears.

A few years earlier, I had enrolled in the Los Angeles Junior College and received high marks in my study of psychology. I had high regards for the institution and the instructors. Therefore, it was both convenient and the college of my choice when I finally forced myself to enroll as a speech class student.

On my first day at speech class I met and became close friends with classmate named Ralph M. He helped give me the extra boost, and personal support and confidence I needed to continue with the class.

At our first class, along with about 25 other classmates, I was asked to stand in front of and introduce myself. I managed to walk up in front of the crowd of faces and mumble through it, but I felt like a complete nervous wreck when I sat down. My self-introduction was very brief and I was visibly trembling as I spoke, from start to finish.

After being instructed on the fine points of how to gather lecture material and receiving a step-by-step procedure to wisely plan and present a lecture, our entire class was told to each choose a topic from a list of subjects. At our next class, we were to prepare a three-by-five lecture card with two or three key words written on one side of the card concerning our topic and then give a two-minute “stand up presentation.” The instructor said we would be standing beside our seat, not in front of the class.
Sure enough, when my turn came, I tried to be confident; but when I stood to talk, my knees were wobbly and my whole body began to shake visibly. I felt like all eyes were on me. My face was probably white with fright.

Nevertheless, once again, knees shaking and voice cracking, I managed to stumble through my presentation. I sank back down into my seat with relief when the two-minute buzzer sounded, much relieved at the signal that my two minutes had ended. Two minutes seemed like ten minutes of torture to me.

I was surprised that no one snickered or laughed at me. I was still shaking visibly for minutes afterwards. Though my classmates applauded, I could see the empathy and concern on their faces. Concern was written all over the face of our class instructor as well.

He told me I needed to relax more—to pause and take a deep breath before talking and not to make such a “big deal” out of it.

After class, he said that almost everyone felt a little nervous about speaking public at first, but with continued practice, he felt sure my fear of talking in public would eventually disappear. He suggested I practice giving a talk to myself in front of a mirror in the privacy of my home or practice giving a short talk to family members in addition to the practice I would receive when speaking before the class.

The same thing happened two weeks later when I gave my three-minute presentation. For whatever unconscious or subconscious reason, my fear of speaking before a crowd was overwhelming. I managed to talk until the three-minute timer sounded but it seemed like a small eternity. I sat down with a pounding heart.

I seriously wondered at that point if I would ever be able to overcome my fear of standing up and talking before the public. Ralph M. did all he could to encourage me. He was a very definite positive force in my decision to continue attending the class.

The reason for my instant friendship with Ralph M., I would soon learn, stemmed from a close association we shared long in Atlantis well over 12,000 years ago. My past relationship with Ralph soon was revealed to me soon after a spectacular car crash we would be in together as he was driving.
Finally, the day came for us to prepare a five-minute talk. This time our instructor wanted us each to select whatever topic we felt we knew or understood best.

As per former instruction, we were to hold a small card loaded with reference notes to glance at in our left hand. He said one choice word could give us a “clue” as to what the next phase of our topic would concern. It made good sense. He also asked us to summarize the key points that we wanted to make in the last half minute of our talk. He promised he would give us each a hand signal when we arrived at the last thirty-second marker.

I knew immediately that I would talk about meditation. Not only did I know my subject thoroughly, I had already written a book about it. I even dared to feel that I would be almost eager to tell my classmates about it. It was easy to think of a five good points I could cover about meditation in a five-minute period. At the same time, it was equally a matter of ease to “think up” five, two or three word notes to jot down on the 3-by-5-inch index card that I would hold in my left hand as I spoke.

The day arrived and when my turn came, I took a long, slow deep breath before speaking. I then asked my classmates to hold a moment of silence with me. The classroom became very quite and still and I held the silence for another ten seconds, as I had planned. Then with eyes still wide open, I went into a brief moment of inner stilling of my consciousness and I began to talk as directly as I could to each person as I caught their eye. I simply told each and all in the class what I knew and understood about meditation. It was the “why & how” as written in my book in miniature form.

I told my classmates that I knew and understood meditation very well, and in fact, I had written a book about it. Furthermore, the book had been well received in bookstores and was selling well throughout Los Angeles and many nearby cities.

From the start, as if by magic, once really into the silence, my fear had disappeared. When I spoke, I could literally feel and see the sudden wave and ripples of interest in the faces of my classmates. They were attuned to me and my intent to speak to them from my heart to their hearts was fulfilled. The five minutes was up almost before I knew it, and I knew I could have kept on talking for another half hour. However, on signal, I summarized.
I did it.

My entire talk was delivered in perfect calmness. I felt a smile of joy in my heart as the entire class applauded my talk vigorously and loudly.

Once the bell sounded and the class finished, five or six students, including my friend Ralph M., swarmed around me with questions of excitement. They asked me how they could get a copy of my book. Where they could learn more about meditation? My talk was so interesting, etc.

The joy that came with the release of my fear of talking in public was immense. I realized at a conscious level that my fear in the past had stemmed from the fact that I never had felt confident in my knowledge of what I was presenting. I knew as long as I was confident about what I was talking about, I would never experience fear at giving public lectures or workshops concerning meditation or anything else, and that has been my lifelong experience.

A short time after completing my speech class and feeling confident that I could give a full hour talk in public without fear, I received a phone call from mother of the then famous swimming movie star, Esther Williams. She told me she had bought my meditation book at a bookstore on Melrose Avenue in Hollywood and loved it. She explained she was the president of a small club of women in nearby Beverly Hills and would pay me a nice fee to give a for her club members a month or so later.

I accepted the offer without hesitation and with thanksgiving. I gave the lecture, which these dear women received with the same enthusiasm as the speech class members had shown. A few days later, I received a fine “To Whom It May Concern” letter of reference from Esther William’s dear mother. She expressed her gratitude and raved about how well received my talk had been by her club members. She included her phone number in case anyone wanted to contact her directly. Being the mother of famed Esther Williams added an extra “punch” to her letter of reference. Used as a reference, her grateful letter opened wide many other local doors for further lectures at New Age Churches and New Age Spiritual Centers. The momentum grew and after my move to Virginia Beach, Virginia, soon led to a continual stream of lectures and workshops booked and re-booked across the country for the next ten years and beyond.
Chapter 36
Car Crash—Destiny Met—Saved From Sure Death By Two Angels

Ralph M. and I continued our friendship and contact with each other over the years—even to this day. However, about two weeks after the speech class ended, I was driving with Ralph M. to a theatrical production in Los Angeles. We were dressed ‘to the teeth” in black suits. Another passenger, a female friend of ours, sat in the back seat dressed in a fancy pink dress.

As our car approached a large five-way intersection, the light was turning from green to yellow, soon to be red. I saw another car barreling down straight toward us and realized we would be in the center of this crossroad at the same time. I shouted loudly to Ralph NOT to try to pass through the intersection.

Ralph had also seen the other car moving toward our intersection at a high speed but shouted back tersely, as if in a race for time, “I can make it.”

At the same time, Ralph slammed down hard on the gas pedal, intending to beat the other car through the huge crossroad safely. He had unfortunately failed to estimate the incredible speed of the oncoming car. I could see in that first split second that both cars were going to meet exactly in the center of the intersection at the same time.

We were aligned at the point of impact so that the speeding car crashed head on straight into the passenger seat door where I sat. No one wore or heard of seatbelts in those days, so I was not buckled in but still there was “no place to go.” I was simply unable to move away from what I knew looked like a deadly impact. From where I sat, it fully appeared that I was the target or “bull’s-eye.”

Instead of being frightened out of my wits, I simply “let go” and accepted the inevitable. It looked like there was no possible way that I could avoid being smashed into a pancake by the speeding vehicle. The driver, who obviously had the same erroneous thought that Ralph M. had been guided by, was also fully determined to be the first one safely through the intersection.
Despite the frightening thought of an immediate terrible car crash, I stared at the possibility of death without a tremor of fear. I knew I was looking DEATH straight in the face. Yet, for whatever reason, instead of tightening up and bracing for the impact, I relaxed.

My exact thought was fast and to the point. “Oh, oh this is it!” Meaning the end of the line in physical embodiment. Obviously, the impending mighty crashing impact was beyond any doubt exactly dead on where I sat! If there were anything left of me after the crash, it would hardly be alive!

The next moment there was the sound of shattering glass and metal screaming through metal. However, instead of bowling Ralph’s car over, which must have been the heavier of the two vehicles, what was left of our car remained right-side up, but was rapidly shoved sideward about 40 feet straight across the intersection to the far side of the street where it stopped.

I was still alive. Ralph M. and our female friend in the back seat were in total shock and had minor bleeding injuries. They obviously needed to be taken to a hospital by ambulance immediately. However, a true miracle had occurred. Despite the oncoming vehicle smashing at top speed directly into the passenger seat section where I sat amid the shattering glass and buckling metal, I did not have a single scratch on my body—not a single bruise or injury that I saw or felt then or later! I only needed to dust off the sudden cloud of street dust and tiny shattered glass fragments and shards from my fancy black suit. I “looked like new.”

As soon as the moment of sudden sound and fury of shattering glass, grinding metal, rubber squealing on the pavement from the two good tires left on the driver’s side, and the car stopped skidding sideways to a stop, I saw and felt with great relief and thanksgiving that I was miraculously alive and uninjured.

Later, I wiped off clouds of powdered glass and dust from my clothes. I had plenty of grime on my face too. There was no time to think about it then, but I knew a miracle had occurred for I was alive and perfectly well.

Our female friend that had been in the back seat was moaning and holding her left shoulder. Ralph was leaning frozen over the parking wheel in a shocked stupor with my body pressed up tightly to his.

I managed to reach over Ralph’s body to open his car door. Suddenly he was conscious and able enough that with my strong urging, he scrambled out of the half-demolished vehicle, with me closely behind him.
He stood there in a stupor as if trying to comprehend what had happened. I opened the back door, eased our female friend out of the car and held her upright. She was feeling pain from several minor bruises and injuries and definitely in a state of shock also.

The other part of the total miracle was that from start to finish of the shocking event, I was never in shock. I knew just what to do and did it. By the time I had helped our now sobbing female friend out of the wreck, other cars has pulled over. Some of them were already attending to the driver of the other car. He too miraculously suffered no major injuries but, like Ralph and our female friend, he was in a severe state of shock.

An owner of a nearby store who heard and saw the aftermath of the collision quickly dialed the police and ambulance service. Several police cars and ambulances and a wrecker soon arrived.

I insisted that I had absolutely no injuries and that I was not in shock., but for insurance reasons, the police insisted that I travel to the emergency ward with the other three accident “victims” and have be looked at by a doctor. He checked me thoroughly and said I had no obvious injuries.

In insurance jargon, both cars were completely “totaled out.” The almost solid metal of the passenger door where I had been sitting had caved in about two feet and the frame had bowed in. Both wheels and tires on that side of the car were demolished. The front and part of the side of the other car was compressed several feet. That anyone could have survived the crash in either of the two cars without a single broken bone between the four of us was a true miracle.

Since the driver of the other car was judged to be at fault, his insurance company must have settled with Ralph M. Though various local lawyers, looking for a fast dollar as usual, wanted me to file a claim against the faulted driver. I chose not to do that, as I knew it would not have been honorable. I was sure he had enough to deal with already and I really had suffered no physical, mental or emotional injuries or major stress.

There is also a “past” and a “future” to this miraculous story.

Ever since learning to drive a car at age 16 and all through my car driving experience up to the day of that accident, I had always made it a habit to slow down at intersections and look both ways before crossing. It appeared as if that from an early age I was always anticipating a car to
come barreling down on me from out of nowhere each time I approached a major crossroad or intersection.

This really bugged my school chums and my typical school-age “live dangerously” friends. They teased and chided me over my “scaredy-cat” habit of constantly slowing down and looking both ways before going through an intersection. They were teenagers and were always in a big hurry to get where we were going.

Somehow, at some level, I must have known it was in my soul contract to have a terrible car crash in the middle of some crossroad. From that day on, that ever-persistent need to slow down to almost a stop and look both ways before passing through an intersection totally vanished.

That too was part of the total miracle. From that day on it was almost as if my lifelong hesitation to drive through a crossroad without slowing down had never even existed. Yet before then, it had been a steady fearful focus in my mind constantly.

Here is the rest of the story. About seven years after the accident, I had a surprise after I finished presenting my introductory Friday night lecture to a large church audience. This lecture was a prelude to a weekend workshop at a well-known Spiritualist Church in Bellevue, Washington. At the conclusion of my talk, two of the church’s most acclaimed psychics rushed up to talk to me.

They said they had conferred and both had surprisingly picked up the same identical vision. Both saw me in the middle of an extraordinary and brutal car crash. They said they saw this terrible crash occur in the middle of some large intersection in a big city. They were eager to know if I could confirm being in that kind of a car crash.

They said they had both seen not one, but two huge Guardian Angels swoop down a split second before impact. The two angels placed their wings (protective aura) around me, and thus kept me from what appeared to be a sure instant death!

I was astounded. Both psychics were total strangers to me. I know now, as I was beginning to learn then, that everything we seem to think is so solid is simply energy and vibration. There are many sensitives on Earth today who can enter a room and meet a person or pick up an object, then see accurate “mind pictures” or intuit feelings of past or future events concerning a certain person, place or thing.
I knew immediately what they had both picked up and described. I told them their sudden startling visions or insights had been 100 percent accurate. I described the car crash I had experienced seven years prior that could easily have resulted in one or more deaths. I admitted that I had reasoned a most unusual miracle had surely occurred, but I had not known that my miraculous protection had come from two Guardian Angels. I thanked them considerably for sharing their startlingly so accurate insight with me.

I later learned that most of the people attending that particular Spiritualist church were well-trained psychics.

There is also one last amazing link to that miraculous crossroad accident. Several nights after the crash, I awoke from my sleep having a conscious lucid vision of a past lifetime of mine in Atlantis. This event occurred well over 11,000 years ago, before the great flood, when the renowned major Atlantis city of Poseidon was at its flourishing heights.

I observed in my flashback that I was the equivalent of a four star military general. I was all dressed up in my fancy, very colorful and well-decorated Atlantis uniform; and lo and behold–my congenial chauffeur was none other than Ralph M.

In my vision, I observed how Ralph M. brought our hovering space shuttle craft down to a perfect soft landing on top of a very high ultra modernistic looking skyscraper. I could see a circle of tall blue-green ranges of mountains surrounding the entire beautiful futuristic looking city.

I knew that we were paying one of my frequent visits to my girlfriend who lived in a penthouse at the top of that tall white skyscraper. Patricia K. was known for both her great beauty and decorative ability. She was acclaimed through all Atlantis and was very, very rich.

The scene then faded. It has remained with me in vivid detail to this day. It was one more of my many wonderful, brief crystal-clear flashbacks into significant past lifetimes of mine.

A few years later in this lifetime, that same famed Atlantis girlfriend of the past, Patricia K., would join with me again as a Soulmate in the early 1970s.
My bestseller book, *Finding Your Soulmate*, is based on my account of how we met and soon recognized that we would play the role of loving Soulmates for a brief time in this lifetime.

In addition, another one of my four beautiful sons, Mark Anthony K., would be birthed out of that union.

My Soulmate meeting with Patricia K. was predicted months in advance by Mikki M., who was a well-known and highly accurate psychic living in Virginia Beach, Virginia, USA, in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

Virginia Beach is the city where the great “Sleeping Prophet” Edgar Cayce would leave behind at his body exit his now recognized worldwide Association for Research and Enlightenment headquarters organization.

Referred to as The A.R.E, millions of spiritual knowledge seekers even to this date are drawn to the modern A.R.E library. They came and still come from all around the world to study Cayce’s massive cross-filed archive of spiritually rich past life and health “readings” given freely to thousands on Earth during Cayce’s illustrious lifetime.

This timely flashback to Atlantis made me clearly understand why Ralph M. and I had become instant friends at our first meeting; and that 11,000 years later Ralph replayed his past role of a congenial chauffeur of mine to an elegant, dress-up event once again, in this lifetime.

To add to the lightness of life, considering what took place at this crossroads event, there are no accidents! (It may seem like an intentional pun—and it is.)
At one point, I realized that even though having a dependable and steady income was an apparent life necessity in our modern world, my highly profitable real estate business was taking up too much of my daily and nightly time.

My body and being yearned for a spiritual daily lifestyle so one day I decided to quit working my real estate business and do something else that would bring me in a steady flow of income. I wanted a profession that would give me far more free time to study spiritual truths and possibly even write more books.

From the first month of my being hired and successively working at three different real estate offices the first year, each offering me higher incentives to work for their office, I succeeded in achieving and holding the #1 top sales post “on the board” almost every month for two years.

After studying and receiving my real estate license, I started work with Day Realty in Sun Valley. I became #1 on the board in my first month simply by “applying” myself to my work daily. Three months later, I accepted the offer from Alice, a realtor friend who had started up her own real estate company, to work for her for far greater sales percentages and other incentives. Again, I achieved the #1 spot on the board my first month. Going into my second year of real estate, I moved to Wisdom Realty.

The amiable owner of Wisdom Realty solicited my services, also agreeing to “up” my commission percentages greatly. Here too I achieved the #1 sales on the board my first month. My success was entirely due to focused hard work. While other sales people waited in their real estate office cubbyhole for a customer to show up, I was out knocking on doors. I was contracting new homes for sale, as well as showing and selling a new listing as soon as I knew about it.

You can imagine the dismay of the owner of Wisdom Reality, as well as the incredulous surprise of my associates in real estate when they learned I made the decision to quit the real estate profession. “Why?” they asked, would I quit when I was leading the pack and earning money “hand
over fist?” Their disbelief grew greater when I explained that money was not my God. I simply was deciding to take more time to study spiritual truths and maybe even write books. I truly felt serving my God had simply become more important to me than making a lot of money.

I had read all of the published books about Edgar Cayce ever since my first lovely Soulmate, Bonnie B., had introduced me to his dynamic and enlightening spiritual work. I decided to put my several properties up for sale and move to Virginia Beach, Virginia, where I could “settle in” for a few years and study the Edgar Cayce readings. Perhaps in time, I could start giving lectures at the A.R.E. or other spiritual centers in the area.

Having given notice, I ended my real estate income activities. I had learned trying to live off capital in hand without a sustaining income for daily living expenses never works. Therefore, I decided to create another income source where my personal freedom and valued time would be almost completely under my control.

I recalled that my brothers and sisters, always busy full-time in home construction work, occasionally needed a helping hand to paint their newly built homes and I enjoyed the work. I decided to go “cold” into becoming a part- or full-time house-painting contractor and to advertise I was available.

Sure enough, a few small well-placed ads in the local weekly South Bay Pennysaver newspaper brought several responses. Since my price was right, I soon had three immediate firm verbal contracts for painting jobs, one for the entire interior of a vacant four-bedroom rental home.

Not yet a professional, I boldly started in figuring experience would be my teacher. I reasoned I could learn fast enough through a few initial mistakes and I was right. My first small painting job went fine. I painted several rooms and cleaned up nicely afterward, and was well paid for the job.

My second job, a major one on the vacant rental home, was a serious comedy of errors. I stepped straight down from my ladder early morning of my first day directly into a five-gallon bucket of paint. I soaked my right work shoe, sock and trouser in a half foot deep pool of white acrylic paint.
You can imagine the mess! I hurried to clean it up fast. It was lucky that I was painting a vacant rental house and the owner was not there to see that ludicrous scene. I tracked paint over all the floors.

To make matters worse, another major crisis soon occurred. I bought the wrong paint. I brushed and rolled acrylic paint over an oil surface of an entire large living room wall not detecting any problem. I then stopped work to take a half hour lunch break. To my great astonishment and horror, when I came back into the room I saw all of the paint had dried and was peeling off the wall. It looked ugly and was in fact a first-class "professional painter’s” disaster.

I suddenly realized that painting acrylic paint over an oil surface dries fast and does not hold or permanently adhere. I hurried to rub off the latex acrylic paint from the entire wall with a big wet towel soaked in a bucket of water. I knew I needed to hurry and get off all that water-soluble paint from the wall before the owner of the property or someone else witnessed that unsightly mess. It was very unsightly and huge mistake to make. It witnessed, that scene would have abolished any confidence in the professional house painter image I was selling.

As soon as I cleaned all of the acrylic water-based paint from the wall, I rushed to the nearest paint store and bought the needed supply of oil-based paint required to do the job right. That was one job where I breathed sighs of relief and felt mighty thankful that I had not been caught with my foot in the paint bucket and that the home owner had not suddenly appeared to find his entire living room wall looking like a war zone with ugly, scaly paint flakes peeling off the wall.

During the “operation” itself, each of the several major “hands-on” learning experiences seemed like a horrific crisis. However, thankfully during these first two major errors just described, I was the only “observer” and “knower.” I laughed loud, long and often at myself for days after. For weeks after, from time to time, I would chuckle or burst out laughing as I recalled those sudden “jolts” I had from being such an inexperienced painter. Yet I was determined to learn to improve my painting skills and to do the best professional painting job possible for my growing list of new and repeat clients.

Before long, I was actually booking more house painting jobs than I could handle by myself. The main objective had succeeded. I scheduled my own hours of work. I decided what to do and when to do it almost solely at my own discretion. I had easily tripled or quadrupled my free
time to study, and yet I was making a sizable daily or weekly income from my painting contractor work. The change had been a good one. I was very happy that I had listened to my inner guidance and made such a drastic alteration in my lifestyle.

About two months before selling my home and making my permanent move to Virginia Beach, I again advertised in the Pennysaver. This time it was for a “painter’s helper.”

A fine, upstanding, highly sensitive young man named Jim C. began working for me. Jim was a terrific painter and an expert painter’s helper. He was very reliable and really knew his stuff. Observing my crude painting style, he taught me how to roll my brush and draw a fine line when needed for close or “fine” work. He meditated daily and was astounded to learn that I meditated. According to Jim, the art of meditation was simply an unheard of practice in the house painting industry.

He was even more astounded to learn of my new book on meditation and could hardly wait to read it. Jim became both a reliable helper as well as a long-time highly respected friend. He supported my spiritual work heart, soul and body with great fervor. Therefore, when Jim learned I was making the big move to Virginia Beach, Virginia, to study the Edgar Cayce readings and that I would be continuing my house painter contractor activities, he was thrilled and asked if he could travel with me. He pleaded to let him go to work for me there as well.

I was more than pleased to know Jim wanted to travel with me and would be my painter’s helper in Virginia Beach. Jim said he would even take less pay if that would help me make the decision to allow him to make the move with me. I was grateful and told Jim that I both welcomed and accepted the idea, and that I would certainly make every effort to keep his salary as high as possible when we got established in Virginia.

On our arrival in Virginia Beach, I leased a spacious four-bedroom house, on 23rd Street. My new home was only a block away from the world famous Virginia Beach boardwalk. In the late 1970s the boardwalk was still literally constructed of wooden boards and extended for at least a full mile alongside a wide, beautiful golden sand seashore of the Atlantic Ocean. Already, there also was a towering row of major first-class tourist hotels to accommodate the million or more seasonal tourists. My home was an easy ten-minute walk to the A.R.E, as well.
For a few months, Jim rented a bedroom from me in my home until he found and was able to rent his own two-bedroom home only a few blocks away from mine. Consequently, Jim’s home was also very conveniently near both the boardwalk and the A.R.E. library headquarters, as well.

After our exciting arrival in Virginia Beach, both Jim and I spent considerable of our free time at the Association for Research and Enlightenment—the A.R.E. Besides drumming up painting jobs, I quickly got busy cultivating local area spiritual “contacts” and developed a close friendship with Hugh Lynn Cayce and his many grand associates at the A.R.E. Center. Within a few months, in addition to my steady house painting work I was soon giving lectures at New Age Centers and the huge modern A.R.E. library lecture facility. I also had well attended weekly “talks” at my home, sharing free spiritual truths I had learned from D.K. I also maintained a regularly scheduled weekly group meditation in my home or occasionally on the nearby ocean beach shortly before dusk or nightfall.

Virginia Beach was all or even more than I could have wished it to be. It was to be my somewhat stable “home base” for the next 25 years or more. God bless Virginia Beach, home of Edgar Cayce, the “Sleeping Prophet.”

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Chapter 38
Off on a Six-Month Cross-Country Pre-booked Lecture Circuit

Eight months or so after I arrived in Virginia Beach, I made the decision to put together a pre-booked cross country lecture circuit across the Southern states all the way to Phoenix, Arizona, and back. I wanted my tour to be last approximately six months from start to finish.

I obtained and scouted through several new-age magazines and newspapers, as well as a national church directory. After compiling a potential lecture route and a list of potential sponsors, I wrote a letter or
made phone calls to various centers or churches (mostly Unity Churches or Religious Science Churches) that I thought might book me either direction, going or returning. All this depended on my and their time factor availability.

My six month travel route would take me from Virginia Beach south and west through Asheville, North Carolina; Atlanta, Georgia; Little Rock, Arkansas; Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas; Yuma and Phoenix, Arizona; and a host of other smaller lecture stops in between these and other major points. In some big city areas, being scheduled months ahead, I was able to book two or three different centers or churches as well as radio or TV talk show guest appearances.

I was certain that sales of my book *The Why & How of Meditation* would help support the cost of my trip, so I packed the remaining 2,500 or so books I had in stock to take with me. Most of my “hops” from one major location to another was, as a rule, less than two or three hundred miles of driving. Whenever possible, I would stay in a hotel or motel central to short drives to up to three or four lecture or workshop bookings in any given area.

The only really long driving stretch was between Dallas, Texas, and Yuma, Arizona, which took two full days of almost constant driving. Yuma to Tucson and Tucson to Phoenix were much shorter trips made in less than three or four hours.

Years later, on a long haul drive straight from Dallas, Texas, to Phoenix, I had a wonderful psychic experience. Normally, I made it a cardinal rule, as recommended by Master D.K, to be in bed no later than 10 p.m. each night. However, after finishing a very well attended weekend workshop for a huge Silva Mind Control crowd, I began reading a new UFO contactee book I had obtained that afternoon, *The White Sands Incident* by super scientist Dan Fry.

By 10 p.m., I was just getting deep into the book and I kept reading nonstop until almost midnight before finishing the entire book. It was simply too exciting to put down, so I made an exception and kept reading hours past my normal bedtime.

Early next morning on my long drive to my next scheduled workshop in Phoenix, Arizona, I stopped for coffee and called my delightful sponsor, Norma Graham. I told Norma I would time my arrival in Phoenix for very early on the morning of the next day. Norma said she was very happy to
know I would be there extra early. She said she had scheduled a threesome breakfast with a close friend of hers who was anxious to meet me. She urged me to plan one or two hours breakfast time with her and her dear friend.

When I arrived, imagine my astonishment when I found myself being introduced to Dr. Dan Fry, the author of the book I had been so prompted to read through entirely before going to sleep two nights earlier. My soul and Jim’s soul had certainly “prepared the way” for two spiritual brothers to meet under optimum conditions. Dan Fry already knew of my growing national spiritual work and that I was teaching The Mysteries through Norma Graham. After reading Dan’s book, I felt like I already knew him.

Meeting and talking with Dr. Dan Fry was one of the many highlights in a lifetime you would never forget. Dan told me far more than was revealed in his UFO contactee book. He told me a fascinating story of how this extraterrestrial, Alan (not his real name) and the subject of his book, had super-conscious powers and had helped him fulfill a NASA contract to produce a piece of equipment needed to launch satellites into space. The U.S. government told him in advance that according to all their scientists, it was impossible to build, and without that device, it would be impossible to launch a satellite. Knowing he could do the impossible if anyone could, they gave him the government contract.

After a few weeks of trying to produce the part, Dan said he realized it was impossible! He was on the verge of calling NASA to say he was unable to produce it when he remembered Alan’s promise. Alan had a passport and legal identification papers, and he had gone to Europe to handle important business there. Before leaving, he told Dan if he ever needed help of any kind simply to give him a call telepathically. Alan would in turn call back on a private or public telephone as soon as he could get to one nearby.

Dan said he called telepathically to Alan for help. Sure enough, less than ten minutes later his phone rang and it was Alan. Alan said he immediately knew why Dan was calling since he had read his mind. Now however, instead of telling Dan the solution directly, Dan said Alan walked him mentally, step-by-step, right to the solution. Alan said look at the problem this way. Now look at it that way. He continued with this method of enlightenment to a sudden critical mass point where Dan said the answer to the problem flashed through and became crystal-clear in his mind.
Alan, knowing Dan had fully received the help needed, said goodbye and hung up at his end. He was elated and went forward to produce the piece of equipment NASA needed. Without it, Dan assured me, humanity on Earth would never have seen its first satellite in space.

Incidentally, the physical description of Alan given to me by Dan tallied so much to what Adam, the E.T. guest Lillian and I had enjoyed such an uplifting dinner with in Los Angeles, looked like almost a decade earlier, I have often wondered since if Adam might have also been Alan.

While firming up my cross-country lecture bookings, I encouraged many of my sponsors to set me up with radio or TV talk show interviews, if possible. I had a surprising number of them who did. This really “beefed up” my lecture or workshop attendance and added greatly to my book sales.

My plan was to do my initial six-month test run across the country and back. Then I would gradually arrange my trips for a whole year in advance. My aim was to lecture six months across the Northern states during the summer months–up through Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, through Denver to Reno, San Francisco, then north up the West Coast to Portland and Seattle and back.

Then in winter, I would happily tour and lecture down through the warm Southern Belt states–all the way back south to San Diego and Los Angeles, California. Then I would return east through New Mexico, Arizona and southern states all the way back to Virginia Beach, Virginia. I eventually managed to include Florida in that lecture circuit loop too.

On that first cross-country lecture test run, I was almost totally sold out of books on my return to Virginia Beach. I quickly ordered another 5,000 paperback copies to be printed. In retrospect, my lecture tour and my radio and TV talk show interviews had been better received and attended than I could have imagined. In time, especially in my role as a keynote speaker at large spiritual conferences, I would draw quite large crowds and several hundred of my various books would be sold and in new reader hands at one single lecture appearance.

Meanwhile, back in my much beloved Virginia Beach, destiny was preparing me to meet and engage with another wondrous Soulmate, Patricia K., who I was already literally meeting in my dreams!
Chapter 39
Meeting My Second Extraordinary Soulmate

For those who wish to read a far more detailed report of my meeting with Patricia K., my second Soulmate in this embodiment, you can do so in my best-seller book, Finding Your Soulmate, still selling in 13 languages over 35 years later.

After settling into Virginia Beach, Virginia, with Jim C. again as a painter’s helper, I soon built up a comfortable house painting business. At the same time, I was giving talks at A.R.E. in their community library lecture facility, at churches and local health food stores, as well as in my own home. Within six months, I had developed quite a huge community of students, some who attended my lectures and workshops almost “religiously,” including Jim.

I realized that Virginia Beach, visited even then by almost a million tourists annually, needed a good spiritual newspaper. Since it was my idea and no one else was going to do it, I “went to it” and soon founded a small weekly newspaper, The Virginia Beach Free Press.

At the beginning, I was the sole owner, publisher, editor and sole reporter and writer, until various local spiritual minded authors or visiting tourists contributed to the weekly content of my newspaper. The very first edition was well received.

