

BANISHED

... from the Sandbox

(Revised Edition)



J a y

\$19.95

**The
Beginnings
of
SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION**

Using the *internal* wisdom that comes from surrendering the ego, JAY writes about the actual experiences everyone deals with when they go through the mid-life "reality" crisis. His adventures show in superior detail how one "walks through the fire" of their own personal fears and how to look at and recognize the "hate" behind dependent love to arrive at *total* freedom.

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INTRODUCTION

You are about to read a very unique, unusual, and outrageous story about a very conservative, refined, gentle, but a radically non-traditional thinking, man named Jay, who will take you beyond the dimensions of most conventional love stories to the very Heart of "life." Be prepared, to have every one of your beliefs challenged!

This is a three-part adventure dealing with the adult process of "really" growing up in a physical universe that is beset with unmanageable problems (until one begins to accept the secret about life that sets man free) as well as "real" relationships and "real" responsibility. In Part I, *Learning to Surrender*, Jay de-mystifies the one step of living peacefully on Earth in the present moment. Part II, *Facing Your Fears*, explores the past to discover how to transcend guilt and its manifestation (fear). Finally, in Part III, *Looking at the Hate Behind Love*, he identifies the "new" attitudes needed to live life contentedly and the "hate" at the root of all dependent love relationships, which completes the process of going beyond all fear into the future. This is a light-hearted approach to what is typically a very serious and severe growth period for all people—who think they are completely "grown up," but find out they're not.

BANISHED from the Sandbox resolves the mid-life "reality" crisis, that everyone typically goes through between the ages of 30 - 55, by answering the questions: What, and where, am I? Why am I here? How can I be totally happy...and free? It is about re-inventing your life—or, at least, your attitude toward it—and can give you great solace, a totally new perspective, and keep you company on your journey through time.

You might want to read this book, more than once....

Contents

Part I — LEARNING TO SURRENDER

1. 1989 (Surrender)	3
2. Saturation	11
3. Be-ing	17
4. Self-Image	23
5. Quiet Time	31
6. Universal Harmony	35
7. The Mystical Path	41
8. Mental Androgyny	47
9. Been There, Done It, Had It All	53
10. From the Periphery	63
11. Mind Transfer	67
12. Real Responsibility	73
13. The New Psychology	79
14. No More Blame	83
15. Going Home	89

Part II — FACING YOUR FEARS

16. Me and Ralph	97
17. Susan (Fairy-Tale Princess)	108
18. Roseanne (Cowgirl-Dancer)	118
19. Sandy (Constant Companion)	132
20. Connie (Caribbean Queen)	140
21. Robilee (Business Woman)	152
22. Josephine (Southern Belle)	160
23. Puppy Dog Man & the Cat Women	182

Part III — LOOKING AT THE HATE BEHIND LOVE

24. Park Bench Surrender	201
25. Take a Giant Step “Back”	205
26. No Interest in Any Thing	208
27. Love and Hate (No Difference)	211
28. Responsibility vs. Obligation	213
29. Everything Is a Decision	215
30. There Is No-thing to “Do”	217
31. Need to Be Needed	219
32. Repetition, Repetition	221
33. Prostitution	223
34. No Body’s Listening	226
35. No Body “Knows” Anything!	228
36. Tin Gods and False Prophets	230
37. Possession and Repossession	233
38. The Voodoo Factor	235
39. Silent Contract	237
40. The Unsettling Land of the Crazy People	239
41. Can’t Stop Dreaming	241
42. Anger and Sexuality.....	242
43. Burning Bridges	243
44. Challenge, Adventure, and Variety	245
45. Learning to Serve	246
46. The Curse of Denial and Defense	249
47. The Greatest Earthly Fear	251
48. Bringers of Love	254
49. Boundaries	255
50. Between the “Flakes” and “Straights”	257
51. The “Only” Real Relationship	259
52. Don’t Think	261
53. Have No Opinions	262
54. Practice, Practice, Practice	263

55. From and To	266
56. Letting Go of Blind Faith	269
57. I AM Have Come to Take You Home	272
58. The Jay Difference	273
59. The Diane Reminder	275
60. One Mind, Puppets, and Past Lives	277
61. The Impossibility of "Human" Self-esteem	279
62. One Man's Treasures, Another Man's Trash	281
63. Hypocrisy	283
64. Facing Your self	285
65. Everyone Is "Right"	286
66. Jesus, Just a Man Like Everyone else	288
67. Physician, Heal Your Self	289
68. Al(l)-one	290
69. Ethereal	292
70. Don't Save Me!	294
71. Replacing Compassion	296
72. Don't Ask!	298
73. The Beginning: To Die Laughing?	300

Part I

**Learning
to
Surrender**

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Eleven years ago, when I discovered THE truth about the world that sets men free, all the pain and horrible things that had been done (as well as the good ones) did not matter at all. (It was like being released from prison!) However, I saw that practically all of my friends did not and could not, at that time, share the same perspective. I found that all the things and ways of living on Earth I had questions about had to be answered internally because there was no one to talk to who had any answers. During the course of the next several years, I wondered about how I, and we, should live here—in view of the fact that “life is a state of mind.” This is that realization. I wanted answers to everything from careers to our function here to sexuality to where’s home. I got them. I felt like a child who finally had all his dreams end and was now ready to take his place in this dream world and rise above our child-like beliefs and actions (while “in” it) and be a real adult.

1

1989

(Surrender)

“But you hate to write,” He said. “It’s one of those tasks where you have to step aside from your ego in the controlled-consciousness world and listen and follow. And you’re not a very good follower; you’d rather lead, but not at the expense of giving up your freedom. You’re afraid to surrender to your inner Self and be driven. You think that your ego is something worth protecting when you ‘know’ it’s not even your ‘real’ self. I AM!”

I thought about what He had said for awhile. I knew He was right, but surrendering the control of one’s human existence was something we all fight here in our dream-world called Earth.

Then the ideas and thoughts came one after another, in a barrage. It was craziness. Here I was, writing on 3" x 5" note pads to capture the ideas as fast as they

came. I had never been so unstructured, so disorganized in my life. Orderliness was the way I kept my peace in this crazy world.

The last three months of 1989 had been an incredible time. The Eastern-block (Communist) European nations demanded and got freedom from the old tyranny of the Soviet Union. The Berlin Wall came down as well as most of the others. (Mine, too!) The number two man in the Colombian drug cartel was found and executed—not always the best solution to achieving world peace. The United States entered Panama in a surprise raid to remove a drug-connected, openly defiant, military dictator who aborted his people's efforts for democratic elections by remaining in power after they voted for another.

Then, there were my big discoveries. I was bored with all the conventional jobs on Earth. I had tried or explored many different avenues: business for 18 years, education for one year, the military for 3« years, family life and parenthood for 9 years (not including 21 years of schooling and growing up), being a free-wheeling, woman-chasing bachelor for 9 years, being a spiritual guru for 7 years (my mother used to call me "the oracle"). I'm sure I missed some things, but I have not led a life of quiet desperation—in ego terms. However I tried and wherever I looked, I could never be satisfied.

Then I met (by choice/decision) my spiritual partner, Jo, who, after bringing to my attention that "IT was happening" (meaning that the world was getting in-tune with the fact that we are all spiritual beings having a

“human experience” and that the physical universe was nothing more than the miscreation of limitation—“Hell,” in other words—by the collective-consciousness of our minds), haunted my mind gently for six weeks of my “walk-about” tour of Australia, New Zealand, and Hawaii. She even had the audacity later (thank God) to tell me that she was a female version of me. (That got my attention!) In short, I could no longer deny that I didn’t have the “freedom” to give love to someone that I thoroughly trusted. I was drawn to her because of her mystical mind and because she was not afraid of dying (she loved God more than any “thing”).

The next difficult challenge for me is taking place right now as I write these words. I feel guided, even though my ego/humanness does not like to write in any form, to write this book—to give my self the freedom to listen to that Voice inside guide me to be still rather than physically active to entertain my ego, which I seem to be continually doing unless I am sleeping or meditating. Yet, I recently wrote two books of poetry in two days thanks to my inspiration from my relationship with Jo. So, maybe, I am a writer—or a listener—or a hearer, which is more accurate. After all, if you can’t “hear” the message you’re listening to, you can’t write, speak, or do anything from the heart.

Also, since I like to share my thoughts with others without a whole lot of discussion or argument, this is a very “releasing” medium of expression—provided I can be patient enough to take the time to slow my mind down to capture all these words on the page. And, it isn’t

easy when you're used to being active most of your life rather than sitting quietly and reading or listening.

If you don't get caught up in the idea that you have to "do" something, like a profession or a job, to "be" someone, writing can be the most free form of function and expression on Earth besides motivational speaking. There are no set hours. You do it pretty much when you want, but you do have to have a still mind in order to hear what you are being told. A lot of people may listen to the music, but few may "hear" the message. You also have to free your Self from your own ego-created fear to be a writer unless you are financially well-off or have absolutely zero material needs including hot showers and a comfortable place to sleep—not to mention food, if you still need to eat. Of course, it's all "mind over matter." (Most cliches are true...that's why they last.) But, you can't falter in your beliefs, or you're trapped, again, in the limitation of Hell on Earth, which is the only place it exists.

Oh, the peace and tranquility of being focused on just one thing. That's the beauty of writing. You don't get scattered. You don't stay caught up in the world. You let it all go while your inner Guide directs you word by word, phrase by phrase, thought by thought. Most of us are not willing to surrender being in control to be "possessed" by this inner Being to put down on paper everything and anything, as it comes.

So, if you'll come on along, we'll take this journey together and explore the past, present, and future; meet

the people that come through my life; and discover the possibilities of the mind.

*

*

*

Jo looked at me and said, "You're a beautiful writer. You write from the heart."

"But, I don't know if I have anything to share with people that they would be interested in. I hate to be bored or boring. Of course, there was that time that I had that out-of-body (what I know as inner-mind) experience where I was driving down a street in Melbourne, Florida and ended up on a parallel street a half-mile away (without driving there). And, I didn't close my eyes or experience any change at all. I realized that I was on the street I had originally wanted to be on. 'Amazing!' I thought and actually laughed out loud 'How easy this mystical, beyond-the-normal stuff was—not a bit frightening.' I was elated to know that this really is a dream-world; we don't die since we exist in our mind (which is not the brain)—rather than our bodies; and the world could be an interesting place because anything was possible, now!"

"See!" she countered.

"Well, maybe you're right, Jo. Maybe, I should just pick up a pen and a notepad and just start writing, but I'd rather have a lap-type computer so I could write and type at the same time. Being the efficiency expert that I've been most of my adult life, I like to do life in the simplest, most effortless way possible so that it's always fun and

easy. The hell with that old Protestant work ethic that America was founded under, and I was raised with, where you have to work hard to have anything worthwhile in life. The good things in life can come fast and easy—provided we're not feeling unworthy because of our guilt for believing that we are separate from God (our ultimate fear) and that we are mere earthlings (i.e., people ruled by our human egos) and have to make everything happen—such old age tripe! All it takes is for us is to be 'willing' to let it happen."

"I'm tired of working (she's a Controller for a company) and all the hassles that go along with it—all the demands people make on you when you're at the top. I feel like I'm going to come into money this year, and I know that things can just come to me," said Jo.

I agreed. We both had enough experiences on Earth to know that anything is possible here.

All I could say at this stage was "I think I am going to be a book writer, of God-only-knows what form." (Actually, He could care less.)

Paranthesical Expression

*Life...
is a
parenthesical
expression
where I
learn to
listen to
this inner
Knowingness,
which always
gives me
this (aside)
information.*

2

Saturation

“Are you sure you’re just not denying yourself the opportunity to be successful in your own business?”

“Yes, Jo. I’ve looked at ALL the opportunities out there. After working for large well-known companies and small and medium sized firms in all industries from agricultural products to labor services to computer-controlled warehouses, I’ve had more than ample opportunity over 20 years to explore all the business possibilities, and nothing inspires me. I’ve pursued all things—power, fame, fortune, and physical pleasure—to which we look for glory and satisfaction and nothing “moves” me...it’s all superficial...it doesn’t last for more than a moment. And...I am tired of pursuing goals that most others go after. I want to be truly helpful to people. But, I’m finding it more appropriate, now, to let people live their lives the way they want without my direct intervention.

“Having taught at the college-level and done spiritual teaching on metaphysical understanding (belief

beyond the physical) very well, I feel like I've exhausted all possible areas. There's nothing left for me to try. I've gone from businessman to teacher to ditch-digger and back. I've even looked into being a minister, and you've been there when I delivered a Sunday morning talk."

"Yes, and you were very loving and very good."

"Well, thanks, but that hasn't been enough. It's just not enough to be 'good' at something. It has to inspire! And, I guess that's what I'm trying to get across to you, Jo. If you can't understand what I'm getting at here, I don't think there is anyone else, I know of, that can comprehend what happens when you reach the point of 'saturation' where nothing or no one on Earth can satisfy you.

"Prospective business partners are concerned about profits first and have to deal with their own personal ego needs of greed stemming from poor self-esteem. If I am going to go into business for myself, I need a financial partner, so there's no way around it. If you're going to go into business, you will need someone else's help unless you're financially independent. Actually, business is just something for me to keep my ego busy—entertained. It's not something I truly feel I want to do.

"Money is okay, and it can make living here more convenient, which I like. But...that's not my purpose. I came here to bring love, just like you. That's our real 'life purpose' even if it sounds too simplistic, idealistic, or impractical. I came to know or, in this case, learn what I am (Love—a spiritual being) and to help others understand that about themselves as well, which may not involve

me opening my mouth. And maybe, that means putting my thoughts down on paper to 'share' with others.

"You still have a regular job, so you haven't experienced what it's like to wander on the earth like I have for the last seven years with no 'earthly' reason for being here."

"That's true," Jo acknowledged.

"Well, it's a whole different game when you get 'saturated' with all the things of the world and there are no more escapes. No places to run to...no people...no career...nothing! But...you won't leave here (physical life) until you reach that point."

More and Less

*The more things
you want
to do or have
the less
you are!*

3

Be-ing

“My ego is almost constantly pushing me to do something—keep it ‘entertained.’ And, I’ve done everything under the sun, it seems. I’ve just run out of things and places and people to escape to and through. It’s like coming to the end of your life and saying ‘That’s nice ...now what? I was a pretty good human...what’s next? And, please, don’t send me back into the world! I have had enough suffering from believing in my limited human-ness.’”

Jo looked at me with those gentle, “concerned-looking” dark brown eyes of hers. It’s amazing how loving “dark” eyes can be when they belong to such a gentle Spirit as her.

“It is sad, but it seems that we have no self-worth here on Earth unless we ‘do’ something. Without a job, we have nothing to label our selves as.”

“I know,” she said.

“Well...I don’t want to have any label anymore. I just want to BE me and accepted as nothing more than a gentle, loving spiritual being. Shakespeare had it back 300 years ago when he said ‘To be, or not to be...that is the question.’ It seems like it takes us forever to wake up...to catch on.”

“That sure is true!” agreed Jo.

“As I write these words I wonder if I have to be a ‘writer’ to write. Can’t I just be a person (persona in Latin means ‘mask’) who happens to put his ideas, thoughts, and feelings down on paper when he feels inspired to do so. I’m just sharing my insides on the outside...that’s all.”

“And you do it so well,” Jo said sweetly. “You talk from your heart, and I love it when you come from that place.”

“There has got to be another way of being here on Earth where we don’t focus on what people do, or look like, in order for them to have any sense of value to us. I try by just ‘being’ with a person and experiencing how I feel with them and how they seem to feel towards themselves rather than asking them what they do for a living. I could care less! We may talk about things of the world, but I am only trying (since I am learning to do this, too) to listen—to hear how I feel with this person, this other aspect of myself—since it is my perception of him that gives him all the reality that he has for me. In other words, my attitude towards people determines what they are for me.”

Jo just continues to look lovingly at me. Silently, she sits there on the couch hardly moving a muscle. She is by far the most intent listener I've ever known in my life. She is the most incredible, focused audience. I've never noticed such unconditional love before. Such a wonderful gift to me...and such gratification for my ego—to be loved!

"Excuse me for a moment. I need to go pace...or walk...for a bit. Kind of let my body stretch and my mind clear." I stand up and stretch with my arms way up in the air. (The ego can not handle too much introspection because it knows we will realize its "meaninglessness"...and it fears that we will let it go, which is exactly what will happen.) "Thanks for listening. I love you."

"I love you, too, sweetheart," she said as she stood on her toes and gently kissed me on the lips with that innocent, child-like twinkle in her eyes.

I Have No Game...But, I'm Here

*Don't ask me why I'm here
because I have no game to play.
But, I do know what I am, now,
after many years of attempts
to fit in and play other's games.*

*So now, I'll just walk on,
listen to my heart's desire,
and just be me
because there truly is
nothing else to do.*

4

Self-Image

We walked along the boardwalk at the beach—an 82°F sunny day in January. This is one of our favorite places to stroll and read to each other. Even though she was only 5'4" tall with a slight, curvaceous body, short red hair, and a sweet, innocent, child-like face (which masked the fact that she was in her mid-forties), Jo always walked “tall.” I thought she was 5'7" or 5'8" next to my sleek 6' frame when I first met her. She always projected the image of a tall person—in more ways than one. I think it was because of her bearing, which always radiated, literally, an inner confidence and joyfulness. She always smiled at people and just...sparkled, which made them feel good about themselves.

As we walked along, I kept thinking about that one limiting factor in our lives that always keeps us from being what we are. Those of us who are college-educated, and therefore, more intellectual than others, tend to get caught up in our self concept of ourselves—our “self-image.”

“You know what, Jo? If we didn’t get caught up in our own self-image, life on earth would be really easy and very loving, with everyone looking out after one another, when we all know that we are part of each other. If what I see in you is my perception (personal interpretation) of you, then all I ever see is my ‘image’ of you. And, whatever I see in you that causes me to feel any discomfort is something in myself that I have some ‘guilt’ about from some occurrence in my past. That, in turn, manifests itself as ‘fear’ and is then masked over by our outward expression of anger, acceptance of physical or verbal abuse, cowering, or running away.”

“That’s true,” she said.

“Well, actually, the problem is a very simple one of getting caught up in our image of our own ego-self. Did you ever notice that there is a little person in every self?! That ‘elf’ is our ego, that ‘image’ that we created, or actually miscreated, by merely ‘believing’ it to be ourselves.”

“How do you stop it? How do you get rid of it?” asked Jo.

“You don’t do either! You just simply stop believing in it...stop ‘focusing’ on it. Remember what my friend, Hal, said: ‘This is far too important to be taken... seriously.’”

She snickered a little and smiled.

The boards crunched and creaked underneath our feet as we walked purposefully with full force, now, as if we were walking to our destiny.

I continued, “We have gotten so caught up in our act, our ego, that we can’t remember being anything else until something or someone, like a pet, a small child, or a lover, touches our heart and we reach out to give them love—although our actions are superfluous. It’s only the ‘feeling’ of love inside us that’s important because that lovingness, which commensurately creates sensations of joy and peacefulness in us, extends out to all minds—since we all are joined on the level of the mind (where all this ‘drama,’ we call living on Earth, takes place, anyway).

“For instance, you and I have both been business professionals—you in finance and me in marketing and operations management. You also have been an entertainer, so you have at least two ego images of your self as a ‘function.’ Well, what happens when something occurs and you can’t be that thing, that function, that ‘doingness’?”

“I panic!” said Jo.

“Right! Even though I’ve written three other books over the last seven years, I don’t imagine (‘image-in’) my ego-self as a writer; therefore, I have no identity as one. Nor do I really want one because I’ve seen how hard it has been to shake my identity as a ‘professional business-man’ when I needed to just go earn some money.

The difficulty in letting go of our self-image and just 'be' is tremendous!

"Look how difficult it was for me, recently, to interview for all those professional jobs and watch them 'disappear' when I had impeccable credentials and wonderful letters of recommendation for them. I was astounded, particularly, by one which asked for a background in four distinctly different areas, and I had experience in all of them—in spades! And, they didn't hire me. I was amazed! It's very humbling. And, I guess there is no way around it, our ego—our false image of our self, our act—has to be humbled until it no longer exists and only our kind, gentle, loving self—the real us—remains."

"That's what's happening with my job, right now. I don't care about working with numbers anymore, and I'm a Controller," Jo interjected.

"That's how it starts. We lose interest with our job or our partners. Instead of going inward and asking what we really want—to be calm and quiet, peaceful and happy—we immediately start looking for another substitution—another job, another person—to fill our life. We 'run' from one act—one drama—to another, almost non-stop. We seldom take time to stop and see what we are doing.

"I had to be 'trashed-out' three times before I stopped. Three times I scraped near rock-bottom before I woke up. Finally, on the third time in six years, when I lost my wonderful job, my house in the mountains, and my fairy-tale princess wife, I stopped and LISTENED. It

was then that I took an inventory of my life. (I had no exposure to AA-type, 12-step programs, at that point.)

“I looked at the best and the worst that I had in 38 years and was extremely thankful. I had two great kids that never were a problem in the seven years I helped raise them. I had the worst (the world’s best!), nagging, over-dramatic wife and the best wife in the world. I had traveled and lived in Europe, Canada, the Caribbean, and all over the United States. I had well-paid professional jobs in all sectors of business using all my education, right from the beginning. I had lived in Manhattan, beautiful suburbs of New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut as well as skied six months of the year when I lived in Salt Lake City, Utah (my favorite place in the world). In short, I had done everything I had ever wanted to do on Earth. I had fulfilled every major dream of my life and most fantasies.

“It was then that I said, ‘Okay, it’s all yours, Father.’ And, ‘Hell’ broke loose! I had my first taste of what ‘freedom’ from all the trials and tribulations of earth-life feels like. I had surrendered!”

Loneliness...

*is just
an “attitude”
of being
alone.*

*You’ll not
find Love
with another
until...
you know it
without them.*

*And when
you do...
you’ll never
be lonely...
again!*

5

Quiet Time

After rising early in the morning, Jo would sit on the love seat in the living room, looking dainty and gentle in her navy and white striped, cotton robe, with her leg crossed sophisticatedly over the other without any flesh showing, except on her ankles and bare feet. She was probably the most demure lady in my life.

I sat next to her, as I so often did at this time of the day, in my yellow, cotton velour robe in my usual cross-legged, Indian-style sitting position.

It was always soothing to sit next to her. Jo commented how good she always felt being next to me, too. We had lost, fortunately, that dreamy-eyed romanticism that characterizes most intimate relationships between men and women, boys and girls. Instead, we have a great calm—an inner-understanding, a peaceful gentleness—in each other's presence. Eye contact is seldom needed. We just need to be "next" to each other, and there's a

gentle reassurance that permeates the air. The world is at peace. We are so contented that nothing else matters.

Oftentimes, we would just stare out the bay window together for the longest time. This morning we are beginning our day in the usual way, watching the sun come up, twinkling through the trees.

An hour or so later, she chuckled to me, "I think you and I are going to go 'Home' (leave Earth) sitting together on this little couch...in a booth in a restaurant...or on our favorite, bright-blue, slatted, wooden bench (with a great sitting angle that just cradles you) in front of the ice cream store on the beach!"

I laughed, "I can't think of a better way to go! It would amaze people how wonderful and mystical our 'quiet time' is for us...and them, too." We both agreed because we knew that the peacefulness in our minds reaches out to everyone and everything in the universe.

Softly

*The words
come only
in the quiet
and only
“softly.”*

*If I'm not
paying attention
they pass-on-by.*

*I pray
that I
will always
listen.*

6

Universal Harmony

“What you believe you ‘make real’ for you and for others who want to believe what you believe, too,” He said. “The catch in allowing others, by sharing your ideas with them, to believe what you believe is that they want to make you a hero or an idol, someone to be looked up to for answers and guidance. And up until this point, you have not been able, or more appropriately, ‘willing’ to give up your freedom through your anonymity. You’ve learned to live here on Earth in almost total obscurity and that was a good trick in view of the fact that you’re a handsome man, well-educated, intelligent, personable, gregarious, and charming. Your only fault was that you believed you were ‘only’ human for nearly 40 years. It’s time to fully realize ‘what’ you are as well as all your brothers—Spirit.

I had never “accepted,” before, all the things He said.

*

*

*

During the Summer of 1985, my friend, Kathleen, called one evening from Salt Lake City while I was deep in a love relationship in Melbourne, Florida, which began on July 22. When I told her that, she said “That’s a very important date because Brian (her psychic boyfriend then) said that’s when the world will have attained full ‘Christhood’ (meaning that everyone will realize that they are Spirit—rather than a body—and will live in peace and happiness, forever)...on July 22, ____!”

“That is great!” I said. “I know in my heart that it’s true. Whatever two people ‘believe’ can come to pass. After all, if we created—actually mis-created, since it’s a place of lack and limitation—the world, NOT God as so many believe, then we can ‘see it right’ by overlooking (forgiving) the anger and fear and focusing on everyone as innocent children playing in the sandbox.

“You know, Kathleen, if enough of us begin accepting that possibility and change our minds about how we see the world, then I have no doubt that we will have total peace and complete harmony in the physical universe by then. What a terrific possibility!” I was elated because I really knew it was possible.

*

*

*

“Well, Jo, here it is nearly five years later from when I first got a glimpse of the change of humanity into a spiritual, for lack of a better word, ‘body’—a oneness of knowingness of the ‘Love,’ that we all are, by each and every one of us.

“It’s like that night when we went to see the movie, *Field of Dreams*, where the man was told by a ‘Voice’ in his mind to plow under part of his corn-field and build a baseball diamond.” (And movies show us our world as it is, currently—in thought.)

“You mean when I said, ‘It’s happening’ when I realized that we are all catching on to the fact that minds communicate in various ways—people hear voices, have inner-feelings, are guided by their intuition (Spirit) like never before.”

“Right!! When you said that, tears began to stream down my face because I was so touched by the possibility that what Kathleen and I talked about on that summer evening on the phone was going to become a reality. And when the ego, our belief in our sole reality as humans, is lifted or released, then we usually cry. It’s like being released from prison. Look at Eastern Europe in 1989! We are going to be freed from Hell—all of us! And, you know it, too, now!

“So, as each one of us realizes that our belief in our humanness has been wrong, we can make another choice of how we see ourselves and take responsibility for our thoughts and actions while we are still caught in this ‘waking-dream’ world. The only way out of it is to be peaceful and calm in your mind, at all times. (That does not mean avoiding appropriate expression, when needed, in the world.) And, let go of all value judging of others and the universe, to include the environment you are in at home or work.”

“That’s all?!” asked Jo.

“Yep.”

“It’s so simple,” she said in her pert little way with that Southern accent of hers.

“I had a realization back during the Summer of 1985, and Kathleen, whom I was very joined with then on the mind-level (the only level there really is), wrote it on the back of the envelope of a letter she wrote to me, approximately one month later: Love is all there is! When we ‘feel’ that, we’re Home.”

“That will be great,” she said.

“Thank you, Jo, for joining us.”

“You’re welcome. Thank you for sharing with me and sticking with me. It was tough letting go of my belief that God created the physical world and that human creativity was nothing (meaning not divinely inspired).”

“Well, Jo, as I’ve always said to you, ‘You are the doing-ness of my ‘knowingness.’” I gave her a big hug.

Last Remaining Remnants

It is
difficult
shedding
these last
remaining remnants
of my
humanness.

Earth-life
can be
a hard
“habit”
to break.

7

The Mystical Path

Driving one hour south down the interstate from Vero Beach (Florida) to Jupiter during early morning is one of the most peaceful experiences for me. I get into an ethereal consciousness where I am only “half” here, meaning that I’m aware of driving the car and generally where I am, but I am more intune with listening to the feeling of being connected with my Father (God) and the spiritual universe. It’s like being Home. It’s very restful but hard to sustain while we are here on Earth, preoccupied with all of our living-life distractions and so-called “responsibilities.”

It is times like this, when the warm breezes blow through the open windows of my old '75 Oldsmobile and through the pine trees and palmetto bushes lining both sides of the six-lane divided highway with hardly any traffic on it, that I’m glad that I chose the “mystical” path Home and avoided the “psychic” route.

A lot of people involved in the metaphysical movement have overlooked the most obvious aspect of heaven on Earth—extending love and caring about others—to get engrossed in “psychic stuff,” everything from crystals to mediums and channellers (all of which work, meaning that they seem very real on Earth, because our minds make everything “appear” real).

The simple distinction between a mystic and a psychic is that the mystic is only concerned with his or her “internal knowing” that the physical universe is not their ultimate reality. And they are very aware of their inner-connectedness with everyone and everything on the level of the mind where all creation (extending/feeling love in your heart) or miscreation (focusing on any thing or person in the physical universe, thus making it real) takes place. The true mystic knows the mind creates it all and that our function on Earth is to realize that God did not make the physical universe; we are Spirit (a nonphysically-oriented mind, which does not truly reside in the body or the brain); life as we experience it is nothing more than a “waking” dream and no more significant or real than our “sleeping” dreams. The mystic does not ask “how” things happen.

The psychic, on the other hand, focuses on the physical universe (and therefore, adds to its continuance) and probably has the “mystical” awareness of the oneness of it all but forgets or overlooks the power of the mind to rise above the world. Specifically, he or she uses their “mind power” to manipulate the physical world by such activities as moving things without touching them,

healing physical impairments in others, or making predictions come true by merely “believing” it to be truly possible. In other words, they are better believers than most. When we reach a certain inner-knowing level in our mind, we all become “guided” (sometimes referred to as “psychic”) to some degree to trust our intuition/inner-Teacher to manifest that understanding “physically” and/or verbally, such as the words on this page.

The simple difference is: the mystic is a-cosmic (not interested in correcting nor believing in the cosmos/physical universe), and the psychic is cosmic (believing in the physical world and affecting changes in it through their beliefs). The psychic focuses on physical manifestation (i.e., proof), and the mystic does not.

Jesus became more and more mystical as his time on Earth drew to a close. That’s why, at the end of his ministry, he told parables, so that people would find their own answers or connection, which is all of our responsibilities.

That’s why Buddha sits smiling—the inner-knowing of the mystic!

*

*

*

When I awoke this morning and I was meditating in my beige, upholstered, rocking chair, it came to me that psychics usually share openly, in a sometimes “showy” fashion, their inner knowledge of what’s happening in the universe with the masses; whereas, the mystic

usually keeps to himself/herself and only shares, when asked, with one or a small number of others who are truly interested in knowing “themselves” and are not concerned with anything but how they are in their own mind. That doesn’t mean that mystics don’t or won’t verbalize—they just don’t volunteer information unless asked. They tend to ask “questions” of others to lead them to their own inner recognition of the truth of “What” (Spirit/Love) they are.

Many of us go through a “psychic phase” where we go around openly sharing/talking with our friends, family, and sometimes, anyone who will listen to us about our new self-discoveries. And, this is an important aspect of our spiritual growth because we can only truly learn through ourselves (by listening to what we “say” to others) since no one can see or hear (perceive) what we do. Although, we can share, by demonstration, the feelings of peace and joy together, which comes from the Love that is us. If we don’t “share,” we lose the opportunity to teach ourselves...and that can be in any number of forms, from activities to talking or writing. We came to Earth to be “physical,” which, of course, is much more limited than be-ing Mind/Spirit (totally free). So, we might as well “get it out of our system” (i.e., saturate), as an old lady told me in a bus station in Washington, D. C., late one evening. Then we can move on and grow to become the true “mystics” that we all are...and remember that we are “unconditionally loving” beings, first!

Made in the “Image”...

*of God
is a
misnomer
because
“Thought”
as an
expression
of Love
(which is
all that
God is)
does not
need to
take “form.”*

8

Mental Androgyny

One morning, while lying in bed with Jo, I looked out at the early morning sunlight just beginning to break through the leaves rustling in the tree next to the upstairs bedroom window. She was lying on her left side with her back to me—her usual sleeping position on the right side of the bed.

As she awoke, I said “Hello” and gently kissed her on the lips. “I was just lying here thinking about how our relationship has healed (gone beyond its ‘humanness’) and progressed over the last year we’ve known each other. Except for those periods where you seem to want to ‘get into’ your drama concerning work or your relationship with Jennifer (her 20 year old daughter, who was still living at home), we have a very mature, clear, and peaceful relationship where romance and sex, which we still have, plays such a minuscule part.”

“Uh-huh,” she murmured. “My friend, Kay, told me how she and her husband became such good friends later

in their marriage, and in their lives, when sex no longer was involved in their relationship. Their life together took on new meaning and great peace. Kay says that they are real good friends."

"That's great! I am glad to hear that. Although I'm not in favor of people practicing celibacy (or denial of any healthy practice or activity)—anymore than I like any 'spiritual games' that we play, I can see that people like you and I, who have had lots of sexual experiences in our lives, can eventually not care about sex at all. In other words, we become androgynous (both male and female—non-sexual), mentally.

"It seems that, when we clear away the romance and sex in our boy-girl love relationships, we are left with a real relationship where each other's essence (Spirit) is all that remains—and matters. Without our 'sexual' identities, we would be open to 'going-in' (becoming introspective) until we found our true selves. Then we could emerge like butterflies—gentle and innocent—into the world without our 'pretentious acts' (our egos—those false beliefs in our sole existence as human/physical beings)! Can you imagine what an incredible place this world will become when that happens? Talk about innocence...personified!"

Jo just looked approvingly and sweetly at me as I got into my thoughts. She seldom spoke when I went deeply into my mind. But then, that was the beauty of our relationship—the unspoken knowingness that exists between spiritual partners. Silence was truly "golden" for us. (If she disagrees, believe me, she speaks up!)

“You know...since we have had several multi-orgasmic experiences together and sex to us is like going out for ice cream or any child-like craving at this point, it’s no longer a big deal. It wouldn’t surprise me if some day, which could be tomorrow, two weeks from now, or 20 years from now, we just stopped having sex for no other reason than ‘it just didn’t matter any more.’ I just hope that our relationship will continue forever on Earth... that we’ll continue to be the spiritual partners that we were in the beginning. Imagine...we began our relationship the first night we met as it should end—with the recognition of the perfect, innocent love, called ‘the Christ,’ which we are inside.”

She kissed me gently on the lips. It was time to get up and...function.

Beyond All Fear

*To help
take us
beyond
all forms
of fear
is
the only
purpose of
our relationship
on the
earthly-level.*

9

Been There, Done It, Had It All

Since everything we do is for ourselves, first, I find it appropriate to retrace my past, in general, at this point. A publisher would probably scream “You can’t do that! What about the plot...continuity?” Oh well. The mistaken assumption is that there is “order” (things follow in progression—linearly) here on Earth. In actuality, there is none, except that which we superimpose on it. We flip back and forth to any part of our life, at any point, between what we think is the beginning and the end of life.

Everything, past and future, really takes place now since it all occurs in our mind in an instant (although, as humans, we might not be aware of it), and we just seem to progress very slowly from point to point and lifetime to lifetime because that’s how we “like” to go. We remember the past (to include other ego incarnations)

and envision/imagine our future...now! It's always "now." We are always living in the present. Welcome to eternity!

There is no such thing as reincarnation, living many successive lives, in reality (if there was, "Who's Jesus?"), we just "shift" our attention from one lifetime drama to another, just like we do in our "sleeping" dreams. (Each of us is an "aspect" of the one Son of God, who is sleeping—dreaming of us. We are the "figures" in His dream, who have taken on a life of our own. As we wake up and surrender our ego, He wakes up.) Living on Earth is no more complicated than that...we just want it to be, in our minds, so we can keep on dreaming. (Personally, the daytime dreams are really getting repetitious and boring.)

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It was agreed by my parents (Howie and Bobbie...my mother hates it when I call my dad that, but he's like a childhood friend to me, now), doctors, nurses, grandparents, and a whole host of other actors that I arrived on the scene, in the colossal movie called "Earthlife," on April 6, 1944 (that month and day is believed by the Mormons to be the real birth-date of Jesus, my most powerful spirit guide—as well as one of my spiritual teachers, Ram Dass) in Abington, Pennsylvania, just outside Philadelphia (the birthplace of American freedom).

Although my maternal grandparents lived there, and I loved to visit them in the summers as a young boy and play with my slightly-handicapped friend, Jacky, in

the stream next to his house and my friend, Michelle, with her artistic touches in her butterfly collection and silver-smithing, I spent my elementary school years in a working-class town called Melrose, Massachusetts, where you could see the city of Boston skyline, about 15 miles to the southeast, from the top of the hill where we lived.

When I was 12 and about to enter middle school, my parents moved to a nicer, professional working-class town west of Greater Boston called Lexington where “The shot [for freedom and liberty] was heard around the world” that began the American Revolution in 1776. I finished my formal schooling there; fell into the most romantic, Westside Story-type relationship (without the murder at the end) with Marta, a foreign exchange student from Buenos Aires, Argentina, during our senior year of high school; and then I moved (without my family) to Wellesley, one of the wealthier, yankee, “White Anglo-Saxon Protestant” suburbs of Boston, to go to college.

During my last quarter of college, I met my first wife, Donna, on a blind-date. She “heard bells” according to her when I kissed her for the first time. (I later told her it was the trolley car bell outside her Brookline apartment.) I bought “her” falling-in-love-with-me story because I was extremely needy of having someone love me then (very dependent). I finished college two months later by the “skin of my teeth.” We married a year later, moved to West Germany with the U. S. Army, had our first daughter, Lisa, there, and returned two years later to Bridge-

port, Connecticut (a real old-time, working-class town), so I could go to graduate business school.

After finishing my last formal schooling and a two month family car trip around the entire eastern half of the United States, I got my first full-time job with a major corporation, which sold the subsidiary I worked for for almost “peanuts” 10 months later because it was bailing out of the computer industry. (I learned early, with my first job, that there was no such thing as “financial security,” or any other kind, in the world.) My second child, Erika, came along during this period. And I built my first (“dream”) house, three years later, at age 28.

When Donna told me almost nine years after our marriage that the only reason we stayed together was because we were both “cowards,” I decided that “I” didn’t want to be one anymore, and nine months later we were divorced. I wanted “joint” custody (meaning we would alternate custodial years) because I loved my kids dearly for the seven and four years I helped raise them, respectively, and enjoyed being and playing with them both—but I did not get it. So...my first true act of “releasing/letting go” was of my kids, and was by far THE most difficult surrender I will ever experience, short of giving up my human identity in order to achieve that “relentless desire” that burns inside me for total freedom...to return Home. We had a very unhappy divorce, so I effectively lost ongoing contact with my kids, which was my most difficult pain, like a living-death, for many years. (I am happy to say that all desire to emotionally

react to that past is practically erased—forgiven—from my memory.)

I transferred with another major corporation during the divorce process to Manhattan and began the period of ego self-development and exploration so vital to our human experience. Until we learn to be happy with ourselves, we cannot return Home to that place in Mind of eternal peace. After spending a year there regaining my self-confidence to live in the world as a “single” person among the “masses” and truly loving that wonderful, vibrant melting pot, I moved from the tall buildings of America’s largest metropolitan city and the financial capital of the world to the high mountains of the Wasatch Mountain Range (part of the Rockies).

I spent the next fun-filled nine years in Salt Lake City, Utah (what I’ve always felt was the Israel of America and the only place a Jew would be considered a “gentile,” meaning non-Mormon), which is the most beautiful state in the nation. I loved that wide-open, rocky desert country to wander in and to ride along the mountain-ridge road at night, feeling happy inside like a little child at Christmas time, watching all the twinkling city lights of Salt Lake, below. It was in Salt Lake, after seven years of carousing, job-hopping, skiing, physical exploration, and the end of my two-month marriage and three-year relationship with my “fairy-tale princess” wife, Susan, whom I “adored,” that I finally came to the understanding at age 38 that I had experienced everything and had been everywhere that I ever wanted.

In short, I felt like I had had all my dreams fulfilled and said “Father, I am yours.” And then, all “Hell” really broke loose (meaning that, bit by bit, my old beliefs of my role in the world and my personal desires diminished to practically nothing, and I began to love—accept—myself and everyone else “as is” and for the Love/Spirit that we all are). I left my “Nirvana” two years later after much daily soul-searching and much spiritual exploration into the true meaning of life and the ultimate realization, which came to me in the very beginning of this period, that God did not create the physical universe/cosmos. (It is nothing more than the “figment” of our collective IMAGINATION.)

I moved to the central, and three years later the southeast, coast of Florida where people seem to really mellow out and nature blooms all year long. Life and sunshine and light abound in Florida! (My ego misses living on a hill and the scenic mountains and rocky desert, though.) After nearly five years of living close to my parents, maternal grandmother, and two daughters, I felt “at peace” with them in my heart. I have healed my unforgiveness of their humanness and have recognized that they did the best they could, considering what they understand and accept.

I came to the realization that I had taken the parental rule that “children are to be seen and not heard” too personally all my life. That internalization was responsible for my becoming “focused” on physical things like female bodies, beautiful places, and my own body and on my belief that “I” personally had no worth, of any

substance, to anyone beyond my bodiliness (meaning I was only an “object” to be seen). I learned otherwise and now “know” that everyone has value beyond their form because I can “see,” as in being enlightened, their child-like innocence (sometimes referred to as the Face of Christ). However, there remains that shred of humanness that, out of habit, causes me to momentarily forget my spiritual essence and focus on externals. But...I am very forgivable! And, now that my “life purpose” is to bring love (by accepting absolute Truth and being at peace with everyone in the world), I am fulfilling it.

The Game of Death

*It is
“suicide”
(which all
forms of
death are)
to come
to Earth
because
we only
play the
game of
death here.
(No one
comes here
to “Live.”)*

10

From the Periphery

Living in southern Florida, the land of endless summer, one gains an appreciation for the best things in life and the nicest physical environment, particularly, if you live in Palm Beach County. Walking along the soft sand at the beach, two blocks from my house in Jupiter, feeling “mentally” alone, I reflected on what a college professor friend of mine named Nancy, whom I used to work with, said in anger to me “You’re on the periphery of the world looking in, and no woman in the world wants anything to do with you!” She was angry that I did not play in the world by “her” rules, meaning that I did not agree with her way of seeing the world. She believed in that old Protestant work ethic that people have to work hard and have long-lasting, static careers, which was not my style. I would not put her ego’s needs ahead of my own. Plus, I did not have a steady career so that I could provide a woman with “financial security,” which I told her would never be my desire.

Nancy thought she was putting me down. I actually took it as a compliment—to be considered by an “earthling” to be on the periphery of the world, perceptually. I do not consider myself above anyone on Earth, but her thought reminded me to not get caught up in the “games” we play here and keep my mind centered on the fact that I am a spiritual being (as we all are). It pleased me that Nancy saw that essence in me since she was coming from that same place in her mind in order to be able to see it in me. Hopefully soon, she will understand what it was that she was seeing in me; that I was not really a lazy individual, after all—but someone just like herself who has found there is a completely different meaning to life than we have been taught all our lives; and that our purpose here is to express (be) the “Love” that we are in whatever form that makes us happy and brings us peace—period. We don’t have to prove anything to our selves or anyone else when we “know” what we are, nor do we have to play anyone else’s game by accepting their beliefs. I only have to acknowledge the love or the “call for love/help” (which are the only two things that people do) that one gives me and listen to my heart and “hear” how to respond—that’s all! Could life be any simpler?

The key to learning to live mentally on the periphery of the world is “remembering” What (Spirit) you are, AT ALL TIMES, just like an adult who remembers what he is and doesn’t act like a child anymore. I choose not to act and think like just an earthling, anymore.

Under-the-Influence

*Have you ever...
been in
the company
of someone
“under-the-influence”?*

*Well...
now, you know
what it's like
to be with
someone
who thinks
they are
ONLY
a “human” being!*

11

Mind Transfer

While we were riding down the two-lane highway through the Florida Keys (islands) on our way to Key West (the southern most point in the U.S.)—via the little hamlets and over the scenic bridges spanning the turquoise green waters of the ocean, I realized that most people do not understand how the mind functions and that we are all joined on the mind level.

“Jo, you and I have experienced, as most people have without realizing it, that our minds are joined through the frequent occurrences that one of us will begin a sentence (usually me) and the other will finish it (usually you). I ‘think’ it, and you ‘say’ it or ‘do’ it. People do this all the time, particularly, those who have lived together for awhile, such as husbands and wives, and those who have an open, heart-felt love between themselves as close friends do. Something (the Love in them) enables them to pick up on the love (the innocence) in another—usually with similar characteristics and learning lessons as themselves—and they become drawn together.

“This whole process is mind transfer where our thoughts and feelings move back and forth between each other as we think. Since all thought takes form, if only to perpetuate our existence in human (physical) form, we need to learn to ‘release’ our thoughts by NOT dwelling on or accepting them as ‘real’ because it is the ‘belief’ in our thoughts that brings them to life (just like Pinocchio). It always takes two or more to do so (meaning that at least another person must believe in our power to manifest). Without another’s belief in our thought (and they may merely pick it up telepathically and ‘think’ that it is their own), it would not become, or appear, real. If you think this isn’t the truth, just look around you and remember that God would not make a physical, limited world since He’s not physical Himself. We did, so we can never deny that we don’t have any ‘power.’ And we did it by merely believing in each other’s thoughts! It’s just that SIMPLE. (Only the human/ego mind complicates things.)