Here, as with my painting contractor business, I went into the newspaper business “cold.” I knew nothing about layout or newspaper protocol. Yet, I was sure I could put together an interesting weekly publication, and I did. A local printer, anxious for my potential huge business, helped me get my newspaper into production. He would print “runs” of 1000, 3000, 5000, etc., as I needed them. I had a classified section and I sold ads to local businesses, from small ads on up to full-page ads.

The newspaper was designed to express free thought. It was not cost-free except for complimentary editions given to local businesses, restaurants and any other establishment that would stock and sell them. I sold it for a dollar an edition, a large sum at that time. My weekly editions were stocked at the A.R.E., at regional health food stores, some at where I
lectured, at Paul Solomon’s Fellowship Headquarters, and were placed on store counters beside the cash register of various other business or service establishments.

Since Virginia Beach was a huge tourist city with sidewalks normally crowded with pedestrians night and day through the entire summer tourist season, I advertised and enlisted the aid of a small band of about 20 newspaper “hawkers.”

My “hawkers” bought the paper outright from me. If they were flat broke, I issued papers to them on consignment in amounts of twenty-five to a hundred at a time. They paid 50 cents for each and sold them for a dollar, pocketing a big 50 cent profit for each one sold, so most of my hawkers were enthusiastic and loved their job.

It was a great deal for them. Their time was their own. They walked the famous Virginia Beach Boardwalk and the nearly always well-packed streets of Virginia Beach shouting “Buy it here! Virginia Beach Free Press for sale!” When they sold out, they would come back for another stack, for most were eager to increase their daily earnings.

On another front, for at least the first six months from when I arrived in Virginia Beach, and even a month or so before leaving California, I began having wonderful dreams in which I kept meeting the same very attractive girl. I looked forward to going to sleep at night, knowing I perhaps might have another sweet dream about my beautiful “dream girl.”

Sometimes, I would awake from my dream, go back to sleep and actually continue having tender loving interactions with her. The dreams were so frequent, and my sexy beautiful “dream date” would appear in my dreams so often that I felt she must be a real person somewhere. I wondered if she were possibly a real life Soulmate who I was initially meeting in my dreams.

When my dream girl first appeared, since the loving interaction was so exquisite, I thought I was surely dreaming of my first beloved Soulmate, Bonnie. However, this dream girl had long dark hair and Bonnie was a natural blonde.

In the interim, during the half-year or so of my residence in Virginia Beach, through my lectures and sale of my meditation book, I had the privilege to meet and become friends with many of the outstanding local spiritual community members.
One of them was Mikki Mc., well known for the incredible accuracy of her psychic predictions and past life readings. One day during a visit at my home, Mikki volunteered to do a free past life “reading” for me. The idea was appealing so I told her if that felt right to her to give it a go.

Two things became very prominent. In her reading, Mikki quickly entered her conscious trance state. After about a half minute of silence, she spoke aloud saying that she was being drawn to what she knew was a truly major lifetime in my past. She said she was in an observation mode in old Egypt. She saw me dressed in the royal purple robes of a Pharaoh. She said it was about the year 1600 B.C. I was seated on what appeared to be a beautiful gold throne.

She was silent for a few seconds, then said the name Ahmose the Second had flashed into her mind.

I lived to an old age and died a peaceful death. She commented that I was trained in that lifetime by Egyptian High Priests of the day to become a “Winged Pharaoh.” She kept talking, saying that through a lifetime of training by the High Priests, I was gifted with special psychic gifts and powers.

In this life, though I was a generous, compassionate and good ruler, I failed to accomplish the mission I had come to do in my prestigious role as a powerful Pharaoh of Egypt.

Mikki paused a moment and then emphasized that I was Ahmose the Second, not Ahmose the First, for these were two entirely different entities.

Goosebumps erupted on my flesh. I knew instantly, recalling my death experience and flashback to that lifetime where I had failed my mission, that Mikki had picked up on one of the two past lifetimes I had been shown fragments of at my death experience. In that flashback, I had viewed fragments of my life in old Egypt, where I knew I was a Pharaoh of Egypt that failed his mission.

During my death experience, I was shown fragments of another life in ancient Tibet where, as a young High Priest being trained to be the next God-King of Tibet, I died at a youthful age. I suffered the mad delusion I could fly. In a moment of religious fervor, to prove that I could fly I leapt off a high cliff to my instant death.
I saw I had failed my life mission twice during peak moments of a high human civilization on Earth where I might have accomplished so much. I was mortified and yearned strongly to go back to my 18-year-old body to complete the mission I had failed to achieve in the previous embodiments shown to me. I wanted to help awaken the sleeping “masses” of humanity on earth. Finally, after trying to escape from civilization, I had come back and gradually reawakened. In the 1970s, I was already working heart and soul to achieve that and already successful to slight degree.

Mikki further startled me when after another long silent pause she suddenly began to describe the girl in my dreams. She was young and beautiful, and had long dark hair and soft blue eyes. She said the girl was definitely a Soulmate. She was searching for me and was about to arrive in my life.

Mikki said Patricia K. and I had often been passionate lovers in quite a few other lifetimes, dating back even to ancient Atlantis and Lemuria.

Mikki said she got the initial “P” as either a first or last name. Her actual first name was Patricia, as I would soon discover. Mikki reasserted she was certain that my Soulmate would arrive to bond again with me in Virginia Beach. She said to expect her physical appearance in early or mid-June of that year. Mikki assured me that “P” was spiritually awake and on a conscious and determined quest to find her Soulmate. Through prompting and inner plane guidance, Patricia K. would be drawn to Virginia Beach and it was absolutely certain that we would meet, saying we would actually have a physical meeting with each other almost immediately after “P” arrived.

I thanked Mikki for her incredible reading and told her about my death experience, confirming the stunning accuracy of her past life reading she had given me.

I certainly had no doubt that Mikki was as accurate a psychic as I had been told. About six weeks earlier, I had doodled with a pencil and had drawn an image of the girl of my dreams. I had penciled in the long beautiful dark hair that Mikki had described.

I have always admired and been drawn to women with long hair. Ironically, I had a lesson to learn. After beautiful Patricia arrived with her long hair, totally fulfilling the feminine image of her as depicted on the picture I had drawn, she went to a hair salon on her second day after her
arrival and had her gorgeous long hair cut to a few short inches. She looked very boyish and I was greatly shocked, but eventually recovered.

After Mikki left, I could hardly wait to get to the Virginia Beach Public Library, which was only a block from my home. Now that I knew my Egyptian Pharaoh name, I was anxious to see if there actually were historical references to Pharaoh Ahmose II recorded in the chronological dynasty of Pharaohs of old Egypt–and there was.

One bright sunny afternoon in early June, the phone rang and the caller said she had just arrived in town. She had seen my newspaper and wanted to place an ad. I asked her to give me the ad over the phone, and she promptly said, “A seventeen inch painting of your dream for seventeen dollars.”

I could hardly believe my ears. I said she sounded very interesting and I would like to meet her in person. I gave her directions to my home, letting her know that my newspaper office was the living room of my home.

I was seated at my office desk when Patricia K. walked in. I knew instantly it was she! She was definitely the girl of my dreams. The door was open and I was doing some layout work on next week’s edition when she walked up to my desk. She looked me over with a long look and asked me if I was “Michael,” the editor of the paper she had just talked to on the phone.

I told her “that I AM,” with a huge smile. I knew beyond a doubt that she was the “girl of my dreams.” I asked when she had arrived in town. Patricia said she had just arrived in Virginia Beach that morning. After seeing a copy of The Virginia Beach Free Press, she decided she wanted to place a classified ad under “Personals” in my next week’s edition.

I gave her the form and asked her to write down her ad. She wrote it in less than a minute and handed it to me. Sure enough—it was just what I had heard on the phone. It read, “A seventeen inch painting of your dream for seventeen dollars.”

I heard right. My heart soared. What kind of a girl was this? She painted dreams! I was eager to tell her in my next breath that SHE was the girl of MY dreams. I wanted to say I actually had met and loved her already in many romantic and sublime dreams over the past few months, but I decided it would be too bold, so I chose to keep my silence.
However, looking deep into her blue eyes, at her lovely face and long beautiful hair, and recalling our romantic dream meetings, I blurted out that I already knew her, adding, “Maybe even better than you know yourself.” Patricia looked surprised but not convinced.

However, she said I had “an interesting face” and she would really like to come and visit me from time to time if I did not mind. She explained that being a stranger in town she wanted and needed to cultivate some friendships with nice people in the area. Beaming a beautiful smile, she said she already felt that I would be a good new friend.

I encouraged her to do that, knowing I definitely wanted to be more than a friend. I thought to myself no matter how long it took, she would soon be in my arms and it would be just like our romantic meeting in dreams had been.

Patricia stopped in daily to visit and our friendship blossomed very fast.

One day, weeks later, I was in the driver’s seat of my car and talking to her as she stood beside my open car window. All at once I saw her gasp and bring her hand to her mouth in astonishment. There was a wild look in her eyes and she gaped aloud, “How did you do that?”

I was very puzzled. “Do what?” I asked. Her face was almost pale. She said, “Your face changed. Really, how did you do that?”

I blinked and said, “What? I didn’t do anything. What did you see?” Patricia rolled her eyes, looking like she thought I was playing some kind of trick on her and said. “All of a sudden you disappeared and instead of you, I was looking at the face of someone very familiar that I knew from somewhere—then your face changed back to being you again!” She was shaking her head back and forth in wonder and her eyes were widely dilated.

It dawned on me that Patricia must have done some kind of “time leap” into the past and attributed it to me. I told her I really hadn’t done a thing except sit and chat with her. However, I told her from what she said that perhaps she had looked into the past and seen me in a past life with a different face.

I could see she was still breathing hard and she said her heart her was pounding really strongly. She still felt it was something I did, not
something she had seen. Eventually, I had to drive off to an appointment, so I told her I would see her later that evening.

A month or so later while we were holding hands and strolling slowly down the boardwalk just before dusk one day, I felt strongly “prompted” to tell Patricia about my many exquisite and romantic dreams of my dream girl. I told her the long story of how after my older brother Richard died I had used self-suggestion and attempted to have an inner-plane meeting with him in my dream state.

On the third night of these attempts, about a week after his death, the self-initiated dream where I met my brother happened. In my very lucid dream, I was driving in a large black limousine with my Soulmate dream girl seated close beside me. I drove our big limo to the huge gate and backed it halfway through. The back seat part of the limo extended in the heaven area where I knew my brother Richard was. Suddenly, the two of us were seated in the back seat of the limo on the heaven side of the gate. I jumped out as soon as the limo stopped. I told my beautiful dream girl to wait for me in the car at Heaven’s gate. I would return soon after a quick heart-to-heart reunion with my brother Richard.

Almost immediately, I saw Richard coming toward me from a distance. He was appearing in the form of pure white light that got closer and closer and suddenly it became him. It was Richard exactly as I remembered him and loved him “in the flesh.” We had had a jubilant, joyful, heartfelt conscious meeting together. I told Richard I had failed to tell him before his sudden death what a wonderful brother he was and what a great influence for my betterment he had been in my life–and I thanked him profusely for it.

We were hugging and patting each other on the back a lot and after what seemed like a quick loving chat and wonderful reunion, Richard said abruptly it was time for him to go. He said he needed to get back right away. We hugged lovingly goodbye.

Just before parting, my brother Richard turned to me and said, “One more thing, Michael–about your health,” a big armful of different fruits appeared out of thin air in his hands. “You need to be eating a lot of different fruits and you should be taking vitamin K daily.” Richard then disappeared back into a ball of light.

Then my dream part with Richard ended. I quickly walked back to the limo and seated myself close to my dream girl in the back seat. Suddenly
again, the two of us were sitting side-by-side in the front seats. I drove the big limo slowly out of Heaven’s big gate with my dream girl snuggled warm and close to me.

Now the entire limo transformed. Now the two of us sat cozily together and snuggling lovingly on what looked like a surfboard that had lifted high into the heavens of a starry night. We were sailing on the flying surfboard high over the lovely city of Virginia Beach, seen clearly below. It was a warm summer moonlit night with a silver bright moon shining overhead. The dream ended. I awoke to remember and register all of it clearly in my memory.

Patricia became very alert the instant my dream centered on my dream girl and Richard began. She stopped me from time to time to ask about specific details surrounding different incidents in my dream. I soon learned, as she revealed to me in great wonder and excitement, that she had dreamed the very same exact dream with me. She had driven in the limo with me. She had clearly witnessed my joyous heart-to-heart meeting with my brother Richard and she had ridden exultantly by my side as we “surfed” high in the sky over Virginia Beach. She too had remembered and registered that dream of being with her Soulmate in her own mind.

It was obvious at that moment that Patricia K. was truly my past life Soulmate whom I had been meeting in my dreams and waiting for to appear in my life stream again. Patricia K. felt that same wonderful assurance. We were married a month later.

We learned quickly that we were walking on two different paths. Patricia chose to remain in Virginia Beach when I did my first six-month “test” cross-country lecture tour, but we talked to each other on the phone daily or nightly.

Patricia soon became pregnant and she rigorously followed ancient birthing techniques practiced by American Indians. When our son Mark Anthony was born about a year later, his childbirth was a painless and joyous birth event. She knew exactly from her painless but obvious rhythmic contractions the exact moment when Mark was “arriving.” She had tutored me about what to do. She called and cautioned me to “stand by.” She then positioned herself in a comfortable squatting position in our bedroom next to our queen size bed.

This natural birth position, as Native American women knew, allowed painless, natural gravity to do the “labor” or work. Less than a minute
later, I caught Mark Anthony K., as he dropped from her birth canal. I cut the birth cord with scissors and tied it into a knot, as instructed by Patricia. She and I both were tremendously elated that her childbirth has been so totally pain free. It was a joyous moment for both of us—and Mark, a ten and a half pound baby, certainly looked healthy and was bursting and beaming with life.

Patricia helped me to “clean up” newborn Mark and she rested a few hours after the birth. She slept for a while, but was soon up and around without any aches or pains. It was almost as if that ever-to-be-remembered miraculous, painless childbirth had not just occurred.

The next day she was up and around doing all the heavy physical household chores as she naturally did daily. Think of all the needless pain women suffer just because their doctors have been educated about drugs rather than learning ancient, time-tested and painless natural childbirth methods. This too will change.

Like all physical things or events, our Soulmate union, the close relationship between Patricia K. and me that had obviously fulfilled a karmic need to be played out between us, reached “completion.” Less than two years after our meeting, we parted ways in this lifetime and walked different paths. A few years ago, she exited from this 3-D plane of duality. She is free and limitless again. Bless her heart. Bless also the warm, loving heart of our dynamic son Mark, a recently certified official graduate master electrician in Colorado. Mark was there in Minnesota to help his mom, Patricia K., at her “passing.” He undoubtedly misses his mom’s loving presence in his life, though love never ends. We are always together with all those we love in spirit where it really matters eternally.

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Chapter 40
Death Passes Me By

If you have not yet heard of or read Neale Donald Walsch’s last “Conversations with God” book titled, *Home With God* that I mentioned earlier, I suggest you do. As you might well imagine, God knows where of God speaks.

God tells Neale Donald Walsch that an individual may literally “pass on” from 3-D physical death several times in one lifetime without being aware of it. He told Neale that his mother had passed through literal death four times before her body finally passed on; and that Neale Donald Walsch himself had already personally passed “through death’s door” four times already only to return to his same current embodiment!

The why and how of the death process is explained clearly by God in Neale’s superb *Home With God* and it makes total sense to me. All that Neale reports is 100 percent in accordance with what I personally had experienced at my own conscious death and return to my physical body at age 18.

Quite often in my life, what seemed like it would or should have been a sure body death for me was not. Thus, perhaps I had died during these frequent other incidents. As God states in Neale’s book, we remember on our return only what is needed to continue with our life with an undistracted “continuity of my consciousness.”

The following account may fall into that category. Many of my “narrow” death escapes have been a lifelong mystery to me until, following a strong inner “prompting,” I ordered and read Neale’s book the moment I knew it was published.

About one month before I booked and started on my first six-month cross-country lecture tour circuit, Mikki Mc. and another well-known local area psychic paid me a surprise visit. Both were disturbed at receiving the same identical vision. Both had seen me literally laid out cold-stone dead in a casket. Both said my face was bleach-white and that I was dressed in a black suit at a very well attended funeral memorial ceremony conducted at a local church in Virginia Beach.

The two psychics, who were friends and co-workers, were tremendously agitated and concerned. First, it was highly unusual for them to see
vividly the same exact terrible psychic vision. Second, they simply could not understand what could cause my sudden death. Third, they both wondered what might have caused them both to “tune in” to my seeming sudden upcoming funeral. They surmised it might have been to forewarn me. All negative prophecies are, after all, forewarnings of things to come if we do not change the present, individually or collectively, to bring forth a different outcome. Focusing on the fear a negative prophecy can induce only speeds up the event toward a 3-D experience. Focusing on a different outcome can and does often avoid or alter the severity of what was otherwise accurately foreseen.

After talking it over for hours, they decided to come to my house to see if I was okay. Even if I was all right, they both felt it was urgent to forewarn me of what they had seen. Both psychics, being highly intuitive, felt I might be able to avoid what looked like sure death if I knew what was wrong or could be a conscious cause of it.

I was very shocked and as baffled as they were. I told them I was certainly in good spirits and in very good health. My life was certainly not complete and I definitely wanted to stay in the exceptionally healthful physical body I possessed to fulfill my life’s mission. However, to ease their minds and my own, I promised to go into a deep meditation that evening and I ask my higher self exactly what might be going on. I certainly needed to consciously know if I were really and truly facing what appeared to be certain death, as they had both seemingly foreseen in their sudden psychic vision, and how I might avoid it.

Although I tried my very determined utmost to receive a conscious answer, posing the question and staying deep in meditation for almost two hours, I simply could not get a conscious response. Therefore, before going to sleep and having had such a positive response several times in the past by making self-suggestions before falling asleep, I suggested that the answer I was looking for would come to me during my sleep. It would not matter if the answer came in a fully remembered dream or a vivid vision given me by my Higher Self, I just was determined to know exactly what was going on. I seriously wanted to know how to avoid death, if it was scheduled in my time-line. I really felt I had far more effective spiritual work to do before my life mission was complete.

With that kind of a “mind fix,” I soon fell into a deep sleep. Hours later, I suddenly found myself consciously experiencing one of my lucid type dreams as I had often experienced throughout my life. In my dream, I
sat in a dentist’s chair and watched calmly as the dentist, all dressed in white, walked up to me. He asked me to open my mouth wide. He then produced what looked like a laser pen flashlight and beamed it down into the core of my teeth. I found myself looking through his eyes, peering down through the very roots of my teeth. At the same time, I was me and I was holding my mouth wide open for him to look deep into the roots of my teeth. I often have lucid dreams where I AM conscious at both inner and outer levels of being and observing simultaneously.

The dentist played the light around through the roots of my back two anchor teeth and nodded his head affirmatively with a beaming positive smile. He said, “No problem. You have insurance that will easily cover another 25-year period on Earth. Everything will be all right. You can remain in the body, if you choose, but you have to decide. Seek and your answer will come.”

The dentist waved toward the distance with his other hand, pausing to make sure I understood, then softly said, “But don’t go out there for your answer. Whatever choice you make is the right one. You’ll find that right choice within you.”

The vivid vision vanished. I replayed and pondered it in my mind and heart until I felt I understood the symbology and the message clearly. I knew teeth represented life. When you “sink your teeth” into life, you are living it. I knew the dentist dressed in white was the perfect symbol of my Higher Self to whom I had called for help through meditation and further abetted by my determined self-suggestion before going to sleep. The Higher Self of my being knew I seriously sought a true answer to a forewarned life and death issue. It told me quite clearly, no problem.

My Higher Self said I had good karma that would allow me stay in the body for at least another whole 25-year cycle before the prospect of facing body death would appear again (and it did). It also told me clearly I would not find a true answer if I asked anyone “out there” in the world of illusion what to do.

In fact, I was warned not to ask others outside of my own inner self for advice about what to do. It assured me I would find the true answer I sought—that would prolong my life and avoid death—only within. It did not matter in eternity if I choice to go back to Heaven to review and be newly birthed again or to continue forward and upward on Earth in my current body. Either choice was only a different path or time-line eventually leading to the very same goal of full consciousness leading me back to a
joy-filled eternity as a conscious, immortal Son of God. The question I had as I summed it up in my mind was: Did I wish to go home to God in the immediate now as foreseen by Mikki and her psychic friend? Without completing what I felt was an incomplete mission? Or should I go on toward my much desired fulfillment of my mission and self now and “stay put” in my present embodiment?

Once clarified, the answer came to me from within almost immediately. I pondered it. The answer my soul gave to me made perfect sense. It was my conscious choice from deep within my heart and soul to resolve the issue of choice in the wisest fashion.

I decided to turn my decision fully over to The White Brotherhood, to our loving Spiritual Hierarchy overseeing the evolution and progression of humanity on Earth. I knew they possessed an “overview” of my future on Earth, which I did not have, and I certainly could trust their wise sacred decision fully.

I was already at that time well acquainted with many publicly acclaimed or known Ascended Masters. Upon my reading of Baird Spaulding’s Masters of The Far East book series, plus my deep study of Theosophy and Madam Blavatsky’s classic writings and my hands on “mentoring” from the Master D.K., I felt close and very intimately familiar with the Masters Jesus, Buddha, Morya, Kuthumi, Hilarion, St. Germain and a host of others I knew “by name.” Thus, I decided to let them “as a whole,” The White Brotherhood, Masters and Adept s of Planet Earth, make the singular wisest karmic choice for me!

My decision put me in an instant state of peace. I went back to sleep and slept soundly. I still felt at great ease and fully refreshed in the morning when I arose.

After breakfast, I telephoned Mikki and told her what I had found out and what I had decided. I assured her all was well and I was now at perfect ease. I was in God’s hands. I knew the Spiritual Hierarchy had made a wise decision for me. Either way would work, however, I felt deeply sure I would be allowed to continue forward with my life mission in my present body.

Mikki was glad to hear from me and promised to let her psychic friend know that I had found the answer I sought and would kindly tell her all is well and there was nothing to fear or be concerned about.
I again thanked Mikki, saying I would be ever grateful to them both for their sisterly, kind, loving concern by alerting me to their vision of what was “gravely” portended for me.

There are no accidents. About three days later while painting under the eaves of the high roof of a very large mansion, I fell from the very rungs of a 30-foot ladder. I actually was as high up on the ladder as I could get when I unwisely reached too far with my paintbrush to paint overhead at a spot far to my left—it was too much a “far stretch.”

Without warning, the 30-foot ladder suddenly slipped horizontally at high speed to my right. The ladder went one way while my body and I went swiftly the other. In my sudden fall, I twisted further to my left and, still grasping my paintbrush tightly, I immediately plummeted straight down toward the ground far below.

Jim stood below looking up at my horrendous fall. He watched frozen with horror. I had often warned Jim and other painter helpers never to reach too far to either side when painting at the top of any ladder, short or tall. Common sense tells you if you reach out too far, you will push the ladder away from you. Gravity takes over and you will have a sudden fall that if not fatal, could cause a potentially badly bruised or broken body.

Yet, for whatever reason I neglected my own advice, Jim stood there and observed me do exactly what I had preached against doing. He said afterward he was just about to caution me, but by then I had reached too far out and it was too late.

I don’t even remember shouting or screaming, but the next moment, I felt what seemed like a long pole or stake of hot fire pierce through and totally impale my midsection. It was a terrible, sudden and shocking deep, fiery-hot intense pain.

However—as if by magic—in the next split moment, the pain totally vanished. It was almost as if the searing pain that shot through my lower torso had never occurred. At the same time, I rolled off the very large square bush and slid to my feet on the ground. The paintbrush was still grasped tightly in my left hand and my right hand was grasping at the upper right mid-section of my body.

This is where I had felt the indescribable hot shooting pain. If FIRST my body had indeed been totally impaled, causing my instant death from the sharp “spear” cut by the gardener, this is the “return point” where I must have been brought back to my 3-D body form to continue my life.
without being aware that I had experienced death. Our life consciousness stream can and does switch to alternate realities, as fully explained in the Jane Roberts” SETH teachings.

Jim was still standing there agape with his mouth wide open. The words behind his suspended thought finally came rushing out. “Holy cow Michael, are you hurt?” he shouted. He rushed to me to put a comforting hand on my shoulder. He stared at me searchingly, his eyes very wide open. He simply could not believe I was standing on my feet–seemingly without a single injury–after falling from such a dangerous height.

I removed my hand from my midsection. We both saw a three-inch wide rip gashed through the white, paint-splattered shirt I was wearing. It was a hot summer day and I was wearing a lightweight long-sleeve cotton white shirt.

I swiftly pulled my shirt from out of my pants, lifted it high and looked down to where I had felt the sudden deep stabbing pain shoot through the entire midsection of my body. We were both stared with amazement at a perfectly round, one and a half inch very dark blue circle at that exact spot where my shirt had ripped. Yet, though the pain I felt was so very excruciating when I hit the bush, the pain, now only well remembered, was totally gone. It no longer hurt–though it looked like it ought to have hurt a lot!

We both declared my safe landing in the bush an amazing miracle. We both expressed our thanks to God that I was “alive and well” after a fall where I could have been dead. We figured the bush had saved my life. Jim said he saw me drop down, down, down for what seemed a long, long time slowly turning in mid-air and then landing horizontally belly first on top of the bush.

He said the huge bush seemed to “give” and sink to the ground under me, but then “recover” after the enormous weight of my approximate 200 pounds of body weight fell from a 30-feet to land on it.

He was surprised when in a sudden blur he saw me crash down into the top of the bush, slide off and drop to my feet on the ground in a full upright position without a single broken bone or terrible body injury.

We both looked at the heavy thick old green bush. It was about six feet high. We could see it was slightly bent but still intact. We both immediately saw and knew why my shirt ripped. At the point of my body’s midsection impact, the gardener had clipped off the top center
branch, which was almost an inch thick, to a wicked-looking sharp 45 degrees or more. It looked like half of a pointed spear.

Seeing it reminded me how it had surely felt like the sharply pointed “stake” had impaled all the way through my body when I crashed down full speed onto the bush at that point.

I told Jim I had felt a sudden terrible pain as if a sharp stake had been driven through the entire width of my body when I struck the bush, but that the pain had suddenly vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

There were no blood spots showing anywhere, but a change in the “timeline” to an alternate reality could have erased any blood resulting from my “impaling” if I had died and came back as Neale Donald Walsch explains the death process in his book.

I kept checking the round blue spot daily. No problem and no pain, just a “wonder.” The spot disappeared completely in about three weeks.

Jim and I talked about that death-defying incident often. We both felt some sort of unusual miracle had occurred, but never knew what except that I was now alive instead of dead. The main thing is that whatever happened; the life of my body certainly had been spared. In review, obviously The White Brotherhood, our Spiritual Hierarchy of Adepts and Masters, made the decision for me to continue forward to allow me to complete my life mission in my body I was holding—then and there. I AM sure this miraculous event of being spared from sudden death was the “answer” I asked for and received.

Thank God for spiritually awake sisters and brothers like Mikki and her psychic friend who care enough to bring to us a kind forewarning message, when needed, that sudden changes need to be made concerning a life and death issue that is coming up.

I AM about to relate another experience, an extraordinary real miracle for which I am very thankful. An Egyptian high priest from the distant past who now is very rich and dressed in a business suit is about to pay me a very delightful surprise visit.
early two months before his appearance, Ken F. wrote me a letter asking for a meeting in the convenience and privacy of my home in Virginia Beach, Virginia. Ken wrote he lived in a small town in Indiana and was scheduled to pick up an antique like-new Rolls Royce being shipped to him from England. It would arrive at the nearby port of Norfolk, next door to Virginia Beach. He said he had a collection of rare cars and since the Rolls Royce was in prime working condition, he planned to drive it back to his home in Indiana immediately following a half hour or so personal meeting with me. He added a P.S. that he would gladly pay me any consultation fee that I required.

In his letter, Ken mentioned that during his meetings with key spiritual people around the world, my name had come up often. Several people he trusted and respected recommended that he talk to me, since he had some questions about Laws of Creation they thought I could “throw some light on” for him. He affirmed his great interest in spiritual matters and his lifelong conscious deep hunger for spiritual knowledge. He hoped I would be free on that day, and if so, he was looking forward to meeting and talking with me, and asked me to respond immediately.

I immediately resonated with and had a good feeling about Ken. Though I rarely scheduled out-of-town visitor meetings at my home, I was piqued by his mention that he collected rare antique cars. I scheduled a 10:00 a.m. meeting with him in my home on the date he requested, confirmed his appointment and wrote easy-to-follow instructions to my home from the Norfolk dock. I posted the letter and gave it no more thought. His reply came back about ten days later. Ken. F. thanked me for scheduling his appointment and further asked to set aside at least two hours for him, if possible.

On the scheduled day almost exactly at 10:00 a.m. on the dot my doorbell rang. I stepped to the door to open it and greet my wealthy out-of-town visitor. For a brief silent moment, we both looked deep into each other’s eyes, into the windows of our souls. Then I did something strange. Without knowing why I said it, a rush of words gushed out of my mouth with great feeling.
At the same instant, prior to speaking, I reached out and touched his shoulder. I learned later that this was a traditional greeting or farewell touch made to a loving friend back in Old Egypt, similar to a handshake today.

“Brother, I know you! We loved one another and shared a great and wonderful brotherhood together in old Egypt many thousands of years ago!”

Ken stood riveted at the door. Afterward he told me he could hardly believe his ears. We had not yet even shook hands. His face showed he was in deep thought and reacting strangely to my sudden unconventional greeting.

He quickly “gathered his wits” and told me to wait a minute. He said he had a tape recorder and wanted to play a cassette tape for me right away that he knew I would really want to hear.

I wondered what that was all about, but stood waiting at the door and watched as he stepped back to his just acquired gleaming creamy-white Rolls Royce parked in my driveway.

He opened the back door of the Rolls Royce, rummaged through assorted bags and things and extracted a small portable cassette player, along with a single audiocassette tape. He closed the back door of the swanky Rolls Royce, turned and walked back to me with a wide smile.

I swung my front door wide open and gestured for him to enter the foyer of my home.

We then paused to shake hands, but instead Ken set his little tape recorder and cassette down on the floor at his feet, opened his arms wide and we gave each other a friendly warm hug, accompanied by a huge warm smile instead. We chatted as I led him into my living room and Ken asked me if I knew who Noel Street was.

My answer was an immediate “yes.” I said Noel Street was one of the ten people mentioned by Edgar Cayce whom he said could do health and past life readings as accurately as he did himself. Wondering if there were others on earth who could do what he was doing, Edgar Cayce asked his Source and his Source promptly gave him names and precise address locations of the names of other Lightworkers of the day who could do health and past life readings as accurately as he.
Ken said that was exactly right. He told me he had met Noel Street while he was giving talks at a spiritual center in Indianapolis, an hour’s drive from where he lived.

What a coincidence he met with Noel Street just before he left for his trip to Norfolk. Before leaving, he managed to obtain a past life reading from Noel Street. He said Noel immediately picked up several of his significant past lifetimes, and he wanted me to hear a portion of one immediately. I detected a great deal of excitement on his face and elation in his voice.

He set his tape recorder on the coffee table and looked around for a close electric socket. I pointed to one beside the sofa where we would be seated and invited him to “take a seat” on the sofa. I told him I was stepping into the kitchen and I would pour us some freshly made hot coffee. We could sit and talk, and listen to his tape as soon as I got back.

I soon reappeared with two hot steaming cups of coffee and set them down on the coffee table before us. I could tell Ken was very anxious to have me listen to what was on his audiocassette. I sat down across from him and he asked me to wait a few moments while he rewound the tape to the life reading that he knew would be of great interest to me. He stopped and started the tape a few times before he finally arrived at the particular life reading done by Noel Street that I was about to hear.

He was amazed and surprised at my greeting to him at the door a few minutes ago. Now it would be my turn to be surprised and amazed at what I was about to hear on his cassette tape.

He turned up the volume so that I could hear clearly what Noel Street was saying. Ken explained this was one of his several more outstanding past lives told to him by Noel Street.

Noel Street began talking on the tape and what he was saying definitely caught my full attention and high interest immediately.

“You were also a High Priest in Egypt about sixteen hundred or thereto and were a tutor. In fact a very close personal friend of the Pharaoh of Egypt. The two of you shared a deep love and close friendship for each other for approximately twenty years, up to the moment of your death.”

I could see why Ken was so stunned at my sudden unorthodox greeting to him at the door. It was my turn to be astounded. I told him it was true. I had undergone a conscious real death experience at age 18 and
that in addition to a flashback of my entire 18 years, I was also shown portions of two other lifetimes where I could have made a big difference in helping to advance the civilization of the day greatly but didn’t. I had failed.

I explained that in both of those past lives I was shown that I held “the seat” of the highest power in the land. I was a Pharaoh in one, and a child God King in the other. However, I failed in both those opportune lives to achieve my mission.

In one of those two lives shown and known clearly to me, I was a Pharaoh in Egypt. It was obvious that Noel Street had accurately picked up a lifetime where the two of us had undoubtedly been close loving friends.

I thought, in retrospect, my spontaneous reaching out to touch his shoulder and my surprise greeting to Ken as well as to myself must have been the ploy of my higher self to get his (Ken’s) attention about our long past life friendship in Egypt the moment we met.

I told Ken F. how Mikki had picked up my past life as that Pharaoh and had revealed my name as Ahmose the Second. So there was even additional confirmation to both of us from another reliably accurate source.

In the next two hours, Ken and I rebuilt a friendship happily extended from the old tried-and-true one of 20 years of loving comradeship in old Egypt. Ken F. explained that in this lifetime he was a self-made man, rising from poverty as a hairdresser to a man of great wealth through his immense business enterprise spread throughout the entire state of Indiana. He was married to a beautiful wife named Tina, a professional singer (who would a few years later make a professional recording of my song, “Twinkle Top Helps Santa”).

In due time, I learned Ken’s wealth had reached the point where he was able to buy and rebuild the old local junior high school in his small hometown in Indiana into a modern day palace. Two huge stone lions stood guard on each side of the long drive leading to his immense palatial home. He also bought a small private airplane and built a small airport on his property.

In addition, Ken built a railroad track and imported a famous antique railroad overnight passenger travel car. He set it on the railroad tracks near his home and this is where he “puts up” his out-of-town guests when they
stay overnight. I had the privilege of enjoying the luxury of his home and a stay overnight in the equally luxurious train car while giving lectures and appearing on nearby Indianapolis, Indiana, radio and TV talk shows as a visiting talk show guest as author of *The Why and How of Meditation*.

At another time, Ken arranged for all of his best friends who were interested in spiritual matters to come and listen while I gave a talk to them about The Seven Rays in the privacy of the huge library in his magnificent home. Most were deeply interested and asked many thoughtful questions. Ken was very grateful, for he values his friends greatly. I know that from long, personal experience (grin).

From a high priest of old Egypt dressed in white robes to a modern day business tycoon in a black suit. What an immense switch of roles, what a colorful contrast. Nevertheless, both Ken and his beloved, beautiful singer wife Tina managed to hold and nurture their deep spiritual natures with style and class in our rapidly changing new day, our modern mass spiritual new life on ascending new Earth today.

Bless their loving and beautiful hearts and yours, too!

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**Chapter 42**

**A Triangle of Brotherhood From Ancient Atlantis**

In due time—after beginning my nearly non-stop cross-country lectures and media talk show interviews—I was invited to give paid lectures, workshops and even keynote addresses at various huge spiritual conferences that were now beginning to take place all over America.

One day I found myself at a very large spiritual conference event in Phoenix, Arizona. The conference was filled with an array of well-known spiritual figures presenting talks and workshops. I found myself seated at the foot of the long, well-laden table with my Soulmate Pat K. at my side. We sat between two incredibly interesting couples. To our left sat Dr. Ray
Brown and his loving female friend and to our right, Dr. Patrick F. with his loving female friend.

In time, I would discover that my beloved Soulmate Pat. K., who was an exceptional intuitive psychic, had been a beautiful Hawaiian slave girl “lover” in one of my three past lifetimes in Hawaii.

The time had come at this Phoenix national conference for six of a dedicated past life group of seven to meet in this lifetime. We had worked together as a close, very tight-knit spiritual band of seven in Poseidon. We tried with all our might and means to prevent what we clearly foresaw as the imminent “fall” of Atlantis.

It was at this Phoenix conference that we were about to renew our close acquaintance in the greatly changed world of the 1970s. Human civilization on Earth had reached a pinnacle of technological warfare might that was completely out of control.

After the fall of Atlantis, mass humanity on Earth had again slowly risen after 12,000 years to a scientific and military-industrial power where it could easily destroy itself. The development and misuse of the atomic bomb and atomic energy was clear evidence of that.

To offset this potential genocide of humanity on Earth, Lightworkers were slowly emerging from all walks of life, from all fields of human existence, each expressing her or his unique light and love through art, science, religion, politics and government, etc.

This conference was a perfect stage for us six close Lightworkers of the past to become instant friends and co-workers in the light again. The founder of this colossal three-day gala event had contracted our ultra deluxe hotel host to set up a single, huge, long dinner table to serve up a delicious introductory banquet for his fifty or so nationally well known speakers and workshop instructors.

After our meeting each other and expressing our delight at finding such compatible table companions seated so intimately together, Dr. Ray Brown brought out a large, perfectly clear, pure crystal ball about six inches in diameter. He explained he would be displaying and talking about this mysterious gleaming, very ancient crystal ball during his scheduled lectures. He then proceeded to tell us how he had acquired it.

He said one of his hobbies was deep sea diving and that he was actually a professional at it. He told us on this one particular diving
expedition off the Bahamas near Bimini; a few hours after a huge storm had seemingly rearranged the ocean bottom, he went down for a dive with a companion. The two of them became separated but he decided to go on further alone. Dangerous sharks were around but he chose to keep exploring the depths alone. The ocean water was calm and crystal-clear, following a turbulent storm less than an hour earlier.

He felt drawn to angle down toward his right. As he was approaching a significant depth, he was amazed to see the outline of a huge snow-white pyramid shaped temple below a little further to his right. He immediately sped toward it. Dr. Ray Brown said he could hardly contain his excitement. He had read many Edgar Cayce readings and he knew Cayce had predicted that sunken temples of Atlantis would be discovered near Bimini.

As he neared the colossal structure, he could hardly wait to explore his extraordinary find. Drawing nearer he saw what he guessed to be Atlantean script written above a huge, wide Roman type entrance and swam through it. The interior was lit with a soft golden-white light. The decor was exquisite. He made his way toward the snow-white altar at the back of the temple with all the speed he could muster.

He saw what appeared to be two solid huge gold columns, about two yards wide and round, extending from the base of the pyramid marble-like floor to the ceiling. One huge gold pillar stood on each side of the altar. He said he surmised that the soft light inside of the underwater temple was emitting from the two ultra-bright gold pillars.

He quickly removed his sharp steel diving knife from its scabbard at his side and tried to cut into the gold column to see if it was really gold. However, his razor sharp knife could not make a dent in it. Although it looked and was shining like bright gold, the smooth gleaming pillars were harder than steel.

He saw the altar was surrounded in a semicircle by seven stone chairs. The seven chairs were facing pair of very lifelike but metal human hands. The hands appeared to be made of the same kind of hard shining smooth gold metal as the two columns.

The two hands were cupping that very same clear shining crystal ball seemingly tightly between them. He indicated the crystal ball sitting now on the table before him. The four of us gasped in wonder as we stared at the huge round crystal ball, glittering and gleaming there before us.
Dr. Ray Brown said he thought the metal hands were holding the crystal ball too tightly, so he did not even think of trying to extract it. However, he bent down to have a good look at the fine sculptured artwork on the central chair of the seven stone chairs. He backed up to get a better perspective and gently bumped against the crystal ball cupped between the pair of gold metal hands. To his surprise, he felt the crystal ball jiggle slightly. He turned around to see if he could pull the crystal ball from the pair of golden hands and it came out into his hands effortlessly.

He checked his underwater clock. It was time for him to surface so he placed the crystal ball into his diver’s bag (a bag divers use to carry to relics) and headed for the surface. Ray said he was pleased beyond words that he now had some sort of proof that he had actually found and explored an ancient underwater Atlantean temple.

It was fortunate that he did. He said he came back with a team of divers the next day to the same area, but another fierce storm had come up the previous night. Try as they might to find it, the four divers in his team could not find any sign of the underwater structures. After a whole week of continual daily dives around the area, they finally gave up. He hoped that one day in the future he might find it again.

Dr. Brown’s lovely female friend was well acquainted with his story. She had often handled and admired the large, bright, glowing crystal ball from the past. Each of the other four of us took turns to hold it, peer at it and to feel the powerful vibratory “energy” that it looked and felt like it was emitting. All four of us said excitedly to Dr. Ray Brown how pleased and thankful we were that he shared his revelatory story behind it. We were thrilled to see, handle and admire that mysterious gleaming crystal ball from the ocean depth’s past with our own eyes and hands.

Dr. Patrick F., who had a laser light device he had recently invented in his pocket, asked permission from Dr. Ray Brown to flash the laser light into the crystal ball. Patrick assured him it would not harm it, so Ray quickly gave his consent. We all watched breathlessly as Patrick flashed the laser beam light into the crystal ball. It immediately began to take on an eerie glow, a soft violet light emitted from the central core while the surface of the glittering ball took on a deep indigo blue color. The “light show” amazed and delighted all of us greatly.

We would learn more about that mystifying ancient crystal ball later that evening. In the moment, we were reacquainting with each other. By that time, my bestseller book *Finding Your Soulmate* was in print and our
four new friends already had heard that it was a best-seller and was widely acclaimed. They were excited to know that I was the author of the book. They also knew of the classic Alice A. Bailey works and appreciated the fact that I was extending D.K.’s esoteric material to the masses via my own books, lectures and media blitz appearances.

They learned Pat K. was a former cosmetics model and that she was my loving Soulmate. Pat told them she was joyfully traveling with me side-by-side, day-by-day in my cross-country lecture and media interview tours.

Patrick F. was already a nationally famous inventor at age 14. As of this writing in 2006, he discloses in his Health Newsletter that he holds the patents on more than 300 inventions. Patrick’s movie actress friend told us they had recently returned from a fantastic visit to the Great Pyramid in Egypt. Pat said a security guard had secretly allowed him and his beloved female friend to enter the Great Pyramid alone and explore the many chambers leisurely. They told us with glowing faces that they conducted a deep full moon meditation in the Kings Chamber of the Great Pyramid on a full moon night.

We also discovered that Patrick K. was a conscious channel for the Egyptian Ascended Master Hyaphet. Master Hyaphet had intuitively prompted the two of them to meet and establish a good friendship with the night security guard, who later that evening enabled them to enjoy their “illegal” after-hours entry into the Great Pyramid.

The first full day of the convention was the normal whirlwind of huge crowd activity you would expect at such a huge spiritual gathering. Before separating after our early breakfast banquet, the six of us arranged to have dinner together that evening. We wanted to broaden our acquaintance much further since we had already developed a close warm feeling of friendship with each other.

Dr. Brown had placed his Atlantean Crystal Ball on public display in the main convention hall and in front of his audiences when he lectured in various lecture rooms. Ray’s Atlantean Temple Crystal was the major topic of discussion at the convention. He spoke to packed crowds and gave them a far more detailed account of where and how he had found it than we had heard from him at the banquet table.

Naturally, his crystal ball was still a major topic of our discussion at our dinner meeting that evening. We were all for it when after dinner
Patrick F. invited our private little group to come up to his hotel room. He told us he would channel his Egyptian Master Hyaphet, whom he was certain would give us more factual, historical data about the crystal ball. It was an idea the rest of us welcomed and followed with great glee.

In his hotel room, as soon as we were settled and quiet in a close semi-circle around Patrick P., he promptly channeled his beloved Egyptian Master Hyaphet, who Patrick said had been his conscious mentor since early childhood.

The Egyptian Master Hyaphet spoke through Patrick’s vocal chords in a low, sonorous voice. He told us the shining crystal ball lying there before us now in Patrick’s hotel room was “all of” and “more of” then what Dr. Ray Brown knew or had revealed to us.

The Master Hyaphet said, to our utter amazement, that it was no accident that we were making this serious and important inquiry together. In brief, we were six of the seven high priest occupants who had sat in those seven underwater Atlantean Temple’s stone chairs more than twelve thousand years ago.

Hyaphet said that using all our mental power and might, the seven of us Atlantean high priests seated there before the temple altar, each in our individual stone chair and led by him, were focusing our combined thoughts strongly into the core of that very same identical crystal now in our midst.

The singular unified thought we held and focused on together 12,000 years ago was to avert the already clearly foreseen visions of the destruction and sinking of Atlantis. We were not alone. There were scores and scores of us “in the Light” who foresaw and sought to help avert that horrendous end that befell our once grand and high Atlantean civilization.

There is more to the story.

About twenty years later, in the mid 1990s, Almine, a tremendously powerful and masterful Lightworker really surprised me and amazed the rest of her audience at a three-day weekend workshop in Virginia Beach. It was a weekend spiritual workshop that my highly respected and long time personal friend, Edward. R., and I attended in a last moment decision.

There are no accidents.

On the last day of the workshop, Almine pointed her finger directly at me and asked me to get out of my seat, step up beside her and face the
crowd. I wondered what she had in mind, but complied. She gave me quite a sudden shock when she announced to the entire workshop class that her guidance had just revealed to her that I was an ancient Lightworker on Earth, incarnated here from old Atlantis.

Almine told the workshop attendants that I was one of a powerful group of seven high priest Atlantean Temple Lightworkers trying to keep Atlantis from sinking. Almine clearly enunciated each of the full Atlantean names—mine and the other six members of our temple group. Almine said that we seven Lightworkers, working with crystals used extensively during Atlantean days, had done our very best to ward off the sinking of Atlantis. She said our group was now again embodied here on earth, each now working in different areas to help “wake up the masses on Earth again.”

I was astounded. Since Almine was verifying what I had already learned and knew from Patrick’s Master teacher, Hyaphet, approximately 20 years earlier.

Almine then told me and the workshop class, who were all listening with fascination, including my astonished friend Edward R., that she just had been instructed by her higher guidance to administer a powerful initiation ceremony for me right then and right there before the entire workshop class. She said that one of the major Archangels wanted her to take me to my next higher level of conscious awareness through a powerful sacred, public initiation that she had been elected to conduct. She promptly proceeded to take me “through.”

Almine stood facing me, closing her eyes for a moment. Then opened her eyes and clasped both my hands in hers, holding them tightly. Her handgrip was far stronger than that of any man. It felt like her hands were made of steel.

Almine quickly led me through the various required sacred ceremonial step-by-step rites for that particular planetary level initiation, a higher level of consciousness she said I was now scheduled and destined to receive. The rest of the now very wide-eyed and much fascinated workshop class members looked on in silent wonder.

Fortunately, that Virginia Beach workshop by Almine was recorded. I was later able to obtain and retain an audiocassette of that revelatory past life reading of my past lifetime as one of the seven Atlantean high priests just prior to the sinking of Atlantis. Almine told me which of the seven
Atlantean names was mine during that embodiment–and when I relisten to that audio tape, the name does ring a familiar tone with me.

Almine’s sudden spontaneous past life reading for me 20 years later confirmed what had been revealed by the Egyptian Master Hyaphet–through Patrick F., that evening in his hotel room.

Dr. Ray Brown made his exit over a decade ago. In my eyes his mission was “well done” with style and grace, and since he made a body exit, his mission was obviously complete. He may be back in an Indigo child body and at work again.

Dr. Patrick F. today, like me, still exudes perfect body health. Patrick continues to do what he knows to do so well. He keeps manifesting more and more patented inventions, including many natural health food products, to vitalize and energize the masses. All that Patrick F. does appears to be lovingly geared or aimed to ease and advance human lifestyles and fortify human body health on Earth.

Patrick and I are still in close contact. As ever, we still hold a deep love, respect and warm friendship with each other. We have maintained an abiding open communication link with each other over the decades. He and I both love and express life greatly. We also both know, heart and soul, that we still have much more joyful Lightworker work to do on Earth. Pat and his Twin Ray wife just came back from two quite long trips to India and Peru.

I can never speak for Patrick or anyone else, but speaking for myself–I look forward to an imminent loving interaction with our galactic E.T. neighbors who are soon to arrive en masse on the shores of our beautiful blue planet Earth.
Chapter 43

Founder of My Own “Church of Humanity” in Washington D.C.

In the latter part of 1974, after putting together three of the largest spiritual conferences in the country and an almost daily non-stop lecture tour for a year with Pat. K. at my side, I made the inner prompted decision to move our relatively quiet home base in lovely Virginia Beach, Virginia, to busy big city life in Washington, D.C. I knew I could be more effective in setting up my own network of syndicated weekly radio broadcasts in a thriving major big city like Washington, D.C.

Over the decades, from time to time I had studied at various churches through the years. I had earned and received a Doctor of Divinity (D.D.) degree. I was equipped and qualified to start my own church ministry, so I decided to “found” a New Age church in our USA capital. Since I was dedicated to serve humanity, I chose to name my church the “Church of Humanity.” I applied and soon qualified for IRS status as a tax-exempt church. My new Church of Humanity was located in large fixer-upper at 3333 Connecticut Ave, S.W., in the heart of our nation’s Capital city.

A little reconstruction work, a good paint job and the “good eye” of Pat K., who was very artistic and decorative, our Church of Humanity was furnished and decorated. Pat had chosen a wonderful soft pastel decor for the interior. The minute she finished decorating, I placed large ads in the major Washington, D.C., area newspapers announcing my grand opening and had a sizable turnout.

The word about our new church got around the spiritual community fast. In a short few months, I had attracted a sizable church group attendance for my Sunday morning hour long spiritual upliftment “sermons.” My congregation grew from all walks of life, from local day workers to high society patrons.


My church services started at 10:00 a.m., followed by a cakes and coffee “get-acquainted” community meeting for an additional hour. Lao drove early in the morning all the way from her literal “palace” home
perched on top of a high mountain peak in Swannanoa, Virginia, to attend my service.

Lao and Walter Russell knew at first sight that they were Soulmates. Walter Russell was 30 years older than she was, however, both knew instantly the age difference did not matter. Walter made his exit at age 93, so Lao, a statuesque, truly gorgeous woman, was widowed at approximately age 63. World-renowned Walter Russell, a spiritual giant on Earth, was a master painter, a master sculptor, a master architect, a master philosopher, master sage, etc. In mid-life, Walter Russell went into a deep trance state that lasted over a month. When he returned from his long “cosmic consciousness” state, he knew “the Secrets of the Universe,” which he shared in a book by that title. He also authored several other masterful books. Lao also wrote a beautiful book about love. The book has an elegant snow-white hard cover imprinted with the appropriate one word title Love in gold letters. I still have this valued, personally autographed book in my current personal library.

Lao and I became instant spiritual friends at our first meeting. She soon invited me to visit her immense, elegant home and see the Walter Russell Museum at Swannanoa that was located in a literal palace on top of a mountain peak there. These visits I enjoyed immensely, from time to time, for Lao was a gracious host. Our great friendship and personal interactions were based totally on spiritual love and appreciation of each other, nothing sexual whatever.

My Soulmate number three, Pat K., who had traveled with me every day and night for the entire past year of my cross-country lecture tours was tremendously pleased that we had made a decision to move our spiritual base and headquarters to Washington D.C.

Almost immediately on our arrival there, I began my own weekly radio syndicated church service broadcasts each Sunday. These weekly Sunday radio broadcasts extended to other radio stations on the East Coast and West Coast a few months later.

Pat was very happy that we were finally settling down into a home and planting our feet in one city for a while. Pat was more than just beautiful; she was an ideal mate, always there on the spot to help me in any manner and by any means. Our deep Soulmate love for each other was constant and idyllic.
In time, we leased a fairly large mansion from Marjorie Holmes, author of the immense bestseller book *I've Got To Talk To Somebody God*. The mansion we leased from Marjorie was conveniently located in a small suburb just outside of the city limits, across the state line into Virginia. It was less than a 10-minute ride from our home to my church.

Very lovable Marjorie Holmes was a regular Sunday Church of Humanity attendant. She was one of the best “high society” boosters of my new church. Marjorie was indeed a famous spiritual author. Her big-time bestseller book sold several millions hardcover copies in the early 1970s.

Both Marjorie and her husband, Wayne, who died later of cancer, attended my Sunday church services on a regular unless she was out somewhere giving talks or autographing books.

It soon became obvious that starting my own church in Washington, D.C., was a wise decision. I eventually met most of the surprisingly many other new-thought major spiritual center founders, New Age church ministers, bookstore and health food store owners, etc. I was soon interacting cooperatively and lovingly with an immensely large underground spiritual community that existed in the big city proper and surrounding smaller cities and communities around our great nation’s capital.

The “wake up” work I had come to do on Earth was now progressing at a sound steady pace.
Chapter 44

A Message from God Through a Very Devout Church Member

My sermon at my Church of Humanity had just ended and folks were milling around finding seats and companions to enjoy an hour of fun together. I was watching the crowd with pleasure when I felt a tug on my arm from a devout elderly church member with whom I had talked with often. She quickly pulled me over to the side of the room for a private conversation.

I wondered what was so urgent, but before I could ask, she got to the point immediately. She startled me with the statement that she had received a message from God about me. She announced in all seriousness that God had told her to do what she could do to help me with my ministry. With raised eyebrows, I listened as she said that God had awakened her from a deep sleep to tell her that I was a genuine “messenger of God” on Earth. She said with great seriousness that God asked her to help me to spread His Word in any way that she could.

She said she was a widow living alone and was not able to help me with a sizable gift of money, but she was a member of high society who had lived her entire life right there and she personally knew about anybody and everybody in Washington, D.C., who was “somebody.”

Therefore, she did have one idea. If I ever needed to make contact with anyone she knew, she would be happy to help set an introduction. She smiled and said I only had to say “the word.”

Her revelation that God had spoken directly to her telling her that I was a “messenger of God” on Earth was a sudden jolt to my then held belief system. It was not that I doubted that she had some kind of vision or revelation or that God talked directly to her. After all, Marjorie Holmes, who had written a bestseller loaded with dialogue between her and God, also attended my church services. What raised my eyebrows so high was the part “that I was God’s messenger on Earth.” I certainly did not consciously feel worthy of such a sacred designation!

My mind moved fast. I thanked her, feeling a genuine appreciation for her bringing me God’s message that she had been asked to help me in my ministry.
At that moment I could not think of or imagine any practical need to be “connected with” anyone in Washington, D.C., who I thought might help to help further my spiritual work. I told her if the occasion or time came when I needed to have her kind help in granting me a personal introduction to a VIP who might be able to help me with my world work, I would gladly rush to give her “the word.”

Other church members were tugging and clamoring for my attention, so after reassuring her I would get in touch with her if I ever truly needed her help, in that manner, we both let the matter rest.

Meanwhile, excitement was in the air. The New Year was soon coming and imminent preparations for innovative new church events in 1975 were the major prevailing thoughts on Pat’s mind and my mind.

Chapter 45

Huge Audience Views Miracle Healing At My Huge Dallas Psychic Arts Fair

The years 1970 through 1974 had generated a whirlwind of spiritual activity and soul fulfilling productivity on many personal and public fronts in my life. The great acceptance and success of three printings of 5,000 copies each of Why & How of Meditation and huge sales of my bestseller book, Finding Your Soulmate, written and published in late 1970, opened the doors wide for me across all of America to many radio and TV talk show guest appearances. There would be well over 500 of them in due time.

Ed O’Brien, congenial CEO of CSA Press in Lakemont, Georgia—at that time a huge printing and publishing company of spiritual books—contacted me about publishing five of my books under the CSA Press label. Our contract was for my two already well-received books, plus three other titles, The Science of Occultism, Divine Psychology and The White
Brotherhood. A few years later it was my book, The White Brotherhood, read and re-read by world famous country singing star, Willie Nelson, which opened the door for a great personal respect and friendship between Willie and me to develop.

Years later, Willie Nelson and Ed Asner (of television series fame) would both contribute tax-free funds to me in support of a huge nationwide alternative energy development movement involving Jerusalem artichokes in which there was a core group of about seven of us involved.

We soon were stopped in our fast moving tracks by the legal maneuvers of “big oil” interests. Had our alternative Jerusalem artichoke alternative clean energy fuel movement been successful, it would have ended humanity’s deliberately contrived worldwide dependence on dirty carbon-based oil pollutants as our sole energy base in a mere three to five years. Our Jerusalem artichoke movement was “birthed” and spread nationwide fast in the early 1980s. It is a story of miraculous and colossal success proportions in itself, but there is not the space in this biography to tell the entire story.

Ed O’Brien was determined and delighted to offer me an immediate contract for all five of these books. He also put an immense amount of money behind printing and promoting them. CSA printed 5,000 copies of both hardcover editions and soft cover editions of each of the five titles. Ed felt certain between his CSA sales efforts and my lecture ability and growing media talk show guest appearances that all of these books would easily sell quickly.

Ed’s faith was justified and soon made manifest. Within two years, at a nice profit to him, I bought back my book contracts on all five of these of my titles from CSA Press. My contract with him included the purchase and ownership of whatever remaining books of mine he still had in stock. I then set up a book warehouse in Virginia Beach and another in San Diego, California.

Each time I finished or started a cross-country lecture tour at one or the other of my two book warehouses on either the East Coast or West Coast, I loaded a large supply of my books in my van to take with me. I soon sold those to my audiences on my next leg of my lecture circuit. It was a smooth and orderly book availability and sales operation.
Almost one year after parting ways with Patricia K., my beloved Soulmate number three, Pat K. stepped magically into my life in Dallas, Texas.

I was giving a series of Soulmate lectures to packed Silva Mind-Control crowds over an entire weekend. I planned to set up an immense first-of-its-kind psychic art and sciences fair in Dallas three months later so I asked each successive audience in the Dallas area for 70 volunteers to help me set up the gala event.

I explained that I had already arranged to rent the entire Dallas Convention Center for this event. At that time, it was billed as the largest convention center in the nation. My contract included dozens of lecture rooms, an immense indoor open space area for New Age booths and psychic readers, and a public auditorium that seated 5,000 easily.

I told my highly receptive crowds I would be printing 50,000 twelve page newspapers featuring photos and bios of over 50 speakers from the USA, Canada, Hawaii, England and Holland, and I would need their volunteer help to circulate them to spiritual centers and churches nationwide.

Lt. Col. Wendelle C. Stevens, author of a swarm of highly credible UFO “contactee” books, would be there. Hans Holzer, a famous “ghost buster” from Holland, had already signed a contract to appear, and so had Dr. Douglas Baker from England. Douglas Baker was the only other well-known disciple of Master D.K. who did personal soul ray psychological profile evaluations or “readings” as I was doing almost daily at that time.

In addition, over 30 to 40 other key speakers from all around the world and our USA, including famed past life reader Patricia Diegel from Hawaii; Bernadine Villanueva, the top known psychic of the day, featured almost weekly in the National Enquirer; and world famed healer, Dr. Norbu Chen. All of these powerful, well-known Lightweavers had already agreed to sign contracts with me for their appearance at this massive event.

In addition, my fair would feature at least a hundred booths for rent for the display of Indian jewelry, art, alternative science devices, books, bookstores, book distributors and psychic readers from various walks of life en masse. It would be the first and biggest of its kind ever!

I hired two lecture attendants, Larry, a Silva Mind Control teacher, and Marge, a sharp lovely young woman also involved with the Silva
Mind Control teaching, on a monthly salary basis to help me set up and do the legwork for me in the Dallas area while I continued with my daily cross-country schedule for two more months. I told my audiences I would return to Dallas the third month personally handling all the final details and preparations to ensure the massive undertaking was a huge success.

By the time my weekend series finished, I already had 40 volunteers who would mail out the 12-page newspapers and act as ticket takers, ushers, clean up crew or assistants to me in any capacity that I needed to “pull off” this massive undertaking with a calm, orderly flow.

Among the first throng of volunteers who stepped up to enroll was Pat K. I knew at first sight and personal interaction with Pat that she would be Soulmate number three in my life. Pat also saw and felt that same instant recognition of our in-depth Soulmate union. Later I learned, our Soulmate connection stemmed from a love affair we shared in Hawaii, in the Valley of The Lost Tribe over 4000 years ago. Our connection and conscious recognition of the deep love we shared for each other then began again in this lifetime on that eventful bright day.

From that moment, Pat K. was in my heart and on my mind daily. She felt exactly the same. Our romance soon bloomed into a small and blessed marriage ceremony attended by her Dallas family a little over two months later.

Pat and I did not wish to part at any time so she immediately resolved and committed to travel by my side daily on my cross-country lecture circuits across the nation.

Meanwhile, the “Dallas Psychic Arts & Sciences Fair” (its official title) gained momentum daily. Thanks to my two highly proficient and capable hired assistants who were both dedicated to make our Dallas fair one of the biggest and best ever, I had my 70 volunteers before I left for my two-month tour. When the colossal seven day, nonstop event unfolded, everything and everyone was in place and everything happened with perfect timing.

The local media, radio and TV station crews promised to be on hand, as well as reporters from the National Enquirer and other national weekly magazines and local newspaper reporters. During the seven days of the conference, speakers would be talking on the hour from as early as 7 a.m. until as late as 10 p.m. daily in at least 11 different lecture rooms.
Internationally known key speakers like Noel Street, Hans Holzer, Dr. Norbu Chen, Patricia Diegel and Dr. Baker or me (the sole founder of the event) would give our presentations in the huge auditorium that seated an audience of 5,000. Many of the speakers were also conducting 1-day, 2-day, and up to 4-day personal workshops during the seven day period. It was a tremendously exciting, uplifting and jubilant affair and was the first in the nation of that spiritual tenor, scope and size.

Two events occurred at this Dallas fair that were outstanding. The first occurred before Dr. Norbu Chen conducted his spectacular and very miraculous healing on stage in the huge auditorium. Pat and I had seated ourselves in our reserved seats in the front row off the center aisle. Soon I would be going on stage to introduce my spiritual brother, Dr. Norbu Chen, to the audience. We had preplanned that Dr. Moore, my hired expert Master of Ceremonies, would call me on stage to make that personal, important introduction.