“Some of us seem to have a greater affect on each other, like you and I. Look at your hands! When we met, you had ‘stubs’ for finger nails. Today, you have long, beautiful nails! When we spent the weekend together this past spring (our first time together, other than a few hours we spent at a Christmas party), I remember thinking ‘The only thing this woman is lacking is finger nails.’ (Then my ego would be perfectly satisfied with the physical package of Jo.)”

“And when you came back from your trip to Australia two months later, I had long finger nails for the first time in 44 years!” said Jo. “Amazing!”

"I should say so! The thought came to me when I arrived back in Vero Beach that you and I had joined on the mind-level (heart-level), and together, 'we' had allowed your long term wish to have long nails happen through our common, but unfocused, desire for them for you."

"Well, thank you!" she smiled.

"You're welcome. And your hands look great! Just do me a favor and, if you ever doubt the power of our love, remember: 'LOOK AT YOUR HANDS!' And...in your own words, Jo, 'Don't be a spiritual plebeian!'"

Jo laughed that southern belle way with a big happy smile, twinkling eyes, and a deep belly laugh that always made a person feel they were really loved and appreciated. (Well, that is her real life purpose: "to bring love" to people by making them feel truly appreciated. And she does it better than anyone I know because she can really, really listen, intently, and become one with another person's drama/story without being affected by it. An amazing ability!)

"We all need to remember that all minds communicate, and as we grow spiritually and learn not to fear, we will become aware of this process (mind transfer) and see how we draw people into our lives."

Original Thoughts?

*There's no
such thing
as an
"original"
thought
since
all minds
are joined.
(It just
"seems" new
to us.)*

12

Real Responsibility

The next morning, after we awoke in our motel room in Key West (a new and clean, sparkly-white, modern two-story facility), we were having pastry, juice, and coffee on the top floor of the open-air bell tower that overlooked the blue-green water and the many inlets and small islands overgrown with mangrove. It was warm, balmy, and bright. We continued our discussion of the previous day's ride down from Vero.

"You know what, Hon?" I said, while staring out over the water, to Jo, who was sipping hot coffee. "People have no idea that all their thoughts create form some place on Earth, or in the physical universe. Every idea manifests someplace. Your thought could be materialized in some thing, as some action, or as some new (?) idea in someone else's mind clear around the other side of the globe—minds know no boundary."

Jo stared out over the water, too, but I could tell she was listening to me, and most importantly, “hearing” what I was saying.

“Can you imagine how silly people are going to feel—and NOT guilty, I hope, because this is nothing more than a ‘waking dream’ that we are living (?) in—when they realize (see with real eyes) that they have created everything and every situation here? Can you imagine the surprise and the ‘relief’—not to mention a little depression (self-hatred) from their ego, which they can choose not to listen to—when they catch on?”

“Uh-huh,” she said in an under-tone while drinking her coffee.

“Actually, when universal peace and full Christ-hood occurs, it will occur very gently and very slowly. It will probably happen so slowly that, by that time, people all over the world will just BE ‘naturally’ loving, helpful, generous—and trusting. We have seen many signs that it is happening right now.”

“You’re right...we have...in the movies, in our families and friends and in eastern Europe,” Jo interjected.

“I guess the message we now have for our children as well as everyone is: ‘YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHATEVER YOU PUT INTO THE COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE UNIVERSE...PLEASE, BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT, OR DWELL OR FOCUS ON!’ (The life of misery we can save

our selves, and each other, from is our own creation.) This is the only 'real' responsibility anyone has! It's our spiritual responsibility to ourselves, our children, and everyone. So long as we only entertain loving, kind, gentle, peaceful, and happy thoughts, we will make it beyond this 'life of limitation' to that place in our minds (where everything exists already) where we experience TOTAL freedom, peace, and joy."

"We have experienced that individually ourselves," said Jo, "so we know that there is nothing to fear by giving up our *belief* in our humanness. Being part of the 'universal Love' that is God is the greatest feeling in the world!"

"Hopefully now, we are all un-learning our *belief* in our humanness as our sole reality. That's all there is to do—*accept* the truth of what we all are! Very simple, eh? Isn't that 'understanding' and 'acceptance' the greatest gift we can give to us?"

"Yes!" she said.

Practice

*I spend
each day
learning
that life
on Earth
is my
practice
to remember
this is
only
“a movie.”*

13

The New Psychology

Psychology is the study of the mind. Since it's the "human" mind that we study, it is time that we stop "making it real" by focusing on it. In other words, the new psychology doesn't *study* anything (i.e., thoughts, ideas, or beliefs). It is an un-focusing, whereby one does not accept anything (or anyone) as credible—other than as the expression of "loving kindness." All so-called sins (of the past) are merely errors in believing, and therefore, focusing on one's ego/body (humanness) as their reality.

The "new psychology" could be summarized by the following steps:

1. Accept THE truth that God did not create the world. (When we allow ourselves to let go of that old belief, we will "experience" the peace and joy of being in a formless, invulnerable eternity.)

2. Expose/acknowledge, to ourselves, all of our fears and egotistical attributes. (We can not build ego self-worth, which we must do, first, before going beyond it,

unless we “see” how truly innocent we are—and therefore, totally forgivable.)

3. Keep your mind clear of negative thoughts—and “dreaminess.” (When they occur, we should not guilt ourselves about them; but instead, not dwell on or accept them as valid or in need of any defense or correction.)

4. Forgive/overlook your “perception”—and have NO opinions—of others. (What you see in them is the role that you assigned to them through your human projection, which is all anyone does here.)

5. Love is all there is! So BE it! (We can only learn to “express” love through our thoughts, which manifest in our “beingness” that automatically radiates from our internal feelings of loving kindness—not “needy” caretaking. This is the only thing we can truly learn on Earth! Everything else is superfluous.)

Grow Up

*You have to
get tough
with yourself
when you get
caught up
with the world
and “decide”
to grow up
and stop
taking the
“dream”
seriously
and end
the pain.*

14

No More Blame

“When I was in an outdoor-experience program for hard-core juvenile delinquents three summers ago in western Pennsylvania, a counselor named Carol asked me before I left ‘What is the one thing that you would tell a child?’ I looked into her gentle, quiet, light-blue eyes and said ‘Whatever you see in someone else is yourself.’ (Everyone is your mirror. Your human perception comes through your attitude and value judgments of what you see in others.)”

“What did she say then?” asked Jo as we walked along South Beach in Vero.

“Nothing. Carol was very mystical. She had great internal understanding, and she was only in her early 20’s. She forecast that I would leave that youth program within three months to be at peace, which was true. I lasted eight days after visiting two wilderness camps and two wagon trains run by the same organization. It was nice to visit with so many youngsters because wherever I go (or anyone else who knows the Truth) the Holy Spirit,

the internal awareness of Love's presence, remains to help heal them when I'm gone...just like Jesus said. I'm not in people's lives to be a hero. Anonymity provides great freedom that psychics and faith-healers lose."

We walked along the ocean's edge for a while at a steady, slow pace without speaking a word. I enjoy our "quiet" time together. As a matter of fact, it's that kind of time that I enjoy with everyone.

"You know, Jo, if I could share one message with the universe it would be the same one I shared with Carol—only, I would phrase it like the kids' cliché: 'It takes one to know one!' You can't see what you don't have in thought. The specific outer manifestation is not what is the same, but the guilt/shame we feel 'inside,' that creates what we see on the outside, is.

"As we know, 'teaching' is when we 'call' certain people, unknowingly, into our lives (meaning that we are ready and willing for them) to learn to forgive (overlook) the things we see in them that we would ordinarily blame them for. They are blessings in our lives, no matter how disruptive they may seem, because they are a movie screen of how we feel inside. If we 'react,' negatively or in any way other than peacefully, then what we see in them is something we feel guilty for in the past for doing or not doing. People are reminders."

Jo chimed in, "It's such a simple thing to do. If someone arouses uncomfortable feelings in us, we need to ask our Selves 'Why do I feel bad? What is it inside me that I feel guilt or shame for?' And then, after acknowledging

it, let it go to be resolved by the Spirit within us. Of course, we must avoid blaming another for his actions, which is usually our first tendency. That's a hard habit for most people to break! But, we must...if we are going to make it...and I know we will...soon!"

Acknowledgment

*Only when
you look
at your
ego,
completely,
will you
be able
to let
it go.*

*“Acknowledgment”
is the
way it
is released.*

15

Going Home

As I drove along the highway, on my way to who-knows-where, I pondered this unusual occurrence in my life where all my dreams have been fulfilled (played out), all my financial obligations have been taken care of, and no one in the world is truly in need of my physical presence in their life. I wonder why I am still here on Earth—as my friend, Richard, would say “Your mission is not complete, yet.” It’s very tough to play in someone else’s “sandbox” when you don’t appreciate, from a worldly point of view, the “game” they play. It’s as if everyone is a “child” playing in a giant sandbox, and I am sitting on the park bench watching them, particularly, since I threw away my shovel and pail seven years ago.

Romance is the biggest fantasy of all because it puts all focus outside our “Self” onto this boy-girl relationship drama. (This was my favorite, and last, game.)

I think back to about four years ago when I was riding in the car with my oldest daughter, Lisa, who was then 17 years old. She would wave to people along the

way for absolutely no reason (she didn't know them). She is the most unconditionally loving person in my life—by whom I feel very blessed. (Probably the most inspirational—loving—point in my life was when she was born.) We have always had the highest spiritual/mystical relationship I have ever known (as well as my bond with Jo). For instance, one night while we were talking on the phone together, Lisa said “Dad, I can feel your hand holding mine.” There was always this “unspoken understanding” between us—real love—“acceptance.”

Looking back over the past 45 years, I've noticed, particularly, in my favorite boy-girl encounters, that the “first” point of contact with another is the highest... that's when perfect love in its purest, most innocent form meets perfect love. After that, the relationship goes “downhill,” and we focus on ego/body stuff. If we didn't need to “play” these dramas, we could return to freedom as non-physical, eternal Spirit—“Love”—which can be scary to those whose only reality is their body. Dreams hold us back! Hold onto “one,” and you keep yourself “trapped in Hell”—forever!

At this juncture in my life, I just want to live (BE) in a free, happy, very loving, quiet environment. I “will” that for myself, and the world—the peace of God. Since everything takes place in the mind, first, that is where I'll find it. And from there, it will manifest, outwardly, in my “attitude,” which is the only thing we can correct or change in our life and the world. It's so simple, yet most of us forget, repeatedly, that all we have to do is “choose” how we want to see things and people in our life!

The Holy Spirit (sometimes, I am reminded of Him by my dad whose initials are "H.S."), my higher Self, is my ONLY friend. He is that loving, gentle part in all minds. "Individuality," preceded by our "male-/femaleness," is the last part of our "dream of separateness" to go! I sense my ego/humanness trying desperately to hold onto my earthly thought process. To be ego-mindless (unfortunately, attributed to senility) is the beginning step to crossing the bridge "going home."

"Be you free!" He said.

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I came back to Salt Lake City, the closest place to "Home" on Earth for me, where my spiritual journey began nearly eight years ago. I ran into an old friend who saw in me the reason for my coming to Earth: "You are a spiritual being. (She actually used a Hindu term meaning the same thing.) You came here, not for your self, but to demonstrate the Truth for others." I then knew why I could never find any satisfaction from earthly goals and pleasures...the search was over! (I felt "relieved," at last.) And, I discovered that Salt Lake was no longer my home—no "place" is! But then, there is no greater freedom on Earth than the point when everywhere is your Home.

*We shall
not cease from
exploration
and the end
of all our exploring
will be to arrive
where we started
and to know that place
for the first time.*

—T. S. Eliot

Living...

*is learning
to handle
“interruptions”
(which are
your lessons),
in the moment,
without
losing your
peace of mind.*

Part II

**Facing
Your
Fears**

AUTHOR'S NOTE

We are all here to work out our unforgiveness of our human-selves as demonstrated by the faults that we see in our closest companions. And, remembering the concept that “it takes one to know one,” I decided it was time that I explore my deficiencies and fears exhibited by five, very significant spiritual partners (soul-mates) that I had over a 10 year period—particularly, when the fifth one, who told me that she was a female version of me, left!

Running Away

*Why is it,
that after you
have run away,
I find myself
turning around
and walking back
to you?
Could it be
that I always
heard your heart
calling for Love?*

16

Me and Ralph

With clenched teeth and clenched fists at my side as I stood up, I yelled, “God...if I meet another woman who wants to learn the Truth or find her soul-mate in me or become my spiritual partner, I’ll tell her to go shit in her hat!” (And, I did, a week later.)

“Hold on, Jay!” said Ralph with great concern as he stood eye ball to eye ball with me, now, and put his hands on my shoulders and guided me backwards and sat me down on the porch swing. He had never seen me openly angry before—very few people ever have. (My own anger scares me so much, that I decided, when I was 24 and knocked a whole bunch of cologne bottles off a dresser in a fit of anger directed at my first wife, who was frequently emotionally-explosive, that I never wanted to express anger violently again—verbally or physically. It’s “rarely” part of my human nature.) Ralph stretched out on the rope hammock to my left. “God’s not in the dream-world. He could care less about your self-created human problems.”

I started again, less vehemently this time. “Susan talked to me much more openly two years after we were

divorced than to the guy she married following me. Roseanne told me, after she left me, that her time with me was the happiest in her life; yet, when the realness of my love for her was “psychically” brought to her attention, she ignored it. Connie thought I was the most mellow, spiritual man sent to her (psychically) at her request; yet, never came back. Robilee heard numerous psychic clues as to our joined minds (in Spirit) and still ran away. Josephine ignored three very obvious “psychic” demonstrations of our spiritual bond, not to mention her own deep feelings of love for me, to fall back into the sandbox (called Earth-life) like a child.

“Ralph?”

“Yes, Jay.”

“I can’t figure it out!” I hesitated, feeling frustrated.

“What?” he said lazily, lying in the hammock with his eyes closed.

I was gliding back and forth slowly on the hanging swing next to him on the back porch and staring blankly out over sparse, scrub oak bushes and tall, oriental-looking cedar trees gracing the grass-strewn sandy hill that sloped down toward the ocean. The sun had just set and the air was very still. You could almost hear your heart beating. I was pondering a long-time dilemma that had been plaguing me for several years because I never understood (forgetting that “[intellectual] understanding is the booby-prize”) how or why they left me, particularly, since there was no fight or argument before they

walked away. (When I pursued them shortly after they departed our special-love relationship, they avoided me like a bad disease, which always surprised me since I had always been kind, loving, peaceful, and allowed them to do pretty much what they wanted.)

“What is it?” Ralph said again, realizing that I was deeply saddened by my thoughts, as true friends whose minds are joined pick up.

With much surrender in my voice, speaking softly and slowly, I said, “I can’t understand why over the past 10 years I have had five (female) spiritual partners, or soul-mates as a lot of people like to call them; and each of them has run away (figuratively) and walked back into the world and became a part ‘of’ it again. (Sorry...it is only a myth that we have just one!)

“I can’t tell you how frustrating and humbling it is when your ‘spiritual’ partner walks away for no sane reason, even in Earth-terms. It’s like being the most helpless you’ve ever been short of dying. Thoughts like ‘Father, what have I done to deserve this?’ hammer at you—over and over—in your mind, particularly, when you’ve been devoting your life to learning and walking the spiritual (mystical) path to the full realization of God/Love (what we join with when we surrender our ego—our belief in our sole existence as ‘human’ beings) as I have during this period. And, there’s no logical reason like a big fight, fault-finding, or incompatible life-styles to cause the parting.

“I watched five soul-mates run away and was not able to retrieve any of those relationships—no matter

what I said to them afterwards. Five potentially near-perfect relationships turned to dust! If I did not have to stay in the physical universe after their departure, I wouldn't have minded, I suppose...but, to hang out in the 'dream-world' without someone to talk with and share with (in addition to our real, higher Self) gets pretty lonely and boring.

"You're a great friend, Ralph, and a good sounding board to explore and learn from my own thoughts. However, it would have been nice to have had one of them stay to finish walking all the way Home with me until my, and hopefully their, end of time on Earth. I just wanted a dedicated, female spiritual partner who knew THE Truth (that God did not make the physical universe and that this world is nothing more than a 'waking dream') and wanted to demonstrate, with me, how to live that life while here. Let's face it, Ralph, you're not my type to sleep and confer with in the middle of the night, if I needed to share with someone then. Plus, women are the only kind of social and sexual companions I like.

"Accepting the Truth, I feel 'whole' (what 'holy' really means) and complete for the most part. But something, keeps gnawing at me that says 'It sure would be nice to have a constant female spiritual companion to walk Home with.' I've had a beautiful glimpse of it five times. It's just tough some times, still 'feeling' like a human being with all its needs and frailties—when I know better and can usually discipline and counsel my self through my own spiritual (Christ) consciousness by surrendering my focus and belief in my humanness. Human existence is not an easy habit to get over."

"Well, having gone through that kind of experience, too, I can relate to the feelings of emptiness and the 'lack

of control' you have, and I had, in those situations," said Ralph slowly and calmly.

"I guess I am hoping that my last spiritual partner, Josephine (Jo), who decided six months ago that she didn't want to continue our relationship without any warning that something was wrong or that she was unhappy with me, will wake-up and realize what we really have going for us. If she and the others were just 'spiritual plebeians,' to quote Jo, I could easily understand our parting since I tend to be pretty singular in my life purpose of bringing Love to others by living a quiet, but not inactive, life with a peaceful attitude devoid of all value judging...offering to assist anyone as a friend and brother to understand their spiritual reality as Mind (Spirit) that does not depend on its identity with the physical body, even though they choose that existence to be here on Earth.

"To me, once you understand and experience this Truth—and Jo definitely had, for instance, you don't (have to) walk back into the world and become part 'of' it (mentally) again! That's like deliberately forgetting everything you came here to understand and feel in your heart. Because I can't do that, I don't understand how others do...particularly, my past five spiritual partners.

"I think I need to 'explore' this dilemma of mine, that I accept that I have created, because I have learned that everything that happens to us on Earth is our wish since we write our own 'life scripts.' So, if you don't mind, Ralph, I would like to really discover, in depth, how and why I've setup these situations with these beautiful people. I want to get to the bottom of this, once

and for all. Every situation and relationship in my life has been cleared, after acknowledgment, by forgiving myself 'in' them (realizing that they are mirrors of my past). Everyone really only talks to themselves, although it seems otherwise, because no one can understand the 'meaning' of our thoughts and feelings but ourselves."

"Sure...go ahead, I don't mind," yawned Ralph.

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I always kind of admired Ralph—or I should say my ego did—because he had courage to speak and live his life as he saw it. I had always been cautious until I noticed these traits in him. He was kind of an alter-ego for me—a true friend that I could always respect and trust—because I could overlook (forgive), particularly, in the last few years, all his ego traits (and mine, since "it takes one to know one") and see his innocence.

When I first became aware of Ralph's presence in my life as a mirror into which I could look to heal many unforgivenesses in myself was eight years ago in Salt Lake City, Utah. We were close the first couple of years then as I scrutinized everything about him as a learning vehicle to overcome my unhealed opinions about myself. Then, I lost contact with him for the next six years as I went on my own deep spiritual quest for my True Self in southern Florida, where I have been living ever since. Recently, he has come back into my life; this time as a different kind of person—but then, so am I. And

“like does attract like” as my friend, Richard, discovered.

When I first got to know Ralph, he had just finished a long journey of searching for fame, fortune, power, and physical pleasure in the world, in “human” terms (superficial, surface-striving for materialistic and intellectual achievement), and was “burned-out.” Every negative quality I had ever had he manifested—sometimes by showing me the opposite quality. He was very brave and confident with women, where I was not, to the point where he dated three to four different women during the week and took his weekends off to rest and play by himself. He had a lot of professional jobs in a relatively short period of time, where I prefer to have a singular direction, to the point that he would have been considered a chronic “job-hopper.” If he didn’t like something, whether it was a job or a woman, he left. He had no sense of commitment, which I think started when his efforts to maintain his relationship with his daughters from his previous marriage were severely hampered by their mother. I think he just found that he couldn’t control the world, so he went in search of happiness in things like jobs, money, homes, and women.

Recently, like me, he discovered our higher meaning in life as spiritual beings having a human experience, here in the physical universe. Ralph learned that we all are playing “roles” for each other based upon our mutual, unconscious pact (what I call the “silent contract”), which may not be “knowable” to us here as we walk through life. So, he has learned to take life easy, as it

comes, without any predetermined decisions as to what he should do or be beyond this moment. (In my case, I write books as they come.) To most, he would be categorized as a “free spirit,” which unbeknownst to many is what we all are!

A short while back, I began experiencing terrible depression (self-hatred) over my long history of low self-esteem because of never being “supported” in my entire life to be or do any thing until I was 41, when my parents told me that they thought that I had more “raw talent” than anybody they knew. (By then, it no longer mattered, but their comment was very appreciated, though!) I, of course, started listening to my ego, which stays in control by either keeping me occupied and busy in worldly activities or fault-finding of my human qualities, and began having suicide thoughts. Well, Ralph and I went for a walk together on the beach near my home. He talked and I listened. Ralph reminded me that my “ego” was just my false belief in my self as only a human being and that it would always put me down and try to kill me, eventually, when I realized that I could never “control” the world to have things my way. He reiterated that I am “Spirit” in reality and that I was too smart, now, to let a belief system, which is all the ego is, over-power me. Silently, I agreed, and an hour later I was okay—my mind was healed, again.

Here this essence, which I used to criticize and evaluate years ago, had grown into this lovely spiritual entity that was acting like my guardian angel, now, helping me to get through one of those periods in my life that

are frequently called “dark nights of the soul.” Amazing how things flip-flop and change for the better when we let go of value judging and our opinions! Here Ralph is, once again, assisting me to understand one of my longest and most perplexing Earth-life experiences. What a blessing! I am very thankful to have him, as well as everyone, in my life.

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“I have the next two weeks free to spend with you here in your lovely home. So, I’ll just kick-back, relax and enjoy the peacefulness and quietness of your environment,” said Ralph. “You’re a gracious host, Jay, and it’s always nice to be with you. We haven’t spent a considerable amount of time together in the last six years, so this will be nice, to share with you, again. And you’re a very giving/sharing person, which makes it very worthwhile and heart-warming for me, too, since you’re so open. It will be fun to go ‘mind-exploring,’ which is truly the only kind there is, with you. You are my best friend on Earth, and you helped keep me ‘in-line’ seven years ago. So...I will enjoy returning the favor. Why don’t you begin with your first known spiritual partner,

Susan?” Ralph counseled me as he lay there in the hammock with his eyes wide-open, now, expressing a deep, loving concern and an ability to listen, intently, that I had only experienced with Jo, before.