Pat sat to my left. She and I watched the auditorium begin to fill with excited attendants and various radio and TV crews. They all were eager to record and film the much advertised event that promised a dramatic successful miracle healing.

Pat tugged my left arm and murmured softly in my ear that a couple also in the front row and a few seats to our right appeared to be studying us with unusual interest. I looked to where she indicated and saw a very attractive quite young woman with dark hair seated next to a “collegiate” looking and dressed companion who seemed to be in his late 20s or very early 30s. I could see why Pat’s eyes had been drawn to them. Both exuded a certain extraordinary vitality or life. I saw him finish writing a note and handing it to her. She scanned it and then looked directly at me. She saw that I was aware of her staring in my direction.

I dropped my eyes and told Pat the two of them surely did seem to be giving us unusual attention. A moment later, I felt a gentle tap on my right shoulder. I looked up in response and saw it was the same attractive young woman. She handed me a scribbled note on a piece of paper about eight inches tall and six inches wide that obviously had been torn off a note pad. With an impish smile she said, “This is for you.”

The next moment, she stepped to the center aisle and walked quickly away up toward the rear of the auditorium.
Having just seen her male companion dash off the note to her, I leaned toward him and spoke softly through the distance, “Is this for me?”

He smiled at the puzzled look at my face and replied, “I wrote it for her, but she gave it to you, so it’s yours now.”

He then quickly scrawled another note and leaned over to hand it to me. I leaned toward him and placed the second note under the first. Still surprised at the sudden sequence of what was happening, I started to scan the top note. Before I could get past the first few words I heard Bill Moore, the Master of Ceremony, announce to the now large and eagerly awaiting audience—”Dr. Michael, founder of this event, is going to tell us a little about our scheduled guest and then personally introduce him to us. Let’s give him a big hand!”

It was time for me to be on stage. I quickly stuffed the two notes in my suit jacket inner pocket and quickly strode up the stairs on stage. After the applause quieted down, I told the audience what an extraordinary internationally known healer and Lightworker and true spiritual brother that Dr. Norbu Chen was. On cue, Dr. Norbu Chen glided to my side on stage. He stood beaming at my side as I introduced him to the crowd. The audience greeted him with thunderous applause in a long, rousing loud welcome.

I will finish the rest of the Dr. Norbu Chen sensational miracle story in a moment.

After an incredibly long, exhausting, but tremendously fulfilling first full conference day, Pat, knowing I was exceptionally tired, offered to drive our car back to our lovely rented apartment. I gladly agreed without hesitation. While driving, we were chatting about how wonderfully successful the big fair was turning out to be. A major topic was the unbelievable and amazing total healing of Bernadine Villanueva from her dangerous heart condition. At that moment I remembered the note I had quickly stuffed into my inside suit jacket pocket, which I pulled out to read. Even in the dim light I could read the beautiful writing clearly. It read:

“The young man sitting by the lovely lass on our left comes from an Eastern industrial seaport area. He is one of many of the gold flames here now on Earth and is highly protected. His frequency rate is approximately 60 centibels and 75 centibels at a soul level. He definitely has had higher
spiritual training and has been initiated into the mysteries. He is an awakened “Brother” and may already know it.”

The note was signed with some kind of a symbol that looked like a beautiful angel’s wing.

I quickly scanned the second note. The one sentence scrawled on it read: “I was describing your highly unusual (to her) aura since she asked me about it.”

The second note was also signed off with the same unique angel wing symbol. Both notes had the exact universal or “naval time” recorded at the top right side of each note, recorded to the exact second of it being written.

I read both notes aloud to Pat as she drove our car. Pat was as astounded at their content as I was. We guessed the young man who wrote the note was either an Ascended Master or an Extraterrestrial.

My home had been on the eastern coast in Virginia Beach–actually right next door to Norfolk, the biggest seaport in the world–for many years. The note writer had scored a direct hit on that declaration. Pat was certainly a “lovely lass”—another obvious hit (grin).

I also almost always referred to a spiritually awake companion of life on Earth as my “brother or sister.” I certainly knew I was an AWAKENED soul, not a human body or mind, like my brothers and sisters. So another direct hit.

Dating the exact second of writing a note in “universal” time is hardly a habit found in the USA or on Earth among conventional folks.

Obviously, these two convention attendants were not ordinary human beings you would expect to meet on Earth. We both looked for and hoped to see this unusual couple again during the next five days of the conference, but neither Pat nor I ever saw them again.

In the meanwhile, a year later after I had developed a close friendship with Lt. Col. Wendelle C. Stevens, who wrote many terrific ET contact books, I saw a photo of a familiar person toward the back of a thick *UFO from the Pleiades* book that was published in 1975. It showed a clear picture of “Nera,” sister to Semjase, the major female cosmonaut interviewed by Billie Eduard Meier, the Swiss contactee, in her books.

The footnote below the photo explained that normally pictures of ETs who are walking our city streets or mingling among us always were censored and usually not ever allowed to be published.
However, since Nera was being transferred to service in the DAL Galaxy her picture was allowed to be printed in the book.

I knew immediately when I saw that striking familiar lovely face again that it was a photo of the young girl with dark hair who had handed me that first note just before Dr. Norbu Chen performed his sensational healing on my dear psychic “sister” friend Bernadine Villanueva at our Dallas Psychic Arts Fair.

Now back to the astounding miracle healing performed by Dr. Norbu Chen.

As soon as Dr. Norbu Chen was introduced, two M.D. doctors were brought on stage and their credentials given by Bill Moore, Master of Ceremonies. Both doctors were known locally and nationally for their expertise in heart surgery so their credentials were unquestionable. Known for her many published and astoundingly accurate predictions, the then nationally famous psychic Bernadine Villanueva was brought on stage, assisted by two male nurses.

Both Bernadine and her husband, Ernie V., had hosted my workshops at their spiritual church in Florida often, so I knew her well. We were close friends. Bernadine, who was deathly sick, agreed to come to the convention only when I promised that if she would appear on stage, I would ask Dr. Norbu Chen, famous for his miracle healings, to perform a miracle healing on her dangerous, life-threatening heart condition.

When Bernadine came onstage in a wheelchair with her two male nurses and was introduced, the crowd clapped wildly. Almost everyone in the audience knew who she was. Bernadine literally looked like death warmed over. Her face was ashen grey. She indeed appeared to be thin, wan and deathly sick.

The two doctors wasted no time bringing on their equipment. They took precise measurement tests of the condition of her heart. I definitely wanted the before and after health conditions of Bernadine’s heart duly tested and recorded by the best local heart doctors we could find to test her. After concluding a quick series of tests done openly on stage, with many cameras and tape recorders rolling, the two doctors took turns announcing their specific results and their personal professional prognosis of the patient’s condition on stage.

Bill Moore, Master of Ceremonies, then asked the two doctors to tell the audience in laymen’s terms what their tests had revealed. Both took
turns explaining that, in brief, Bernadine not only had a severely large heart valve leak, but that in their professional opinion she could have a heart attack and die at any moment.

When Bill asked if there was hope of her recovering soon, both agreed that other than a miracle, her healthful recovery did not appear likely or even possible.

Bill conferred with the two heart specialists and found that they were fully satisfied with their tests. Both had publicly agreed that a healthful recovery by Bernadine would indeed be a genuine miracle. Bill then asked them to take their nearby seats on stage. Both doctors, of course, wanted to be seated where they could closely watch the healing ceremony.

I had advertised that Bernadine’s soon to be conducted miracle healing by Dr. Norbu Chen could be seen publicly before the eyes of everyone present, including the camera lenses from local TV stations, whose cameras were now rolling non-stop.

Meanwhile, dressed in a silk yellow-golden robe, Dr. Chen had been seated silently to one side of the stage in a quiet inner meditation. In a semicircle around him was his personal entourage of about 15 oriental chelas (students) who accompanied him everywhere on his worldwide tours.

Bill Moore asked Dr. Norbu Chen if he was ready. He nodded a silent yes then arose slowly. He walked in a calm gliding flow to the center of the stage where Bernadine was seated.

The two of them were now both center stage where everyone in the auditorium could clearly see them, including all cameras. The two very orthodox doctors were seated nearby, peering closely at the proceeding. They were surely wondering along with the rest of us what would happen next. This was the first miracle healing by Dr. Norbu Chen that I, and almost everyone else attending this event, had witnessed.

Norbu stood upright and silent for almost a full minute about two feet from Bernadine, who still sat wearily in her wheelchair. He was looking deep into her eyes as if he was seeing or tuning in to her problem or vibratory nature. He said nothing. The suspense grew. The entire auditorium became hushed and intensely silent.

Norbu then spoke in a clear, well-modulated voice in perfect English. He asked weak, wan, obviously pale and sickly Bernadine Villanueva to
Bernadine, helped by her male nurses, struggled to her feet, weakly and slowly drawing herself up to her full, lean, tall straight height. She slowly straightened her spine and held her shoulders back as far as she could. All of us could see she was trembling greatly in the process.

Norbu turned to the crowd and asked for absolute silence while he conducted and completed a final and most vital part of his healing ceremony.

He then backed away from Bernadine, allowing about seven feet distance between them, and raised both hands high up overhead. The huge auditorium was silent enough to hear the proverbial pin drop.

Dr. Chen stood before his greatly ailing patient, who was still trembling, but ready and eager for her miracle healing.

Norbu took a series of very several very deep breaths. Suddenly he emitted an incredibly loud, almost ear-shattering, eerie shout that echoed and reverberated to the roof of the auditorium. At that same moment, he threw both upraised hands toward the midsection of Bernadine’s body. His hands must have been charged with a mighty load of “chi” or healing prana.

Both Pat and I, and many others, were watching intently. We both saw a sudden flash of violet blue light arc from Norbu Chen’s hands and impact Bernadine squarely in the region of her heart. Norbu’s ear-splitting, shattering shout was in perfect synchronicity with his pitching of that flashing bolt of energetic etheric blue light into her formerly wan and weak heart.

The astounding public miracle everyone hoped for, especially Bernadine, was immediately obvious to her and all the rest of us who stared in absolute shocked wonder. The entire huge crowd let out a loud gasp. The desired and prayed for miracle had happened right before our eyes!

In one flashing instant, a very sick, weakly and pale Bernadine had suddenly transmuted and transformed into a vibrantly alive, healthy energetic being before our unbelieving (or believing) eyes.
The mighty, loud gasp from the amazed, almost dazed crowd turned from a long moment of shocked silence into a storm of loud clapping and shouting by all or most of us very wide-eyed spectators. All present, including Pat and me, rose to our feet, clapping louder and louder. Tears were flowing from the eyes of most of us in the auditorium. It was a healing miracle of the highest order—never to be forgotten by any of us who witnessed it “in the flesh.”

The next edition of the *National Enquirer* featured an entire front-page photo of Norbu Chen throwing his bolt of energy into Bernadine with large bold headlines proclaiming a “Miracle Cure.” The local major TV and radio stations, then not monitored or censored concerning UFOs or genuine documented spiritual miracles, gave vivid colorful accounts of Bernadine’s miracle healing. The entire teeming city of Dallas and vicinity was getting a huge “wake up” call.

After about five minutes of unending applause and shouts, Bill Moore finally quieted the greatly excited crowd. He asked the two stunned doctors who stood watching agape with unbelieving eyes, to please perform their tests on the now radiant Bernadine’s heart again and to kindly give all of us present a report on their findings.

Within minutes both doctors, shaking their heads in wonder, conducted a thorough examination of a now smiling and weeping, seemingly vitally healthful Bernadine. The massive crowd had tears in their eyes. The two doctors said as miraculous as it appeared, all tests indicated that against all odds Bernadine’s heart was now healthy and strong. Her heart was actually in unexplainable perfect condition.

One day during the Dallas Psychic Science & Arts Fair, a still vibrant, but white-haired and very elderly Noel Street told me that the last time he was in Dallas was some 20 years earlier for a past lives lecture where both he and Edgar Cayce were scheduled to talk. Only six people had shown up. He said he was very astounded and so pleased 20 years later to see the large daily crowds of fair attendants and so many truly great spiritual speakers. He was grateful that at long last the “sleeping masses” on Earth were now slowly beginning to wake up to their true spiritual self-identity.

Me too!
Despite all my other full lecture schedules in 1974, I still managed to squeeze in a 15-day “intensive” workshop study course on “the mysteries” at a very lovely spiritual center named Harmony Hills near Iowa City, Iowa. The owner of the center was a well-known writer of spiritual books. He lived in the huge Harmony Hills modern complex, which contained an indoor swimming pool and ample guest rooms for my workshop attendants on the second floor. Guests could step out of their rooms and look down on the huge beautiful indoor swimming pool below over the protective ornate railing that “circled” the lovely pool below on all sides. It was an elegant, luxurious and perfect spa for my 15-day intensive and my astounded students loved it.

During the intensive, only the two Sundays were days of rest. The other days were a steady stream of constant lectures, study time, practice time or workshop interactions with each other or in group formation from 10 a.m. until 10 p.m.

My students came from as far away as San Francisco, California, to the west, Florida to the south and from New York to the east. In like fashion, as when my students enrolled in my university course on the Seven Rays in San Diego, all of my intensive study course attendants expressed the same thought in their own words or ways. Each and all wished our 15-day intensive would never end.

During the 5 days of deep spiritual study, deep and wonderful loving friendships are established that last a lifetime.

In very busy early 1974, in addition to my other pressing activities of the Church of Humanity, I was writing my newest book on The Mysteries. I planned to have it finished and published in 1975.

In working with this book, one day I recalled my Master D.K.’s prediction that a disciple of his would introduce The Mysteries to the masses in 1975 via radio and other mass communication “ mediums” of the day. I already had a syndication of weekly radio shows that featured my
Church of Humanity Sunday sermons on the West and East Coasts, plus several Washington, D.C., weekly radio broadcasts.

I also had my finger on the pulse of spirituality and speakers around the country. I realized no one else had stepped forth to present the mysteries to the masses. Thus, it dawned on me that maybe this was a task meant for me to do. I reasoned that perhaps I was that predicted disciple destined to fulfill D.K.’s prediction.

I recalled my talk with the elderly church patron who said she had received a message from God to help me in any way she could. I realized that I had all of the credentials needed to present a good case to a manager or owner of a TV station why he or she would desire a contract with me to do a series of weekly TV shows on The Mysteries.

At that point in my reasoning, I got on the phone and talked to God’s willing elderly high-society Church of Humanity helper. I explained that I wanted to produce and host my own TV show with Pat as my lovely co-host. I asked her if she had any VIP contacts in the television field to who she could give me a personal introduction.

She listened and immediately said she had a dear friend who was actually the owner of Washington, D.C.’s fine Warner Television channel. She said she would gladly make a call to him immediately. She was certain it would be no problem for her to set up an appointment for me with him, if I wished. She added she would also be glad to drive along with Pat and me so she could make our introduction to him in person.

When she asked me when I wanted to set up an appointment with him, I told her as quickly as possible. In fact, I said, the immediate moment was fine, if she had the time to do it.

A few minutes later, my phone rang. She said we three now had a firm appointment with her Warner TV station owner friend at 3 p.m. that afternoon. He had told her he would set aside an hour to talk with me since she had recommended me so highly to him. I gave silent, sincere thanks, amazed at having such an instant appointment.

I alerted Pat to our sudden astounding appointment schedule and put together a very plain, simple, direct presentation—one that I felt would convince the TV station owner to contract a weekly television series with me. If he saw the merit of it and agreed, I would be the producer and host of a series on his Warner TV station network as soon as possible.
When the three of us arrived at the station and met with the owner, my loving church member gave both Pat and me a glowing introduction. She then excused herself, saying she knew nothing about TV programming and wanted us to be able to discuss it at length without her being present, adding she needed to do some overdue downtown shopping anyway.

As invited, Pat and I seated ourselves before his desk. The station owner asked me what I had in mind. I explained that I was a former professional basketball player turned author of best selling books, as well as the founder and head pastor of the Church of Humanity in Washington D.C.

He listened with apparent interest as I told him I already had appeared across the country on over a hundred radio and TV talk shows, often as a repeat guest, in the past three years. I said my strikingly beautiful Soulmate wife, Pat, would surely make a very lovely co-host.

He glanced at Pat. “A good choice,” he said with a smile.

I continued. In brief, I wanted to host my own TV series featuring at least a 20-minute discourse on meditation or psychic powers, of Laws of the Universe and of various astounding aspects of “the mysteries of life” during each single program.

As I saw it, I said, each weekly TV show would open up with the same, blazing ultra-colorful full screen display of the intricately woven, bright, multicolored geometric pattern of esoteric universal symbols, which my Soulmate Pat had created so artfully for the front cover of my forthcoming new book, likewise titled The Mysteries.

“The Mysteries” would naturally be the theme and title of the Washington, D.C., Warner TV series well. He appeared to be all eyes and all ears.

I opened my briefcase and showed him a copy of the beautiful mandala-like artwork Pat had drawn for the cover of my book. I showed him copies of all eight books I had in print to that date, as well as a large file of newspaper write-ups published in scores of cities with glowing reports or reviews concerning my books or lectures held across the country.

I assured him I personally knew and was in close touch with many accurate psychics and genuine miracle workers, as well as scores of best-
selling authors of spiritual books—any or all of which I knew would gladly be guests on my TV show, and probably without demanding any fee for their appearance.

He leaned forward toward us over his desk, great interest showing in his face and body language. He shuffled quickly through my books and newspaper write-ups. He paused to study the blazing colorful artwork created so magnificently by Pat for the book cover and said, “I like it. I really like it.”

He thought for a few moments, than said to me, “Probably two cameramen could handle the filming. And each one of these productions could be filmed in our own studio.” He looked the two of us over and nodded his head with great satisfaction, then bluntly asked, “What kind of payment or contract arrangements are you expecting from me?”

I told him the absolute most important thing to me was “getting the word out.” Therefore, money was no object. I would not ask for a penny for Pat or me if he supplied the ways and means to get my TV series on The Mysteries into production. I quickly added that I wanted to own all the rights to any show I created and produced, in case another television station or network wanted to contract for replays of my show on their station, and for my own use at my Church of Humanity and at my workshops and intensives.

He beamed with pleasure and said, “In that case, we can go ahead and put a contract together for you two to do a block of 13 shows to start.” He told me we could have the free use of the studio and two camera operators or studio production helpers, as needed.

Our game plan would be to advertise and launch the series when we had at least three extra hour-long shows filmed and “in the can” (saved and ready to show). He explained that would be both his and my needed protection in case I was sick or out of town. That way the weekly continuity of our prescheduled series would be preserved or covered. In fact, he encouraged me to film all or most of the remaining nine hour-long shows to have them ready to go as soon as I could.

He then asked when I wanted to start. I gave him my usual “action breeds action” credo answer with a smile, “As immediately as possible.”

Without batting an eye, he ruffled through his desk calendar and asked me if Wednesday afternoon at 1 p.m. would work for the first trial run for the both of us. Pat and I were both surprised at his eagerness for us.
to “get the show on the road” so fast. However, I had asked for it. After checking with her schedule, we made plans to shoot our first show together two days later.

Surprisingly, the entire one-hour filming of our introductory TV show on The Mysteries went incredibly smoothly. Less than two or three pauses or “re-takes” were needed. The station owner was watchfully present for the filming of our first show. He was beaming and greatly pleased.

He said he was quite astonished at how the entire first hour test production had come together with such speed and ease. He also said if we could arrange to be in his office late morning of the following day, he would have our contracts ready to sign.

All 13 of our weekly TV shows on The Mysteries were greeted with rave reviews and great interest by our Washington, D.C., TV audience as reported back to us by: critics, fan mail, letters, phone calls, on-the-street praise from viewers and from the Warner TV station owner himself.

The station owner said the my program with Vernon Craig, known as “Komar,” was sensational. “Komar” demonstrated his ability to lie on a bed of nails and have a huge rock smashed on his chest, driving him further into the nails. He walked barefoot on broken shards of glass bottles and he climbed a ladder made of razor-sharp swords. For the station manager, this certainly was his highlight choice of the 13 shows, and I agreed. He wanted to know if I could coax Vernon Craig–Komar–to come back for a repeat performance soon.

He was very greatly disappointed when I told him I would not be able to do another block of 13 TV shows as he wished since I already had firm plans made to produce at least two, possibly even three, huge Psychic Arts & Science Fairs before the end of the year. Plus, I had a 15-day intensive workshop on The Mysteries scheduled at Harmony Hills in Iowa. I also really had to complete my book on The Mysteries since I planned to have it published at the latest by the middle of 1975.

He asked me if I would at least give permission for him to rerun the entire block of 13 shows after the first run was completed in four weeks. The shows were already “in the can.” I gave my permission without hesitation. I explained to him again that my whole purpose was to get the word out, to wake up the sleeping masses, and a complete rerun of my TV series would certainly serve that aim well.
I thanked him for even asking to schedule a complete rerun of the series. As requested–he promptly “aired” the entire series again, commencing immediately the week after the first run of the 13th show was aired. My TV series production was a wonderful and fulfilling experience for both Pat K. and me, and the destined needed “spiritual task” to introduce The Mysteries to the masses had happened just as predicted by my beloved Master D.K.

In personal review, at the end of 1975, no other mass radio or TV presentation of The Mysteries had been shown or aired on any other TV or radio stations in the USA or anywhere else in the world that I knew of.

Therefore, I was exceedingly glad I had heeded my strong inner prompting and had faithfully stepped forward to fulfill my beloved Master D.K.’s prediction. After all, he had made the solemn insightful prediction many decades before that The Mysteries would be revealed to the masses, for the first time ever on Earth in the year 1975 by one of his beloved “world disciples.”

I stepped on the world stage and played the role. What a grand privilege. I gave thanks.

What a grand love-filled, light-filled year it was.

Chapter 47
I Am a King With Three Wives in Hawaii

Pat and I were both looking forward with great excitement to our four weeks in Hawaii, two weeks working followed by a two-week vacation. Patricia Diegel, a much renowned past-life reader living in Honolulu, had asked me to conduct a 15-day intensive course on The Mysteries for her quite large class of advanced spiritual students. After, Pat and I would spend another nearly two exciting weeks in breathlessly magical Hawaii on a well-deserved vacation.
Patricia Diegel and her young likable husband met us at the airport. They placed a beautiful Hawaiian flower lei around each of our necks and we were all four soon on our way to their spacious Hawaiian home. She had insisted that Pat and I be their houseguests for the duration of our visit in the Honolulu, Hawaii, area. It seemed and felt like a wonderful arrangement.

I already knew Patricia Diegel slightly from our several interactions at the Dallas Psychic Arts & Sciences Fair. My Soulmate Pat, who was just too busy with a host of other activities and interacting with over 70 volunteers at our huge fair, never had an opportunity to interact with Patricia or to meet her face-to-face personally as I had.

Patricia was a lovely and highly charged woman. She must have carried about 300 pounds of weight but she moved her body around with agility and speed. Her character was impeccable and it was a delight to be around her. I do not remember ever seeing her display anything but a good mood and good manners in public or in private.

At first sight, Patricia and Pat K. were instant babbling “touch-and-talk” friends. They shared a very long loving introductory hug and both commented on how familiar the other one felt to them. The reason for that instant inner recognition would become clearly known and revealed to all of us within a few hours.

Meanwhile, I was on a tight work schedule and I needed to appear at a local TV news interview within the hour. Patricia’s husband chauffeured me to the TV station and I left my beloved Soulmate Pat in Patricia’s capable caring and loving hands. Pat K., even though formerly a cosmetic model, rarely spent time on shopping expeditions. In any event, Patricia assured me they would be home by my scheduled return about five hours later. Meanwhile, she said she might also choose to take Pat through a fast tour of the superb Honolulu health food shops.

Hours later, on my return to Patricia’s spacious home, I found out that instead of going shopping, which I knew would be boring to my Soulmate, Pat, she had asked Patricia Diegel for a past life reading. She told Patricia she felt so unusually “familiar” with her and she wanted to see where they might have possibly known or developed what felt like such a deep warm friendship with each other in some past existence.

Pat K. herself was an exceptional wide open and spontaneous intuitive. She sensed Patricia and she had known a great love for each other in
some past lifetime together. Before I left for my TV interview, Pat told me she felt strongly in her heart that she really had known Patricia forever. When I arrived and stepped through the door, Pat could hardly wait to tell me about the exciting and revealing past-life reading Patricia Diegel had conducted for her. Patricia was also all aglow.

In a flurry of excitement, Patricia and Pat took turns telling me what Patricia’s past-life probe had revealed about the three of us on Maui and Kauai so long, long ago.

Patricia said she asked her higher self to go back to any major past lifetime where she and Pat K. might have interacted with each other. Almost instantly, she went into a deep but mentally conscious aware trance state to the lifetime she sought.

Patricia was one of those rare gifted psychics who are consciously aware of what she was conveying, even while talking or “remote viewing” in a very deep trance. She said her spirit traveled back in time to well over 4,000 years ago to the Island of Maui. She knew and saw a series of scenes showing that she had been Pat’s Hawaiian “shaman” mother in that lifetime.

She said there was indeed a deep mother and daughter love they felt strongly for each other. Patricia said much of her own present current natural psychic abilities stemmed from that Hawaiian lifetime and so did Pat K.’s.

She told me she was a much honored, trusted and highly respected shaman of the Maui tribe in that lifetime. The King of Maui usually personally consulted her before he made any kind of a major tribal decision. Her psychic accuracy and healing powers had been shown and proven repeatedly to the King, her family members and the entire Maui tribe.

In that lifetime, her lovely daughter, Pat K., had inherited her own natural psychic ability and her mother was grooming her to be the tribal shaman when she passed on. The time for her passing was near. Patricia, embodied as the Maui tribal shaman, could see into the future. She knew her physical body death could occur any day soon. She foresaw that her “passing” would be sudden when it occurred.

It was then a time of great turmoil and turbulence throughout the island of Maui. The Goddess Pele was angry. Mt. Pele had begun to be extremely active. Patricia vividly foresaw and quickly conveyed to the
King of Maui that the situation was serious and time was short. It would soon be deadly dangerous for any Maui tribe member to be anywhere on the island for the volcano could erupt at any hour.

Alarmed, the Maui King hastily sent messengers running throughout the many villages of the island. He commanded men, women and children of his tribe to leave all possessions behind. All were to gather and “load up” at a specific beach in their outrigger canoes. There, as a group, they would evacuate the island in their huge fleet of canoes before dusk that very day.

Just before nightfall, the entire Maui tribe piled into the outrigger canoes. As soon as the King was assured that no one was left behind, he led the immense flotilla out to sea.

Hours later while heading for a familiar uninhabited island that was judged to be a safe distance away, a sudden fierce storm came up. It drove the entire tribe en masse to beach their mighty fleet of heavy-laden outrigger canoes in what is known today as the “Valley of The Lost Tribe” on Kauai.

Fortunately, they were expert at navigation. Even in the mighty storm—as high winds drove them through the rock and boulder-laden golden ocean shore of the secluded valley—their immense flotilla of canoes and every single member of the entire tribe beached safely.

However, the Maui King and his tribesmen were greatly concerned at the forced landing, even on a remote, uninhabited location on the island of Kauai; and rightly so, for they had been in a deadly state of war with the tyrant King and tribe of Kauai for more than a decade.

Pat suddenly burst into Patricia’s fascinating narration to tell me that I was the tyrant King. I stared at her in amazement and she repeated her statement that I was the tyrant King.

You can imagine how my already high degree of interest was upped even further at that point. I was already in full rapport, in fact already very much drawn into the drama of the event. I was particularly excited to hear Patricia speak of the Garden Island of Kauai, and the very Valley of The Lost Tribe where I had gone in 1960 intending to be a hermit there during this lifetime.

Patricia smiled at Pat’s excited and understandable outburst. She paused a moment and then continued with even more interesting “past
lives” narration about the three of us in Hawaii. She confirmed that I indeed was that tyrant Hawaiian King. She said I was very tall, handsome, proud and powerful, but a ruthless tyrannical ruler with a harem of three beautiful tribal wives who loved me greatly.

Patricia said that as King of Kauai, I had declared a religious war with the Maui tribe eleven years earlier. On my command, my warriors would often conduct sudden fearful raids on the peaceful Maui Islanders. They would kill or capture Maui tribesmen and women and would often take them back to Kauai to make personal slaves out of those selected to survive as such.

Patricia said the main thing to be gleaned from her revelation of the past is that not only was there a deep connection between Pat, her and me, but she also sensed a very deep connection between Pat K. and me as the King of Maui.

Patricia paused again, glanced at me a long second or two and said, “The Maui enemy King of the far past is someone you have already met in this lifetime.”

Patricia added that if I wished, she would be glad to conduct a past life reading for me when she could delve deeper into my relationship with Pat, but only when we both were able to find some free time together for it.

Her past life reading for Pat was quite a revelation to me. It explained clearly to me why I had been so drawn (or quickly led) to The Valley of The Lost Tribe in my search for a hermit cave in the wilderness.

I was determined to know more as soon as possible. However, surprisingly, even more revelation than I could have imagined would be forthcoming directly from Pat K. about 10 days later, not from Patricia Diegel. However, all that my Soulmate Pat would learn and convey to me Patricia would both confirm and add even more astounding revelations for both Pat and me in the near future.

There are no accidents.

It so happened that our timing was such that Hawaii experienced an earthquake and a small tidal wave. However, little damage was done, though it made big headlines all over the world, for the event startled everyone.
The day after nature’s slight Saturday “wake up” call was a Sunday relaxation day for my intensive course students and me. Early after dawn, Pat and I decided to take a slow quiet romantic stroll along a more remote strip of the gorgeous Honolulu Waikiki beach.

Instead of chatting, Pat K., who seemed to be in a very quiet reflective state, abruptly announced to me that yesterday’s surprise earthquake and tidal wave combined with our stroll on the beach together must have been a sudden trigger that had released very vivid ancient memories in her soul. She explained she was picking up so many clear pictures, words spoken and events about our lifetime together in The Valley of The Lost Tribe.

Pat suddenly felt it was imperative that instead of walking further on along the breathlessly beautiful beach, that we return to the privacy of our guest room at Patricia’s place and write down exactly what she was recalling and viewing so vividly.

Feeling her state of urgency, trusting her intuitive and psychic powers, and knowing she wanted to retain her semi-trance state, we “made haste slowly” to the privacy of our guest room.

Once we arrived there, Pat secured a large notepad and pen and immediately sat down on the edge of our massive king-size bed. She became silent and still. In a moment, she entered even deeper into her half-trance consciousness state.

I sat and watched in silence as she began quickly to jot down page after page of notes. She wrote the sequence of events from our past Hawaiian lifetime together as they flashed through her open and waiting receptive mind.

I sat watching silent and amazed. The steady-stream flow of starkly clear past life memories continued for nearly half an hour. When Pat finished, we paused only a few moments before we both read and reread her many pages of notes revealing more astounding events surrounding our past life together in The Valley of The Lost Tribe.

The sequence of events picked up and continued from where Patricia had ended it—with the mass evacuation of the Maui tribe and of them driven by a bad storm to the turbulent shores of a “hidden valley” in Kauai.