It takes a certain “gentleness” that’s not of this Earth to convey that type of sincerity in such a loving

and kind way. I felt truly honored to be in his presence, which is very Christ-like, now.

It had gotten dark as I gently swung back and forth at a pace that felt very soothing. The night air was balmy and a comfortable 77°F. (It's usually like summer in this part of Florida because the Gulf Stream comes within three miles of the eastern coastline.) Here were two grown men in their mid-forties, having maintained their youthfulness through no effort of their own, joined in peacefulness in their singular effort to discover and get beyond the most significant learning lesson: relationships!

Looking upward, with my eyes closed, I reflected back to 10 years ago when I met Susan....

The Mirror Remembered

*I looked
into the mirror
and the mirror
looked back at me,
as if to say,
“Do you see me
as you are
because I am
your inside
on the outside !!”*

17

Susan

(Fairy-Tale Princess)

It was a cool (35øF), dry, clear, and sunny day in Salt Lake City, Utah in January 1979 when I strolled into a computer manufacturer's headquarters all dressed-up in my finest, blue-checked suit for an interview with the head of marketing about a career-type position. After I introduced myself to the receptionist, I sat down on the sofa in the lobby and waited until this tall (5'9"), slender, very attractive, sultry-looking, sophisticated young lady with a peaches and cream complexion, light blue eyes, and short, champagne-blond hair, dressed in a rust colored pant-suit, came up to me.

"Hello, my name is Susan. Don will see you now. Will you follow me?" she said, and then led me through the maze of desks and open-partitioned offices.

We hardly said much then as I was focused on meeting Don and gearing myself up for the interview.

After it was through, about an hour later, I walked out of his office to Susan, whose desk was positioned across from Don's doorway, and commented on her perfume. She recoiled shyly with a beautiful "innocent" smile that captivated my heart, immediately. I asked her for a date, and she blushing agreed. (Since I had the old salesman's "killer instincts" in those days, I thought smugly to myself "If Don doesn't give me a position, I'll at least have his secretary. A salesman always tries to 'close' [win] something during a call." I was one super-ego then, who trained himself from being a fearful, quiet, unassuming young man to be a "controller.")

Well, on our first date, Susan and I went snow skiing in Park City with a male friend of mine. I acted like a horse's ass by the end of the day (I got totally arrogant and ego-centered), and she would not have anything to do with me until I profusely apologized two weeks later.

Over the next three years, we lived together and moved goodly distances apart three times. We became trusted friends of each other's deepest, darkest secrets. Although I didn't have any, I dragged hers out of her over a three month period. She had tremendous guilt because of two affairs she had had. She became convinced that she was "okay" because she couldn't believe that someone like me would love her, unconditionally, in spite of her immoral past (according to Susan). She once acknowledged that she was a "raunchy puritan" (as was I).

Susan thanked me two years after our physical relationship ended for always loving her ("I always knew that you loved me" she said) and for being the only

person she could always turn to (more so than any of her family or friends) when she was in need of a real friend. She brought me a plaque and card that “thanked me for everything” (the sign that a relationship is healed, and therefore, physically over). She even called me on her wedding day to thank me “for being a very special part of [her] life.” It was nice to be a real friend and confidant (my first time), and I told her that her happiness was my greatest pleasure and wished her well in her new and hopefully long-lasting relationship. (This was the way to end a relationship...positively!)

Susan (she never liked to be called “Sue,” “Suzy” or any other nickname) and I had shared a lot together: we were both in the professional business world, were impeccable dressers, skied, shared all of our most lurid sexual fantasies, rode horses, went for late night drives in the car, danced a lot, and shopped. I “adored” just being with her. She was a handsome, classy woman and my fairy-tale princess (you know—the one you always dream about finding). I even married her on Valentine’s Day in 1982, only to have the marriage end in annulment two months and three days later because she panicked when I lost my job. She also needed the formal approval of her brother and two sisters of our relationship, which never came.

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Susan held up the mirror of my greatest fear at that time (but, I didn’t realize it then), which was “financial insecurity.” The women in my family were obsessed

with money, indicated by their constant focusing on accumulating it and what things cost. Saving money (like in discount shopping) was the thing they did best and the only way they could ensure themselves of having some “control” in the world. (I “revolted” against them by hating money and success.) Actually, this fear covered over my deep inner desire “to be taken care of,” which I did not discover until three years later when I moved to Florida.

Also, the mere fact that we kept coming together and moving apart, physically, pointed out her fear of making a 100% commitment to our relationship since she kept leaving me. Yet, this is the woman that acknowledged to me “You’re what I’ve always wanted” (and, she for me), which no one has ever said before or since. Even though we both agreed to our annulment (I told her after I lost my job, just weeks after our marriage, that if she couldn’t mentally and emotionally support me and us, no matter what, we had no business being married), I later realized that she was just fearful and had I not been preoccupied with my plight and my repressed anger at her running away I could have stayed my ground and refused to throw in the towel on our marriage.

Two years later, I discovered that we were still good friends as we sat in her car and smoked cigarettes (a new habit for her) and talked like old cronies for two hours while her boy-friend stayed in their apartment and watched football on TV. Susan then confided in me that she hated “to lose control” of anything in her life. I never

heard anyone else (to this day) make that honest an admission. (After the first three months of our relationship, Susan was always the most open person in describing her "feelings." I have not seen anyone who could do so since.) Of course, this is THE big fear for all of us. No one is willing to totally surrender being "in control" of their life.

Now, one of the qualities of a close, intimate, special-love relationship (although many may not think of it in a positive way) is the opportunity to expose all of your insecurities and anxieties, which for most people lie buried deep as unrecognized guilt and experienced in the physical world as "fear." For instance, Susan's mood would sometimes change every couple of hours, which I chose to feel very insecure about because "I" could not control it. For the most part, I kept my peace, which is all anyone can do in those situations, and did not emotionally respond to her. (Since I had mood changes, I could notice them in her.)

She was probably one of the most noticeably "self-concerned" people I've ever known. Susan used to cry when she felt that her lifestyle would decline in any way. Her father even told her to "loosen-up" shortly after we were married. But, of course, everyone who comes to Earth does so to have their own way first and to be special, which includes me. (God would not make us "special." That's why we made up this "dream-world" we live in, so that we could play at becoming unique, better, and having more than others.)

To illustrate the severity to which her (and my) ego's self-concern got, there was a time I ended up in the hospital to have lower-back surgery for a nerve condition, which caused me to fall down, that was a symptom of the insecurity I felt in our relationship. (All physical ailments are caused by our mind.) After the operation, which had a long, painful recuperation period, and while I was still in the hospital, Susan walked into my room one night, announced that "we never had a happy relationship," and turned around and left. I went after her some two weeks later when I got out of the hospital and could barely walk. (I kept going after her because I could feel her heart, as my own, "calling for love," which is what we are all doing when we are not giving it. People who desperately need love will run away from it because they feel unworthy and don't trust, or believe in, their own ability to love, so how can they trust anyone else?! Also, their neediness will take the form of increased sexuality, which has nothing to do with love.)

(NOTE: The day before when I wrote the above paragraph I put an "X" through it after I finished it because my ego thought that it wasn't necessary to drag up this unpleasant part of my past. "It" never wants us to acknowledge what it made. Today, the "X" was gone!)

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Because of Susan's child-like preoccupation with herself first (although, she was also one of the most thoughtful and generous people I've ever known), I

frequently was filled with “uncertainty,” which was my choice. I never knew if I could count on her to be there for me. Consequently, although I was her truest friend on Earth, I didn’t feel like she was mine...very unfortunately. (Much later, I learned that our real, higher Self is the only one I, and we, can ever truly count on!)

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Looking back over our years together, I felt like I gave her “freedom” (the only true gift of Love) to expose all her fears and experience all her sexual desires—to the point of taking her from no orgasms (which are nothing more than physical expressions of our ability to spiritually “release/surrender” our control of the world through our bodies) to two a night. I also got to experience my devotion and “unconditional love” for Susan by assisting her to uncover her deepest guilt. And finally, I became aware of my spiritual commitment to her by recognizing, for the first time, the “innocence” (the Face of Christ) in her. (Unfortunately, it was after we were separated.) Plus, I never walked away from her, whether she was in need or not.

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Susan brought me many gifts, also. She brought a gentleness (the true indication of the Spirit within) I had never known before. She taught me many lessons in giving as she was very generous with material things. An astrologer, when examining our backgrounds together, brought to my attention that our minds were very

joined. We “thought” a lot alike and had very similar lifestyles and habits. When it came to being openly, emotionally expressive, no one has ever been able to top her. (Most people only know how to express thoughts and ideas—not feelings.)

Susan was also the first one to acknowledge and support my awakening to the presence of God (the Source of Love) in my life. When she was living in San Francisco (our first unprovoked separation), shortly after we had lived together in Salt Lake City for a couple of months, I called her up to let her know about my “first” great revelation. Without even (or ever) mentioning anything about it, Susan said “You just discovered God,” to which I said “Yes!” But, I was mystified by her response because neither of us was religious at all, and we never discussed God or anything related to spirituality, before. (That summer night in 1979 was the beginning of my spiritual turn-around, which really took-off when I surrendered my human-ego life in 1982, three months after our annulment, and was my first realization that, in Love/Truth, all minds are joined.)

The greatest lesson of our relationship was on a note that I wrote to Susan when we first met, and she returned to me just before our annulment: “There is no pride in love!”

Sauntering...

down the road
with you,
the peacefulness
of our brotherhood
permeates the air,
and the world
joins us in
the contentment
that is its
very soul.

18

Roseanne

(Cowgirl-Dancer)

At twilight, I had stopped by my church, which looked like an old-fashioned, single-room, red brick schoolhouse, in Salt Lake. I had just come from my yoga class at the ashram down the street. Ruth, the minister, asked me to water the front yard, so I was doing that when the evening class on “Self-esteem” ended and all the students were leaving.

Just before they all left, an attractive young lady with very long, straight, brown hair trailing down her back, large gray-blue eyes, and a wonderful child-like smile and sparkle came up to me with my best friend, Mickey, who introduced us.

“Roseanne, this is my good buddy, Jay. How’re you doing, Brother Jay?” (a greeting he learned from being raised Mormon—but was indicative of our real relation-

ship since he was probably the most 'brotherly' person in my life) as this big burly man with sandy-colored hair and full beard gave me a big, loving bear-hug.

I thought she was very attractive, dressed in a short-sleeved polo shirt, tapered-leg faded jeans, and white running shoes. But...I did not pursue a relationship with her until almost a year later because I discovered she had been living with another guy for six years.

Later on, both Roseanne and I bought *A Course in Miracles* at the same time from the metaphysical church we regularly attended (separately). I kept hounding her each week during the next year about her progress through it (it captured my heart), as it was obvious to me that she really loved the Course by the way she clutched the three hard-bound books, that made up the set, close to her chest and by the look of relief on her face when she first got it.

I didn't realize it then, but this was the beginning of my first of several, I later discovered, "spiritual" relationships where our common bond was our mutual learning of the Truth.

Finally, one Sunday, we both came to church late and ended up in end-isle seats across from each other, which were rarely available once the service began. (We later acknowledged this as a sign that we were supposed to get together that day.) I was a "leg man" then, and she had great legs (she was a perpetual, part-time, dance/fine arts student for seven years at the University of Utah in

the city), which I couldn't (chose not to) keep my eyes off of during the entire service. I asked her to lunch, we made love all afternoon, and a week later she moved in with me when her male roommate/lover came back from a trip.

For me, we had a very different relationship from the beginning—beyond the fact that we were “incredible” (her word) lovers together. There was very little, if any, “romance” (drama) in our relationship. We were just great friends—my first experience of true brotherhood and complete trust with a woman. For instance, I came home from work one evening (I was a marketing manager for a telephone company) and shared with her my physical attraction, which always has a “sexual” base to it, I felt for another lady I noticed driving home. I explained that I couldn't understand why I had that urge when I was completely satisfied with her. (There was none better than her in every respect. I had never been this open before—down to the “gut-level.”) Roseanne never reacted. She was (and still is) the most peaceful person I have ever met. There was nothing I could not share with her. Total absence of fear!

We lived together peacefully and contentedly for several months. We exercised, studied spirituality, and meditated together early every morning. I came home for lunch (not sex) with her every day. (She waitressed part-time in the evenings and was a student some afternoons.) We traveled; went to plays, concerts, and movies; and vacationed in the desert, together. I won a trip for two to Lake Tahoe, so we even had a honey-

moon—although we never married, where on my father's birthday, July 14, 1983, we made love non-stop for "9" hours. (Her orgasms were almost constant). That was my first obvious example of an unexplainable—and non-repeatable—event, which to us was a "miracle" or a correction of our human perception because we had never, individually or collectively, experienced anything of that magnitude, before.

The sexual act, although it turned out to be my "ultimate" fantasy-come-true on that day, was not what was important. The fact that Roseanne could so "freely" surrender herself—because that is what it takes to do what she did—was the miracle, the gift of Love. (An orgasm is only a tiny, physical, human expression of "releasing" that precedes our letting go of our male-/femaleness, first; our humanness at death, secondly; and our "individuality"/ego-identity into our formless mind-state, ultimately—if we are truly going to "surrender" to giving up our separate identity, since we don't die, to return to the Christhood of the one Son and one Mind of God/Love.)

On the human level, I decided after my second wife, Susan, that I never wanted to date or get tied-down to a woman who had difficulty having an orgasm (releasing/letting go), again; and, all the women I dated regularly up to that point did. Most spiritual partners I've had since Roseanne have been multi-orgasmic and able to expose, or look at and share, their deep ego fears, guilt, and undesirable attributes with me. The two qualities (the ability to release and the ability to be open) seem to go together for some reason.

Even though Roseanne and I had the ultimate spiritual and human relationship because we were great pals, spiritual partners, playmates, confidants, and lovers, I noticed on our last 9-day vacation together in the desert canyons and mountains of southern Utah (my most favorite place on Earth) that she started to “appear” quite sullen at the end. Like a fool, I didn’t ask her what the matter was. I just assumed that she was unhappy living with me (egos with a “victim” mentality like mine always find fault with our self, first) with no apparent indication until then. I thought “Father, if Roseanne would be happier living with her old boy-friend, let her go back to him...I just want her to be happy.” I did not believe that I could help her solve her unhappiness. I wanted to “run away” rather than help or have to deal with her possible unhappiness with me. I had never learned to understand and face other people’s emotional issues and concerns (shades of my parents), and consequently, I had fear in doing so. (It was easier to quit and walk away.)

While we were camping on a mountain at the beginning of the vacation, we awoke one morning; and lying naked on top of our sleeping bag—basking in the warmth inside our tent from the morning sun, I began to read a lesson from the Course about wanting only the “Peace of God,” which we both agreed was what we really wanted. The next day, as we drove down the mountain, we stopped near the bottom, and then, two eagles took-off from behind the tall grass—right in front of our car! We sat there in awe, for what seemed like several minutes, and I felt that God was giving us a sign

that we had now become true “spiritual” partners to fly together. (Unfortunately, I was too spiritually immature, as mentioned before, to keep my mind focused upon this realization a few days later when she seemed unhappy!)

Well, a couple weeks later she met her old boy-friend one evening and came home very late to our place, and I knew, immediately, when she climbed into bed, that they had made love (because I knew her so well). I felt angry for what was the ultimate deceit; and then, in almost the same instant, I sensed fear from knowing what it was like to lose her, forever. In the morning, I told her about my feelings (the most “open” I had ever been) and asked when she was moving back with him. As I told her in that moment, “I am very surprised that I don’t want to say or do something to you in retaliation for last night. I guess I must really love you.” (I learned that just being “open” about our feelings, at least to ourselves, and acknowledging them completely is all that is necessary to relieve any hurts or fears—even though you may choose not to “forget” them, immediately.)

She moved back with him. But he would not let her talk with me, so she called me from a telephone booth and “cried” (the only time she had ever been emotional) because she missed talking (sharing) with me. I was very touched and offered to put her up at my place. I told her that she could sleep on the couch until she could get a place of her own. A few days later, she moved back, and we just fell into our old routine of being spiritual partners and lovers. It was a very open and “easy,” peaceful relationship.

A month or so later, we went out on a Saturday night, and feeling so comfortable with each other, we went to separate functions. I wanted to go to some old movie classics at the Performing Arts Center, and she wanted to go to the dance recital at the theater. So, she dropped me off, because her function ended first, and picked me up—no sense in taking two cars since both events were in the same general area in downtown Salt Lake City. We went for a bite to eat afterwards, and there she was happy to share, what we both decided was, a “divine occurrence.” (Later, I learned that all such events are part of our ego-script.) She met, surprisingly, her old boy-friend (yep, the same one!) in the ticket line for the recital—right next to her. They sat together during the concert. We took that as a “sign” that she was to move back with him (see how “egos” can misconstrue psychic information and intuition, not realizing that the ego/human mind sets up these occurrences to distract us from pursuing our “loving” course of living), particularly, since I had stopped by my ex-wife’s (Susan) apartment that afternoon (after not seeing her for two years) to heal all unforgiveness from our relationship—not to get back with her—which I did, happily, and shared it with Roseanne.

Roseanne left two days later and moved back with him—only she seemed more like his sister who grew up with him for seven years than his lover. We continued to get together a couple afternoons a week as lovers and confidants and spent Sunday mornings in church together for a couple of months. We almost spent Christmas together, but I urged her to take her room-

mate to her hometown in South Dakota (since they were considering it, and I figured the trip would either make or break their physical relationship, once and for all). I spoke with her and her mother, with whom I had a good telephone rapport, over the holidays and had the impression from what they said that Roseanne's relationship with her old boy-friend wasn't very stable—to say the least; but then, neither was mine, with her (looking back in hindsight).

I invited her to my new townhouse condo, which she picked out with me four months prior, for an evening party on New Years Day in 1984. At the end of the evening, I asked her to marry me and offered to give my home and everything I owned to her. Roseanne literally sank into my arms and told me that she “would live with me in a tent,” which I took as a “yes” and was the nicest, most unconditionally loving statement anyone had ever made to me, to this day! As she went to her car to return to her boy-friend's place (we agreed that she would tell him the next day of our intentions), Roseanne looked deep into my eyes and said “Thank you, Father.” (We, both, had a personal relationship with God.) I felt like the most blessed person on Earth. I had the ideal spiritual partner (I always wanted a classy cowgirl—she was the daughter of a cattleman); a beautiful new home that had all the features and characteristics that I ever wanted; a great job working for two loving, caring bosses that I personally liked as friends; the opportunity to live in the most beautiful city, surrounded by mountains, with the nicest people in the world; and several wonderful and loving friends. On January 1, 1984, I had it ALL, “in spades” (I thought)!!!

I can't tell you what happened after that, except that Roseanne told her roommate two weeks later that she really loved me (we knew that she loved him, too) and that we decided to be together, again. But somehow, she decided to move to Seattle, Washington, two weeks later to live with an old childhood girl-friend of hers. The morning Roseanne left Salt Lake, she called first to say that she wanted to stop by. But I told her that I supported her decision and wanted her to be happy doing what she wanted to do and that she should just go on. (I wonder if I had not been so noble whether we would still be together, today?)

As the months rolled on, I missed her terribly. (She kept in frequent contact with her old boy-friend though, who had a toll-free telephone number at work, I found out much later—something about family-type familiarity and security, or our insecurity, that must keep drawing us back to the past to finish our learning lessons.) I quit my job to go to a similar job with another company that I got fired from for poor sales performance six months later (I was tops in my field the year before). Roseanne suffered from terrible depression for a long time (which is nothing more than “self-hatred” from our ego when it doesn't get its way); was told psychically a number of times about a “man who really loved her,” whom she knew was me; told me that she loved me, but was unwilling to have her mind “joined” with mine, which it already was; and felt that I was too needy of her, which was true—but her absolute refusal to have anything to do with me spiritually, on this earthly level, shocked me.

I decided to “retire” from the world of doing and having. One year later, I gave up my beautiful home and all my earthly possessions (except my car and clothes, which weren’t much) after a six month semi-reclusive period of only reading and meditating. I left my nirvana and moved to the east coast of central Florida.

On two different occasions, I was sent by two different organizations over the last five years to Seattle, for a week or more each time. I believe it was to be available to Roseanne to walk back to our “holy relationship,” which she did acknowledge a few years ago, but she never took the opportunity, even though I wished she had. So, seven years later, I guess it’s over—physically and psychically! (She recently married, finally, at age 31.)

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Looking back, the only fears I could isolate in Roseanne was the time four years ago that she mentioned to me on the phone (we kept occasional contact, telephonically, over the years) that “love” was a pretty awesome thing and that it could be pretty overwhelming if accepted (meaning that one seems to lose control of their ego-life). So, I interpreted that as her fear to make a real commitment to a relationship. (I learned much later that when someone who completely understands absolute Truth is around others who don’t accept it they have a tendency to “open up” with us; and our quiet, unspoken acknowledgment of their reality is our gift—not the “ego” rewards of companionship, etc., that we are used to getting on Earth.) A psychic friend of mine

once said of Roseanne “She needs to be taken care of.” Because she was so much like a free spirit in that she had no real skills or desire to pursue a career where she could comfortably provide for herself, I could see the truth of my friend’s comment. But, Roseanne never seemed to be visibly concerned about being provided for and was one of the most calm people, no matter what, I’ve ever known. She sauntered—never walked—all the time.

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Because of Roseanne’s (or life’s) unpredictable comings and goings, I finally became very uncertain of our relationship and clung to her (rather than letting go) in my mind and to the fantasy that we would be reunited since I kept being sent to Seattle. (Be careful what you wish for...you might get it—without the “results” you expect.) I think my realization of her hidden desire to be taken care of prompted me to be aware of my own need for the same thing when I moved to Florida. (I see that realization on the human level as the ultimate awareness of our dependence upon God for everything.) She held up the mirror of me! I also learned that when Roseanne seemed to need help I was afraid to give it because I feared the personal guilt of maybe not being good enough to please her, forever. I was also afraid that she would not be a trustworthy friend, but she always called me back whenever I called and left a message. She never avoided me over the years.

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Roseanne was probably one of the most gentle people I've ever known. Whenever she touched me, she felt like a feather, yet she was not particularly delicate being a dancer. She was very mellow and peaceful. And, thinking back to our miracle (the ultimate sexual encounter, which we knew could have lasted forever if someone didn't decide she was hungry), she definitely demonstrated the ability to totally release/surrender. Although our love-making (great choice of words since God did not and does not "make" anything or anyone in the world) was not "aggressive" or ever done in anger in any way (like after an argument, which we never had), I remember sharing with her during one session, when we first lived together, the feeling that I had that "sex is a form of attack." (Today, I realize that the more my relationship "heals"—becomes like a spiritual brotherhood—with my lover the less desire I have for sex because I feel the need to be very gentle with her, rather than satisfying my own needs and pleasures.)

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My dream of our reunification over a seven year period told me that I could make a lasting commitment and that I took our spiritual brotherhood very seriously. In Roseanne's words, I was her "quintessential cowboy." I also was an example for her of the discipline that it takes to learn and follow the spiritual path, and I know that through the power of love in our "joined" minds (once one person realizes their brotherhood with another the relationship becomes "holy") that I helped her, telepathically, finish a spiritual program that took one

year to complete. (Discipline was not her strong point; neither was completion since she went to college part-time for seven years and never completed her degree. But then, neither did my parents, who came close but never finished. Do you think there is any truth to the idea that you are always finishing or finalizing your relationship with your parents in every extended boy-girl encounter?? I do—unfortunately, according to my ego!)

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The one human attribute about Roseanne that I did not notice until we were physically separated for awhile was that she was an “adaptive,” meaning that she took on the personality traits of the one most influential friend (hero/idol) in her life at that time. (I realized this in my last spiritual partner, also, three months after we were physically separated.) It’s scary when the person you knew becomes like the new hero/friend in their life. All the love you had between you before vanishes in front of your eyes—like it never existed, and you are brought once again to the realization that “this is but a dream.” After all, desire (need) is the “trap” that binds us to Earth. Let go of it, and you will mentally (spiritually) ascend to the awareness (knowledge) of Spirit as our essence.

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I guess the first real spiritual relationship is like your first kiss—you never forget it!

Constancy

*No matter how
I led my life
or what
I didn't do
for him,
my trusty, loving
dog companion
was always there
for me.
His constancy
reminded me
of God,
and hopefully...
me!*

19

Sandy

(Constant Companion)

One Monday morning in October 1984, I walked out the back door of my townhouse condo in Salt Lake to get into my car in the garage and drive to work. There stood a cute, small, tan colored (with a white underside), terrier-mix, one year old dog with one front paw raised, on my fenced-in back patio, as if to say “Hi, can I come in?” I patted him on the head and told him what a cute dog he was and clicked the garage door opener. I hopped into my car and drove off.

I came home for lunch at noon-time. After lunch, I walked out the back door to go back to work, and this same dog was standing there again on three legs with front paw raised up and his head bowed. He was really cute, so I went over, shook his paw, patted him on his

head, complemented him on having such a cute act, and told him "If you are here this evening when I get home, you can come inside." Off to work, I went.

When I came home at 5 P.M., guess who was waiting for me? So, I opened the back door into the kitchen and told him to go inside. (I called him Sandy after Little Orphan Annie's dog in the old-time comic strips because he was a dark and light sand-color and he looked like a street orphan. A friend of mine later looked at his paws and said "This dog has been on the road a long time because the pads on his feet are very calloused.") He sauntered (like Roseanne) through my galley-kitchen and dining room into the living room and hopped up on the couch and laid down, head and all, on his side. I went over to him and told him, without anger, that the furniture was "off limits." I pointed to the landing at the foot of the stairs leading up to the open-loft bedroom on the second floor and said, "Go sleep over there," which he immediately did. Amazing! We had such a terrific understanding from the beginning, and he was a very mellow dog. Several of my friends said that Sandy and I were a lot alike. (Pets imitate their masters!) I recognized our "joining" on the mind level from the very beginning. This was a very spiritual relationship.

My next-door neighbor told me later that week that Sandy slept on my back doorstep the prior weekend I was away. Since I was into understanding the wonderful way we draw things and people into our life through our consciousness (like minds—expressions of love and "calls for love"—are always drawn together when they

are willing to learn the next lessons in their unfoldment), I knew that I unconsciously, to my human ego, called this dog into my life.

I lost my job one week later, so he was great company. I spent the next six months doing absolutely nothing but reading spiritual development books, meditating without music, taking Sandy for a long walk every afternoon along the canal that ran behind my complex, playing solitaire every evening, and hosting a “Trivial Pursuit” party once a month at my place. (Sandy loved adult-kids, as he would slink around the floor and go up to each person to love them and be patted and stroked while about 12 of us were playing on the carpet. Then, he would come up to me and sit beside me, and while facing me, he’d put one paw on my shoulder, which meant “Rub my stomach.” All the women would go “Ah, isn’t he adorable!” I always rubbed his stomach until my hand got tired.)

It wasn’t until the second week we lived together that I began to see how much alike we were—meaning Sandy “became” more like me (my mirror) from that point on, and I know that we always come together to learn about ourselves through others. For instance, whenever I left the house for an hour or more, Sandy removed the seat cushions from my love-seat in the living room, where I sat all the time, and chewed a hole in one of them. (This happened three times, and he always chewed the same hole larger, which amazed me, until I learned to put him in the back room where there was no furniture. If I put him in the basement, he always

shit on the concrete floor, as if to say “I don’t like it down here, so please don’t put me here again,” so I didn’t do that after two times.)

The last time Sandy did this he also knocked over a plant and chewed the cover of a book that I was reading. When I came home, I knelt down on the floor near the debris that he “piled up” as he slinked over to me with his head bowed (he was just like a small child who knew he had done something wrong). I put my hand gently on his head, looked into his tender, dark brown eyes, and asked him “What are you trying to tell me?” Then I “knew,” intuitively, as I learn most things, that he was holding up the mirror of my biggest fear of being abandoned! I thanked him, and we never had a problem again. (Acknowledgment of what’s on the outside as our insides, particularly, if it causes any discomfort, is all that it takes to heal anything—provided you look at it, completely. All relationships require this kind of work.)

Our afternoon walks were real special, too. We always went no matter what the weather. Sandy would always stand up on his hind legs whenever I picked up his royal-blue, webbed-nylon leash off of the front door knob. He was like a “camel” because he only needed to go out once a day and never messed on the carpet the whole time we lived together. (Pretty amazing for a dog that had been on the road for a long time.) He would scamper and remain about 50 feet ahead of me when I undid his leash, but he would glance back to see where I was, constantly. (We were always together, but we gave each other breathing room to be ourselves. Whenever I

went to someone's office with Sandy to visit or someone came over to my house, he would go off, within eye-sight of me, and lie down—he was a little gentleman!)

One time, while we were out on our afternoon sojourn, a big black dog, walking with his master, grabbed (bit) Sandy across his whole back. When he yelped in pain, I ran and grabbed the other dog by his tail to pull him away, and then his master came and got him off Sandy. (This was my first and only experience of ever going to someone's aid in a violent situation, which I abhor. I was glad I did, but I still felt helpless and so sorry for Sandy because he was such a mellow dog, who hardly ever barked and never would provoke another dog or person.) He reminded me in this situation that, even though I led a quiet life for the last two years, I still felt like a victim of the world...and a fear is a "wish" because what we believe or focus on is the way we create how we see and experience our world.

There were three separate nights that Sandy did not come home. The second time, I went away the next day, before he got home, to Phoenix, Arizona, for four nights, and he slept on my front doorstep while I was gone. The third time was the night before I left Utah for Florida (my two kids called and pleaded with me to come and rescue them from their mother), which was wonderful because I would have been torn apart if I had to look into his "soulful" eyes that would have plucked at my heart when I drove off early the next morning. (It came to me that that is why my soul-mates left me—because I didn't want to leave them; and yet, I needed to move on to share my life

with others and complete my own learning. As much as I would like to find a “home” on Earth, I seem to be a “world traveler,” as one friend put it—just like Sandy, who left the home we were staying in three days after I did.)

Sandy never liked to ride in the car—no matter what...he always threw-up. (A friend said it was because he was probably dropped-off somewhere away from his home when he became a street orphan.) I left him with my best friend's oldest son, who I was training to take Sandy for walks and having him feed him the last week I was there. But, Sandy always slept at my feet.

Sandy was the most unconditionally loving essence in my life. (Maybe, that's why a dog is G-o-d spelled backwards.) If I dwell on him, I miss him terribly. But...I would not submit him to the fleas down here (he never had even one), which are rampant in the Florida grass. (Everything is prolific here.) So, I left him where I thought he would be cared for and the most comfortable. I hated leaving my spiritual partner behind, but I had to move on. Human life always involves pain when we have to leave the ones we love (maybe...it's need). God would never have done this to us!

“Goodnight, Sandy, wherever you are! I secretly (?) hoped that you would have walked 2700 miles and found me like you did in the beginning. Then, I would never leave you, which I never have in my heart—the only place it really matters! Such innocence I see in your eyes, even now. (Loved ones never die as long as we remember them.)”

The Unknown Mystic

*Without ever
realizing it
yourself,
you are
a “mystic”
hiding behind
the facade
of your
addictions
to your
human ego
until...
I came along
and looked
into the
mirror
of you
and saw
my own
reflection.*

20

Connie

(Caribbean Queen)

When I moved to Palm Bay, Florida (half way down the east coast), my insurance company assigned me to a local agent. When I walked in to change my policy, there was this service representative there (one of two) that my new agent assigned me to. Her name was Connie, and she was “naturally” beautiful, as she wore no makeup, and looked like a young Elizabeth Taylor, with very gentle and peaceful eyes. I was dumb-founded. All I could do was stare at her, and she stared at me, too.

Later, we both recognized that it was part of the universal plan that we meet because there was another insurance agent from the same company much closer to my townhouse condo. (I now know that “we,” not God as so many believe, create our world ourselves by drawing to us “like minds”—people with similar needs and learning lessons.) And, my new agent gave me to her

rather than the service representative who ordinarily would have handled me (I was in her part of the alphabet). I didn't understand it then, but I had fallen across one of the most mystical people in my life.

I didn't ask her out, but later that week, I ran into her one evening with her five year old daughter in a drug store near my new home, which didn't have a refrigerator, yet. I asked her if I might store some perishable food at her place for a short while. She said "Sure," so later that week, I went over to her home in a trailer park with some items to put in her refrigerator, which I offered to share with her.

When I went to her home the first time, I was mesmerized by the quiet, sultry, innocent look in her light blue eyes and the peacefulness of her demeanor—and the look of her cotton dress and barefeet, with her legs draped across the arm of the deep cushioned chair she was sitting in, like a caribbean queen. She was real laidback, as was I.

We talked right away about spirituality (my favorite topic), so I knew that this woman was special. As a matter of fact, she carried most of the conversation, which was a first for me. When I started to share some of my philosophical insight with her, she silenced me and said "I need you to just listen because I need you to be a sounding board while I teach myself about these spiritual things." I knew then I was in the company of a really mystical person and one who I looked forward to having as a long-term friend—not a lover.

I found the “innocence” in her so powerful that the thought of having a boy-girl, romantic relationship with her didn’t occur to me (regardless of how attractive she was) until one afternoon. I took her with me and my 17 year old daughter, Lisa, to a friend’s house built out over a pond. Connie and I talked for a long time about her 13 year alcohol and drug addiction. (She was 26 then.) She talked and I listened, as usual. (Having just given up my eight year, periodic, escape-addiction to marijuana, I could see “in” her my innocence as I forgave my self by this recognition. You always forgive yourself by recognizing your ego-self in someone else!) Just before we finished, she leaned over and kissed me on the lips. I was touched, and she was very beautiful and comfortable to be with. But, I couldn’t, for some unknown reason, look at her as just a woman, so I didn’t follow-through on the physical aspect of our relationship until six weeks later.

I don’t remember exactly what happened, but we were both on our knees on her kitchen floor one evening, and she planted the most passionate kiss on my lips of my entire life. (“Passion” means to suffer, so...passionate people are desperate people who are “suffering” from a lack of love. But, I didn’t realize that back then.) One kiss led to another, and quickly we became gentle, but passionate lovers. (Looking back on all of my spiritual, special-love relationships, I was never the one to initiate it! This is the part that has always baffled me. Every one of them decided, before me, that they wanted to have a relationship with me because of my “spirituality.” Yet, as you will see, every one of them left me. Mind transfer happens all the time, and

people are not aware of the power of their “feelings” and “attitudes,” not necessarily their thoughts, that draw them together and affect each other—and the universe.)

I once thought about my relationship with Connie, while I was with her, “Why are you (Jay), a spiritual seeker, in a relationship with this addict?” The answer came to me that, whether she was sober or not, listening to her was like listening to God, Himself. The most incredible understanding of absolute Truth came out of her mouth. She “knew” (without ever reading or studying) everything that I had read and studied about the Truth for the previous two years. I was intuitively told by my higher Self, almost immediately after asking, that what had happened was that Connie’s and my mind had “joined.” So, everything that I had learned, intellectually, had transferred to her mind—meaning that she could then tap into the same universal Mind that I was part of. I had learned it for her. (This is how the world is “getting it,” now, and will totally understand the Truth and be a place of peace and brotherly love in the near future!) Truth/Love transfers between all minds that are open or “willing” to receive it. Feeling does everything, and intellectual thinking and understanding can do nothing “in reality,” except aid our intuitive knowing.

I remember sitting with Connie in her living room one night, after she had gotten drunk and stoned, and asking God, silently, to give me the strength to get through this and to help her. (I never once, in the time we were together, asked her to stop.) He did! Miraculously, three months after our relationship began, she stopped

drinking and smoking “dope” for the first time in 13 years. After Connie stopped, we went to her family reunion that summer in North Carolina; and even though her brother, sister, brother-in-law, and cousins were all smoking dope and drinking beer out on the pontoon boat in the lake (I cringed at the thought), she did not! Miracle of miracles!

Connie played out for me my most romantic-side. One evening, on July 22, 1985, after she had been sober for awhile, Connie took me to the most adorable, romantic, very small, white chapel with stained-glass windows and shaped like a cross (from above), surrounded by a beautiful lawn and palm trees and situated between, and close to, a river and the ocean. Well, we sat and talked on the chapel steps for quite awhile. As we stood up, late in the evening, to go home, Connie put my hands inside of hers in an upward, prayer position and, with those quiet, dream-like eyes of hers, looked silently, longingly, and deeply into my heart. (I gulped...because I was scared by what I heard her heart asking me to do...to commit to her, forever.) So, with my voice breaking (for the first time in a romantic setting), I said, looking deep into her eyes, “I would be very pleased if you would marry me.” She then said, without even blinking, “And I, would be very pleased if you would marry me.” We walked happily and with quiet reverence back to the car. (I don’t ever remember being nervous before—I had been married twice previously—when I asked someone to marry me. Could it be that I picked up her and my fear of total surrender, which I knew I would do for Connie, and perhaps, had never loved another this deeply, before?!)

The next day, I went and picked out, without her, the most precious diamond-encircled wedding band and put it on my American Express card. I wasn't working at the time and had very little money. (Connie brought out every last drop of generosity I had inside. There was nothing I wouldn't have given her.) That evening when she got through work, I slipped it on her finger, and it fit perfectly. She loved it and was touched deeply because no one had ever given her a diamond ring. (And, I had never done so, before.) It made me very happy to do for her. She picked a date for us to marry that was about three or four weeks from then.

We never got married as she left her house, where we were both living, on the day she picked for us to do so and disappeared for three days. I didn't know where she had gone. It was one of the most bizarre experiences of my life. (Alcoholics and drug addicts are very spiritual people, usually unbeknownst to themselves, which causes them to feel disoriented in this physical world. That is why they turn to an outside substance to ease their pain from feeling out-of-place. Because of that crazy disorientation, they frequently do unpredictable, involuntary, or bizarre things until they learn to honor, surrender to, and obey their true spiritual nature. Marry or live with one, and you'll learn to let go of your "controlling" nature, which everyone's ego is, because they are uncontrollable. Forgive/overlook their condition, and they are healed—if you can love the Spirit of them.)

On the positive side, Connie didn't become an addict again, and I was glad to be a (maybe large) part of

her releasing her outward dependency. I was dependent upon my desire (“need”) to continue our relationship (as I was with all of them) because I couldn’t believe that people with holy relationships, where they recognize their wholeness rather than ego-dependencies, should separate unless it was the final transition. I have since learned otherwise. (Any investment in “things,” to include spiritual relationships, keeps me, and us, trapped in the dream called the “illusion of life” on Earth.)

Since she had begun to get out from underneath the control of her ego-dependency upon drugs and alcohol when we separated (the belief that we are only a human being is the addiction of all addictions), it wasn’t clear why we were parting, particularly, since we both acknowledged that we felt like we were losing our best friend. But, I did have this sense, which is what “vision” is, that I had completed my function in her life.

It seems that I came to Earth to help people cleanup their personal “projects”—their stuff, which they need to “forgive” themselves and others for, that they thought they had or had not done to and for each other. (I even started in the business world in project management.) I guess that’s a pretty nice thing to be able to do for people, but tell my ego that as it jumps and screams “That’s not enough...what about what I want!?” Too bad...time to grow up!

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The only fear I can isolate in Connie, as being the symptom (not cause, since we are the “cause” of everything that happens in our life) of why our relationship did not continue, was that she was not ready to totally surrender her ego to making a 100% commitment (a mirror-image of my past, again). Nor was she willing to surrender losing ego-control of her life. My mere presence in her life would remind her “What are you doing playing in the sandbox (being an earthling)?” Even though she told me in the beginning that she called me into her life because she was ready for a relationship with a spiritual man (and ended up with a “holy” man dedicated to walking the path to wholeness of Self realization), she listened to her ego and “mentally” walked back into the world. Connie confided five years later that she thought my diet (primarily bread and water) was “too kooky” for her and that she liked “fitting in” rather than being different than everyone else, which she thought I did. (We are so afraid of taking that last step in our “total” commitment to living the Truth—believing in our higher Self as our true reality—for fear that “we” won’t exist anymore. The funny thing about all this is: the “human ego” that fears isn’t even us! We are the formless Spirit that exists behind our physical facades.)

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My fear was that I could not depend on Connie because of her unpredictable, although infrequent, behavior, which left me with great feelings of uncertainty about the viability of a forever relationship with her in any form on the earthly level. My feeling was that

both parties had to be committed to forgiving themselves, and everyone else, in order for the physical union to survive.

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I did learn to be totally giving and willing to make a spiritual commitment to Connie, who brought me the ultimate romantic encounter and great peacefulness. (She could do absolutely “nothing” for the longest time—just sit and listen to the universe—very mellow!) She also had great patience with everyone. Our relationship was the most mystical in my life, up to that point.

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There was a remake of the movie, *The Razor’s Edge*, which seemed like a replay of our relationship since I saw it after Connie and I separated. I watched it on TV with my daughter, Lisa, who agreed. It was the story of a young man who went to Europe to be a Red Cross ambulance driver during World War I. He becomes disenchanted with life on Earth because of the horror of war and goes off to the Far East, to what seems like Tibet, to learn the truths of spiritual life. After he goes to the mountain top there to learn the Truth (like I did when I went to Salt Lake City, which is surrounded by mountains), he burns his books when he finally realizes “It.” He comes back to normal life and becomes a street vendor in Paris, where he meets an old girl-friend from school in America, who has become a prostitute to support her alcohol and heroin habits. He takes her home

with him, and in three months (the same time it took Connie), he helps her get “straight” (off the booze and drugs). The movie ends shortly after the girl gets killed (she walked back into her old ego-world) and he says “I thought she was my reward” (as I thought Connie was) for attaining spiritual enlightenment. He goes back to America to just “be.”

I realized at the end of the movie that is all I, and any of us, are here to do—just be, which doesn’t mean we have to die or fade from Earth. Having a special, spiritual, boy-girl relationship is not the “epitome” of achieving spiritual realization in the world. But any two people, or more, sharing the mutual realization of their “Spirit” (Christhood)—is!

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Connie once signed a birthday card to her daughter, “Connie, alias Mom.” She knew inside her heart that she was more than just a mother to her daughter... she understood the brotherhood of Spirit. Without ever acknowledging it herself, she was a mystic—hiding amongst the normal people.

Cool As Ice, Warm As Toast, Never Missed A Trick

*It never ceases
to amaze me
how you can be
cool as ice
when you're involved
in business or projects;
and then, switch again,
and become
warm as toast...
all-thoughtful
and giving,
beyond anyone I've known;
you never missed
a trick...
you saw every
"slightest" thing
I did for you.
(Thank you...
it's nice
to be appreciated!)*

21

Robilee

(Business Woman)

After my relationship ended with Connie, a male friend of mine from church called me up on the telephone and told me that his son in California had become a cocaine addict and that he didn't know what to do about it. But someone had suggested that he go to a "support group" meeting tonight, and he asked me if I'd like to go. I said "Sure...why not!" I was always up for experiencing any wholesome activity.

It turned out to be an "Al-Anon" meeting (for families and partners of alcoholics/drug addicts following the tradition of the 12-step Alcoholics Anonymous [AA] program), which was more loving and spiritual because of the large number of people who had come together to openly share with, help, and support one another than any church I had ever been to—and, I had been to quite a

few by that point. I kept going back for the love (acceptance) and the hugs. (They were very unafraid to reach out and touch each other.)

I met this tall, attractive brunette named Robilee there. Her two ex-husbands had been alcoholics, the ones who play victim to the controller-role of their partners. (A year later, I told this group that I spent the first 21 years of my life playing victim and the next 21 years playing controller; and of the two, I preferred to be a victim. So, I began attending and enjoying the camaraderie of the addicts more in AA meetings, even though I no longer drank or took drugs. They were much more open than the “controllers” in Al-Anon.)

Robilee was a reserved, professional businesswoman, which coincided nicely with my past, business executive/professional role and my current position in administration at the local community college. We went out together for three months before I ever kissed her or even held her hand—not exactly your typical romantic relationship, but we did share the recognition of exposing one’s ego-self to release guilt as we did together at the Al-Anon meetings. We went for long walks on the beach together one night a week (she lived far north of me), and she would always hold onto me very closely. Sometimes, we would stand hugging each other for fairly long periods of time (10 - 30 minutes).

The first time we went out, she sat on the stairway leading down to the beach in Melbourne, near where I lived, and I stood in the sand facing her, with a full moon rising over my shoulders, talking. She confessed (while I

was hugging her in a standing position for 30 minutes) that she had had an orgasm just “thinking” about me driving her car home one evening. (I guess I should have realized right then, and remembered later, that this person was deep into visual images and body/idol worship rather than spiritual realization, much like I was prior to learning the Truth—another big opportunity to forgive myself.) We did not become lovers that night, even though we talked until dawn. It felt like a great friendship, though, as she was so open about her opinions and thoughts. I enjoyed just being with her.

Finally, one evening, three months later, at a Christmas party at her boss’ house, I happened to kiss her on the lips, and Robilee stood there transfixed with her eyes closed. I wondered why I kissed her because I felt more like her brother than anything. When I took her home, she had me wait in the living room (without any lights on) while she went and took a shower. When Robilee came out with just a towel wrapped around her into the darkened room, I gulped and thought “Please, let me be able to please this lovely woman.” (I was so locked into a holy consciousness after my experience with Connie that it was difficult for me to respond in a normal, human way.)