After the forced beaching of their many hundreds of outrigger canoes laden with passengers, the Kauai King decided that as soon as the storm
abated he would take his tribe to the next convenient island for safety. He knew their lives were in danger if scouts from the island of Kauai found and reported their massive alien presence there. The Kauai tribe would surely think it was an invasion and would hastily counterattack in far superior numbers.

The nasty religious war had been declared and started by the fanatically religious King of Kauai. That war had been ongoing for over a decade. The Maui natives followed a different, newer religious custom. They worshipped the SUN alone. The ancient symbol of a quarter crescent moon with a star high to its right upper side symbolized the god worshiped by islanders on Kauai.

As was deemed by the tyrannical fanatical religious King of Kauai, the Maui natives were thought to be sacrilegiously worshipping a false God. In his religious dementia, he believed the SUN worshippers deserved to be hunted and killed by the Kauai King’s large army of well-armed, well-trained, savage warriors. Most of the warriors were personally trained by the muscular and mighty Kauai King, who feared nothing and who was feared by everyone except those close to him.

Almost immediately on disembarking from their fleet of outrigger canoes and knowing they would be soon leaving that beautiful Kauai shore, the Maui Shaman (Patricia Diegel) and her daughter (Pat K.) separated from the noisy, chaotic, milling throng who were gathering beside the waterfall. They both wanted to find a place of silence and decided to take a short stroll along the beach. They saw and admired the lush jungle growth that surrounded the beach.

After strolling a few minutes, her shaman mother said she was feeling short of breath and wanted her daughter to return with her to the waterfall area where the tribe was gathered. The shaman’s daughter told her mother she wanted to walk on further alone; she said she needed to ponder seriously the Kauai King’s proposal that she be his queen. She was flattered but not certain it was what she wished in her heart to do.

Her mother felt apprehensive and was strongly against the idea of her daughter going further up the beach alone, having a premonition she might be walking away into danger. However, being strong-willed, her daughter brushed her mother’s fears aside and won her way.

Her shaman mother reluctantly returned to the tribe, feeling even more ill with each step taken. She was feeling fainter and weaker by the
moment and wished her daughter were at her side for she sensed her death was imminent.

Pat continued walking for a few minutes and was about to turn and go back when she spied a wide, well-beaten path leading off into the thick of the jungle. She felt an immediate drawing toward it and on sudden impulse, she decided to explore a short way into the sweet silence of the thick, inviting, lush green beauty she was sure she would find within it—if only for a few minutes—before returning to her people.

The lush green loveliness of the thick jungle of Kauai was far more beautiful than any she had seen on Maui. Even at night, its beauty was alluring and fascinating. She found herself reveling in everything that caught her eye. It was such a truly alive and magnificent valley. She wound around and around on the trail, crossing and turning on several different very pronounced trails. Her heart and soul was feeling, sensing and admiring everything she saw through eyes of beauty when she realized it was time for her to go back to the beach. She suddenly realized her mother would be worried if she was gone too long.

She turned back on the trail, winding this way and that. To her disbelief and utter dismay, she found she was hopelessly lost. While heading back in tired, half-conscious deep in thought about the Maui King’s marriage proposal, she had taken a wrong turn. Obviously, she was lost deep in a jungle on a foreign island without any familiar landmarks and had no idea which way to turn next. The normal nighttime guiding stars were hidden completely behind dark storm clouds.

She paused and sat on a huge rock to rest a few minutes. She knew she was on a strange new path for she would surely have remembered passing by such a huge rock beside the trail. It was time to stop and think about what to do next. It was wonderfully quiet all around her. She laid her aching body and sleepy head back on the large flat rock feeling suddenly weary and tired from the grueling and exhausting long and turbulent canoe ride. Moments later, she fell soundly asleep.

She was still sound asleep on that huge flat rock when early after sunrise a member of the small convoy of royal guards who always accompanied the Kauai King on his hunting safari found her there.

He pounced on her and bound her hands and feet on the spot. Though she struggled fiercely, biting and screaming, he was too powerful. He quickly tied her hands with the thin but strong rope woven from reeds that
a few minutes earlier had been wound around his waist. Then he lifted her bodily off the ground on to his shoulder. He was grinning widely, anxious to present his obviously very shapely and very lovely “prize” to his royal King.

The Kauai King was amazed to hear the growing sudden sound of a screaming woman in the wilderness. He stood in an alert stance, with spear in hand and raised eyebrows, calmly waiting to see what was developing.

A few minutes later, he saw a movement in the bushes. One of his powerful royal body guards emerged from a nearby trail with the shaman’s daughter, screaming loudly, slung over his shoulder.

After looking the shaman’s daughter over with a careful eye, soon discovering she not a native islander, he told his bodyguard to keep her tied up and bring her back to his royal hut where his beautiful three wives waited for his return. He said she would be tamed and trained and be one of his private female slaves. She was beautiful and attractive. In his mind, he definitely planned to have his way with her. Even though he already possessed three attractive wives, all of whom he loved dearly, the Kauai King felt a strange, inner immediate deep attraction for her that he sensed went even beyond his immediate sexual interest.

Meanwhile, her shaman mother had already died of a sudden heart attack and her Maui tribe had left the island of Kauai without looking for her. Her mother’s death occurred only a few minutes after her return to her tribal companions on the beach.

In the tropics, storms come and go. As soon as the storm vanished and the weather cleared, the Maui King arrived at a swift decision. He would command his tribe to swiftly board their outrigger canoes and follow him to the safety of another island. He would guide his tribe to where his people could take temporary refuge from the Goddess Pele’s anger and not be in danger of being hunted and terrorized on landing—as they surely would be if discovered on Kauai.

His bride-to-be could not be found, but the King of Maui, placing his allegiance to his tribe first, made another swift and noble decision. The safety of the tribe was paramount. Instead of sending an immediate large search party to hunt for the shaman’s daughter, he would lead his beloved tribe immediately to the safety of another island. Then he vowed to return
with a small band of select warriors to rescue his chosen queen-to-be, if they discovered Kauai’s tribal scouts had captured her in the jungle.

Knowing customs of war, he assumed quite correctly that if the shaman’s daughter had been found and captured, she would be considered far too beautiful a prisoner to kill. They would make her a lowly slave instead. Therefore, he reasoned, if she was alive and held in cruel captivity, he would gladly risk his life to set her free.

If the great Sun God was willing and they survived, he would take the shaman’s beautiful daughter back with him to be his royal queen on their eventual return home. He hoped in his heart that they along with his island tribe would all joyfully return to Maui, their peaceful beloved sacred Island of the Sun, when the mighty anger of their wrathful Goddess Pele had either fully erupted or been appeased.

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Chapter 48
A Startling Invitation From A Declared Enemy

Near the end of my second week in Hawaii, Patricia Diegel approached me to share another intriguing “surprise twist” to my rapidly unfolding Hawaiian King past. These were all missing pieces that would soon tie in perfectly to the rest of the story.

She told me she had just that day received an important letter from Ernie V., who had been born and raised in the USA and whom I had known well in Florida years ago. Ernie had relocated to his ancient home island of Maui, Hawaii, over a year previously.

In his astonishing letter to Patricia, Ernie V. wrote he had just read her announcement in his local spiritual community calendar about the current schedule of activities going on at her huge and well-known Honolulu Spiritual Center. Her announcement had revealed that “Michael” was conducting a 15-day intensive workshop on The Mysteries there. It also revealed I would stay afterwards with my new wife, Pat K., for another
two weeks to vacation in tropical Hawaii. Ernie emphasized he read the news of my visit to her center with great joy and wrote his letter to her immediately.

Patricia Diegal said Ernie was extremely anxious for her to relay a significantly important message to me. He wanted her to kindly pass along his message and his address and telephone number in Maui to me right away. Time was literally “of the essence.” He said he had severely judged me wrong in the past and wanted me to respond to his letter so he could express his deeply sincere, heartfelt apology to me.

He was further extending a warm invitation for us two “lovebirds” to pay him a personal visit on lovely Maui as his houseguest for as long as we would be able to stay.

Patricia, adding with a huge smile, said Ernie had repeated his great interest in meeting Pat K., my new Soulmate wife, and, of course, we already know why. There was much more astounding information to learn about both Ernie’s and our lurid Hawaiian past lives that Patricia was soon to reveal.

The synchronicity of the events unfolding in Hawaii was astounding. There are no accidents.

I had met Ernie V. years ago at several well-attended lectures and workshops that I had presented at Bernadine Villanueva’s New Age Church in northeastern Florida. Ernie V. was then currently very proficient and active in the advertising field. In that capacity, Ernie helped set me up quite a few local area radio and TV talk show guest appearances.

This media exposure would of course beef up attendance to my weekend workshop at her church. I normally always followed my Friday evening introductory lecture with a weekend workshop wherever I was booked.

Even from the start, Ernie seemed to hold himself at a distance from me. However, he soon allowed himself to become friendly enough. He knew any added public exposure he could generate for me would proportionately increase my church workshop attendance and thus the income for his wife and her church.

On my third subsequent weekend workshop at Bernadine’s Florida church, spaced over a period of six months, I came to know Ernie and his
nationally famed psychic wife much better. However, a huge sudden change had occurred since my workshop there six months earlier.

Ernie, at first even skeptical about his own wife’s incredible ability to predict the future accurately, had voiced his disbelief to me about spirituality in general more than once over a beer or two together. However, now I learned from Bernadine that Ernie had transformed into a full-blown psychic with highly accurate predictive abilities also.

Not only that, she said Ernie was also beginning to understand and speak about spiritual Universal Laws, yet instead of growing more close, they were growing apart rapidly.

After my arrival and update on Ernie’s new status the three of us chatted in the comfort of Bernadine’s living room. The two of them said since their relationship seemed in trouble they wanted to each have a short private consultation with me, which I agreed to do instantly. The plan was that after talking to both, the three of us would sit together again. Garnered from what I learned from each of them, I would share my sincere advice about how best they might repair their floundering love relationship.

Bernadine was first up. I soon learned from Bernadine that Ernie had become intensely jealous of his wife’s great public acclaim. She was the breadwinner in the family and was paid considerable amounts for publication of her predictions. Ernie’s income from his own accurate predictive ability and from his work in the advertising field seemed like nothing in comparison, all of which he brooded over. It kept him in an almost perpetual daily bad mood. She said she never knew when his sudden outburst of rage would come. Their loud, fierce, often very angry arguments would leave her upset for hours. She was seriously thinking of ending their relationship.

After about a half hour consultation with each one privately, they asked me tell them for my recommendation. Ernie, who must have thought he made a good case for himself, seemed to be the most eager to hear what I would recommend. The one question they both agreed they wanted me to advise them about was if they should they stay married or part ways before mutual anger turned to hatred and a bitter divorce might follow.

To me, after hearing both of them express their sides of the story, it was so obvious that both were holding and expressing what appeared to be extreme explosive anger toward each other. It certainly looked like the
pressure in their relationship needed to be reduced before they destroyed what beautiful love they still shared for one another.

In the mildest possible way, considering their stated and expressed viewpoints as expressed by each of them to me, I suggested they certainly should NOT do anything sudden and drastic as ending their marriage. I certainly did not recommend a divorce.

Instead, I suggested they might consider living apart from each other for a month or so. In that way each could feel and see how they felt after being apart from each other for such a relatively short time. Before I could say anything more, Bernadine nodded her head affirmatively. She spoke up almost instantly, saying she thought it was a great and sensible suggestion. I looked toward Ernie for his input. He said nothing. I sat waiting silently.

Ernie sat sullenly glaring at me. I felt Ernie’s sudden malignancy now directed toward me. Not wishing to be square in the middle of THEIR argument, I quickly excused myself. I said it looked to me like it would be best to allow the two of them to “talk things out between themselves.” I muttered that I still had a few things I needed to unpack from my van and haul into my guest room.

A loud, heated argument began between them. There was nothing more I could do at that moment to be of help to either one, so I went to my guest room in Bernadine’s home adjoining the church. In addition to hauling and unpacking the last of the things from my van, I needed to prepare my introductory lecture for that evening.

Less than 15 minutes later, Ernie stormed through my door. Instead of closing the door behind him, he held the door wide. I could see and feel he was in a boiling rage. Still holding the door wide open, he ordered me to “gather” my things and get “the hell” out of his home immediately.

I was both astounded and indignant at his sudden, rude and greatly misdirected anger vented at me. I kept as calm as possible. Rather than being submissive, I confronted him head on. I told him the house and the guest room I was in happened to be his wife’s home. not his.

This probably further angered him, I AM sure. I said that Bernadine, not he, was the person who invited me into it. I furthermore added, still voiced in a well modulated but firm tone, that I would only leave Bernadine’s home if that was her will. I stood to my feet. “I will ask her for myself if that is what she wants.”
I marched right past Ernie, who was fuming in the door, and straight over to the church. Bernadine was busy in her church office and seated at her church desk. Ernie marched along closely behind me. He was bristling with anger. He stood close beside me to hear what Bernadine would say.

Coolly and calmly, I explained to Bernadine that Ernie has just ordered me to get out of her house and I just wanted to know if that was what she wanted too.

Bernadine was distraught; I saw naked fear in her eyes. She dropped her eyes down to her desk before looking up and answering. With trembling voice and hands, she explained meekly that since Ernie was the man of the house and felt so strongly about me leaving, it might be a good idea for me to move out as he asked.

She added quickly that there was a nice clean motel a half a block down the street that she recommended highly to out-of-town church attendants. She told me she would gladly pay whatever it cost for my lodging and board for the weekend after the workshop when we “settled” on Sunday. She also pleaded with me to stay and complete my lecture in the evening and my workshop Saturday and Sunday as planned.

I knew instantly she did not want to see Ernie “go over the edge” and commit a truly drastic attack on either one of us. He probably even had a gun and might have threatened to use it. Bernadine undoubtedly felt caution was the wisest course, so I took no offense at her decision.

I presented my introductory lecture that night to a fully crowded church audience. I conducted my workshop over the next two day without Ernie attending any segment of the events as he normally did.

Late Sunday afternoon, Bernadine and I split our percentages of income as agreed. I gave her a nice hug, bade a warm goodbye to her and left the church.

As I stepped out of the church and headed for my white Dodge van parked nearby, Ernie appeared suddenly “like magic” by my side. He said loud and clear in a very ugly voice that he hated me and he never wanted to see me or talk to me ever again. He then turned his back to me and strode quickly away.

Months passed by. I saw Ernie in attendance at a major spiritual conference in Phoenix where Bernadine and I were major key speakers. I knew he saw me but he turned his gaze away. He stubbornly refused all
through the event to acknowledge or even glance my way whenever we passed by each other. I learned from Bernadine during one brief conversation that they still were separated but not divorced and that Ernie was begging to make up to her, but she wanted no part of that.

Ernie must have seen us talking intimately together. The next day, after making sure Ernie was nowhere in sight, she told me in a trembling voice that Ernie busted into her apartment high on the 15th floor of the hotel on the previous night. He raged at her that if he caught her talking with me again he would throw her to her death over the balcony of her room overlooking the street below.

I could hardly believe he had given her such a deadly threat. I suggested she keep her distance from him. I wished her well with a smile and a warm goodbye. She thanked me for my well wishes and walked away from my side quickly.

I learned from her later at another major conference we also both attended that Ernie had left the mainland USA to live in Hawaii. Bernadine appeared very sickly. All that stress is what might have led up to her bad heart condition later healed by Dr. Norbu Chen.

Here then, according to Patricia Diegel, was Ernie’s sudden and surprising invitation to Pat and me to visit as his houseguests?

After hearing my account of our “big differences,” I expressed wonder at why Ernie had carried a directed such bitter anger toward me for no real apparent reason. Patricia nodded her head in silent agreement. Then she spoke and said the real reason for Ernie’s anger was totally subconscious.

She reminded me that I had quite literally taken his girlfriend away from him 4,000 years ago in Hawaii. Now many lifetimes and 4,000 years later, I appeared to be taking or driving away the girlfriend he was again “crazy” about in this lifetime. She said his great anger suddenly vented toward me stemmed from his genes and cellular memory and needed to be forgiven by me.

She explained that Ernie had actually gone through a genuine spiritual “awakening.” She knew it as a fact. He was certainly no longer a bitter enemy to me. She said Ernie was now truly a genuine spiritual “brother”–a terrific psychic and an amazing healer. He had realized, possibly right after my arranging for Dr. Norbu Chen to conduct the miracle healing for Bernadine, that I was a genuine spiritual brother who he had misjudged,
scorned and wronged greatly. It was right and proper that he wanted to
make full amends. He was now “awake” enough and “man enough” to
want to make a direct apology to my face, as evidenced by his kind
invitation for me and my new wife to visit and be his houseguest in Maui.

She gave me the copy of Ernie’s letter to keep. He said in his letter
that if Pat and I would accept his invitation to visit, to please telephone
and let him know immediately. It would please him greatly. If so, he
would arrange to pick us up at the airport. There was a brief P.S. at the
bottom of the letter with far greater significance than the words convey.

“P.S. Mt. Pele is on the way home to my house from the airport. We
can stop on the way and we can walk up to the peak in ten minutes where
you both can look down over the edge into the deep crater.”

Patricia said smilingly, that both Pat K. and I had a joyful destiny to
meet, and that we would certainly be fulfilling an oddly phrased meta-
phorical, though clearly understood and starkly true prediction made by
Pat over 4,000 years ago, the last time she saw Ernie in the flesh when he
was then the Maui King.

At the questioning look from me, for Pat seemed to be in on the
secret, Patricia beamed and said I would soon understand more fully and
she could hardly wait to tell me what else she and Pat had tuned into.

She was certain I would be utterly amazed. She was right. Stay
tuned...

Chapter 49

Jealousy Kills a King

The rapidly scribbled notes written by Pat K. revealed that the fierce
King of Kauai truly loved all three of his Queen wives greatly and
equally. He saw or sensed each wife was unique and lovable in her
way. Fortunately, the three wives got along fine with each other so there
was peace in his royal family household. Nevertheless, though always
trying not to show it, the oldest of the three wives was jealous if she saw
or perceived her King being too affectionate with either one of the other
two obviously attractive and seductive wives without giving equal or greater attention to her.

In her heart, soul and mind, he was the light of her life and everything he said or did mattered to her greatly.

When she saw how stunningly beautiful and shapely the King’s newly captured personal slave girl was it pained her deeply. There was no hiding it. She saw the looks he cast toward his newly acquired slave. She also noted how her beloved King went out of his way to make certain this beautiful young slave girl was well fed. She was not tortured or brutalized, as many of the other attractive female slaves in his household had been to make them submissive.

That jealous wife, who was my Bonnie B. in this lifetime, had a fanatical streak like that of the King she loved so greatly. She knew in her heart she would live or die in a moment for him. And she did.

The shaman’s daughter refused to eat or drink the entire first day after her captivity. However, one of the many husky night guards who regularly guarded the small prison hut where she was confined fell in love with her at first sight. He reasoned with her and finally coaxed her to drink and eat. He told her if she managed to keep herself alive, even as a slave, there was always the chance that she might find the right moment to slip away to find freedom again with her family and tribe back in Maui.

She listened and heard what he was saying. She heard and understood his wisdom instantly. From that moment, she determined she would be calm, cooperative and submissive rather than confrontational or combative. She craved her former lifelong freedom. Above all, she missed being with the mother she loved so totally. She yearned desperately to return to her mother, to her Maui tribe and to the peaceful island of Maui.

The sly thought grew in her mind that this particular attentive guard, who only displayed his great affection toward her when others were not present for he surely did not want to incur his King’s terrible wrath, might one day or night be persuaded to help her to escape. Thanks to the Kauai King’s orders, she was securely held as a prisoner in a remote small hut, guarded closely night and day. Without help, escape seemed impossible.

She confided to the enamored guard that she missed her mother greatly. She told him that she often felt what seemed to be a sense of her mother’s comforting presence with her even there in captivity. She was
not aware at that time that her beloved shaman mother had already “passed on” and left her mortal body behind to the vast blue ocean not far away.

The Kauai King thought often about his gorgeous new captive slave girl. He decided that she was very special. She certainly was no ordinary slave girl. He resolved he would pursue a conquest of her without implying or using any physical force to make her sexually submissive to him.

He knew the kind of love and sexual fire he wished to enjoy with her could only come to him and be fulfilling to him through her freewill desire, if she gave him clear signals that she wanted him as much as he wanted her. The thought of her arousal for him alone aroused him.

He could hardly wait to look into her eyes again. He again vowed to himself that he would only make love to her if she showed him through her own freewill desire that she wanted him to love her.

The chemistry of their imminent love tryst was also already at work in the heart, mind and soul of the shaman’s enamored daughter. She was drawn instantly to the royal bearing of the King of Kauai. She smiled in her heart as she thought about him. He was ruggedly handsome and regal when he walked or talked; he stood straight, tall and proud. He held himself like a true God-King. He was a complete contrast to the Maui King.

His confident royal “presence” was wholly opposite to that of the King of Maui—who though stout, strong, and very manly, was far too overweight. He always walked with what appeared to be a slow, deliberate, easygoing body slouch, rather than with in an upright, regal body poise and grace. It was hard to imagine that two island kings could be so different.

She smiled brightly again. She would be anxious to see and talk to the Kauai King again.

On the second night of her captivity, the Kauai King had ordered the shaman’s daughter brought into his private royal hut. His private royal hut adjoined his well-kept private royal garden a five-minute walk from the rear of his royal family hut where he lived with his three wives.

He used this secluded private royal hut in his royal garden only for meditation or reflection about tribal politics or public affairs, or to make love in privacy with one of his three wives or with a slave girl who caught his fancy, or when he simply desired to be alone. He was the King and
ruled his kingdom with an iron hand and he did what he wished to do. He grinned happily at the thought. I like my modern day ethic better, “I love what I do and I do what I love.” This has been my conscious credo now for decades.

Back in time over 4,000 years ago, it took several successive nightly visits of the Kauai King before the shaman’s daughter willingly surrendered body and soul and succumbed to his sexual advance. She gave him signals loud and clear that she was ready, willing and passionately aroused at the thought of him making love to her. But she made the decision to totally submit, to sexually surrender to him, only after he told her he loved her and planned to make her his fourth royal queen.

When first captured, at his very first attempt at any kind of sexual foreplay with her, she let him know she was a virgin and would make love willingly only to the man she loved who would be her husband. In that first friendly discussion, he learned from her that her mother was the Maui tribal shaman, equivalent to a high priest ruler in some civilizations, and that as the shaman’s daughter, she was in training to be the next Maui tribal shaman when her mother died. He also soon learned, generating a small jealous spark in his mind, that the Maui King had proposed marriage to her. He had asked her to be his royal queen, so she was keeping her virginity for him or for a husband with whom she chose to share her sacred feminine purity. When the evening and ecstatic moment of full surrender arrived, both the Kauai King and his promised Queen-to-be basked in a sexual night of seeming endless bliss together.

It is strange how the human heart and mind works. Sometimes when we receive the love or whatever we truly want, we decide we are not ready or good enough for it or imagine we want something else instead.

She escaped early after sunrise the following morning after surrendering her virginity to the King, leaving the bliss of being his royal queen behind. Even though still felt uplifted and exhilarated by her long, loving sexual tryst with the Kauai King, knowing she loved him and that he loved her, it was not enough. Certainly, yes, the imminent prospect of being a loving Royal Kauai Queen to such a handsome loving King would be a dream become true, she missed her mother terribly. She simply had to put any thought of love for him behind, and she did.

She was sure in her mind that if her tribe had gone on to another island to escape the wrath of Goddess Pele, a small band of scouts
probably had been left behind to search for her, so they would find her soon.

The love-struck guard had already told her how to find her way to a major trail leading back through the jungle to the ocean shore of the hidden valley—if she ever managed to escape from her prison hut. He assured her the trail would lead her back to the beach at the mouth of the Valley of the Lost Tribe where she last saw and left her mother and tribe behind.

When sunrise came, she saw her opportunity to slip away unnoticed into the jungle. She crept out of the hut quietly and escaped unobserved by the sleeping guard. She quickly made her way to the landmarks the guard who had fallen in love with her had described. She soon found the easy-to-spot landmarks and the major path and began a steady jog on it toward the beach area. She jogged with joy and was greatly elated, body and soul, by her easy escape and boundless freedom.

She kept a watchful eye ahead in high hopes of meeting a Maui tribal scout or her mother or, better yet, the entire loving tribe looking anxiously to find her.

After his final loving kiss goodbye to his beautiful soon-to-be royal queen number four, the Kauai King returned to his royal hut to get an hour of sleep or rest. Before retiring to sleep, the Kauai King told the youngest of his wives—who was still awake—that he was going to make the new slave girl his new royal queen number four and he would want her, along with his other beloved two wives, to help prepare a huge feast and celebration for the occasion. He said the marriage ceremony would be within the next few days on whatever date he chose and he wanted a royal wedding feast and ceremony the tribe would remember.

When the oldest Queen, who was an early riser and was already intensely jealous of the beautiful new slave girl, awoke and heard the rumor already being quickly circulating that her King was going to make a Royal Queen out of his gorgeous new sacrilegious SUN worshipper slave girl with an incredibly huge wedding celebration, she was incensed.

There was simply no way she could contain or curb her seething anger and rage. She kept muttering to herself, “How dare he?”

She searched for and found the sharp long dagger her King took with him on his hunting safaris. Knowing his mode of behavior after a long night of blissful lovemaking, she surmised he would be sitting facing the
rising sun on his favorite rock in the privacy of his royal garden. She reasoned, surely that is where he would be if he had made love to the intrusive hateful gorgeous slave girl. Sure enough, this is where she found him.

Her anger seethed and grew with each careful, silent step.

With madness in her mind and a wildly pounding heart, she crept stealthily up behind him. He turned toward her at the sound of a twig snapping under her feet. Dazzled by the morning sun, he saw her through blurred eyes. In a state of loving reverie, he arose. He did not see the angry red rage on her face and her jealous blazing eyes. He opened his arms wide to embrace her. At the same moment she, formerly Bonnie B., my first Soulmate in this lifetime, extracted the long dagger held hidden behind her back and drove it hard and deep straight into his heart.

The King tried to speak, but the dagger had been driven deep into his heart. Even before his blood began gushing out in a sudden dark red stream and with eyes still wide open, he crumpled lifeless at her feet. At the same instant, the jealous queen realized and regretted the horror of what she had done to the one human being on Earth she loved so greatly. She felt instant remorse, but it was too late. Her beloved King now lay dead, lifeless, at her feet.

She bent over his fallen remains and pulled the long, sharp dagger, dripping with blood, from his chest and plunged it into her own heart with all the strength and vigor she could muster. She was determined, in her now greatly mourning mind and soul, to go with him in death to wherever he had gone. A moment later, she pitched forward over his body—her own mortal body now completely vacant and lifeless as well.

As you now know, Bonnie and I did rejoin to renew our passionate love for each other once again in this physical modern world, 4,000 years later. And as you may recall, my angry fist to her stomach in my own “fit” of jealous rage a few days after Bonnie B.’s appendix operation was strikingly similar to plunging a deadly dagger into her heart.

We are often so asleep or unaware as to why or how what often befalls us, but once again, there are no accidents. Human physical angels are unique and human karma, or cause and effect, often plays out in our adventuring earthbound lives in startling or strange subconscious ways.
Chapter 50
A Bird Will Fly Me to You

Pat K.’s astounding notes about our past lives together in Kauai, confirmed by Patricia Diegel continue.

The shaman daughter’s intuitive feeling that she might encounter a scouting party sent to search for her was correct. The Maui King (Ernie K. today) had already landed with a small band of his fiercest warriors. He searched with a smaller band, while another larger band of his scouts scoured various other jungle trails off the Valley of The Lost Tribe beach in search of her.

The shaman’s daughter was tiring and felt prompted to stop jogging and rest a moment. She seated herself on a large log beside the trail. She realized she was having second thoughts about leaving a life of joy and love behind with her lover King.

Her mind was beginning to struggle with itself and her heart. Did she really want to go back to her tribe and be with her mother or go back and marry the Maui King she knew she loved? Her heart whispered softly but clearly, “Follow your heart. Return and marry your handsome King of Kauai who loves your whole body, being and beating heart. He is whom you love with true passion!”

The image of being cradled in his strong arms and feeling the warmth of his flesh next to hers made her feel faint with joy. She realized if she were to true to her heart, instead of running from him she would be running toward him as fast as her feet would fly. “Yes, I will go back and be his Queen. Yes, yes, that is what I want.”

She knew she must. “Yes, I will return to him.”

She arose from the log, spun around and, following the love song in her heart, began jogging toward her Kauai King lover’s arms again. She mused as her feet flew on the wings of love, “If he discovers I am gone, I will tell him the truth. I yearned to be with my shaman mother, whom I love with all my heart, but I paused. My love for you that makes me whole is even greater.”

A joyful smile played on her face and she picked up her pace. She wanted to retrace her steps to him as quickly as possible.
She stared. Her eyes must be playing tricks on her. She stopped short, frozen on the path. An ethereal, glimmering white fog had appeared suddenly on the path before her. She stared as the familiar form of her beloved shaman mother materialized out of the fog a few yards before her eyes and spoke. A soft white light enfolded her and her right arm and hand were upraised.

“Stop! You must return to our tribe! Your lover King is dead, killed by his elder queen. She was jealous of his love for you and his plans to make you his new queen. Your escape has been discovered. If you return–without the King’s protection you will be killed. Go back to our tribe. A search party is on its way and is near. I love you with all I am, my daughter. Destiny calls you. We shall be together soon. Have no fear. I am with you. You will understand shortly.”

The shaman’s daughter reached toward her mother, wanting to embrace her and tell her how much she loved and missed her but the sound of her voice and the vision was now gone. There was no dismissing the reality of her mother’s sudden ethereal appearance and the urgent warning message delivered to her by her. The shocking revelation that her Kauai lover King was dead and her shaman mother’s stark warning to turn on her heels and return to her people at once could not be ignored.

She dropped to her knees, covered her eyes and face with both hands, and wept long and mournfully. The sad realization that the King she loved was dead was more than she could embrace. Through the blur of tears and sorrow, she realized she must heed the warning given to her by her shaman mother.

She slowly arose, spun once more on the path toward the beach and began jogging sorrowfully forward. She kept peering ahead through a stream of tears, hoping her Maui King and his scouts would find her soon. She felt life was only worth living now because she would soon see her beloved shaman mother. She felt grateful that her mother had used her great shaman powers to appear so magically before her to deliver the warning message to turn back to her tribe. She had no knowledge her beloved shaman mother had died soon after leaving her after their short hike on the beach together.

Like attracts like. Twenty minutes later, she heard a shout of joy and saw the King of Maui and three of his tribesmen appear on the path before her. They were jubilant at the sudden sight of her. All four greeted her with open arms and shouts of joy.
Remembering her mother’s stark warning, with a sorrowful face, she told them her shaman mother had suddenly “appeared” on the trail before her only a brief few moment before with a dire warning that a party of Kauai warriors were on the trail only an hour behind her and aimed to kill her or any Maui tribesmen they could find. They must return to their outrigger canoes and escape the island as rapidly as possible.