When she took off her towel moments later in the bedroom, there seemed like a golden mist or veil covered her entire body in my vision. It was a very mystical experience for me (she did not have any similar awareness herself), and I felt a great reverence for this person as my holy brother. (Yes, we did make love, but we can’t “create” love, physically.) We became great lovers (she

was multi-orgasmic because of her incredible, visual imagination) until our peaceful relationship ended, abruptly, three months later on my birthday without any warning—which was the last time I saw her since she cut off all personal, written, and telephonic communication with me shortly afterwards. I did have a “feeling” that day that I’d never see her again.

While we were together for those six months, I had an interesting realization. One of my associates at the college where I was working was a female professor who reminded me very much of my first wife in attitude and demeanor, which years ago I promised to never be “around” again. We had a very short, very torrid affair in her office one week after I made love to Robilee. (It seems that experience opened up Pandora’s box for me.) Robilee, on the other hand, reminded me of my mother’s ego by her detached, professional behavior, which I hated. I had introduced Robilee to my cohort, and they seemed to get along well (they each were raising a very loving son of the same age) and had swapped phone numbers.

The interesting aspect of this was that I felt sandwiched sexually between my ex-wife and mother. (Sex is usually the draw that brings men and women together to work out their past with the other person that they represent, like family members and former partners.) I was hearing this Voice saying “See...all we do is keep replaying the past until we learn to forgive/overlook it without any emotional reaction. Robilee and your co-worker are your mother and ex-wife, respectively, and

it's like watching children in the sandbox reenacting your past isn't it?!" It sure was!

Well, Robilee ended our relationship in a mystical way, as I heard her on the telephone that evening say "Jay, don't take this personal. You are very loving and giving (my second wife said the same thing to me on the telephone on her wedding day to her third husband), but I choose to be apart from you, now, for awhile." My ego did take it personal, of course. But my higher (real) Self, inside my mind, told me that she was just coming from Spirit and was telling me that my job was finished with her—and, it was time to move on and let go of our relationship in the physical realm. My ego, as usual, had become addicted to her physical and sexual presence, so it was a good thing I had my "AA" meetings to go to—where we learned that a problem in dealing with life had nothing to do with alcohol or drugs but "self," meaning our ego. (The human part of us wants to love and feel loved—BUT, it's really need. And there is nothing like the support and acceptance [i.e., "real" love] of others until you can rely totally on your own higher Self!)

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The only thing that Robilee seemed to fear was "being controlled" by any authority figure, like her father, and making a 100% commitment in a relationship. Nor, did she like seeing herself in my mother as she recognized some of their not-so-pleasant similarities. (I guess, our minds were more joined than I realized. She learned this insight with me, I was later told, intuitively.

Actually, she once acknowledged that there were several instances that she was aware that our minds were one, which seemed to frighten her and her ability to be singularly “in control” of her life. Of course, my ego, as well as everyone’s, wants that. But then, “it” is not us, and we are all in this together since all minds are joined!

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Robilee always moved fast, physically, and was so determined in what she wanted to do that I often times felt over-powered (controlled) by her. (A mirror image of my past businessman role!) She seemed preoccupied with her control over life, to the point that I and her 10 year old son didn’t matter many times. I thought she treated her son very impersonally, which frightened me, by always calling him “son” rather than by his name—so much, that she acted like a bossy authority-figure (probably her dad, whom she disliked because of it). She also got very angry with her son over small things (and he was a very mild-mannered kid), which reminded me of growing up with my mother, unfortunately.

Because of her intense self-concern, I always felt uncertain in our relationship. I remember my mother saying “You two spent more time avoiding loving each other.” (I saw my mother begin to accept the concept of “it takes one to know one,” shortly thereafter, and was hoping that she saw herself in Robilee, whom she once called “Lady Cool.”) I learned that Robilee held up my mirror image (and my mother’s) of just how selfish and ego-centered my ego was, in the past, about desiring to have its own way in everything (but, was too fearful to enforce its wishes). “Bless you, Robilee!”

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Robilee was probably one of the most “thoughtful” people I’ve ever known. For instance, when my mother talked about a Barbra Streisand tape she wanted in her presence, Robilee went out, bought it, and mailed it to her (for no reason or personal gain). And she sent me flowers when I was ill in bed at home for only a day. She loved to go for slow walks and to ride with me in the car, because she loved our peaceful, quiet-time together. She was not the slightest bit “mouthy” or nervous even though she had tremendous high energy, which she burned-off working out at a fitness center several days a week.

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I know I was the first (as with all my other spiritual partners—and maybe this was my purpose in life) to introduce and demonstrate the Truth for her, that God did not create the physical universe (we did, by “imaging” it in)—which is a big hurdle to climb over when you’ve been told otherwise, for so long, by your parents, ministers, and the world as a whole. I believe that I was spiritually committed, more than anything, to our relationship. I even saw her hug and kiss her ex-husband one night, after many years of not seeing him and being very bitter towards him, when he came to pick up their son for the evening. (It was great “seeing” that my consciousness could reach others and bring peace and forgiveness into their lives!)

The Innocence

*I saw
your innocence
as a
child-like being,
which drew
me near.
(Little did
I know
that it was
my own.)*

22

Josephine

(Southern Belle)

Two and a half years had passed since I had a significant woman in my life after Robilee. One night in October 1988, I went to a spiritual study group at a friend's high-rise condo near the beach (an hour or so north of my home in Jupiter, Florida). I noticed a very attractive young lady with short red hair sitting on the couch. (I used to hate red-headed women because I thought they always looked so pale and sickly.) Since her hair was all teased-out, which dated her, and her clothes made her look sort of "trashy," I thought that she wasn't my type. (My ego always found trashy-looking women the most sexy, and she was. Yes, you're right: my ego is very judgmental about female bodies!)

Later, after the meeting broke up and everyone was milling around in the kitchen, I walked up to her, found out her name was Josephine ("Jo" for short), looked into

her eyes, and saw the most tender, loving, “innocent” countenance (the Face of Christ) I had ever seen in an adult and gave her a big hug, which she returned gracefully and lovingly. (Looking back two years ago to that moment, I can say that I always loved her very deeply in a very spiritual way that can’t be described—but it was like meeting God inside yourself. This person brought that out in me, which I never fully realized until now.)

I never thought about asking her out, even though I had seen her again at other gatherings. (She later told me that she kept trying to get my attention so that I would.) Then three months later, I saw her again one evening at a friend’s Christmas party. Jo was elegantly attired in a beige, crocheted, two-piece dress with matching thin-strapped pumps that made her look very sophisticated. I walked over to her, and she just glowed and seemed so happy to see me and greeted me as a southern belle would.

We walked into the family room like two “long lost” lovers, arm-in-arm, and when I hugged her, we began dancing without any music. (I couldn’t resist the way she looked so deep into my heart.) My “ego” felt embarrassed that our mutual love for each other was so obvious to everyone that it urged me to take her into the living room away from them. She kissed me gently on the lips, twice, and kept looking so longingly and deeply into my eyes. (I could see the innocence of the world in hers.) I became scared because no one had ever been this open with me before. It was perfect, innocent love meeting itself. (The power of love—and the call for it—

still reverberates in my mind from that encounter, after all this time.) My ego was really fearful that we might create a “scene” by our display of love and affection for each other, so I suggested that we leave, which we did.

I do remember hearing very gently in my mind “You can marry her tonight,” but I ignored the thought (although I really believed that we would marry someday, and I can’t tell you why). We drove around for awhile. (I secretly thought about flying to Nevada to get married that evening.) When I finally parked the car and looked into her eyes again, I saw such a happy innocence twinkling in them, literally, that I knew I could never take advantage of this person, sexually or otherwise. (I have never felt such pure love, to this day!) She was like an angel, and I knew that I would always “love” her. Because I was staying with another friend, I couldn’t take her home with me; and because she had company at her place, I just brought her home and left.

Since I worked, and later moved, quite a way south from her after the party, I only talked to Jo on her toll-free business number that she told me to call. Once, I stopped by for a short while early on a Saturday morning and caught her without her makeup on and in her housecoat, but I didn’t care (I really adored her essence—beyond her physical appearance). I continued to phone her at work, occasionally, while I was traveling around the country with my job until the following April, when it ended, abruptly, without any warning.

Not knowing what to do at that point, and not having a place to live (my house-mate in West Palm

Beach decided she wanted her house to herself at the same time I lost my job), I drove north on a Friday evening and stopped at Jo's. She was meeting with a fellow who was going to lead her band if she went back into professional singing again. She invited me in and told me "on the sly" that I could go with them that evening to check out some other band at a local night club and that I was welcome to spend the night on her couch. (I thought he was her boy-friend.) I said "Sure" since I had nothing else to do and no where in particular to go.

At the night club, Jo and I danced for the first time (to music) like we were glued to each other and had been dancing together for some time. The other fellow never danced with Jo, and I discovered that he really wasn't her boy-friend. When we came back to her townhouse apartment, I slept alone on the couch.

The next day (Saturday), we puttered around doing her errands as I had none. We went that evening to see the movie, *Field of Dreams*, where this man and his red-headed wife (Jo noticed many similarities between us and them) plow under a portion of their cornfield to turn it into a baseball field because he hears a "voice," internally, that tells him to do so. Jo said "It's happening!" at that point (meaning that the world is catching on to inner spiritual guidance—because movies show us our consciousness as it currently is), and tears rolled down my cheeks. I was speechless with relief that the world was beginning to understand the Truth. We came home, and Jo gave me her bed upstairs while she stayed downstairs on the couch. (She didn't want her daughter to wake me up when she came home later.)

On Sunday, I met her 19 year old daughter, and we hit it off. (I had a 21 and a 18 year old daughter.) I had two really nice conversations with her that day about absolute Truth—one of them with a gay, male friend of hers in the evening. Her daughter and her friend continued to talk on the couch in the living room, so she suggested I go up to her mother's room with Jo. Since it was late and we were both tired, we went to bed. It was the first time we made love—courtesy of her daughter. The next morning Jo went to work, and I drove an hour north to my parents' to stay in their townhouse condo.

Since I was told the previous year that I belonged in Australia, by an older woman from there that I met at a conference on real spiritual healing, I felt compelled to go. When I went to my parents' house, I immediately started applying for a visa and inquiring about emigration information from Australia. I thought, as did my dad, that I was going there to live. (My parents told me later that they didn't think I would come home, even though I had a return ticket.) It was a very confusing time. I didn't have any idea where I was going and what I was going to do. I was supposed to go to Australia, though, according to my intuition. (To this day, I don't know why I went, other than to heal their minds, which is what happens wherever I go.) Even though I loved Jo, my preoccupation with my quest kept her out of my mind. I left about four weeks later.

I stopped in Los Angeles to go on a week-long cruise of the Mexican Riviera with a female friend who had arranged the super-inexpensive trip for \$150. I did

nothing but find fault with her the whole time (we really were too different personality types), so we took separate tours of the Mexican countryside when the ship docked. It was nice to be able to visit with the Mexicans as that is my favorite thing to do—just visit with all the people in the world. (Wherever I go the Holy Spirit remains to help heal their minds by bringing more Love into their awareness—just like Jesus said).

Then I flew to Australia with a three day stop-over in Auckland, New Zealand, which I loved. (Coming back, I stopped on Kauai, Hawaii, which I later decided was where I wanted to live because it had everything I had in Florida, plus mountains and a red-dirt canyon that I dearly missed from living out West.) Well, believing that I was going to move to Australia, at first, I combed all over the countryside and all through the major cities and climbed her biggest mountain-like rock. I walked 12 – 14 hours a day, wherever there were people. I looked into starting a business there and for employment in its colleges and universities. In the two months that I was there, I only found a couple of women attractive—and I was surrounded by lots of women in their twenties, in particular, in the youth hostels I stayed in all over. But the memory of Josephine kept haunting me, ever so gently, all throughout my stay there—like she was supposed to be my spiritual partner.

When I came home, I stopped at two old girl-friends' before going to Jo's. I was so scared to surrender to the thought of having my ultimate spiritual partner on the earth-level. (God/Love is the "ultimate" relationship!)

When I arrived at Jo's, she was dressed the same as I, in khaki shorts (the first shorts she ever owned, at 44) and white jersey top. She was all smiles, and immediately, proceeded to tell me how "awful" she felt that I might never be coming back and how much she missed me when I went away. (I was very surprised!) Then she showed me her hands. She had long fingernails for the first time in her life. I told her that was the only thing I thought she was lacking, physically, before I left the country and that the "joining" of our minds in Spirit (Love) "allowed" it to happen. She thanked me with a big hug. (I think back, now, and realize that we never had a romantic relationship, as such, because I was afraid of really letting go in a child-like way of total abandonment, which Jo could do.)

Well, as time progressed and we went from summer to fall to winter, Jo and I spent almost every weekend together from Friday evening to Monday morning, when she went back to work. There were three times (like my other relationships) that she wanted to cut-off our relationship for no reason, after which she confided to me that she was glad I stayed. (I always felt like I was being "tested" to see if I could stand up under the pressure of her ego, which was clearly trying to destroy our relationship—as it is in all of us! The ego "wins" when two people are separated.)

I remember Jo saying once, "I'm sorry I'm so boring. All I ever want to do is stay home (in the evenings)." Well, having done everything I ever wanted to do and having been every place in the world that I ever wanted

to be (Jo had, too), I told her that I definitely was not bored with her. (I thought I was boring for her until she said that—or did she just read my mind and play it back for me?!) I was always the happiest (most peaceful) just “being” with her. We never had to do anything.

To just be with Jo was heaven on Earth for me until I felt guided to leave Florida in February 1990. At that time, even though we had agreed the past summer to marry at some point, my ego felt very “needy” of having something (conventionally) constructive and worthwhile to do and a way to “provide” for us since I had been unemployed for 10 months. And, I wanted Jo to be more openly committed to our relationship and be able to spend more time with me. (She was working 12–14 hours a day, 6–7 days a week as the Controller and “number two” person of her company, which was half way through its six month busy season. It was like living with myself when I was a young businessman and had little time for love and my family—not a pleasant image of my past. But then, like in Charles Dicken’s *A Christmas Carol* with Scrooge looking at his horrible personality, our close personal relationships are supposed to hold up our mirror—and Jo sure did.)

Feeling like I was unwanted and unneeded (see how the ego blows things way out of proportion?!), I packed my few belongings, a week after my dad told me that I would have to leave his house within two months, and left for Salt Lake City—which was the only place that felt like a “spiritual home” for me on Earth. (I needed, desperately, to feel loved—but was not aware that that

was what I wanted at the time.) I thought “I know the city well, loved the scenery and the people—why not live there until something comes along for worthwhile employment, and then, I could send for Jo?” But...I never told her that. (I realized, much later, that I needed to be “rescued” as proof that she “really” loved me like Jo did when she attempted to walk away from our relationship! We often confuse need and being rescued with love.)

After two months of daily, hard work there to finish typing and editing four books on my birthday, April 6, I called Jo the day after her birthday (one week later) to wish her well and tell her that I loved her. Since she acted very light-hearted, almost “flaky,” and because I wanted to talk with her real Self, not her ego-act, I ended the conversation early. I called every couple of weeks over the next two months. Each time, she acted like a happy-go-lucky kid (which is very nice when you’ve looked at all your ego-stuff and have no more hidden anger—as most “effervescent” people do!—otherwise, it’s just a cover-up) not her real, sweet, quiet, gentle Self. (She could have been imitating me when I was physically around since I could see, while I was gone, that she was an “adaptive” personality. Jo had told me, previously, that by the end of her 10 year second marriage she felt like she had lost her own identity, and I didn’t want that to happen with us.)

(NOTE: People are not aware that all minds are joined and that all thought takes form some place in the universe. Therefore, we all become “adaptives” of each other on the ego-level. So,

when parents caution their children about keeping “good” company with the “right” friends, they are unknowingly teaching them about mind transfer, which goes on all the time. We imitate and unconsciously absorb from the ones we love—or, should I say “idolize”?)

During our last pleasant telephone conversation two months later, Jo told me that, although she thought she had forgiven a long-term hurt with her father, she recently discovered that she hadn't. About a week later, I was lying on the couch one evening, all alone, at a friend's house, many miles from Jo in Salt Lake City. When all of a sudden, this thought came into my mind while I was busy reading that said “She (meaning Jo) was just like her father, who was very mouthy and bossy (which she could have realized if she acknowledged what she sounded like on her choral rehearsal tapes); was a manipulator/controller (which she could have acknowledged by looking at the ‘controllable’ men she chose to date in her recent past as well as her job title); and was not a ‘finisher’ (which was evident from the fact that she had almost completed her college degree, but for some reason would not).” I had only experienced these ego traits “indirectly” from things that she had told me about herself.

I lay there on the couch for awhile, stunned. Then, unexpectedly, this inner-knowingness said “Get up and write it down before you forget,” which I did as I scrambled to find a notepad. I very quickly dashed the information down, but I forgot the last item about

“finishing” until much later. I put some additional explanative information about her and my ego-selves in the letter. I realized that I also had hidden guilt for these same qualities and stated that I wanted to trust that I could tell her anything from that point on as we both had shared our similar, deepest, darkest, most guilt-producing secret together. (We had been verbally, physically, and sexually abused while in vulnerable, “child-like” states of mind, which can come and go at any point in your life.)

As I told Jo in the letter, I could now see these traits in her because I had been very talkative (insecure and needy) and bossy (demanding); I used to be a manipulator by pursuing women for my sexual pleasure who were playing victims (like me) and were very needy or emotionally weak; and whenever a serious love relationship began to have difficulties, I would avoid dealing with the woman’s concerns and any “emotional” confrontation, out of fear, and not “finish” or complete our relationship. (Mirror images of each other!!)

I was working then in a hospital, so I stopped in the gift shop to buy three postage stamps for three letters I had to mail (including what might be considered an unpleasant or revealing one for Jo). The older woman volunteer who was running the place that day had only “two.” So, I took that as a “sign,” a psychic message, which I don’t usually pay attention to, that I was not supposed to send Jo the letter with the exposure of her worst ego traits. (We all have to look at them in order to go beyond all fear!) I left it in my pocket and mailed the other two.

Later on that morning, the lady from the gift shop saw me in the hall and tracked me down and said "Here's the other stamp you wanted, sir." I gulped because I felt like I was supposed to mail the now infamous letter. (Do you see how "fear" acts like a wish, a desire, in bringing into our life what we think about?!) I thanked her, put the stamp on the letter, and inserted it in the mailbox. I wished Jo well, in thought, because I knew it is tough to really acknowledge the "seeming" horribleness (but unreality) of our ego-act. To have someone there (if you can't turn to Spirit) to share with who will always love you, as I had demonstrated to Jo, can help ease the burden.

Guess what happened when Jo got the letter? Guess what consciousness (Spirit or ego) she was in when she did? You guessed it! I forgot her ego was part "Irish." She must have exploded because three days later I received the briefest phone call of my life, one evening, spoken so fast and angrily that I almost couldn't hear the words. ("Rage" was also a major characteristic of her father that she was trying to learn to forgive. Anger is nothing more than a mask to cover-up the guilt we accept inside our mind and an attempt to project or blame the person that exposes it as being a fault finder—and we always do what we "defend" in our egos.) Since I didn't catch what she said the first time, I waited until after she hung up and listened as my secondary hearing (from Spirit) kicked in, and I heard Jo say "You are not my friend! I don't want you to ever write or call me, again!" Her receiver was slammed down, and I could feel it 2700 miles away. (Since nothing occurs in our life that is not our wish,

or state of consciousness, to include fear and guilt for the past, Jo's fears or guilt called the message in my letter into her life. It was an answer to her prayer to forgive her father, once and for all.)

Well, that may have been the end of Jay and Jo's physical relationship, but not my spiritual relationship with her. A friend recently remarked how well I was taking Jo's and my potentially permanent separation. I told her that was because it was my "love" of her Spirit (essence) that mattered, not her body, and that can never be changed by anyone and will always be! You have to "completely" love/forgive your self (or be approaching it), first, to get to that recognition point. I also told my friend that, if I had to do it over again, I still would have mailed the letter that ended our relationship. To help a friend look at their ego (when they are able or supposed to) and to go beyond all fear is worth more than any "physical" relationship!

I did see Josephine one time, three weeks after I landed back in Florida to help my mother out, shortly after my dad died on the fourth of July. (I tried to see her as soon as I arrived, but she wouldn't open the door or talk with me.) I had stopped at her apartment, just before she was going out on a dinner date, and tried to explain how the infamous letter came to be and about the fact that when she told me of her not being able to forgive her father, totally, that I became her "answer to prayer" (the vehicle for her call for help) so that she could see her similarities to him, and therefore, forgive her self "in" him. It didn't seem to register because she told me that

she had gone on her with her life, so I looked into her eyes and said "I've always 'really' loved you from when we first met." I gave her a hug and left.

I guess the most important lesson I learned from this was not seeing "human" error in someone from our ego because to do so makes it real. I paid a big price to learn this! We all are responsible for how we see another (either extending love or calling for it) because our perception of them is "our" mis-creation of them. (We are formless, eternal Spirit in reality.) I have since learned that we can only love someone unconditionally without "any" correction, unless asked for by them (as I "felt" that Jo had...indirectly), to let our Truthful consciousness and presence support them in being "open" about themselves with themselves.

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There are two other anecdotes about Jo and me that were cute and meaningful to us on the psychic-level of the physical (ego) world. A "spiritualist" minister (who deals in mediumship rather than real Spirit) was staying for a week at the same house I was living in, over two years ago. I was sitting in the living room reading when he walked up to me after his fourth and last evening seminar and said "This is an apert. It is from the other (spirit) world. Your soul-mate has the duplicate." He then folded my fingers over what appeared to be a shiny, pink crystal that he put in the palm of my hand. Because I am primarily interested in the "internal awareness" of God/Spirit (the consciousness of a mystic), I care nothing

about the psychic realm of the worldly, separate-identity oriented “ego,” and never asked him anything about “psychic-stuff” during the several days we lived together under the same roof. He was a very gentle soul. I put it in my pocket, thought it would be nice to have a “spiritual partner,” and forgot about it, until a year later, when I found the match to it sitting on Jo’s dresser. She silently, but visibly, “freaked-out” when I showed them to her.

The next “sign” we had of our soul-connection was the day we walked out to my car, and I pulled down a 5" x 6" copy of my favorite picture from above the visor on the passenger side. It was of Sallman’s painting, Good Shepherd, of Jesus amongst a flock of sheep beside a stream in a mountain canyon holding a baby lamb in his arms. Jo stood up real straight and said “Oh, my God!” (She had pasted the same picture, but a much larger copy, on the same color green, cardboard mat as the border on my copy.) “I guess we’re supposed to be soul-mates” I said. She agreed, in disbelief, or should I say, shock.