The Maui King was astonished at her apparent strange sorrow. He thought perhaps she already knew of her mother’s death, however, he did not want to broach such a sad subject at that moment. The five of them jogged silently and swiftly back toward the beach. Fifteen minutes later, they arrived beside the thundering gorgeous silver waterfall. The royal outrigger canoe and two others were beached nearby.

The King of Kauai ordered two of his warriors to find and bring back the remaining warriors who were searching for the shaman’s daughter along another major jungle path. When found, he commanded they be told to quickly return to the waterfall, board their canoes immediately and paddle full speed to their distant island haven where the rest of his tribe was patiently waiting for the wrath of Goddess Pele to subside.

While waiting for the other search party to return, the shaman’s daughter brushed back her tears long enough to ask about the safety and health of her mother. Though reluctant to speak of it at that moment, the Maui King revealed the bitter, sad news. He said her beloved shaman mother had died on her return to the beach after the storm. He said her sacred body had been wrapped in palm leaves and carried out to sea in his royal canoe. He personally had the divine privilege of placed her shaman mother’s body in the loving arms of the great ocean gods himself. They had performed the sacred water burial rite after evacuating the beach as soon as they reached deep water miles offshore.

The shock of her shaman mother’s death was almost more than she could handle. With her mother dead and her Kauai King lover dead, she felt there was nothing more to live for. She refused his arms he offered to comfort her and she tearfully blurted out the full story of her capture. She told him she gifted her virginity to the Kauai King and that the Kauai King planned to make her his queen. She told of her escape from her hut, of her yearning to return to her shaman mother’s loving presence and her decision on the trail to turn back and marry the Kauai King that she loved—only to be halted on the trail by the sudden ghostly appearance of her mother.
She sobbed even louder and more pitifully as she told of her shock when her shaman mother told her that her Kauai King lover had been killed that morning by one of his jealous queens. That she, her beloved daughter, must return to tell the Maui King and the search parties of the plan to kill all of them if they did not leave the island immediately.

The Maui King listened with a growing jealous rage. An immediate plan for revenge formed in his mind. He would avenge her infidelity to him and appease the wrath of their Goddess Pele in the same stroke. He ordered two warriors to bind the shaman’s daughter and stow her in his royal canoe. The four of them would return immediately to Mt. Pele where, the gods willing, he would offer the shaman’s daughter as a human sacrifice to appease the mighty Goddess Pele.

In his mind there was nothing more to say or do. Before ordering the shaman’s daughter bound tightly with reed ropes, he vented his anger. He told her angrily that she was going to pay dearly for her infidelity to him. Her life was in his hands and she would be a human sacrifice to Goddess Pele. He commanded his faithful warriors to carry her to his royal canoe and pitch her into it. The Maui King was in a wrathful mood and neither of his warriors dared defy his orders, regardless of their own long-held high respect and love for the shaman’s daughter.

A few minutes later, they were paddling at high speed toward their evacuated home island of Maui in a date with destiny. The Maui King kept to himself in angry silence. He tortured his own mind and being by continuously replaying and reacting to what he considered the shaman daughter’s unforgivable betrayal of him. He kept repeating the image of her infidelity and betrayal in his mind over and over again.

It was late at night. As they approached their home island they could see only tiny flickers of flame in the sky issuing from the mouth of the huge volcanic crater rim. The Maui King was pleased. He read this welcome respite as a sign. An omen that the Goddess Pele knew his intention and wanted her crater rim to be safe for him and his two faithful warriors to climb up to the edge where he planned to perform a sacred and potent magical ritual to gift the shaman’s daughter to Goddess Pele as a human sacrifice at dawn.

He knew to add maximum power to the sacred ceremony the human sacrifice must be offered exactly at the moment of sunrise. This sacred ritual would perhaps appease Goddess Pele’s anger; for he deeply wished
he and his tribe could soon return to the comfort of their villages on the island.

The timing worked out perfectly for what he planned. He ordered his two warriors quickly to weave a bamboo and reed rope cage large enough for the shaman’s daughter to sit in a crossed leg lotus position within it.

Weaving ropes from reeds or grass was an ancient craft all islanders learned from childhood. The two warriors, already skilled at weaving strong ropes, quickly gathered several large bundles of young bamboo reeds and wove them into bamboo ropes. A few hours later, they had a tightly woven together into what looked like a strong large, dark green fish net shaped like a birdcage.

As instructed by the observing Maui King, they untied the shaman daughter and sat her cross-legged in the already well-formed cage. Then they wove the top of it together and sealed it shut. Following the King’s further terse instructions, the two warriors quickly tied a much thicker and stronger woven reed rope about 20 meters long to the top of the cage.

Now the stage was set for the vengeful King of Maui’s plan. A half hour before sunrise the bamboo cage, tied to a huge, very secure rock outcropping, would be slowly lowered over the edge of the crater and hang suspended until the moment of the sacrifice. This would also give the shaman’s daughter a little time to contemplate her imminent horrible fiery death in the fiery hot lava pool far, far below.

At the stroke of sunrise, the Maui King would chop down through the thick reed rope with his huge sharp-edged dagger. The shaman’s daughter would instantly plummet down to her immediate death in the fire bed of blood-red lava at the far crater’s bottom below.

All the while, not a single word passed between the shaman’s daughter and the King of Maui. Approximately a half hour before sunrise, at the Maui King’s signal, for he was restless and anxious to get on with the ceremony, the large bamboo bird cage containing the shaman’s daughter was slowly eased over the edge of the crater and lowered to about 15 feet below the lip of the crater. They could feel the heat from the boiling lava even that far away. All of them—including the Kauai King and the shaman’s daughter—were perspiring profusely.

The King of Maui waited impatiently for the sun to clear the horizon. With one mighty swing, he would chop the reed cord at that same precise moment. In the interim, he tried to calm his still smoldering rage over her betrayal of him by sending a steady stream of prayers to Goddess Pele.
He pleaded and begged Goddess Pele to accept his gift of the shaman’s daughter as a human sacrifice on the behalf of his tribe and allow the volcano to become still and dormant again. He begged the Goddess Pele and all the fire gods to let his island tribe return to their normal, joyful easy-going way of life.

Meanwhile, the shaman’s daughter had no fear of death. She knew that with her mother and Kauai King lover both “dead and gone,” she would not fear. She would welcome her own impending death calmly and fearlessly with a grateful heart. Surely, the fall from such a great height would kill her on impact before the fire touched or burned her body. She understood the King of Maui’s rage at finding she had surrendered her virginity to the King of Kauai instead of to him, and she forgave him in her mind and heart. It was time to leave her mortal body behind, so she duly prepared her mind, body and soul for her sudden death.

At about ten minutes before he knew the sun would appear and clear the horizon, the Maui King strode over to the edge of the crater, peered down at her and asked the shaman’s daughter if she had any last words to say to him before her death.

She searched her mind for what to say to him for a moment, but her soul spoke for her. She looked up at him and not knowing why she said it, but knowing it was the message from her spirit that she was to deliver to him. She spoke and he heard clearly, “The next time we meet the wings of a bird will fly me to you.”

The King of Maui stood, not knowing what to think or say. After pondering her words and failing to understand what they meant, he returned to where he would sever the rope and placed himself in a “ready to act” position; waiting, watching, and waiting for the sun to clear the horizon fully. The timing had to be exact.

A few minutes later, exactly as the dawning sun fully rose; he chopped the thick bamboo cord apart with one mighty swing. The next moment the law of gravity finished the grim sacrificial ceremony.

The freshly woven bamboo basket with the shaman’s daughter, still calmly seated with eyes closed in silent meditation, eager to rejoin her loved ones in spirit, plunged rapidly down toward the molten lava below to her instant body death on impact. She also awakened to an almost instant sudden, elated conscious freedom of spirit self as well.

Over 4,000 years later, spanning vast time and space, the Maui King, now embodied in new human form and now often dressed in a snappy
business suit was, totally unknown to him, about to unconsciously experience the fulfillment of the shaman daughter’s enigmatic and truly remarkable prediction.

I called Ernie V. immediately after Patricia Diegel gave me his message. I told him Pat and I were accepting his kind and timely invitation with pleasure and we would see him in the flesh on the specified date and time. Thus, when my 15-day intensive was over, we thanked and said goodbye to the Diegels, and, with all other loose ends well tied together, we boarded our flight at United Airlines and flew in to the Hilo airport on Maui for a three day visit with Ernie V. (on the wings of a big modern United Airlines “bird”).

Ernie V. stood watching “our bird” land and taxi up to the airport. He rushed up to greet us both. His first long, loving hug went to Pat. Mine was next. On the way to his home, he pulled over to the public parking area designated for tourists who visit Mt. Pele’s volcanic crater.

The three of us strolled leisurely up the easy winding trail to the top of the Mt. Pele Mountain and crater’s edge in less than 10 minutes. Pat and I both commented on how it was such a nice easy slope to climb.

Mt. Pele volcano was not active during the mid 1970s, so there were no lava flows. The three of us peered down over the edge to the far bottom of the crater below. The view of this massive deep crater was breathtaking and another major highlight of our trip to Hawaii.

I wondered about Pat K.’s conscious and subconscious feelings at that moment. At genetic levels, I AM sure it stirred smoldering ancient memories. Even after 4,000 years, a drama like being a human sacrifice dropped into an active volcano might be hard to forget.

True to Patricia Diegel’s evaluation of his reborn spiritual nature, Ernie V. apologized profusely to me over having treated me like an enemy. He had done a complete reversal. He now acknowledged me as a true spiritual brother who he observed was doing much good work in the world. He told me he admired and respected me greatly and he felt a deep love for both me and Pat.

It was an amazingly huge spiritual self-transformation since my last interactions with him. I admired Ernie greatly for waking up and discovering his own beautiful identity and spiritual work as a God-being on Earth. I was now certain that we were “brothers” indeed!

Ernie V. was charmed and fascinated with Pat K. It was a healing occasion for all. The open, ugly wounds of the past between us were
healed well by the end of our three-day brotherly and sisterly visit with each other. Ernie had many admiring Maui island friends, receiving many phone calls and clients calling on him daily. In less than three short years, he was already a much acclaimed and highly respected “psychic reader” and a major “spiritual kingpin” on Maui (again?). There are no accidents.

One other thing stood out strongly on our visit with Ernie V. The first hour, over a cup of coffee in his living room, he leaned over and showed Pat and me a heavy, ponderous, huge gold ring he wore with pride. He had personally designed it. He said in his library research he had found that the ancient tribe on the island of Maui had worshipped the Sun, while the ancient tribe living on the island of Kauai and other islands in the area worshipped a god symbolized by a quarter crescent moon with a star by the upper right side of it.

Ernie knew nothing of—and nor was he ever told anything about—our past life connections in Hawaii to this date. So showing us this ring and discussing the two major ancient different religions in Hawaii brought quick upraised eyebrows and surprised glances between Pat K. and me.

My thought is the ancients considered and remembered space visitors who visited them on Earth as “gods” over eons of time. These human appearing gods exhibited high mental powers, had magic technology or devices and flew through the air in their “chariots of fire.” When they left Earth, these gods in the minds and traditions of different primitive cultures deserved their honor, worship and allegiance.

The tribe that adopted the symbol of the quarter crescent moon and star close by its upper right side, as in Kauai, were probably visited by E.T.’s that pointed to that region of the heavens and told the entranced natives “THERE is where we came from in space.” In time, they literally considered the quarter crescent moon and star the “home of the gods,” and gradually adopted it as God’s sacred or holy symbol to them.

A similar kind of backdrop could have originated for the original sun worshipers. In this event, the natives were giving their allegiance or devotion to the space visitors who indicated there home was located at or near our own solar sun, or beside a far distant galactic sun.

The SUN soon was adopted as a symbol befitting and representative of or actually as “their” God.

Ernie handed his gold ring to us and let us each examine and admire it. The ring had both of the ancient Hawaiian religious symbols engraved or etched in bright gold against a beautiful blue gemstone background.
They were deliberately designed to be in harmony with each other; set side-by-side on his elegant gleaming gold ring. Pat and I could see and appreciate why he valued and cherished that ring so greatly—perhaps with even possible greater “association” and depth than realized, knowing what we knew of our dramatic backgrounds together 4,000 years ago.

We shared Ernie’s discussion about ancient religions with Patricia Diegel later. It was just one more of the many “clear confirmations” of the historical accuracy of what both Patricia Diegel and my beloved Soulmate Pat K. had “picked up” in their surprising past life reading of the four of us over 4,000 years ago.

An afterword and afterthought …

Perhaps if Ernie V. is still embodied and reads this autobiography, he will understand there was far more behind our visit with him in Maui than he could have ever dreamed. Let it here be known that I still hold Ernie in love and great personal esteem. He is a highly respected and much beloved brother by all privileged with the gift of his friendship or association. I love you brother—wherever in the Universe you currently know as your “home.”

Also, years later when reviewing that past lifetime as the King of Kauai, all three then Hawaiian wives have been my Soulmates in this lifetime, including my beloved “slave girl” Pat.

I had toyed with the idea of putting this colorful page from the past into movie script form and submitting it to an agent or a movie producer. However, writing screenplays is far different then authoring spiritual books. Thus, as with so many other deserving ideas in a full life already fully lived, I shelved the movie idea, where it still lays today.

Perhaps a bright young movie producer looking to produce a good adventure story that is exciting and different might wish to contact me through my publisher for movie rights. My door is open.

Just a thought.

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Chapter 51
Death Defied on the Road

During the peak of my cross-country lecture tours, I drove almost daily, day in and day out, for hundreds of miles from 1970 to 1982. For over ten years straight, I easily covered over a million miles of driving. YET, even to this date—after well over six decades later—I have never had a moving car accident with another car where I was the vehicle driver.

That is a huge miracle and I give thanks. Nevertheless, I have had my fair share of many close escapes from death as an auto passenger or driver.

I recall two noteworthy miraculous incidents in my youth. Duke G., a close school chum friend, was driving too fast and too reckless around a sharp curve on a dirt country road when the car door on my side suddenly snapped open. I was literally tossed out onto the roadside. In a flash, I instinctively curled up into a ball. I rolled over and over and over, seemingly head over heels, for at least thirty yards alongside the road until finally the momentum of my roll slowed. I was raising a huge cloud of dust behind me every foot of the way. To my own astonishment and glee, I actually unwound from my fetal position on the last “spin” and stood up on both feet without any broken bones or serious body injuries.

It was, of course, lucky for me that instead of landing on stone pavement, I flew out the door and landed on hot, dry powder-like country farm dirt instead. My entire body—even under my underclothes—was coated with thick brown-gray dust and grime. So instead of going on and having fun in the nearby town of Stevensville, Michigan, Duke drove me home where I took a bath and changed clothes first.

Duke, who pulled over instantly when he saw me suddenly pitched out of the car, could hardly believe his eyes as he saw me spin over and over in a whirlwind of dust and then stand up on my feet in one seeming fluid motion. Though literally dusty and dirty from head to foot, I was only too happy to have survived my sudden accident with only a little scraped and dirty skin, but not one single serious injury. I could see and feel that heavy coat of dust and grimy dirt over every inch of my skin.

Years later, Duke himself was in a similar car accident where he was driving alone and catapulted out onto the road. However, his entire right ear was torn off his head. Even though this was still in the early 1940s,
someone had sense enough to take the ripped off ear along to the hospital. After five or six years of brief plastic surgery operations, his right ear again looked almost as normal as his left ear.

A second quite outstanding event I could never forget “on the road” could have easily of caused me great serious injury if not my sudden death.

This is one of those “I should have known better” episodes most of us have experienced more times then we would like to admit.

Ed O’Brien at CSA Press in Lakemont, Georgia, called and told me all my new book titles he had contracted to publish were printed and to come and load up as many as I wished to take back with me to my new book warehouse in Virginia Beach, Virginia. That was good news!

When I arrived at the CSA Press shipping dock, I loaded my long Dodge van up to the very top with an assortment of my new book titles. From the start, I could tell that my van was tremendously overloaded.

All four tires were bulging. The iron tire rims were pressed down to less than two inches from the pavement. However, instead of wisely unloading half of the books and coming back for another trip, I figured if I drove slow enough the tires and the big Dodge van could handle it.

It was slow going all right. The van gradually moved along okay on level roads, but I could only make it up on most uphill “grades” in slow, low first or second gear. I left CSA Press just before dusk and it was already starting to get fairly dark so I turned on my front headlights.

Not more than a hundred miles from CSA Press, I came to a long gently curving uphill grade that seemed to take forever to reach the top. However, the long “slow speed” picture changed soon.

As I topped the hill and started slowly down what looked like a straight, long easy slope through open country farmlands for several miles my speed gradually increased. That was more like it. I figured if I kept the van under 60 or 65 miles per hour it would be safe enough and if I drove all night on mostly level roads, I would be in Virginia Beach by morning.

My speed gradually increased and I glanced at my speed gauge. Ooops, I was going 65 miles per hour. I decided I really needed to slow down.
Book weight adds up fast and the load I was carrying must easily have weighed over 5,000 pounds. That was at least double what my Dodge van was built to carry.

At almost the same exact time as when I felt a sudden intuitive need to slow down, my trusty “white steed” van began to shudder and shake mightily. It felt like the entire vehicle, along with me in it, was about to shake apart.

The next instant, the right rear end axle of my now fast moving vehicle dropped straight down to the stone pavement. The right rear wheel had suddenly been flung off the van. Simultaneously, there was an instant cascade of a dazzling flood of white sparks suddenly flying behind the right rear side of my van. A river of snow-white sparks were lighting up the night close behind my van far more brilliantly than any fireworks display I had ever seen.

If you combine that sudden spectacular flashing fireworks display with the rasping, grinding sound of metal against stone you will “get” and sense more of the whole picture as that danger-filled event played its course.

Coinciding with the cacophony of sudden vibration, sound, sight and fury, the right rear wheel, which had not popped, rolled merrily past my right wheel fender. It rolled on and on, down the road and across a field. I finally found out later it rolled to a stop and lay in a farmer’s field about a half mile further down the road. All this mindboggling, heart-stopping explosive action was simultaneous.

After I consciously registered the sudden drop of my right rear wheel to the stone pavement—with the instant grinding sound and fury and the wheel tripping along, proud and free, past my van—my eyes were then drawn back to the immense flood of sparks lighting up the night behind me.

However, most importantly, while all that was happening, my van was still speeding along at least at 60 miles per hour. It needed to be kept from rolling over or I could be “buried” and probably crushed beneath 5,000 pounds of books!

My soul awareness and guardian angel help must have been in good supply. I used every conscious intuitive and expertise reflex action to keep the van “balanced” and upright for such a long-drawn, seeming endlessly long “slide.”
In review, there is hardly a doubt that my guardian angel helped me keep the van upright and from rolling over until the momentum slowed it down. My van finally came to a sliding full stop about a quarter of a mile down the hill.

I was still vertical to my huge relief. Thank God.

There was also another vitally important consideration. Amid this blaze of whirling sound, sight and action, I was mentally praying that the heat of the endless dazzling road sparks would not ignite and explode my gas tank.

Once at a complete stop, I jumped out of the van. I smelled smoke and rushed back around my van to see the solid iron end of the rear axle where the right wheel had been attached smoking and literally still red-hot. I was amazed. The whole bottom half of the axle had been ground down to a flat, half-moon shape. This was, of course, caused by the friction of the iron metal of the axle grinding against the stone road. The gas tank might have gotten mighty hot, but it did not explode.

It was a harrowing, spectacular and surely a miraculous death survival experience. Yet, it was just another of my several astounding and “thank you God” times when and where what could or might have been the advent of my sudden body death had again been altered. I choose IMMORTALITY!

How about you?

Our Master teacher Jesus himself said, “Death is the last enemy to conquer.”

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Chapter 52
I Change the Future and Death Passes Me By

During my years as a painting contractor, I loved taking weekend breaks from time to time to be with nature and go hiking in the woods. I joined the Sierra Club, founded by John Muir. Members could go to his lodge in a high mountain less than an hour and half drive away and stay for a whole weekend at no cost.

We Sierra Club members merely needed to clean up our own messes. We could freely use the kitchen facilities, tables, dishes, soap, broom, mops, etc. There were many dinner tables inside and outside the lodge, as well as a host of single bunk beds. Married couples could choose the use of private rooms with two bunk beds pushed together. It was wonderful! Clean towels, sheets and blankets were the only things member needed to bring. There was ample free, clear, pure water around, along with a sky full of exhilarating free fresh air. A trip to the Sierra Club Lodge was always a restorative and highly rejuvenating experience. The contrast between being in the city or on a mountaintop was stark, so my joyful trips up to the top of the mountain were frequent.

On my last night at the Sierra Lodge I went to bed early so I could get up with the sun and head back to L.A. where a large painting job was waiting for me to get started. I slept well, but soon after midnight, I began to have one of the many lucid forewarning visions I often have experienced through my lifetimes. The kind I learned to not ignore.

In vivid color, I saw myself driving down the mountain early in the morning as I had planned. Ooops! As I rounded a wide curve while going downhill at fairly high speed, I applied my brakes only to discover the brakes of my car, a heavy big new Cadillac, were completely gone!

Nothing! My foot on the brake went straight down to the floor without “braking” the car as I wished before making my turn around the wide curve before me. The emergency brake was out too!

“What to do?” Even at a fast speed, I managed to make my turn around the first bend. I saw another sudden turn coming up quick. My car was now going downhill faster and faster. I spotted a blue sign stuck in a large pile of stones beside a large thick clump of bushes to my right,
which I barely missed. I sped much faster around the next curve, my heart beating wildly. My Cadillac was going far too fast for me to make the sudden next turn and the next moment, to my horror, the Cadillac and I were sailing down over the cliff to sure death in a rocky ravine at least 500 feet below.

**Click!**

At that exact instant, I heard the inner voice I have heard often in this embodiment clearly say, “Dream that dream again.”

At this point, I was wide awake and wondering what was going on. I decided I had better do what I was told and closed my eyes. It seemed as if I fell asleep almost instantly and at the start of the same dream I had just experienced.

I rounded a wide curve, going downhill at fairly high speed, I applied my brakes, only to discover the brakes of my car, a heavy big new Cadillac, were completely gone!

Nothing! My foot on the brake went straight down to the floor without “braking” the car as I wished before making my turn around the wide curve before me. The emergency brake was out too!

“What to do?” Even at a fast speed, I managed to make my turn around the first bend. I saw another sudden turn coming up quick. My car was now going downhill faster and faster. I spotted a blue sign stuck in a large pile of stones beside a large thick clump of bushes to my right.

This time, in my dream I knew what was soon coming around the bend—my sure death if I did not manage to stop my car before going around the next bend that followed. I saw the now familiar large pile of stones with a blue sign and heavy bushes. I decided my only last hope of stopping the car before reaching the next bend, rounding the curve and plunging down to my death was to see if I could slow down by crashing head on into the pile of stones with the blue sign and thick bushes. My Cadillac hit the pile of stones, sign and bushes with a loud crash. Stones were flying like bullets in all directions. At the same time my car jerked, made a half turn, then, slowed by the bushes, skidded sideways and came to a sudden silent halt. And I woke up again.

I sat up in bed to ponder the dream. My heart was beating strongly. From past experiences, I knew that I had just received a clear and dire
forewarning. I must check to make sure my brakes are working before I head down the mountain in the morning.

On awakening at sunrise with my vivid forewarning in the forefront of my mind, I packed my hiking gear, bed gear and my remaining food supplies into the trunk of my quite new royal blue Cadillac. It was my pride and joy. I certainly did not want a single scratch on it if it could be avoided.

I decided I would have breakfast at the nearest Denny’s Restaurant when I got down from the mountain and over to one of the main freeways leading back to the Los Angeles area. Before driving away from the Sierra Club, I checked and double-checked my brakes to be on the safe side. They worked fine.

I told myself that no matter what, after such a vivid and dramatic forewarning dream I would make sure my downhill speed was always under my safe and full control.

I definitely took the forewarning seriously. My precautionary plan was simple, so I did not anticipate any problem. I planned to test the car brakes before allowing my car speed to grow too fast long before arriving to and going around any downhill curve.

I began. I started the engine, put it in drive, and followed my plan to head slowly but surely down, down, down the mountain. Each time before I came to the next downhill curve, I tested my brakes. Everything was working out fine.

Remembering my vivid dream and taking a cue from it, I was always ready to immediately slow down and stop the car without damaging my new Cadillac by bumping into bushes or small trees, or whatever else, if I found the brakes were gone.

I kept up that same, slow, boring repeat routine curve after curve after curve for at least ten minutes. Without being aware of it, my mind wandered slightly away. Oh, oh, I was too far into the next curve and sudden steep downhill grade and was gathering speed before I realized I had not yet tested the brakes. I pushed down fast and hard on the brake pedal. It went effortlessly straight down to the floorboard. No brakes, just like in my dream! The emergency brake was out too!

Gravity was at work. Cadillacs are unusually heavy cars and mine was picking up speed fast. I barely managed to navigate the curve—and as
soon as I made the turn around the bend, I saw THE small blue sign stuck in the middle of the pile of stones beside that large clump of bushes to my right. THIS WAS REAL 3-D TIME. This was the “real” 3-D event seen in my vision.

I knew my only hope of survival, at this speed–as foreseen in my warning dream–was to crash head on into that pile of stones and the heavy thick bushes behind it.

I aimed straight for it. A split second later, the front fender of my Cadillac hit the pile of stones and thick bushes with a loud smacking crash. Stones, pebbles and green branch sticks were flying like bullets in all directions. At the same time, the front of my Cadillac jerked, made a left half turn sideways, then continued skidding sideways further downhill. All at once, the dark and heavy cloud of shattered rocks, bush branches, gravel and dust flying and Cadillac came to a sudden silent halt.

I sat for a long, heart-pounding moment, feeling more thankful than words could say. No wonder I had such a lifelong fear of heights. I knew what would have been my sure fate just around the bend if I had not fully heeded the forewarning given to me, changing what was shown as a frightful grim future into a safe survival ending for me, and my prized, beautiful blue Cadillac.

I had seen no other cars coming up to the Sierra Lodge or hikers going down the mountain that early. I got out of my Cadillac to see what damage was done, all of which was easily and quickly repairable. It was a miracle! I only needed to be towed down the mountain to a garage and have my brakes repaired.

Thanks to a passerby eager to lend a helping hand, I was back in L.A. before mid-afternoon of the same day.

Once out on my feet, after giving thanks, I walked forward, around and down the sharp bend to my left and very, very carefully peered far, far, down, down, over the cliff edge below. I realized with a shudder that there far below is where my lovely Cadillac and I would be lying, smashed and shattered, if my Higher Self or guardian angel had not consciously alerted and shown me the ways and means to change the future, and thus to allow body death to pass me by once more.

It was getting to be a habit. IMMORTALITY is the quest. Death is the last enemy to conquer.
Peering down again, the bottom of the ravine below was easily a straight drop down of over 500 to 800 feet, maybe more. There was no way anyone in a car would have survived such a long fall to crash below.

Thank God and our many loving or individual protective guardian angels who alert us with forewarnings and show us how to consciously rearrange and change the future for death to pass us by.

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**Chapter 53**

**Death Passed Me By at Los Angeles Motel**

Death can knock at our door unexpectedly at any time. My guardian angel or Higher Self certainly played a strong hand often in keeping me “embodied” so I could keep moving toward accomplishing my life mission in this last human mortal embodiment without failure.

For whatever reason, one night in the early 1960s, I drank myself drunk at a tavern on the outskirts of Los Angeles near the motel where I was staying. When the tavern closed, I staggered back to the motel and down the long corridor. I unlocked my door and started to head straight for my bed.

I was close to falling down drunk and I just wanted to lie down without taking my clothes off. However, I noticed there was a slight chill in the air. Since childhood, I have been a person who likes “warm” and detests “cold,” so I zigzagged over to the heater before beddding down for the night. Sleepily, I turned the heater as high as it would go and plopped down on the bed.

Before falling asleep, I heard the steady hissing sound that I associated with water radiators heating up a room and promptly fell sound asleep.

Several hours later, just as dawn was breaking, although it seemed like the next moment, I was suddenly wide awake. I clearly heard the
voice of my Higher Self saying, “Get up, go out on the street and take a walk immediately.”

Even in my drunken state, whoever or whatever this voice was I knew I must obey. Although still feeling even gogglier than when I plopped down to sleep, I sat up and trudged slowly to the door. Preoccupied on doing what I was commanded to do, I forgot to close my motel room door behind me.

After walking just a few steps down the long corridor, I felt with each step as if my body was getting lighter and lighter. Just before making my exit out of the front door of the motel, I glanced toward the registration desk on my right and realized the motel manager was still asleep in his adjoining room.

I opened the front door and stepped out into the fresh morning air of the new day. As instructed, I started to take a walk down the street.

Something very strange was happening. With each step I took I was beginning to feel both lighter and stronger, like Superman “who leaps tall buildings in a single bound.” The heavy gogginess was disappearing very rapidly.

Instead, I was feeling more alive, more alert and packed with more and more energy with each forward step I took. I felt like I was in fairyland and wondered if I was dreaming instead of walking down a quiet, early morning Los Angeles city street. With each step it felt like I stepped a yard high. It was sensational, to say the least. However, at the same time it was considerably baffling to me. I wondered what in the world was going on.

Was I awake or dreaming? I knew I was “following orders” as given to me by what I had learned to recognize as my Higher Self just a few minutes ago. It was very early in the morning and I was doing what I was told to do, so I reasoned I had to be awake, but where was this stunning aliveness and all this boundless energy coming from? I was puzzled almost beyond thought, but I kept on walking–more like springing–for almost another whole block.

Then I became aware my extremely high state of energy and consciousness was beginning to become more subdued. Although I still felt unusually alive and alert, that ultra-exquisite, ultra-tremendous “high” aware state was gradually becoming less with each footstep. I also realized or sensed it was time now for me to return to my motel.
I turned around and walked back still loaded with energy. I vaguely remembered how drunk I had been before exiting the bar and I was amazed that I could not detect a single sign or feeling of a “hangover.”

When I arrived at my destination, I opened the front door of the motel lobby to step in and was almost bowled over by the heavy smell of gas. Very astonished and alarmed, I rushed to the door of the manager’s room and pounded loudly.

He opened the door looking sleeping and bewildered. He was alarmed by my urgent knocking and asked me what the matter was.

Almost in a panic, I shouted “Don’t you smell it? This place is full of gas and if someone lights a match the whole building is going to blow up!”

He sniffed the air and immediately snapped wide-awake and alert. He screamed, almost in panic “Oh, my God. You’re right.” He stepped out of his room into the hall and shouted, “I’ll prop open the front door.” He pointed down the long hallway. “Quick, go down and knock on all the doors! Tell everyone, for God’s sake, not to light a match!”

While running to open the front door, he yelled again, “Start at the middle and work toward the back. I’ll knock on all the rooms in front. Hurry!”

This time, his were the directions I hurried to follow. I ran up the hall intending to pound on doors to wake the room tenants and tell them not to light any matches. Everyone needed to know there was a gas leak somewhere. However, as I neared the middle of the hallway, I saw my own motel room door was halfway open. I rushed toward it and was aghast to hear a slight hissing sound.