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Jo was, and still is, the greatest inspiration in my life—or put more accurately, in Truth, my love for her essence is. I loved the Spirit in her (represented on Earth by the heart-felt Mind, not the brain), and my “human” ego liked her form very much. But, her body was not the focus of my relationship with her, which is what I thought every woman wanted. (As they usually say: “I want you to love me for my mind, not my body!” Although, Jo’s ego once stated that it wanted the reverse

—if you can imagine that). That’s why I only missed her physical presence when I left for Utah.

During our first two short separations, I completed two books of poetry in two days that I had started seven years prior to meeting her. In December, while we were together, I completed a short novel about our mind-explorations in search of learning how to just “be” on Earth while knowing the Truth about it’s “dream-like” quality—something I had been struggling with, also for seven years. I felt so frustrated by my inability to communicate with Jo, in any way, at the end of our physical relationship that I felt compelled to write another book about spiritual relationships—realizing that in “wholly” (holy) relationships people do not “need” each other—and why they fail or end.

After five spiritual partnerships and the loss of the “female version of Jay” (Jo’s words), I was determined to at least have a sense of completion and understanding to heal my self, my partners, and perhaps, the entire universe—since everything we do consciously contributes to it. What a terrible thing it is to go deep into Spirit (peacefulness and contentment) with someone, only to have them fall back into the ego-world and walk or run away. (Since most of Jo’s and my time together was spent in a meditative consciousness, I considered it almost monastic in its depth.) Jo’s departure caused me anguish for so long—IT was the last straw!

Perhaps, when I left last February, Jo remembered her traumatic past loss of a deep love relationship, which

scared her ego into believing that I was gone for good, once again, after Australia. “Leavers” can’t stand being left, so they leave first! Me, too! Since they feel guilty for their insecurity (which ultimately comes from the “belief” that everyone on Earth suffers from: that God is going to punish them for leaving Heaven, the state of One-consciousness, to be “special” in this dream world that we THINK we live in), their humanness gets caught up in finding fault with and blaming their lover for his or her ego characteristics. She feared being left alone, like me, so she found (“substituted”) another lover—as all the others had. Oh, these mirrors—these “dream projections” of our self onto another form!

Josephine’s humanness has a quality I have only clearly seen before in Roseanne (after she was gone) that is as an “adaptive,” whereby, it becomes like the personality of the closest friend, associate, or hero/idol that it has. Two months after I left Florida, Jo’s ego became like her “flaky” female friend that she was hanging around with. (Yes, Jo could have taken on my characteristics while in my physical proximity, or consciousness, which was very possible. And no, I would not want her, or anyone, to imitate me, unless they truly believed in their heart what I believe. Since Jo and I believed in absolute Truth, it would have been appropriate for her to demonstrate traits of peacefulness and contentment like mine. And, I have no doubt that I served as a reminder of that consciousness for her, as I hopefully do for everyone, and that she acted like me. Ideally, we all learn to develop a peaceful, loving demeanor, that is our own and cannot be affected by others who come into our life.)

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A psychic friend mentioned that, because Jo was joined with me on the mind-level, her ego may have become frightened of becoming a mental “yes-man” to me. I knew that Jo resented “authority figures” (yet, she became one at home and work) and pretentious, “titled” people, like CPA’s (but she wanted to be known by the old-fashioned title of Comptroller). She hated any criticism—the slightest innuendo about her character (ego) would send it into a “tail-spin.” (A mirror of my super-sensitive, but withdrawn, past.) Since Jo was a Controller, making good money as the number two person of her company (people who “become” their position, and the money associated with it, are very insecure), and had a former husband who didn’t want to work, I think “being taken care of” was an unrecognized concern of hers—particularly, since her father “quit” his 25 year career in the military without a pension. But, she was very generous.

When I first started going out with Jo, she seemed to be highly nervous, sometimes to the point that she would “shake” or twitch all over, which she attributed to a physical quality of her mother’s (she inherited it, in other words). I told her that she didn’t have to do it anymore (I sounded like a “psychic” in that moment) and that it was just a general fearfulness that caused it. She hardly ever shook or appeared nervous again after that. (The power of others’ suggestions could have a strong effect on Jo—if she believed in them.)

But, I think Jo's major fear, as was mine, was of making a 100%, complete commitment to another person in a relationship. The possibility of surrendering completely to another causes our egos to scramble to do anything to kill the relationship. I had heard that, when I had been gone awhile, Jo's ego (not the real person I loved) found a lot of fault with me—particularly, after I sent the infamous letter that exposed her ego's major faults. ("Monkey see...monkey do!")

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In addition to feeling scared by Jo's preoccupation with her job, I learned a very important lesson in Salt Lake City: that it was no longer my "home" and that no *place* was. That was terribly unsettling to me—to the point that I wondered what I was doing here on Earth. I was afraid when I first got there that if I talked with Jo on the telephone and she told me she missed me that I would have turned right around and come back to Florida to her. And, I knew, in my Mind, that I could only finish my four books there. Such a quandary!

My biggest ego fear was the thought of being alone, forever, without anyone to give love to—who could understand and live absolute Truth to the degree I did. (I know a lot of people who understand it, intellectually, but still live their life like an "earthling," mentally.) While I was in Salt Lake, I felt emotionally comatose (like I had no feelings at all) and that I was all alone in this world, spiritually. It wasn't until I arrived back in Florida five months later, to help my mother out and to attend

my oldest daughter's wedding, that I began to "feel," again. When I tried to get in touch with Josephine, she blocked my efforts. Then I started to feel helpless and fearful, which is better than no feelings. I hate to say it, but I guess I had to lose someone very important to me to break through my "ego," encased in denial (repression) and devoid of feelings, to bring them up. "Withdrawal" was my human way of being over-sensitive and over-reactive by avoiding emotional confrontation and my fear of dealing with others' anger or rage, like Jo's, which was her way of being over-sensitive and over-reactive. (Like attracts like, but—the manifestation can take a different form!)

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I came to bring "clarity" into Jo's life about the Truth as was evidenced by the new glasses I bought her, which she needed, badly. (She didn't realize that God did not make the Earth, even though she had read it.) I brought her flowers for the first time in her life, at 44. I also demonstrated my spiritual commitment to our brotherhood by focusing on her mind rather than her body.

One time, when we had gone to the beach, Jo fainted while we were leaving. I kneeled over her body to shield it from the sun until she came to. I remember thinking (listening), while I was looking at her innocence all crumpled in the sand, "It's okay if you want to leave Earth, now." In that instant, I realized that I truly loved her...because I was "willing" to give her the freedom to go, forever!

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Together, at the same exact time, we discovered that we shared the identical, real “life purpose” of bringing love to the world—although, she saw her Self as an object (love bringer), and I saw my Self as a function (to bring love)—when we attended a spiritual retreat. We had the greatest freedom in our relationship, as evidenced by the fact that we had been able to totally release in mutual (my first), multi-orgasmic experiences.

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Jo was the most “wonderfully” beautiful, sexy, adorable, unconditionally loving, kind, generous, innocent, and mystical/spiritual woman of my life, who learned the hardest lesson to accept: the unreality of the dream-world we live (die) in. She also rose above a major sexual-block, instantly, on the human level, which many people would have taken a lifetime to get over—if ever. She was the most tender, gentle, and sincere blessing I have ever known—a true angel!

A Poet's Lament

*How many times
have I been
down this road?
Each time
I thought
I'd die
of a
"broken heart."
Since we
choose the way
we leave the earth,
I guess
this could
be mine.*

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Puppy Dog Man & the Cat Women

When I was a teenager, my mother said “You were never happy unless you had a girl-friend.” That was because I came from a family environment where I felt “totally” unappreciated, unloved, and unsupported. Being an individual that needed a lot of love (and the only way we “receive” love is when we give it), I found great happiness in having someone in my life to give love to and who appreciated the essence in me that gave it. By today’s standards, I probably would have been considered to be a dependent person if my happiness was contingent upon making someone else feel loved. I learned, recently, that it is not unusual or unnatural, spiritually, to love another as your Self.

There is a very fine line between love and “need.” The difference is: if you love your self (and I AM my own best friend, critic, and support system), it is perfectly

natural to express (give) love to others in the dream, which may involve nothing more than just being with them, regardless of what their “ego” may want or think it needs.

Another thing that has become important for me, and us, to remember is that the mind is “split” (we are all schizophrenic!), meaning that we vacillate back and forth between the human ego and the Spirit-guided, “right-minded” ego, constantly. Whenever we are in any kind of pain, discomfort, or defensiveness, we need to “grow up” and LOOK AT our selves to see what consciousness we are coming from and change it and our attitude. (No one can live on Earth without an ego—a “belief” in themselves as a human being. When we rise totally beyond it, then we are no longer in “form.”)

Personally, I think it’s wonderful to have someone special to care and do things for, and I can’t think of one thing that can “humanly” top it. I am aware, from time to time, of what it’s like to be in a real spiritual consciousness with Love/God/the Universe, which far exceeds the “human” experience. If I had my ego preference, I’d be just like a little puppy dog (as I have acted in the past) with the woman of my human choosing. I now know that we attract “spiritual learning lessons” as well. (I’ve noticed in my world, looking back over the past, that women generally act like distrustful and cautious “cats”; whereas, men tend to play loyal companions who fall at their feet willing to do their bidding at the slightest provocation, like “puppy dogs,” in loving relationships.) I hope to graduate to total self-less Love at

some point, but I do enjoy some real good, Spirit-filled human company at “home” wherever I am.

Since everyone on Earth feels guilt from believing they separated themselves from God (the ultimate fear) to live in a limited, physical form—and very few are probably aware of that consciousness, even though they understand it, intellectually, we all don’t feel truly “worthy” of being loved! What I discovered was: I unconsciously attracted into my life women who felt the same way as I and unconsciously were “helping” my ego to fulfill its FEAR of my worthiness of love by rejecting me and running away from our relationship—their demonstration of their unworthiness. (Remember: a “fear” is a thought, which has the same effect as a WISH, and...“like attracts like”!) Since all minds are joined—particularly, those with whom we have a close, love relationship, our lovers help us to play out our wishes, which include things we don’t even realize about ourself, consciously. (There are no victims—only “volunteers”!) “So, thank you, ladies, for showing me how to forgive myself by holding up the mirror of my fears. (The specific manifestation is not what’s important—just the presence of fear or anger in others, that causes a reaction in us, is!) Bless you...all!”

A final realization came to me when I was through looking at my self in all my past love relationships. I noticed that I had a very subtle, suppressed “anger” that began with the birth process, whereby I had my first encounter with “separation”—from my mother, who represented the Universe at that point. That was the root

cause (although, it's really a "symptom") of my sense of unworthiness. My rejections in my relationships were nothing more than reenactments of the initial separation at birth, which symbolizes our departure from Spirit/God, until I caught on to this and forgave my ego-self for creating these situations out of fear and guilt for leaving my heavenly consciousness, and formlessness. Once I realized that my human self was "angry" about losing people in my life and would try, tenaciously, to retrieve them, its game was over! The human ego is like a little child, regardless of how old we are. And it will try to get its own way, which means holding onto people and aspects of the dream that it likes. The task at hand now becomes to learn to wait patiently until the "worthy" people, who feel good about themselves, walk into my life, but...the lessons will continue!

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"Well, Ralphy"—who was still lying in the hammock with his eyes closed—"I hope I haven't put you to sleep with all this?"

"No, of course not!" he piped up as he opened his eyes. "I was glad you really dug into it. That's the only way we really get FREE. Were you aware of many of these insights while you were in these relationships?"

"Yes, to a limited degree. Starting with Roseanne, I was very much aware of my spiritual brotherhood with each of them. As a matter of fact, that was my primary focus from the beginning. Plus, my humanness found

them very 'attractive'...not so much in terms of physical beauty. But they all had this 'innocence'—particularly Jo, who was mesmerizing—this child-like Christ-being—that pulled me to them. Actually, I learned that "it takes one to know one" (the most important spiritual lesson) and that it was my own innocence, or spiritual essence, that I was seeing in them.

"I also learned to accept that I drew them to me because I was willing and ready to look at my ego characteristics and fears in them. Susan mirrored my insecurity and self-concern (self-indulgent ego-centeredness); Roseanne was my fear of losing my independence; Sandy, my fear of being abandoned; Connie was my fear of not belonging or fitting in; Robilee was my fear of losing control of my life; and Josephine held up the mirror of my fear of not being taken care of and not being appreciated, as well as being the manifestation of every significant woman of my past—which was kind of wild! And...they all showed me my 'finickiness.'

"I know, now, that if any ego quality in another person causes me even the slightest discomfort or negative value judgment about them I have not forgiven that aspect of my ego's past. Remember, Ralphy, this world is just a waking dream. As 'aspects' of the one Son of God, who is sleeping and dreaming of us, our lesson is to realize that and to not take life too seriously. We are supposed to uncover our fears and ego attributes, though! That's why you are here...to be a sounding board to help me dig up all my relationship-stuff."

"Since it has helped me to see some things in myself, too, Jay Jay, I appreciate the opportunity..."

as always...to help. After all, as I learned from you, WE'RE JUST HERE TO DISCOVER 'WHAT' WE ARE (Spirit) AND TO BE A FRIEND TO OTHERS COMING ALONG THE ROAD 'HOME.' That's what 'real' relationships are all about!"

"You know, since I began this introspection (which I am famous for according to my close friends), I kept asking 'Why am I searching for answers about a dream—if I'm developing a mystical consciousness and more concerned with learning to turn inward all the time and to un-focus on the physical world and people's egos? Why does anything happen in a dream? Because, it's a dream!!' Then I got my answer: 'Because I want more company!'

I sat up straight and started gliding the porch swing back and forth more rapidly, now. "I wanted to find the answers, on the earth-level we live in, that will help others to look at themselves to go beyond their human fears. If I won't do it and show how it's done, how can I expect my family and friends to? Teaching is demonstration! You know that!"

"Yep. You repeated it many, many times so that I wouldn't forget," said Ralph, who sat up and threw his legs over the edge of the hammock and let them dangle, barely touching the floor.

We both sat and stared out over the sandy knoll and the tall cedar trees and listened to the silence. It was wonderful. Funny, how peacefulness can become such a great, pleasurable pastime. I love it more than anything. That's why a quiet walk is such a peaceful meditation,

like being with the entire “Love” of the universe—my higher Self.

I continued, “That’s why I want to put all this in a book. If I can share it with as many people as possible so they can arrive at the same awareness of Spirit, I’ll have more company. Pretty selfish, huh...to want more company on the human level? Since we are consciously here on the physical plane, most of the time, we have to train our egos to be more disciplined (or right-minded) in keeping AWARE of our purpose to wake up and feel the ‘Love’ that we are—with no thoughts or feelings of hate, anger, or fear.”

“I guess when we realize that is ALL we have to do, Jay Jay, we will wake up. But, until people see that and feel justified in their separate ego-minds that they have had enough pain and it’s worth doing, they won’t.”

“You’re right. But everyone reaches a saturation point, as I did when I was 38, and again at 45, where nothing and no one of the ‘physical’ world can satisfy them, anymore. That’s why I wrote *BANISHED from the Sandbox*—to share with as many people as possible what happens inside, as it did in my life, when we get to that point. So, hopefully, they won’t feel strange or weird, know they are not alone, and will not do anything, inappropriate (like taking their own life), before they reached a ‘state of mind’ of total forgiveness and peace. Since all death is suicide—because no one comes into this dream-world to ‘live,’ I will not value judge one person’s form of leaving the dream over another’s more

acceptable (but perhaps, less honest) way of departing, like through some painful illness, such as cancer or a heart attack.”

“And your purpose in this book is going to be...?” asked Ralph.

“To discover what I need to learn to forgive in my self, that is held up in the mirrors of my past spiritual partners—since that is why we all come to Earth, in spiritual terms. (The ego came to ‘play’ and avoid our reality.) Without looking at what in ME caused the end of our relationships, I will never be able to live in peaceful contentment (my realization of ‘total’ happiness). Also, I hope that it might benefit their own self-examination. I figure that, if I want real, spiritual people and a spiritual partner in my dream, I’d better be the most excellent example of what I want. I’m committed to it!”

“Well, you’re doing all right, kid!”

“Thanks, Ralph! Coming from you, that’s a real compliment.”

“Have you come to any conclusions from all this?” asked Ralph.

“Yes. First of all, I came to understand that all five of my female spiritual partners showed me one major fault of mine. What I saw in all of them was my inability to make a 100% commitment to a relationship (because anything less is not a commitment). I realized, as they

demonstrated, that by not letting go of my 'self-concern' about losing control or the fear of being controlled I would not attain it.

"We are all 'afraid' of Love—more than anything else—because we don't believe (consciously) we are worthy of it—since we 'think' we separated ourselves from God (which is not true). When I've come to the point in a relationship where I have to surrender my ego's desires to be willing to just love another and make them equally important as myself, my human ego rears up and says 'Run away...you don't need this person and their problems (i.e., learning lessons) to make your life difficult...you deserve to have a comfortable, easy life.' Unfortunately, we don't learn to go beyond fear by avoiding conflict as I have done. We have to learn to be peaceful in chaotic situations and to see them as a 'call for love.'

"Since my biggest fear is 'being abandoned,' the women in my life have cooperated with my ego, on the mind-level, to give me what I felt worthy of—no love—and ran away.

"Secondly, if they did not truly 'love' themselves, as I have not (again, my mirror), by forgiving their past fears and guilt that they projected onto me through anger, how could I expect them to love me? You can only have a 'complete' and real relationship with someone who truly recognizes (loves) themselves, beyond their humanness, and is not tied to (dependent upon) any body-stuff. (Quite frankly, I don't know if it's possible on Earth!)"

"That makes sense," interjected Ralph.

“Next, I discovered that our minds can become so totally joined, as mine and Jo’s did, that my slightest displeasure (mentally) with her ego could be felt by her mind and responded to by her running away. (Actually, there is only one Mind, and we both tapped into It.) For instance, very early one morning, Jo got up and bolted out of bed as soon as she awoke, got dressed, said something incoherent about ending our relationship, and left my house. We had not had any argument, disagreement, or fight the night before. (We went to bed, peacefully, and had made love, gently.) My inner Voice told me that Jo left in anger because she had ‘mentally’ picked up, as she had done so often before, being a ‘sensitive’ (psychic), that I did not want only her anymore. (I met an attractive woman the evening before that I wanted to socialize with, or pursue.) It can get very scary—when you realize that your thoughts are not your own, anymore! Jo gave me the freedom, which is ‘what’ Love is, to go after this other woman—by leaving me! (When she left me the fourth and final time, I did not give her the same freedom, I held on like crazy—literally!)

“People have ‘no idea’ how powerful the mind is and how connected (adaptive) we all are, and particularly, spiritual partners since that is the primary basis of their relationship. ‘Being loving’ is their function by being peaceful at all times. If either partner lets their ego take over—as Jo did, for instance, when she went into a rage at the end of our relationship—the physical aspect of it ends, unless...that individual regroups—takes control of their ego-emotions and gets peaceful—rather than avoids dealing with it by seeking other social, sexual, or occupational associations to ‘escape.’ (The mind can be

trained, through 'willingness,' to surrender control of one's ego-life; thereby, allowing the mind to listen to its internal guidance from the Peaceful Heart, which is the the mystical way to live life.)

"Finally, I agree with my friend, Richard, who has said 'The only thing of importance here on Earth is the quality of our loving.' To live in peace and learn to unconditionally love all people—by overlooking and not commenting on (value judging) their human-ego games and characteristics—is my only goal and contribution to attaining that quality. I feel I have walked alone, long enough now. I choose to walk, primarily, with like-minded, aware, loving, gentle, mystical people...but, not avoid the others.

"My female spiritual partner will also be of like mind as myself because I do not want to have to train or teach her anything about absolute Truth. I do not want to be her idol or mentor. (There is nothing wrong with appreciation and respect, though.) If I am going to be 'whole,' then I no longer can play rescuer/rescued. (Yes, if I play one, then I am the other because of my neediness to be 'needed'!) I played 'mentor' to all my past spiritual partners—to give them Love in the form of knowledge of the Truth. And they gave me idol-worship (love ?)—that I thought I needed to 'rescue' myself from the victimization of my ego-created human consciousness, with its inherently 'self-defeating,' poor self-esteem. (They actually became my teachers while I taught my human self—which is all anyone teaches—how to understand Truth, in depth. It's all ego-training, in other words, since this is where we are.)

“No more ‘spiritual plebeians’ who are not committed to gently ‘walk-the-walk’...anyone’s ego can ‘talk-the-talk.’ Maybe, the mystical walk home IS a separate, and singular, journey—since everything takes place in our own mind. But, that does not preclude us from walking together in mutual respect and acceptance of our brotherhood. As Teri said so succinctly ‘Love is not the reason for relationship—common purpose is.’ Hopefully, our purpose is to love by ‘forgiving/overlooking’ our humanness that we see in others.

“Maybe, I also came into my spiritual partners’ lives, under the guise of ‘romantic love,’ to bring them a touch of unconditional love from our Father...to let them know that they are always loved no matter how they act or if they run away to play, again, in the ‘sandbox’ called the world. All of them did thank me for that.

“Until we accept complete responsibility, and I do, for bringing the people that we do into our lives—and learning our lessons about our selves from them, we cannot make a real commitment to take care of anyone else.”

“AMEN!” said Ralph as he stood up and clapped.

I jokingly, with a big childish grin on my face, stopped swinging, stood up, and facing left toward Ralph, bowed at the waist.

*

*

*

I won’t forget this experience and the lessons it taught me about wanting to put someone else first before

(but not sacrificing) myself; about not becoming devoid of feelings (mentally running away) when approached with tension-riddled, fearful relationship encounters; about not avoiding difficult relationship encounters; and that only the daily re-commitment of both parties in a relationship to living the Truth can keep it peaceful and together, physically, on Earth. Most of all, I learned that I have to LET GO of someone when they want to leave —no matter what the reason! I forgive my self and my “soul-mates” for failing to communicate all of our feelings and fears, openly, and for running away.

People with a mystical consciousness walk through the “fire” of their own fear by looking at all of it! And...they don’t look for “soul” (an attempt to attribute Spirit with the body) in another person! Everyone is your “spiritual” partner!

The Lesson

*Everything here
is as I see it.*

*It is not Truth,
universally.*

It's...