I knew at once what had happened. Being drunk, what I mistakenly thought was a water radiator heater was instead one of those old-fashioned gas heaters that you must light with a match.

Even Los Angeles can be cool in the winter and these old gas heaters were still used in some of the older, cheaper motels in the late 1960s. I rushed into my room and turned off the open hissing gas valve, then ran to the door and shouted loudly down the corridor to the motel manager that I had found and turned off the gas leak. He was talking excitedly to one of the tenants who had just come to his door after the manager pounded loudly on it.
The manager quickly dashed over to where I stood at the doorway of my room. With chagrin and deeply apologetic, I explained how I had come back from a nearby tavern pretty drunk late that night and had turned on the gas heater thinking it was a radiator heater before going to sleep.

Neither he nor I could believe that I had slept hours through the night in a poison gas-filled room without dying! In any big city, there are frequent news reports made of one or more individuals who died in their sleep from leaking gas pipes or of a whole building being blown to smithereens!

Thank God! And I did give deep thanks. Death passed me by once more at that Los Angeles motel.

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Chapter 54
My Hands-On Training
To Do Impossible Things

In the early part of the 1980s shortly after I founded the Fountain Of Youth, my nationwide company that sold Willard Water and introduced 35 percent food-grade hydrogen peroxide for sale in health food stores, I encountered another extraordinary Master Teacher, Ramtha, who provided hands on training for his students. The training was conducted at a horse ranch owned by J.Z. Knight in Yelm, Washington. Ramtha’s Mystery School is still operating there in Yelm to this date. Students arrive in droves to J.Z.’s ranch from almost every country in the world annually.

Ramtha is an Ascended Master who, prior to his ascension, promised to return and teach those students who he had been teaching 30,000 years ago how to find personal enlightenment and IMMORTALITY through Ascension, as he had done during his incarnation as Ramtha.

J.Z. Knight was his daughter in that lifetime. Thus, in this life embodiment, J.Z. became the perfect current embodied 3-D “medium” or channel for the fulfillment of that promise. J.Z. Knight goes into a deep
trance state and, as agreed, Ramtha literally enters and takes over all of the functions of her physical body. Using J.Z.’s body and voice, Ramtha is able to walk, talk and move freely among his students. His teaching style is dynamic. He quickly shatters and dissolves rigid old dogmas or outgrown beliefs held by students. Ramtha used the old Egyptian Mystery School’s seven-year format with a “hands-on” training technique as the model for his training us students who enrolled for this course in the early 1980s. He literally taught us to do “impossible” things. Many of us learned to do “remote viewing” and many seeming impossible manifestations, along with honing our telepathic and other psychic skills.

I loved Ramtha’s “hands-on” teaching method so much that I moved my residence and Fountain of Youth business from Los Angeles to Yelm.

I quickly enrolled and completed his full seven-year Mystery School training in 1990.

It is here in Yelm where I met Maria, my current very dynamic and lovely young Soulmate in 1990–another one of my great past life “loves.”

Here then is another valid reason why I AM and will be forever grateful to Ramtha for his hands-on training in Yelm via J.Z. Knight. He provided a time and place for Maria and I to meet and interact with one another again.

I had foreseen that Maria was “coming into” my life. After our meeting and recognition of our mutual love for each other, we were married within months. We have since reveled in and enjoyed our Soulmate marriage to this date.

Maria also became the “attraction point” and the warm loving vehicle to bring forth our tall, lovable Prince Charming son, John Mathew M. into human body form on Earth.

Perhaps the best example of Ramtha’s kind of training can be presented to you from the following excerpt taken from my newest Soulmate book.

Excerpt

*Your Soulmate is Calling*–Chapter 7.

What really made me know beyond any doubt that Maria was that “special someone” that my soul had been preparing me to meet and partner with was a very special psychic or intuitive test designed by Ramtha en-masse for each and all of us enrolled in that week-end intensive, well over 1000 strong. Though we were
probably more likely nearer 1,500 attendants, counting the volunteers and the huge devoted and loyal J.J. Knight Staff members. Many of the staff members lived there on the J.Z. Knight Ranch grounds in comfortable dwellings provided for them.

On the 2nd day of our dynamic week-end intensive, Ramtha said we were going to conduct a very, very special test of our progress in spiritual understanding and control over our environment. This same kind of test has been given to disciples or initiates taught in the old Mystery Schools in Egypt thousands of years before the birth of Jesus. J.Z.’s staff of assistants was directed to give each one of us a plain ordinary 3 inch by 5 inch white card. No one else was allowed to handle the card except the staff, unless or until otherwise directed by Ramtha.

Besides having a writing tablet, all of us also had been given a color crayon set like kindergarten students work with. Ramtha told each one of us to color or draw in any special symbol or color that we personally liked at the top inch or so across the card---but to leave room in the middle of the card to clearly PRINT our names. He emphasized our name needed to be printed boldly and clearly. Then we were to sign our name as we normally sign it under the printed name. The back of the card was to be left completely blank---no marks or writing or coloring allowed on it!

Stepping back in time a moment, just prior to our return from our toilet break Ramtha had given us, as a group, a powerful teaching lesson. He stated that thoughts and feelings have a life and power of their own. He explained that the power of the mind to visualize and send a thought anywhere was beyond our imagination. He stated the moment we think of the moon, for example, a stream of light follows our thought. It creates a very direct and personal PATHWAY OF LIGHT directly to some part of the actual physical 3Dimensional moon high in our heavens thousands upon thousands of miles away.

He said the same pathway of light occurs between us and a night sky when we place our focus or thought on any singular star in the glittering indigo blue night sky above us. This principle applied if we thought of a far away person or a friend near where we stood. And what was most important was that we must understand that the same pathway of light to the moon was the identical same pathway of light used by our thought when it traveled back with the speed of thought to return to our focused mind, the source of its being.
Ramtha elaborated further. He stated that during our conscious or unconscious out-of-the-body astral trips during sleep, we as souls always created a pathway of light to wherever we traveled. We always left a thin trail of light behind us all the way, from the moment of leaving our sleeping physical body to our astral destination. He explained that what teachers or students of astral travel called the “silver cord” was that same self-created, very real pathway of light, which we again use to trail back on at the end of our out-of-body travel—when we return back to our sound asleep bodies.

The key point, in summary, by Ramtha was that when we touch something or give anything or anyone a pronounced amount of our attention or focus of mind, we always leave a highly charged, very real fragment or a part of our identity imprinted on that person, place or thing. So when we came back from our brief “potty” break, Ramtha said we were already primed or prepared for incredible personal test to prove we could do the seeming impossible.

When Ramtha was assured that everyone had completed their instructions to put their own “energy stamp” on one side of the blank 3 by 5 card, he asked each set of partners to give their own signature card to their partner. Thus no one held their own card, since their partner held it.

Then Ramtha asked the entire crowd to stand up from their sleeping cots where we sat in strict attention. He started out the door at a fast clip and asked us all as a group to march briskly behind him. We marched at top speed out of the auditorium all the way to the huge horse corral located a few hundred yards away from the auditorium: All of us marched through the gate to the center of the immense horse training corral. Once inside we were directed to gather in the center of the corral. The corral was huge. It was a rectangular shape, easily 40 yards wide and 60 yards long. It had three tiers of white wooden fence boards about an inch thick and 18 inches wide along each of its 4 sides...

There was a space of about 18 inches between the ground and the first tier of fence boards. Then there was another 18 inches or so of space between the second higher tier of boards, then another 18 inches of space between the final third higher tier of fence boards of the corral.

Thus the third highest fence board tier was a perfect height of about 5 feet off the ground and all around the entire horse corral—for this individual personal “do the impossible” psychic test.
We were each given a four inch long and two inch wide piece of duct tape. Then we were told to take our partner’s name card, which each one of us held in hand, turn the card upside down and paste the duct tape on the blank white side. Ramtha said soon we would all be directed to run off in any direction we chose and paste our partner’s card at a spot on the third tier of the fence we chose. The card had be pasted on the third tier of the inside of the corral fence, in a manner that when a card was discovered by any of us while blindfolded, it could be lifted up and would be right-side-up—when looked at—to show the name and signature of the person who had signed the card.

We were each directed to go and paste our partner’s card at any place in the corral on the inside of the third tier that felt right to us. As soon as we did that, we were each and all too quickly return to the center of the corral.

At that point, to stand and wait for a staff member to tape up a blindfold mask over our eyes. We each had the personal responsibility to let make sure not a single crack of light could be seen through our blindfold. Each staff member was instructed to keep applying more duct tape until the student attested she or he could no longer see a sliver of light through their blindfold. Ramtha reminded us, if we cheated, we only cheated ourselves.

When every single student had her or his blindfold taped on thoroughly the test would begin. At that point, we needed to stand and wait. A staff member would soon arrive and would spin each one of us around 3 times in a clock-wise direction. From that point our test would begin. After pausing to get a feeling about a sense of direction to follow, we must each then walk briskly forward, blindfolded toward our name card.

From then on we were all totally blindfolded until the class session ended, perhaps hours later: It was like walking in the total dark of night. All the while we must each sense or feel out our path to the exact point on the corral fence where our partner had posted our own name card that had own signature on it.

The cardinal rule was when any one of us arrived at a fence, feeling with outstretched hand, if we felt a card that had been posted there, it had to be within the width of our arm reach on either side—at the point where we contacted the fence. If so, we are permitted to pull our blindfold off, flip the card right-side-up and see if it is our own card. If not, we were directed to once again stand and wait. Soon as possible, a staff member would soon be
there to walk us back to the middle of the corral again, for another try...

After re-taping and making sure the blindfold is well-secured, the staff member would spin you around 3 times again, and off you would go. So following this pattern, you were totally “on your own” to try and try again and again until you finally hopefully did the impossible—meaning you found your very own card posted on the white corral fence (blindfolded).

So envision this if you can picture it! And what a picture!! There were up to about 1,500 small 3 by 5 inch cards, each posted at least 6 feet apart, anywhere on the third tier of corral fence boards. Your signature card was somewhere inside of this immense rectangle that comprised the whole vast inside-wide own space—of this huge horse corral. You are blindfolded and see nothing but darkness. Other vital factors, fear being a major one, were also at play.

Ramtha asked us not to mosey slowly along but each and all to walk briskly non-stop until we reached a corral fence, once we were drawn to walk in a certain direction. He assured us if we were absolutely fearless we would absolutely NOT bump into anyone.

On the other hand, if we felt any fear we needed to be prepared for not only bumps but possible broken arms or legs or even broken teeth. And yes indeed, after any one of these particular mass crowd blindfold tests often lasting a good two solid hours finished, many student had more than a couple of aching bruises from one, several or seeming constant collisions. A few students at this event did incur a broken wrist, broken arm or leg, or broken teeth. One student with MS was always wheeling around at a steady speed during this test seated in a wheel chair and you certainly did not wish to collide with him.

Ramtha explained this particular test was meant to both overcome fear of getting bumped and bruised, as well as the fear or strangeness of walking totally blindfolded “in the dark” for two long, long hours. This was an ancient hands on supreme personal experience to test or develop an individual’s sensitivity or ability to tune in to whatever is needed.

With determined or practiced focus, each and all of us could arrive at our posted card with our own name on it. He said to trust and follow our inner guidance—and that surprisingly—some of us would actually do it. He strongly requested when any one of us did the seeming impossible and found our own name card, to let out a
loud ear splitting, joyful YAHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! He said our loudly shouted signal that we had “done the impossible” would inspire many others who were trying and trying but had not yet found there card. It would encourage most to keep on trying...

After posting Maria’s card on the highest tier of white fence boards Within the area of the corral that I personally felt “directed” to post it in, I returned to the center of the milling crowd. I was eager to get blindfolded and commence the test.

One by one, blindfolds were securely taped over our eyes and forehead so that we could see no light shine through our soon thoroughly taped on blindfold. Like Ramtha stated, if you cheated you only cheated yourself, so I doubt if many or anyone was foolish enough to cheat. Just in case, we were each and all tested for any tell-tale reflex body language give-away reaction by a hand waved before our face–by the taping staff member–a moment before being spun around and sent on our way.

The male staff member that taped my blindfold took my arm and Guided me toward the exact center of the corral, a short distance from the milling crowd and spun me around 3 times and wished me good luck.

I was on my own. I was also quite determined to listen to inner guidance and do what it would take to find my card. So following inner guidance, instead of rushing off, I became very still for almost a full minute. I gradually felt a faint pull to turn my body toward an exact direction. Only then did I begin to stride straight forward, blindfolded, at a brisk pace.

Because I FELT NO FEAR no one bumped into me, nor did I bump into anyone else. It seemed like a long while and I had covered a lot of ground but I finally sensed the corral fence was just ahead of me. I quickly slowed down and took 3 more slow step with hands outreached in front of me. Suddenly, there it was the 3rd tier fence board directly before me. I groped around with both hands on the smooth surface of the white board slowly. I kept in mind we were allowed to reach only as far to our right or left as either one of our extended and outstretched hand at arm length.

My excitement mounted. My hands definitely felt a card was posted there. Within the allowed span on my left. I was elated. This meant I was allowed to remove my blindfold and see it was my own signature card, or not. It was far more than a 1 in 1,500 chance, since some of the cars were posted ten to twenty yards apart. I stepped up closer to stand directly before the card that my left hand felt. I carefully tugged off enough of the masking from my
forehead and saw the welcome bright light of day again. I slowly
lifted up the card and my heart pounded! It was not my card, but
wonderful surprise of surprises, it was my beloved partner Maria’s
card—which I had posted at that exact spot on the corral fence less
than 20 minutes earlier. The PATH OF LIGHT between that card
and myself, and the owner of the card, Maria, must have been
strong. What an astonishing miracle?

I stared and stared at it. No mistake. Yes indeed. It was
Maria’s card and her signature beneath her printed name, Maria
S. Wonder of wonders!

My whole body and being trembled and shook with delight.
How could I deny the clear message just received? Finding
Maria’s card, so directly and so immediately was to me a 100%
added heart and soul reassurance that Maria and I were definitely
Soulmates, destined to be together.

What a glorious uplifting “message” from spirit for me to
receive in such an astounding way. There were easily up to 1,500
three by five cards posted at least six feet or more apart all over
the vast expanse of the horse corral fence. Yet, at my very first
blind movement and forward effort of looking for MY own name
and signature, I was drawn like magic directly to my lovely
workshop partner Maria’s card.

At that instant the message was clear. Maria’s name and my
name were ONE.

Following Ramtha’s explicit directions, I dropped Maria’s card
back down. This left her card posted there again with the blank
side out. It would be there hopefully for Maria to also soon find.

I stood waiting patiently, all aglow. A few moments later a
staff member arrived at my side. She told me to keep my blindfold
off until she walked me back to the center of the corral. Once
there, she made sure that my blindfold was well-secured again.

She took my arm and gently turned me around three times.
She did her job; the rest was up to me. I now seriously needed to
find my own name card...

After pausing again long enough to “get my bearings” I
stepped forward on a strongly focused and strongly held single-
minded search. I was now even more determined than ever to find
my own signature index card, no matter how many tries it took.
Finding beloved Maria’s name card so immediately and directly
was a huge boost to my confidence. I was certain I would
eventually do it.
And to shorten the whole story, after many tries and after happily hearing quite a scattering of joyful Yahoooooooos, and after avoiding and experiencing a few harmless bumps. About 70 minutes later, I finally managed to pause—quiet myself—to “tune in” and unerringly followed what I felt was absolutely the right straight direction.

As Ramtha often stated during my seven years of training under him, what is absolute is absolute. And sure enough! A few minutes later I slowed down as I sensed my arrival at the board fence. And literally “praise be to God” the blank white card posted directly before me—placed there by my partner Maria—when turned right-side-up, was my—very own 3 by 5 rainbow-colored card with my printed name and signature.

I literally jumped for joy and let out a very, very loud and very long Yahoooooooooooooollllllllllllllllll!

I ripped off the blindfold. The hard reality of the seeming impossible feat of what I had done sunk in! “I did it! I did it.” My whole body, soul and being felt like dancing with joy. I stood there enjoying and basking in the “self-victory” of it.

I knew after doing the impossible, I was now free to do what I wished to do until Ramtha called an end to the test for our entire class of up to 1,500 students... What a “lift.” How wonderfully fulfilling!

At that exact moment, Linda Evans, the lovely world famous long playing Denver TV Series movie star actress, who as a devoted Ramtha student was also an attendant at this dynamic Ramtha week-end intensive, had just found her own signature card, only a few steps away from mine. She too knew she had done the impossible. Linda not only let out a long and loud Yahooooooooooo, but did several successive leap-frogs on the ground beside us.

I congratulated and hugged her and she congratulated and hugged me. We both, with a band of other Ramtha students, who had also “tuned into” and found their own signature cards, “had done the impossible” that day. I AM sure Ramtha, who had sustained a belief in our respective abilities “to do it”, was also well-pleased. I recall Ramtha shouting out loudly at many intensive workshops and retreats again and again, over that grand unforgettable seven year period I attended his mystery school, “you can do it.”

And we did...
The ranch staff members nearby came smilingly over to our sides and congratulated both of us. This was certainly a joyous memorable day—never to be forgotten!

There are no accidents.

Finding Maria’s card so directly and immediately was no accident. That “miraculous find” was then—and to this day—a definitely seen and known clear signal or sign that Maria and I were wonderfully attuned to, and meant for, each other. Yes, yes, indeed. We were absolutely ordained to meet and share God’s joyful gift of decades of bright long-living, loving years on earth together.

And now, almost two decades later, I can still yet fully attest to that... (Smile).

Chapter 55
Actress Linda Evans Did It
And So Can You

There are many people in the world who think anyone interested in meditation, enlightenment and who studies any kind of self-control or self-mastery is a “kook.” Instead of taking the high road and awakening to their deeper spiritual nature or to a genuinely golden opportunity to have an open mind, by dismissing the many now countless awakened spiritual individuals as kooks they provides themselves with a comfortable excuse to take the low road to deny and ignore personal self-responsibility.

Fortunately, ignoring or being in denial of ways and means to wake up to and live a genuinely joyful and fulfilling life on Earth does not alter the fact. What one can do, another can do. Anyone from any walk of life can attain or do what anyone else has done or is doing.

World famous Linda Evans, movie actress and a lovely major female television star, world famous for several TV series roles, is certainly nobody’s fool. She and many other known or unknown celebrities took valuable time and expended precious life energy to learn what Ramtha and
most other Master Teachers like Jesus, St. Germain, Master D.K., etc. have taught so well.

Linda Evans attended Ramtha’s Mystery School in Yelm, Washington, USA, for at least a full decade according to my calculation. I would meet and greet Linda at “Doug’s Restaurant” in Yelm often between the years 1983 and 1991. In the process of studying Ramtha and attending his mystery school, she made and maintained a longtime wonderful loving personal and spiritual friendship with J.Z. Knight.

Linda did not attend Ramtha’s school in Yelm just to be a “fancy showpiece” there. She was a deeply serious spiritual student striving to understand the great “mysteries” of life. Like most of us attending Ramtha’s school, she worked daily toward developing her self-Mastery.

By opening her Third Eye to find her own name card while blindfolded, as related earlier, Linda truly accomplished what a “normal” person on Earth would say is impossible. Like when I did it, she was elated and thrilled beyond words. Doing the impossible opens the door for making of “miracles” or performing impossible feats your daily way of life. And who does not like that thought or feel that kind of a day-to-day lifestyle is not attractive? It will soon be your natural way of life.

When you understand the Universal Laws and principles of why and how, and demonstrate you can do it by finding a tiny 3 inch by 5 inch card while blindfolded when it is posted somewhere (God knows where) on the fence within an incredibly immense horse corral, you have done what the world calls ‘the impossible.”

Linda and I were not alone. There was quite a large band of others in that crowd of up to 1,500 participating students proving to themselves–not to others–that they could do the impossible!

If I did it, if Linda did it and if a host of others “did the impossible,” so can you.

There are enough books written and enough Master Teachers around with enough workshops or Mystery Schools to attend on Earth today to awaken and self-empower anyone who wishes be able to do impossible things.

IMMORTALITY is a close step near.

You can do it. See you there. So be it.
Chapter 56
Mother Earth Is Already Ascending
Are You Ascending With Her?

The fact that Mother Earth is a live Being, an entity, a “self,” an I AM identity, that has her own beautiful terrestrial physical body—the same as you have an attractive physical body—might be a big jump for you or many of my readers to grasp or to accept. All entities, macro- or micro-size, are presented with choices to do or not to do, to be or not to be.

Yet, thankfully, by Universal Law what another living “entity”—whether the size of a bee, a whale, a human being, a planet or a sun—chooses as its next step in its involvement remains solely between each and every entity and its Almighty Host Creator.

Your decision or my decision to follow any trail, or even create our own new trail, or the decisive choice of a bee to follow any flight path, or a whale to ride any current to the depths or the surface of an ocean, is made solely by that choosing entity.

It is impossible for any life form to make a consciousness choice for another “aware” life form. You choose at any precious life moment what your next “move” on life’s path will be. I too choose at any “choice-point” in time or space which “way” suits me best. It is how we create our everyday reality.

You and I “have it made.” Isn’t that great?

The greatest gift given to us by our Father in Heaven is freewill choice. I AM and who is not eternally grateful for that?

One of the Universal Laws applying to consciousness is that the greater controls the lesser. You can conceive of this as it applies to the One Source Creator-God Who controls the “created” and “all creation.”

In keeping with this law, the gigantic “body” of God we call our World or the Universe we live in must and does follow God’s will. The various archangels, cherubims, seraphims, angelic hosts, suns, planets, moons, civilizations, and animal, plant and mineral kingdoms are each in charge of moving their own unique body part of Creation according to
God’s will. You can use that analogy of comparing God’s body of ALL to you being the god of your miniature universe.

You the spirit (life) control your consciousness (soul) and in turn, your soul controls your body.

Nothing in your body moves without life, consciousness and some “form” of body organ or appendage that takes orders from you and fulfills your order in the best workmanship manner possible.

You control your body, but you do not control what Mother Earth chooses to be or do with her magnificent and sacred terrestrial body. It is a well affirmed and agreed fact by all known and many unknown Ascended Masters that our Mother Earth is ascending her terrestrial body from the third dimension to the fifth dimension.

Our galactic neighbors (who we call extraterrestrials or E.T.’s for short) also have a pulse on what goes on throughout our entire universe, and especially travelers throughout our Milky Way galaxy. They too affirm that in fact Mother Earth has begun her ascension.

According to our galactic neighbors, Mother Earth will elevate her physical body and surviving humanity upon her planetary body into the 5th dimension before the conclusion of year 2012.

Most awakened or aware scientists know that time on our Earth has been speeding up; what was a 24-hour day has now already collapsed into a relative 16-hour day. This is why days, weeks, months, years feel like they speed by faster and faster.

Our Ascended Masters tell us the entire universal, solar and planetary vibratory rate is speeding up exponentially. This is why each day, month and year is speeding by so rapidly, which further indicates that the Earth’s ascension has begun. Guess what happens when planetary vibratory speed hits “critical mass” and in one split instant all 3-D mass is transformed into 5-D mass?

The latest 3-D linear time date, confirmed in our USA government covert time travel experiments as in the Philadelphia Experiment, indicates nothing physical exists at a planetary level on Mother Earth after the year 2012. That maximum critical mass date is now only a rapid few short years away.

If all goes as planned and predicted by greater powers than ours on Earth, it means Mother Earth will ascend from 3-D and reach a stable
plateau of vibratory elevation at the 5-D level rate, a quantum jump of two dimensions, sometime between now or in the year 2012.

This is certainly not a secret in enlightened circles on Earth. Millions of Lightworkers are well aware of Mother Earth’s decision to ascend. Most, like me, long ago decided to ascend with her.

That has been my known and absolute firm choice, a choice I AM certain I made before my current physical body birth.

The greater controls the lesser and Mother Earth is ascending with or without you or me, since that is her decision. Each of us in human form on Earth must also choose to ascend with her into fully conscious, deathless IMMORTALITY—or die a body death to remain at the limited chaotic 3-D level of evolution and embody on another 3-D planet somewhere else for a great while longer. Freewill rules; no one else can make your choice for you.

You know my choice. Do you know yours? You know Mother Earth’s desire and decision. Are you ascending with her?

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Chapter 57
Why Choose Death When You Can Choose IMMORTALITY

I have had free choice all my life. My choices have determined and created the unique events and story of my life, the same as your decisions create and determine your unique events and life story.

There are no exceptions. Thank God! At any given golden moment of time, you and I have absolute, undeniable free choice to create what reality we desire or will.

We can choose to be or do this or that. What we see around us right now is the only world that can exist for us. It is duly created by and for us in that illusive aspect of linear time we call the past to “mirror” every choice made, even those made default of no choice, before time ran out.
Each and every past choice I made or you made has created the mirror world around me or the mirror world around you that you face this exact moment. There are no accidents. My world and your world is a precise duplicate, a perfect mirror of what I AM or what you are. The world around each and all of us is literally a mirror of our soul. No one is or can ever be a helpless “victim.” Each one of us must and do face what she or he has created in her or his world. It is literally your world and in your world, “thy will be done.”

You and I, made in God’s image, have all the mighty powers of creation bequeathed to us, individually and en masse by our God Almighty Creator. However, the WHOLE is “greater” than a part or the sum of its parts. Thus, though we may create in error when directed by human ego and therefore create a world of chaos and disorder around our own Being. We cannot usurp God’s will in God’s perfect Creation of which you and I are a part. God, loving his “offspring” or children, gifted each and all of us in human form—and all other sentient forms in our collective world—with not only Eternal Life within God’s Being, but our own sovereign individual or collective will and power to create whatever we choose.

Why, then, choose death? As our western world Master Teacher Ramtha stated often, “Death is simply the human failure to live.” Why choose death when you can choose and achieve self-IMMORTALITY?

Mother Earth is in the process of ascending her magnificent terrestrial body at this very moment. If Mother Earth and countless other “mere mortals” like Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed, Krishna, St. Germain, Morya, Kuthumi, the Master D.K. chose IMMORTALITY rather than body death, then I can, you can, and anyone and everyone who makes that choice begins to know and enjoy their own self-IMMORTALITY.

Choosing to die for any reason is not a noble act. Death of the body is clearly “the failure to live.” The world each one of us lives in is 100 percent the “world” of our choice. We willfully create a dark world that allows death or a light world that embraces IMMORTALITY. The world we create is the world we die in or live in!

“For lack of knowledge, my people perish”—a biblical quote—is appropriate here. If you know you have a clear choice between dying and living, you can make an “informed” or knowledgeable choice. The object of enlightenment is to reach a point of conscious outer self-awakening of your inner God-self, who and what you really are. Once knowing you are an eternal son or daughter of God, why (in any world) would you even
contemplate and accept a choice of dying when you can choose IMMORTALITY?

Believe it, or not. Know it, or not. It’s your choice!

Chapter 58
Why Is My Health Today Like My Health At 20

The story of my health is a vital part of my whole life story or biography (the “graph” of my “bio” aspect).

I repeat, there are no accidents. The world we personally and physically “live in” is the world we have created from our many momentary past decisions. The yes or no decisions, or “default” by no decision, in any given moment determines our forthcoming individual mental, emotional and physical form life future.

My health today is the same as my health was at 20–many, many, many decades ago! Why do you suppose my body, mind and soul are in as near perfect health as humanly possible? Why “at my age” can I still do all of the major things I did at 20? Why no aches or pains, no colds or flu, no headaches, none of the hosts of human ills that have become a plague amid our daily thoroughly polluted and poisoned masses on Earth?

Why do I “sleep like a baby” without nightmares? Why do I wake up each morning thankful for the new day and eager to get started doing the various projects I choose to do? (Meditation, visualization, writing books, compile and send my free “Michael Worldwide Newsletter” email out daily to help inspire, and enlighten many thousands of my grateful subscribed newsletter or book readers in most major countries around the globe.)

Think it through. As beloved Master Teacher Manley P. Hall used to say, the why and how is obvious. The more love or light that passes through your Human Being, the more nearly perfect your health MUST be at all 3-D levels, mentally, emotionally and physically. When we use our
soul, body and mind as a “conduit” or a “channel” to help enlighten others, at least 60 percent of that light passing through our own Human Being is retained within our own “permanent atom” or “sun presence.”

Each one of us in Human Being form has a tiny miniature sun, a replicate of our solar sun, in our heart region that grows in light and power in exact ratio to the light and love that passes through our individual body and being. By giving more of our self to others, the more our self grows. The more love or light we give to others, the more love or light we receive. The more light that circulates out and back in to your body, the greater your body health must be.

Another great contributing factor to my excellent, pain-free body condition is that from early childhood I wanted to grow up so I could do what grownups did. However, once I reached that point—at about age 20—I never gave age any more valuable time and attention since I could then do what any other grown-up could do. Thus in my mind, I have never “given in” to the feeling or chronological fact that my body was “getting older.” This is exactly why I literally feel no different today—after a host of decades have passed me by—than I felt then in my chronological prime. In my mind and bodily being, I feel NO age. I still feel like I felt at age 20.

Remember, we create the world we live in by what we think, feel and do.

However, by now you may begin to realize my life story is actually more about YOU than about me!

I share my astonishing “learning” experiences, my superb health, my lifelong hunger and search for wisdom and truth including my all-out effort to help awaken the sleeping masses on Mother Earth because I hope my life story will nudge you further toward your own initial or deeper awakening.

If so, then perhaps you too will be inspired to arise, step forth and make a sincere effort to help awaken our many still sleeping brothers and sisters. Everyone on Earth needs to know this is a New Day.

Fortunately, the Galactic Federation of Light and many Ascended Masters from our own planetary spiritual hierarchy are also now “working” night and day to prepare each and all of us for our own personal conscious ascension, thus IMMORTALITY.
This occurs for us all when Mother Earth makes her imminent 5-D ascension.

I will gladly make the wise exchange from currently “feeling 20” to being and feeling ETERNAL. And you, my dear sister or brother, will be soon knowing and feeling consciously ETERNAL through your own self-chosen IMMORTALITY as well. So be it.

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Chapter 59
E.T.s and Ascended Masters Will Help You Find IMMORTALITY

We can give thanks that we are not alone in Creation. Even before being birthed into human form, we all had an ample host of higher beings who gave us conscious guidance.

At birth on Earth, we each are assigned one permanent guardian angel ready to give us guidance or “promptings” through our entire physical lifetime embodiments. Depending on many factors, some of us will have several guardian angels guarding us day and night through our complete human incarnation. Each loving angel is fully capable of keeping us from harm’s way.

Some guardian angels will guide, prompt, inspire or direct us toward our life missions. These higher beings and angelic hosts know exactly what missions you have vowed or contracted to complete before making your pre-chosen exit from your human form.

We each and all exit our human embodiment permanently either through our “failure to live” (death) or ascension.

The point to grasp is that from “cradle to ?” (your choice: body death or ascension), you have a plethora of wise, loving means and forms of help from a wide range of higher beings.

Thus, it must not be too surprising to know that there are also more highly evolved extraterrestrials from near or afar who have also been
watching of us on earth. Along with hosts of higher spiritual beings like our own spiritual hierarchy of ascended masters who preside over our planet Earth, ascended masters from other already ascended sacred planets in our solar system or from afar have also been watching over us on Earth, protecting, nurturing and guiding us for eons of time.

At this very moment, there are millions of smaller spaceships and swarms of huge motherships from the far reaches of our galaxy watching over and guiding God’s precious, protected humanity on Earth. This huge benevolent collective is purposeful. It hovers here over Earth under the auspices of The Galactic Federation of Light.

Most of the time their spacecraft are cloaked in invisibility–except when for specific appropriate times they unveil their craft for all eyes below on Earth to see in visible form. Without this intentional unveiling, there would be no UFO sightings. Our Earth civilization has slowly been prepared for E.T. awareness, recognition and acceptance of their peaceful appearance for over 60 years.

Our galactic neighbors–simply throngs of more advanced human or other sentient civilizations–are fully enlightened beings. They have mastered and left behind their personal egos long, long ago. These loving, caring spiritual brothers and sisters are now happily arriving here from countless thousands of inhabited star systems in our Universe. They comprise a well ordered and highly organized federation of Star Nations known to awakened Lightworkers on Mother Earth as The Galactic Federation of Light. It might not surprise you to know there are inhabited sentient star nation planets that number in the many millions throughout our universe. The populations on star nation planets rarely exceed one billion and the majority of E.T. civilizations live in crystal cities of the interiors of their habitable planets. Our enlightened “hollow earth” civilization will be surfacing to give us assistance in our ascension too.

Normally there are only at most one to three inhabitable planets within any single solar (star) system. However, some star nations may have moons that are also teeming with life forms and a sentient life-sustaining atmosphere, and therefore are inhabitable.

For well over the past three decades, key members of The Galactic Federation have worked closely with their publicly unknown Earth allies. Some E.T. sisters and brothers in human form (like “Adam” or “Alan”) and hosts of others are actually physically secreted in major government regimes, science, art and other key organizations that are major walks of
life on Earth. They are here to prepare the masses of Earth humanity for their timely mass arrival. Soon our loving galactic neighbors will be sharing life-saving body health technology needed by a majority of us “surface” earth dwellers.

On their sudden imminent mass arrival, they will also share with us their non-polluting free energy technology and devices. These will help swiftly transmute every major illness within humanity and of Mother Earth herself.

The air, soil, rivers, streams, lakes and oceans of Mother Earth are in dire deadly danger due to unrestricted and intended mass pollution. However, Earth soon will be totally and completely cleansed of all pollution. That worldwide cleansing includes the intentional USA military deadly depleted uranium radiation spread earth wide.

All these desperately needed transmutations and magnificent planetary transformations will occur within months upon their officially sanctioned mass arrival on Earth shores.

In addition, their specific spiritual assigned mission is to give guidance and assistance to us earth inhabitants who are actively choosing and pursuing ascension. Their aim is to awaken the masses rapidly to the truth of Creation. In so doing, they will divulge our true genetic and human history; that the human race was spawned in another segment of the universe and colonies set up on Earth in eons past. The human race is only approximately eight million years old, compared to other sentient races of conscious life forms that emerged into being over 45 million years ago. With their advanced hologram technology, any event as it truly occurred can be reproduced exactly so the full truth will be seen and known. The false records in religion and history of any era or epoch on Mother Earth will be erased and corrected forever. The horrible truth of 9/11 will be fully disclosed, along with Oklahoma City and other terrible truths. For example, the assassinations of President Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King and many other souls who stood in the way of the dark forces on Earth in contemporary times will be revealed. Justice will prevail in the end times. The final Golden Age on Earth is about to unfold.

Be in joy and glad in spirit! Our galactic neighbors pledged to work side-by-side with us to help our Earth humanity restore Mother Earth to her pristine pure Garden of Eden state again. All of this must and will be duly and joyously accomplished before our 2012 calendar year has ended.
Be assured, my much loved sisters and brothers, true peace and the
love of God will soon prevail worldwide on planet Earth. No power on
Earth can prevent it. Our Creator has decreed it. The love and light of God
never fails.

Just prior to the imminent announcement and mass arrival of our
enlightened E.T. sisters and brothers, every single tyrannical major
government regime will be ousted. Peace will be declared all over Earth.
The true U.S. Constitution and all our many, many lost human rights and
freedoms will be totally restored immediately. All military troops earth
wide will be returned quickly to their homelands. Imagine the joy when all
men and women in foreign occupational service return safely to the arms
of their waiting families and loved ones. Thank God!

The barbaric violence, death and terror of war will soon be a brief,
forgotten terrible nightmare. War will never again be known on our
hallowed already gently Ascending and now so wholly (holy) beloved
Mother Earth.

Timed with this planetary wide E.T. mass arrival, most of the known
and unknown Ascended Masters of Earth’s long past will intentionally and
necessarily lower their vibratory rate. This will then enable each and all of
these heavenly hosts to appear to us anywhere on Earth in a familiar
human body form, whether in Russia, Japan, South America, USA, India,
or any country and region, city or village on Earth.

These mighty ascended masters will teach and walk and talk lovingly
among us again. Along with our galactic neighbors, they will personally
and masterfully help mentor and guide everyone on Earth who has so
chosen to ascend.

Have no fear that you will be left behind or that you will miss out.
Each and all of us “embodied” on Earth in human form will be offered the
choice to ascend. Those of us who make or already have made that choice
will consciously and personally be taught to understand the exact why and
how and the down-to-earth ways and means to achieve our own sacred
personal body ascension.

It you are reading and gotten this far into my life story the chances are
You are awake or open enough that you will bodily survive any and all
necessary topical surface earth changes! That includes hurricanes, earth-
quakes, floods, volcanic eruptions and even “old age” illnesses. Be at ease.
Have no fear. All is well. You are in God’s capable hands!
You personally will to be presented with all the help and guidance you need to Ascend with Mother Earth. This means you will not experience a physical body death.

Do you understand now why you chose to be incarnate on Earth at these magnificent “end times?”

Our enlightened Galactic Federation of Light neighbors and ascended master hosts are appearing in literal physical embodiments of Love and Light (as promised long, long ago) on our precious Mother Earth to help all of us who need it achieve ascension in these “end times.”

They are here now and will soon physically help anyone on Earth who chooses to gently awaken and find her or his individual full enlightenment and eternal IMMORTALITY in this lifetime!

So be it and so it is.

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Chapter 60
I AM IMMORTAL and Ascending—ARE YOU?

A rose is a rose is a rose. It cannot be a live turtle or a giant oak tree or anything else whatsoever! In the same exact correspondence, God is God is God.

However, there is a vast difference between my simple analogy and close correspondence. God can be and IS whatever God chooses to be, and God is Infinite, Eternal and IMMORTAL.

Please think this through.

God Who is IMMORTAL extends Creation through his offspring, God’s children. This means us physical earth angels walking and talking on Mother Earth at this very moment. This means me in my sacred Human Being form or you in your sacred Human Being form, and the sacred Human Being or sacred Sentient Form of any of God’s Children.
This means any sentient anyone anywhere throughout all of infinite Creation. Thus, as God’s Divine Eternal Children, are we not each and all IMMORTAL?

You are IMMORTAL. You could not die even if you wanted to because it is NOT God’s will and God’s will IS forever done! No amount of human ego, human power, human imagination, human desire or wishes could or will alter God’s Will.

This is why that unique I AM self-identity you know as your self and I know as my self is IMMORTAL. My story, taken in its whole context, is your story. We are One in God.

No matter how much or how long the unending death and dying scenes you and I have IMAGINED in the past, it was a self-designed illusion.

There is no death.

No matter what “seems” to go on around us in 3-D “reality,” in plays or movies, what we hear on the radio or see on television, or what is read in the newspapers, death is not real. It is pure illusion of the human or sentient mind.

This is why you and I still have a deep self-assuring individual inner sense and absolute knowing of self as infinite and forever alive–never, never to die!

We each and all deep down in our being feel and know we are IMMORTAL, and yes, we are!

If you can understand and know yourself as an “outpost” of God, a fragment of God consciously and willfully extended, it will help you to understand your self-Divinity!

As a God co-creator of every single particle of Creation you see and sense around you; it may be easy for you to grasp the fact that death is impossible. There is no death.

In truth and reality, there is only one Creator God. You and I, and our sentient brothers and sisters through the cosmos of Creation, are held lovingly and protectively in eternal Oneness of Being.

In the most accurate and simple sense of expression, God is you, God is me, and God is every living Being in His Creation. Thus, you are God—even though in your individual mind you are only a conscious PART and
not the WHOLE of God. I am God too, as are all our numbers without end of brothers and sisters within Creation. Yet individually, each one of us within this eternal Oneness of God Being is unique; a different size, form, substance, configuration and essence of the WHOLE of God.

After fragmentation, each individual free-choice God-fragment self-extends into a sentient form structure of choice and creation into a world of illusion. Through freewill choice, immersed in this frightful God-less illusion, each one of us gradually lose our individual and collective remembrance of our God-self identity. Made in the image of God and having the power to create, we falsely conceived of death. Our acceptance and belief in the illusion of death, or “failure to live,” made it so, but only in our individual or collectively believed in world of illusion.

Each of us here in this world of illusion made a choice to experience density or material illusion. The challenge now for each and all of us has simply been to wake up to our true God-self identity and true reality.

Through self-enlightenment, we leave the world of duality in the past. We then become One in God again. With joy, we recognize our own individual sacred God-divinity. Each divine step leads to another.

We also recognize the WHOLE-I-NESS (holiness) of God residing in all of our brothers and sisters. We see and know God-self within every single life form within Creation.

God is life—and life is life is life. Death is an illusion. There is no death.

In God’s Creation, there are orderly cycles that occur. Windows or doors open that allow individuals or a whole civilization on a planet to “awaken”–to ascend again into an individual or collective God State of full consciousness and Divine Being.

My death experience at 18 helped me to awaken to my true God-self identity within. My awakening allowed me to go about “my Father’s business” in whatever way I could conceive or manage to help awaken the masses. The awakening occurs one by one in each beloved sister and brother on Earth who hears or sees with new personal insight. Perhaps, “impersonal” sight is far more correct. In Gloria Wendroff’s magnificent daily Heavenletters and books, God states, “What is called unconditional love is simply not taking anything personally.” It is seeing beyond your own nose.
Deep within my soul I planned for and awoke to the fact that I would ascend my human being form in this specific “Michael, I AM” end-times lifetime.

In due course, my intent became manifest. I gladly shared my joyful “knowingness” with a thousand or more audiences attending my workshops and lectures during my cross-country tours. Almost always, I revealed that this lifetime is my absolute last human being embodiment. I let my audiences know beyond any doubt in my body, mind and soul that I would ascend, knowing it might prompt or sway a sister or a brother here and there to focus on that same divine, self-creating divine destiny.

Several years after I began my hands-on training with Ramtha in the late 1980s, my third eye opened spontaneously during one of my meditation sessions. Without notice, I “foresaw” and literally experienced the all-encompassing upliftment of my very own personal, spectacular physical body transmutation and ascension.

I knew the totality, the Whole Oneness of my God-Being in that indescribable moment. My third eye opened wider and I sank deep inside, expanding Universally. I clearly saw, felt and experienced the sheer ecstasy and radiance of my physical body being fully transmuted into my personal individual “Michael, I AM” fully purified sacred ascended state of Oneness with God Almighty.

Simultaneously, I knew myself as God Wholly (Holy)—Who was so pleased, so utterly filled with joy over the fact that I—the “Michael, I AM” human being, had finally made it. That indescribable moment of exquisite, blissful ecstasy was endless. I was All That Is experiencing all infinity and the I Am That I AM of all eternity.

What was so memorable was that I could literally ‘taste” how pleased God felt over the conscious return of “Michael I AM,” my total surrender and re-merging into God’s WHOLE Being of Oneness again.

In that brief moment of Our Eternal Oneness, I was both Aware God Identities. I was my remembered pre-ascended “Michael I AM” former human being identity—and simultaneously was Wholly All Of God, so pleased at my Michael I AM ascension at last that We Both As One could taste the exquisite Heavenly taste of it simultaneously forever!

I knew then from that moment to this moment that my own physical body ascension and IMMORTALITY was absolutely assured! As beloved Master Teacher Ramtha stated repeatedly—what is absolute, is absolute!
Thus, already in the Eternal Now—beyond any doubt—I have awakened, I have acknowledged, I have accepted, and I have truly found my own absolute individual personal self-IMMORTALITY while still an embodied human being.

The glorious end time of the duality cycle FOR ALL upon Mother Earth is only a breath and a heart-beat away. Soon the New Day of OUR final Golden Age on our now shining planet Earth will be known and embraced with unending joy and glory by each and all happily yet “embodied” here in human form.

So be it.

I AM and will be joyfully and jubilantly Ascending with our sacred, beautiful Mother Earth.

Will you? Remember, my life story is your life story. We are One-in-God.

It’s your choice. Please do.

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Chapter 61
Finding, Acknowledging and Accepting Your Own IMMORTALITY

Prior to incarnation in human form on Earth, each and all of us who are humanly embodied now knew and anticipated with great excitement the forthcoming end times, which would provide us each and all an opportunity to step off the seeming never-ending, continual wheel of human birth, death, and rebirth.

Today the magnificent, truly golden opportunity to awaken—to find self-enlightenment, to bodily Ascend with Mother Earth—and therefore to achieve self-IMMORTALITY is like none before.

These rapidly manifesting “end times” signal the seventh and final Golden Age on Earth.
Never before, even in the radiant heights of the previous six Golden Ages known on Earth, has opportunity to ascend been so relatively effortless. Incidentally, the first two Golden Ages lasted over a million years each. The last two lasted only a few brief thousands of years. Time has speeded up so that this final Golden Age before Mother Earth ascends fully must and will enfold between now and the year 2012. Our fortunate human family on Earth now stands at the verge of a critical mass event already known and will be felt and acknowledged with rejoicing throughout our entire universe.

Pre-birth, before our individual embodiments, each and all of us fully knew that Mother Earth would be leaving the 3-D level of reality to ascend to a 5-D level.

We also knew she would ascend with or without our individual or collective human cooperation and participation. Be assured though, Mother Earth does her self-cleansing in preparation for her glorious terrestrial ascension with great care. She must and does use the elements of earth, air, fire and water as her cleansing medium. However, she takes care to preserve human life as much as Earthly possible when earthquakes, floods, volcanoes, and horrendous hurricanes or tornadoes work diligently to remove humanity’s massive flood of poisons and toxins that pollute the earth, sky and waters of planet Earth.

Our Ascended Masters and galactic neighbors state that our planet Earth is now poised on the radiant cusp of a universal cosmic shift such as has never been experienced in the eons of universal linear time before.

Simultaneously, our entire vast entire Milky Way galaxy is involved in a transfiguration, transmutation and transformation process at each of those levels that involve galactic, solar and planetary ascension.

Mother Earth and all of us upon her gorgeous planetary body are soon to be moving out of 3-D life form. We are shifting out of our gross dense 3-D physical reality to an ethereal higher vibratory 5-D reality.

In my various books, I have mentioned that some already highly enlightened, awakened souls leave their human body early to work on the inner planes. They feel they can now accomplish more in the higher levels, or their “life plan” made prior to incarnation is complete. They too are ascending with Earth and humanity, since their vibration is already at the higher ascension levels and the Law of Grace will make sure that they rise in frequency with all others of us who have chosen to ascend.
As well, those embodied on Earth who individually or collectively fail to find enlightenment, awaken and ascend must bodily exit Earth (pass on) between now and the year 2012. There is no personal judgment or shame involved here. Each individual who fails to reach the necessary vibratory rate will then be reborn to continue on the wheel of reincarnation and karma on another inhabitable planet somewhere else in our universe.

Those who have chosen not to ascend will leave Mother Earth through a “so-called normal” physical death process event, which you know now is simply “the failure to live,” will re-embody as a sentient being in a human or another conscious form. Yes. Be likewise fully assured that there are many other highly developed sentient life forms and civilizations (just as depicted in the barroom scene of the Star Wars movie) throughout our universe by the uncountable numbers.

These extraordinary E.T. life beings are at the same exact coarse 3-D consciousness level, but on another planet. Those making current body departures cannot return here, for our lovely planet of Mother Earth will then already be ascended to the 5th dimension.

By universal law, each sentient life form, human or otherwise E.T. form, must remain in its own personal ego’s total self-created limitations, chaos and illusionary 3-D “reality.” We are literally stuck until we awaken and upgrade our individual vibratory natures to a higher level or dimension. With the gracious help of our Higher Self and master guides, we can and do eventually ascend to a higher dimension.

Rest at ease and be well assured that a conscious choice will be given to everyone.

Never, ever before has there been such an opportune moment on Earth to ascend as now! The light on Earth has now surpassed the dark. That critical juncture in 3-D duality occurred about 2003. The reason and the timing are simple to understand. Our final Golden Age on Earth is about to dawn.

This means that if you so choose, you can find, acknowledge and accept your own innate IMMORTALITY while still in physical body. That choice enables you to ascend without experiencing physical death of your precious (no matter how aged or ailing) human body. So why choose death?

Realize and remember always, you do not become Divine. You are already now fully Divine! Yes, human beings each and all are fully Divine Beings.
God created all of his human children on Earth as infinitely loved equal Divine IMMORTAL Beings.

No one anywhere at any dimensional level is more Divine then another. And what God creates can never be un-created. Because we have freewill to think what we wish, we can and have imagined in our minds, that we can usurp God’s Laws of Creation. No one ever has or ever will! God’s Law or Creative act is final.

However, our loving Creator God gave us each the divinely precious gift of freewill. We can willfully choose where or on what we want to place our conscious life focus or attention.

Think this through again. By God’s immutable Universal Law, we become what we focus our attention on. Through freewill, you and I can place our major life focus on our temporal physical “human” self or on our eternal spiritual “Divine” Self.

The creative law is, “ask and you will receive.” We always get what we ask for (choose)! What we focus our attention upon becomes our 3-D reality.

Obviously our individual or collective freewill attention on Earth up through the long dark ages has been on our visible temporal Human Being physicality illusion instead of on our invisible IMMORTAL Divine Being reality.

This, then, by Universal Law is what has brought Earth humanity to such a low-level base of limitation, lack, gross material violence, war with endless suffering, sorrow, mental and physical body illness; all related to our illusionary “mortal” state. We can choose instead the abundance, peace, joy and the perfect health natural to our “Divine Human Being” state of light, love and joy.

Because of our freewill focus on the “lesser” rather than on the “greater,” we witness and experience what appears to be aging, disintegration and physical death of our magnificent human bodies.

When you and I awaken to take our major conscious attention off the human and place our full human attention on the Divine Self within us all we will have finally arrived Home.

You are the one you have been seeking! Like the rose, you are what you are!

Acknowledge, accept and simply be through free choice and in full consciousness the radiant Divine IMMORTAL Being you and I and all
others lost in a world of illusion have sought to find through eons and eons of time.

My own valued ongoing life adventures and your own valuable ongoing life adventures must and do finally merge and blend as One Life of Creator God that is endless, infinite and IMMORTAL.

ONENESS is eternal.

Isn’t life great? We adventure and travel the endless paths of life together with many loving life companions through an Eternal No,w.

I love honor and bless you. Be light and have fun. Be in JOY and share it. Be in LOVE and bless all you meet.

I have been looking for and waiting for you, my IMMORTAL sister and brother! Thank you for being here now.

Know and feel in your heart of hearts that each and all of you are my beloved human and eternal Spiritual family on Earth. If you are reading my life story, it is really your own adventurous IMMORTAL life story too–and is dedicated now with all my love from me to you.

Likewise, if you are not reading this, it is also for you.

Either way, my life story is yours and your life story is mine, for we are IMMORTAL. We are immutably ONE in God Almighty and I AM forever grateful for that.

Thanks to you personally–heart to heart–for moving in your mind and heart along this brief IMMORTAL way with me, on a brightly shining and glorious life path that has just begun for you and me. We are One.

I really do acknowledge, appreciate and love you. Be happy and well. I urge you to accept consciously your own personal bright, sparkling, eternal God-given gift of IMMORTALITY.

Be ever more now in joy and in peace.

∞ Ω ∞

THE BEGINNING …
Loving Acknowledgements

An extremely huge host of loving life companions, incredible friends and great teachers have enhanced and graced my life journey beyond any words I can phrase or utter.

Many of these beloved souls were not revealed or acknowledged within the text of my life story, yet let it be affirmed and known that each and all of them have made my life journey on Earth in this embodiment more complete and fulfilling by their dynamic and vital presence in it.

Offhand, I will highlight the names of a few of them. First, thank you Ardath #1 M. for being such a dear bright light in my life, as well as in the life of so many others.

Ardath #1 has the same deep love for Hawaii in her heart and soul as I have. I AM sure we were Soulmates in many other former lives as well as in Hawaii. Ardath and I shared many wonderful Soulmate years and joyous times together in this lifetime. We even made a wonderful, unforgettable two-week honeymoon trip to Hawaii and into The Valley of the Lost Tribe together. We hired a helicopter to drop us off on the golden sand beach beside the beautiful waterfall. We were picked up by the same helicopter pilot several day later. That Hawaii honeymoon remains a fabulous and cherished memory. Bless you, dear sparking, bursting-with-life Ardath #1.

When Ardath #1, Michael and Pat. K. met they became fast friends at their first meeting. They adopted the loving title of “the Wife-in-Laws.” They even printed name cards and seriously thought about writing a television series based around their adventures as wife-in-laws. It was a neat concept.

Both Ardath #1 and Pat K. are still “in the body” and I love them each dearly. Bless their beautiful hearts.

Laya–Thank you for over five years of daily love and companionship of the highest quality and evidence of unconditional love. Bless your heart.

Bless you, William Brooks, my spiritual brother, close friend, and Laya’s wonderful Soulmate for decades now. You are a magnificent light on Earth.
Thank you, Ed Robertson, close wonderful friend for almost three decades. I AM convinced and many “signs” indicate that you were my genetic father (who died when I was two years old) in this lifetime. Bless you for being such a tried-and-true spiritual brother and close physical companion all these wonderful years. We have had some high adventures together. You are a straight and true soul and set a high lifestyle example for other souls to follow. Bless you “papa” (smile).

A special greetings and warm love to Paul Mead and his beautiful wife, Ginger, wherever you are. As you know, at the inner level we have never lost touch. Bless you, dear friend!

Soulmates and dear friends, Dr. Pat Flanagan (inventor with more than 100 patents) and Stephanie Sutton, most highly regarded spiritual coworkers and friends.

Also heart-loving Nutu and Ann Tamas, incredible humanitarians.

Spiritual brother and inventor of life-saving AIDS and malaria “reversal” MMS product, Jim Humble.

Lawrence Kennedy and Sandra Sitzman (long-time soulmates).

Humanitarian brother Thomas Welch and Veronika in Munich, Germany (loving soulmates).


Linda Thomas, trusted business associate and Mark Hills, web wizard and our eBook websites webmaster.

All of my so dearly-loved and much appreciated past, present and future volunteer Russ Michael BLOCKBUSTER eBooks team members.

There are many others who added greatly to my life. Some are in the body and some have passed on. I AM grateful to those I did not remember to list here, as well.

Some are full names and others are first name and last initial. If only listed by first name and initial of last name, you will intuit and know who you are. Please recognize I AM acknowledging my love and heartfelt appreciation for your great contribution toward making my life more complete and fulfilling.

Thank you immensely!

Laya, Wendy Dixon, Donna Ries Anderson, Lynn Andrews, Elisabeth, Kay Mangiarcina, Fran Cushman, Lucy Waltman, Amiya Osborne, Patricia, Isabelle Banson, Lillian Michael, Thea Plym, Anne Marie Cook, Lynn, Kate, Sandi Liner, Cindy, Melinda, Jane D., Brenda,

Loren Smith, David Dartez, Ben Skoda, NormanThunder, Irwin Schiff, George Tripodi, Toma, Jerry W., Jim Webb., Ed W., Randy Ward, Stuart W., Dr. John Willard, Eugene Welch, John Kamp, Paul Mead, Ron Mead, Rob Zebro, Bill Webb, Robb Ziebro, Jacob Aanderson, Joe Newman, Gene Page, Wally Grotz, Wally Ahumada, Loren Ortiz, etc.

Thanks to my dear wonderful mother, father, grandfathers and grandmothers, nieces, nephews, cousins and all my many, many wonderful loving family members.

Bless my genetic family brothers and sisters and their loved ones, Herbert, Ruth, Norma, Richard, and Otto. Herbert, the oldest, made his exit at 80, but the other four loved ones are still here on Earth. Thank you each and all for being so wonderful!

I give a world of thanks, body and soul, to my genetic four sons, David Russell, Bryan Douglas, Mark Anthony, and John Mathew for blessing me with your radiant personal presence on Earth.

I thank all three volunteer editors who helped me prepare my life story for immediate foreign language publication, Bob Santee in the USA, Gabriel Liaskus in Lithuania; and dear blessed Russ Michael BLOCKBUSTER Ebooks team member, loving, wonderful and much appreciated Pamela Leach, sterling chief editor of my now 30+ ebooks. Bless you all.

I especially thank Panos Axiomakaros of Bolero Publications, LTD, in Greece, for insisting that I send the first then completed 14 chapters of this book immediately the moment he read the 61 chapter titles.

Based solely on what he read, a few days later he graciously accepted my full terms of book royalty percentage and cash advance book royalty sales I requested for publication of my autobiography in the Greek language. In addition, beloved brother Panos signed and returned the publishing agreement he requested I send to him and paid my requested advance book royalty sales cash payment to me days before receipt of my finished manuscript. You are a grand spiritual light and “way shower.” Bless you Panos.

We are all greatly blessed!

I love you each and all and I bless you each and all from the heart and soul of my and your IMMORTAL divine God-self being.

We are ONE.
RECOMMENDED HIGH VIBRATION
BOOKS AND STUDY DATA

Heavenletters - Book One, by Gloria Wendroff. Gloria has received over two thousand Heavenletters; one hundred fit in one book, so expect a huge series of books soon world-wide. Incredibly high vibration. The book currently is published in English, German, Greek, Romanian, and is expected to be published in about 15 more languages soon. Gloria also conducts awesome Godwriting Workshops. I attended one she held in Munich, Germany. It was fantastic. Join Gloria’s worldwide email list to receive her FREE daily email Heavenletter by signing up on her website at www.heavenletters.org.

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**Finding Your Soulmate**

This best-selling classic was first published in 1971, when Russ Michael brought the concept of and the actual word "Soulmate" into mass consciousness on Earth. While most books are out of print in a few years, this book is still a top-selling item over 37 years later and read in 12 languages worldwide.

**The Secret of Sex and Sexual Attraction**

You can draw anyone or any thing to you by the deliberate use of the Law of Attraction and a large personal stock of pheromones. "Your conscious co-creator job on Earth is to learn how to live your life fully in a safe world. In that safe world, you will most aptly find that sex is good. Violence against another is bad, guilt is bad, to judge is bad, regret is bad, and even living in the past is bad - but sex is good!"
Soulmates, Twin Rays and Special Lovers
Given a choice (and who does not have free choice?) most of us on Earth today would choose sharing what remains of this day and the remaining days of our physical human life on Earth with a warm, fun-loving Soulmate or a genuinely blissful Twin Ray or special lover.

Your Soulmate is Calling
Somewhere deep inside every one of us is the knowledge that somewhere--at this very moment--someone special is calling out to us for recognition. Your Soulmate is calling you, wherever on earth he or she resides. Your Soulmate is sending out a distress signal. The essence of his or her signal is: “Where are you? I am waiting here for you. I want you!”

FINDING MR. RIGHT OR MRS. RIGHT
Mr. Right or Mrs. Right wants you as much as you want him or her. You only need to know what you really want. Combine that decision with the knowledge you gain here about how to increase your attractiveness or personal magnetism, and you are already moving forward on your way to a really, really bright and RIGHT love relationship! Why not recognize and swiftly cut those painful cords that bind you to the past?

The SECRET PROVEN FORMULA to WEALTH, HEALTH & TRUE LOVE
All that magic means is the wise use of applied knowledge. The word stems from Magi, wise men from the East. As you read on, you will soon notice that I make many references to law.
The Birth of Earth as a Star
End times is not an idle phrase. The old is about to vanish and the new is already starting to begin. What is the END at one level of being is the BEGINNING at another.

Life in the Dead Zone
Death is merely the cessation of three-dimensional motion. It is a personal state of rest that will return to a state of motion again. Rest and motion, or death and life, are now, and have been forever, interwoven.

Eleven Magic Steps to Success
There is nothing you cannot be, do or have. You only need to ASK - and through the sacred heritage of who and what you are, your every request is granted at the moment it is made.

The Mental Room of Mirrors
The Room of Mirrors self-therapy technique presented here is indeed a valid precious gift to humanity. I know it well and I am pleased to pass on this powerful healing technique along to humanity in this volume.

100 True RAMTHA Miracle Stories
I wish to personally thank each and all of these grand masters who have shared their experiences with me and whose beautiful, inspiring miracle stories are now here presented to be shared with you.
**There is NOTHING You Cannot BE, DO or HAVE**

The real gold is found in and through your own creative thought or socially cooperative co-creative ideas coupled with the fire—or the fuel—of a desire for something in you so strong you can taste it.

**When GOD Speaks, I Listen**

Have you noticed in a loud crowd that when someone suddenly speaks up in a soft and quiet voice how everyone now stops talking to listen? That is how God usually speaks, in soft whispers!

**Why & How of Meditation**

As you progress in the art of meditation, you discover—perhaps with astonishment—that the most profound things in life are more simply expressed. A Blockbuster classic! Read by thousands in print!
Final note from the author scribe...

In addition to my best-seller, *Finding Your Soulmate*, which is still selling in 12 languages, I have written more than 20 published self-help books and I invite you to obtain and read them all.

After my death experience at age 18 and in the unfolding due course of my spiritual work, I have received thousands of letters of gratitude from readers of my books and from many grateful attendants of my workshops who have found their soulmates or their Twin Ray life companions, or made their wildest, most impossible dreams come true. A few days ago, I received an email from someone who recently obtained and read my 360-page autobiography.

Dear kindly eBook reader,

This is what Carolyn Tester had to say to me about *Autobiography of an IMMORTAL*. Bless her heart.

I don't think I have ever enjoyed reading anything as I am now doing with your autobiography. I'm now beginning to read slower and slower … as the end of it gets nearer … a habit I've acquired when in a GOOD read.

Love to you and yours,

Carolyn Tester

If you enjoyed this or any other books of mine, please encourage your loved ones, friends and associates to obtain and read them all.

I suggest that you obtain my own *Autobiography of an IMMORTAL* or any of my current 13 eBooks—soon to be 20 or more.

Enquire now (or later) at:
Or contact me at my personal email address:
Michael@RussMichaeleBooks.com

You can soon listen to my 3-minute podcast, read my brief bio or surf through the “Table of Content” pages of my many obtainable eBooks.
To receive my FREE daily spiritual “Michael Worldwide Newsletter” in your inbox, email me at:

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We appreciate and love to have new readers come to Russ Michael eBooks through you.

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Bless your heart, forever and forever. Bless us all. We are all blessed.

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In living and loving gratitude to All That Is

I Am–Russ Michael

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