*“individual” perception,
which is all
any of us
have.*

*If I “react”
to anything,
that is what
I have to
work on
next.*

EPITAPH
FOR THE EARTHBOUND

WHEN WE "OWN" WHAT WE SEE IN THE
MIRROR — IT, AND WE, WILL CHANGE, FOR
THE BETTER. PEOPLE WHO CAN NOT
EXPOSE THEIR FEARS AND EGO-TRAITS TO
THEMSELVES ARE TRAPPED IN THE "HELL"
OF THEIR OWN MINDS UNTIL THEY DO!

(ACKNOWLEDGMENT IS THE KEY TO
RELEASE AND FREEDOM.)

this is the ONLY lesson:

"THIS IS BUT A DREAM!"

(There are no answers! But...you will not realize this until you have awakened and can see the "dream," while you are in it, from a place in your mind beyond it. Some form of "peace" is your answer!)

Part III

**Looking
at the
Hate
Behind
Love**

AUTHOR'S NOTE

One day, I asked to know what was really happening on Earth and in the physical universe. There I was, sitting on the park bench watching children (of all ages) playing in the sandbox, known as the “world”—having played-out all my dreams, except for one: to walk Home with You, when my internal Guide (my real Self) came forth and answered—in “thought”—all my questions, one by one, day by day. Consequently, this is presented as a diary of the conversations we had.

24

Park Bench Surrender

“Well...it’s been several months, now, since we last sat down and spent some time together,” I said with a sense of frustration, and guilt, for having put off what I know to be the most important time for me (the opportunity to be with one’s higher and real Self).

“I was beginning to wonder when you were going to get around to spending some more time with Me. After all, you got your wish of over a year ago, and you now have your notebook-sized computer so that you can be very mobile and easily communicate with Me and write at the same time—thus, saving you all that needless time in re-doing your work transposing it from long-hand to typewriter to a computer with typesetting capability. You now can do it all in one simple step. There are no more excuses, so let’s get going. We have work to do in contributing to the peace of the world by

getting your act (ego) completely ‘together’ and getting you as close to being beyond all fear as is possible while still on Earth—since you know that is the only thing you can do,” He said very firmly, but kindly, with a gentle tone (in my mind).

“Thanks for reminding me...and I’m sorry it took me so long to get around to doing this, but I guess I thought it was more appropriate to take care of my earthly ‘responsibilities’ (like work and dealing with people in business, as well as my personal desires), first. Yes, I know (but chose to forget)...that nothing is more important than living my life in a peaceful and contented manner so that I can make a real contribution to the world. And, I remember what You taught me about turning within to You to be in Your, and therefore My, higher consciousness, at all possible times. But, my humanness (ego) was afraid that I would have nothing left to do, except sit here on the park bench of the dream-world we live in and watch others playing in the ‘sandbox’ called life-on-Earth—looking like adults, but acting like children, pretending (unintentionally) to be something less than they are.”

“That’s why it’s time that we sat down to do this. You waited 46 years to acknowledge (release) your repressed anger directed at close loved ones whom you set up to ‘victimize’ you—by withholding the love that your humanness wanted but said you didn’t deserve down deep inside because of separating yourself from God (in your dream-mind) to come into the world of lack and limitation....”

“Any logical-thinking, listening person who knows that God can only be a loving, kind, and gentle creator will realize that He could not have made the physical world so imperfect. If we were Him, wouldn't we have made it perfect and our bodies maintenance-free and tolerant to all climatic conditions?!” I interrupted.

“Yes. But, the point is: the only way you are going to arrive at a sense of completion is to surrender all human reaction to the trials of earth-life while here and learn to live in a purely loving, peaceful consciousness while you pursue your day-to-day activities. Every time you find something here that upsets, displeases, angers, or frightens you, in the slightest way, I want you to turn within to Me, rather than ‘reacting’ like you have for the last several months—even though it took you several years to do it—with angry feelings, and simply acknowledge what’s bothering you. Then, get peaceful in your heart (the ‘feeling-love’ focus of the mind) and let Me handle it, completely. You are to do whatever it takes to remain quiet and calm at all times—without denying or avoiding any uncomfortable feelings. Keep in mind, that means no dwelling on negative thoughts about people or situations or contemplating actions to make anyone or any situation better.”

“I got it. Now, it's time to go for a walk on the beach and let your simple message about surrender sink in. Thanks.”

“You're welcome,” He said.

(NOTE: It was rather curious that I woke up at 4:44 A.M. to begin writing this, since I was born during 4/44 [April 1944]—just an unmeaningful, psychic sidenote of the ego-world, which never has any relevance in “reality.”)

25

Take a Giant-Step “Back”

“Well, Jay, you’ve been wondering for a long time, now, about why people in your life, who learn the Truth that this world is just a waking dream, fall-back and get caught up in it. And now, it’s happened to you. After one learns all they can, intellectually, about the Truth, they must learn to put it into practice and to keep their peace at all times—no matter how chaotic the world seems around them. Also, they, and you, must uncover your ‘primary’ fears by being WILLING to look at them...and that means acknowledging all things, situations, and people that cause you any discomfort—when it occurs. Then, let each fear go to Me to handle.

“First, you learned to ‘accept’ the Truth and to surrender to My guidance. Then, you uncovered your ‘primary’ earthly fears—to include the only real one: that you feel unworthy of God’s love because you believe you separated from Him in the physical

universe. And now, you are embarking on the last major journey of your trip Home to learn to live life fully, peacefully, and contentedly, with as little fear as possible, by looking at the 'hate' behind all earthly-love."

"Do you mean that I set up the ego-script of my mother's recent auto accident so that I would have to come home to take care of her for a short while (6 – 8 weeks) and finish-up acknowledging my last remaining elements of fear (manifested as anger) in my relationship with her?

"Like the other day, I finally gave my self permission to tell her, while riding with her in the car, that 'I never felt that you ever really cared anything about me or what I was doing in my entire life. You did to me what your mother did to you...you ignored me (i.e., 'children are to be seen and not heard'). You never took any interest in me or anything I was doing!' Although I did not intentionally plan to attack her, verbally, I was very glad I finally openly acknowledged the most obvious manifestation of my ego-created poor sense of self-worth.

"Of course, You quickly brought to my attention (in my mind) that my entire life scenario with my family was nothing more than my ego's plan (life script) to reinforce poor self-esteem. I quickly apologized to her for 'letting go' and gave the situation, and my guilt for attacking her, to You to handle. The old cliché, 'familiarity breeds contempt,' should be changed for many of us, perhaps, to: 'family breeds contempt for our human selves.' And, if we haven't gotten our relationships 'cleaned up' (forgiven/emotionally-overlooked) with our

family members, our mates, and our children, employers, employees, co-workers, and friends will reenact elements of them that we have not learned to handle (i.e., let go of any sense of anger or remorse for the past)."

"You're doing okay, my human counterpart! "

"I guess, we can look at life-on-Earth like the kids' game, 'Giant Step,' except that we need to take a step back (instead of forward) into the world and clean up as much fear and anger as we have created for our selves—in order to go forward to the awareness of our oneness with God, and everyone in the spiritual Universe. Like Jerry said 'Love (freedom) is letting go of fear.'"

26

No Interest in Any Thing

“God, it’s been nearly two year’s since I’ve had any interest in any thing. I can’t get any satisfaction from anything or anyone of the world. I remember wanting to do things, but I can’t think of one thing that I would do, besides wandering about the world, if I had all the time (which I definitely have a lot of) and money to do it. It’s really amazing that, once you’ve had all your dreams come true, there is nothing left...except to be of service to others.

“And, the only contribution that I take any pleasure in is sharing with others what it is like to go through this self-imposed hell and to learn to live one’s life as peacefully and contentedly as possible. All the books today seem to be either fantasy-oriented (focusing on having more dreams, which got us into this mess in the first place) or ‘how to’ manuals on living the Truth rather than being meaningful, experiential sharings of what’s going on in the authors’ lives. So...I write to my ego-self—since *everything* we do here is always for our self,

first—and listen to my higher, real Self for my own source of entertainment and to keep some sense of sanity—while a portion of me is still grounded on Earth, wanting desperately to be needed and to have something fun to do.

“What bothers me is that for the last six years that I have been in southern Florida (shortly after I retired at age 40) I have lived with, or around, two personality types that are not particularly pleasing. One is the ‘grandmotherly’ persona (mask) where the individual, usually a woman like my grandmother or publisher, takes too much interest in every detail of my life, to the point of being extremely ‘nosey.’ And the other is the ‘motherly’ persona, like my mother, who takes no interest. Both personality types exude the ‘me, first—I am in control here and will have you and the world my way’—attitude that exemplifies the base human ego need to be special, above anyone or anything else. After living alone for 10 years, it is quite a shock to my system to live in the center of this environment.

“And unfortunately, I have discovered that I am a ‘sensitive’ (adaptive), and I ‘pick-up’ their attitude and feelings, as my own, the way a very young child does. I can feel their selfish ego-centeredness as my ego. Of course, everyone is that way to some degree on the human level, whether they acknowledge it or not. God...I hate feeling selfish and self(ego)-centered! I hate being bored to death with humanhood! “

“And why did you begin this trip Home?” He asked.

“Because, I had nothing left to do here for me, so I turned my life over to God, literally, nine years ago. I wanted to be free and to live happily (contentedly) on Earth, until I no longer was here.”

“Didn’t you also want to learn to do something?”

“Yes...I recently wanted to learn to go beyond all fear. And yes, I just caught on while in Your presence (consciousness), the only way to get beyond our humanness is to look at its most ugly side, which has as its very root its ‘me first’ desire. So, by looking at and becoming completely aware of that nature of my ego, You are intuitively telling me that by completely owning what I see in others, that causes me any sense of pain or discomfort, as my ego-self, I will forgive (emotionally forget and become peaceful with) them, as well as my humanness.”

“Right. But, don’t forget that you must be patient with your human self as well as theirs. So, don’t take this recognition so seriously—by periodically focusing on, and therefore owning, this aspect of your ego. You have done your job of owning their base ego as your own! Now...go take the rest of the day, as well as the rest of your life, OFF! And, don’t forget to be thankful to these greatest enemies, and now ‘saviours,’ of yours who have shown you your ego’s worst side! Love them for helping you find Your way Home!”

“ I do! Amen!!” (My ego always wants to have the last word!)

27

Love and Hate (No Difference)

“Good morning!”

“I’m not wanting to do this, this morning. I’m acknowledging my resistance to spending this kind of time with You first thing every morning. I guess I’m being open for the first time about my reluctance to turn my life totally over to You to run...and whenever I sit down to meditate (just being still, mentally) or to write (listen) with You, my humanness rears up and says ‘I don’t want to do this!’”

“With practice you will learn to just ignore it and do what you really want to do, which is to be ‘in’ Me at all times. Life on Earth is nothing more than making one decision after another about ‘how’ you want to live your life moment to moment, with constant ‘attitude checks’ about how peaceful you feel. When you are not

content, you must stop, immediately, and do whatever it takes to regain your 'peace'! Oftentimes, that means just hesitating for an instant and recognizing that you're not feeling like you want."

"Can we talk about love and hate? As I perceive it, there is no difference between the two on Earth, in the ego's dream-world. For instance, I've noticed that you can not hate without loving. You have to care about (love) someone in order to hate them. Otherwise, we would just be indifferent about them (the true opposite of love). Love is 'need' here because, when someone whom we supposedly love goes from our life, we 'hate' it, or them for leaving."

"That's true...all earthly-oriented love relationships are based on need, which breeds unconscious hate in people because no one wants to be dependent upon another for their happiness. So, what needs to change is the way we look at, understand, and feel about loving. All earthly-love is conditional. In order for love to be unconditional, people must learn that real love is nothing more than acceptance of who (ego) and what (Spirit) someone is. To live in Love, one must live in peace with another and allow them to play their ego/act exactly as they choose, which will entail leaving at some point... and one must be WILLING to 'let go' of another if they are truly going to 'love' them. All love relationships are merely lessons in love—one's loving attitude towards others is their gift to others and, most importantly, to themselves. All gifts are given to your self, first, because they come from Love within you."

28

Responsibility vs. Obligation

“It has always amazed me how we confuse responsibility with obligation. To many of us, they mean the same thing: a sense, or a ‘requirement,’ to do what is expected, based upon the desire or moral code (i.e., morality) of another. I think it is time that we look at responsibility in its truest definition when you translate it using the breakdown of its components: ‘the ability to respond.’

“Imagine the freedom we would give ourselves if we looked at responsibility as our personal requirement to do what we really wanted to do—provided, it would not do harm to others or ourselves or selfishly impose our will on others. Most people, to include myself in the past, lead their lives with this pervading sense of obligation to do what is expected of them, rather than what they really want to do for themselves to add to their own happiness.

“And to be happy (content) is our greatest personal obligation because, if we are not, then our attitude

unconsciously affects everyone, and every thing, in the universe (unbeknownst to our selves). When we are doing what we want (in my case it is not 'selling-out' to have a conventional job to make others happy), only then can we make a worthwhile contribution. So, when people tell us to follow our dream what they are really saying is, 'do what will make you the happiest.' (It is not necessary to make up some wild fantasy about doing or being something other than what you are.) For me, that means being here with my real Self and the Christ of others (who choose to come from that Awareness) on these pages, and in-person, as more and more of us make the commitment, the decision, to live our spiritual destiny (i.e., 'walk-the-talk'). It benefits everyone when we do, and we will have a wonderful sense of completion—of 'doing the right thing.'

"Another thing, responsible people are those who can respond in the moment (now)—they listen and follow their Heart, without thinking before they act. Those who usually have to think to do the correct thing are overly cautious, insincere, fearful, 'head' people. (I know—because I used to be one of them!) And, no one can be happy as long as they live in any kind of fear, which is our own mis-creation.

"If we all did what we want, without imposing our will on others, we all would be 'responsible'—probably, for the first time in our lives—because we would all be doing what made us the happiest, and therefore, would contribute to the peace of everyone else in the universe. It's about time we all learned to be ABLE TO RESPOND to any situation at any time—be our Selves and come from our heart!"

"Amen."

29

Everything Is a Decision

“Jay, you keep forgetting the simplest lesson of all, that everything is a decision. Everything is a CHOICE! If you want to be happy every day, then you must choose to have a peaceful and content ‘attitude,’ remembering that that is the only thing you ever have control over while you live in the dream-world. Like everyone else, you get caught up in your act (ego) and forget your only obligation to your Self is to decide how you want to feel, and be, whenever you are not at peace.”

“It is so simple...you’re right! I feel kind of foolish, actually ‘silly,’ for forgetting my ability to respond (responsibility) in each and every moment to every person, thing, and situation as I know I can. I have chosen, over this past year, to get caught up in some of my most difficult forgiveness lessons—with people I

have had life-long hidden anger and resentment toward for taking advantage of my child-like vulnerabilities (my feelings of being a victim of the world and my sense of obligation to follow parental authority figures' wishes and commands, in order to have a feeling of being loved by them)—and have forgotten to not take this 'waking dream' so serious. Consequently, I have spent practically all of this time with physical ailments (e.g., lower back pain and hemorrhoids—since these people have literally been the biggest, non-supportive 'pains-in-the-ass' of my entire life)—that would not have been necessary had I remembered to keep my peace because 'this world is but a dream.'

"It took me 46 years to get around to owning my repressed anger towards these individuals, but I'm glad I did in order to move on to total peace in my life. It does take personal discipline to 'remember' to be content at all times! I need to make constant attitude checks on my self. I can never stop practicing that if I (and we) want to be happy because we all have input into each other's consciousness—since all minds are joined, and therefore, our attitude impacts everyone's peacefulness."

"And don't forget: to be happy, you don't have to be bubbly, effusive, or overtly expressive. (People who act that way have hidden rage.) True happiness is contentment, that comes from a sense of peacefulness in your heart. Peace and contentment come simultaneously... you can't have one without the other."

30

There Is No-thing to “Do”

“One of my most difficult lessons that constantly recurs is that my ego hammers at me almost every day to do some thing, to have a direction or goal of what I want to do as a daily activity to keep my humanness occupied. Not having a particular job-oriented function makes it feel very insecure. I have been living nearly day-to-day, and almost moment-to-moment, for the last several years because I have never found any ‘thing’ that I could put my heart into. There are a lot of logical jobs and things I could do, but nothing that I have any real interest in. And, I’ve discovered since I retired six years ago (i.e., ‘decided’ that I was only going to do what I really wanted to do rather than what I should do, according to others, or was trained to do) that I lose all interest in performing anything if my heart isn’t in what I am doing.

Because I've had all my dreams come true, it becomes even more difficult to find activities to keep my ego busy, particularly, since I've explored so many things. There is very little that I have not done!"

"Well now, you know there is no-thing for you to do here! You know your function here on Earth is merely to be what you are—Spirit/Love—in your Heart-mind and follow your internal guidance from Me, moment-to-moment. Whatever function you perform, such as a job, has no meaning beyond providing you, and others, with learning lessons in love to discover your Heart."

"It's just that my humanness continually wants to be in charge and to be able to plan and decide what it is that I should be doing. After all, we only teach on Earth about learning all we can so that we can be capable of taking care of ourselves without having to depend on others."

"Except...that you are no longer a mere earthling anymore! You understand the Truth. So now, you learn, daily, that your only function here is to SURRENDER and turn your life over to Me to guide you. You must recognize your complete dependence on God and that I, the holy Spirit of You, am your communication link with His Love, Which will guide you in everything you need to do. Just keep on being 'still' in your heart and ignoring your ego. Never, never dwell on what it is telling you it wants because it will not stop—until you come to the point that God is all you want. The life-process on Earth is merely coming to that realization."

31

Need to Be Needed

“What about performing some spiritually-oriented function...like I thought about becoming a minister and Diane has always wanted to become a missionary?”

“It doesn’t matter what anyone does here on Earth. You don’t get into heaven faster by being involved in what seems to be very nice things to do. But, as you know in your heart, Jay, one does not learn Truth better by playing a role, which is all anyone does when involved in a job or function—no matter what the calling. A mystically-oriented individual who is following the gentle, loving, and peaceful internal guidance of the Heart-mind of their real Self is doing what is appropriate for them.

“People who are doing what may seem to many as religious work are often, as you have experienced, merely performing it because they ‘need to be needed’...

to have an extended family so that their ego has a sense of purpose here. Also, many have a stronger sense of guilt for believing they separated themselves from God to live in the dream and are therefore trying to appease man's 'image of God' by some sort of religious work. God cares not about what anyone does in a dream.

"Your only function is to recognize, to know again, your Self. Whatever you do to achieve it is merely a means to that end. To know what you are is to be a minister of and for God."

32

Repetition, Repetition

“It seems that we have to keep going around and around with this stuff until we get it. Repetition, repetition.”

“Unfortunately, it’s the only way people learn. If you all would merely accept in your heart what you are in reality, no one would have to go through all this repetition. The reluctance to accept the Truth that this is just an illusion, a dream of the Son of God, is so great that people, for the most part, have had to take it slowly. As more of you catch on and live your life from higher consciousness, then the easier it will become for the others to accept the Truth. And, if you will look at the toll that the desire for freedom is exacting on the world, today, all throughout Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, you can see that it is working much faster. You will be surprised at how fast others are going to understand their Reality. That’s why you are writing this,

now, because the world is being readied to accept the fact that all can live in harmony soon. This has only been a dream in which you have imagined your selves to be less than you are. Until then, the lessons will repeat and repeat, although the form they take will sometimes seem different. Everyone wants 'drama,' so that's what you will have until you tire of it...when you realize that you but do this to your self. You have made your fears, and you must let them go when you realize they are a figment of your imagination. Shall we continue?..."

"Yes."

33

Prostitution

“It seems like we all ‘sell-out’ (prostitute our Selves and our values) here on Earth. I know so many people who understand the Truth, and yet, they continually, and I think deliberately, forget all about it to focus on their jobs, careers, and entertaining their ego. I get frustrated to no end with people who say they want to lead a ‘spiritual life,’ which seems to mean ‘I’ll read all about it, but I don’t have to put it into practice.’ The vast majority of people I meet who are interested in the Truth are great readers and lousy doers...they want to know ‘stuff’ and that’s it. As I’ve said before, ‘Spirituality is a game we play...Spirit is what we are!’ Why do so many of us prostitute our Selves?”

“Well, it’s pretty simple, as most things are. People just do not want to take charge of their lives and their actions. It’s nothing more than fear and realizing that to live the Truth all one has to do is practice letting go of any and all value judgments about others.”

“What people see in the mirror of themselves played by the people around them is their own past. As you have learned before, any reaction to other people’s actions, thoughts, feelings, and lifestyles is merely your opportunity to forgive yourself. And it takes a lot of practice—discipline—to not forget this because it is so simple to overlook it.”

“And, I guess that means not trying to impale other people’s egos for deliberately overlooking the Truth, realizing that my reaction to their humanness is just my feelings of guilt surfacing about my past so that I can forgive it by owning it (i.e., realizing that it’s me I see in them). If I am open about it, I can certainly see many times when I have wanted others to take care of things for me rather than doing them myself. Right now, I am learning to forgive my self in everyone I know who doesn’t seem to want to live the Truth.

“I think we all would like to be taken care of and have others do things for us to some degree (maybe completely, if we were really being open). I know I came to that realization about my humanness six years ago...and my ego was publicly embarrassed by my open acknowledgment of my dependence on God.

“I believe that I would give away everything I owned (just like a prostitute who fearlessly surrenders her body) to have the continuous feeling of being in love with the world by having complete awareness of my oneness with everyone.”

“When you want only Love, that’s what you will have!”

“My next lesson seems to be how to remember to never take other people’s acts seriously and to surrender my desire for joining on the ego-mind (human) level. It’s just my humanness that’s in terrible pain because it only seems to have a handful of friends scattered around the world who are living the Truth. I’ll have to learn that all the others are my friends, too, by volunteering to hold up different manifestations of my past until I learn to never react to them. I keep trying to remember that little saying I saw in a country-style restaurant, which said ‘A friend is someone who sees through your act and still enjoys the show.’”

“Just be patient with your self. You are on the mystical (internal) path Home, and the earthly life-process is merely the evolution to total awareness of your oneness with God and the Christhood of all your brothers. When you learn your lesson, perfectly, you will no longer be in the dream-world. Earth-life is the ego’s prolonged learning program...it was never intended to be as quick as you would like. Be kind and gentle to your self in your opinions of others.”

34

No Body's Listening

“It is really ironic to discover that no body’s listening here on Earth. Since we all have our own perception (personal interpretation) of everything and everyone—no matter what we hear coming from them, we are all just milling around ‘talking to ourselves,’ even though it seems like we are interacting with others. We all take turns talking to each other, but no body (which is the miscreation of the ego) can understand the meaning and feelings of another unless one is completely in the other person’s shoes (body and ego-mind).

“It is utterly amazing how much time we spend thinking that we can truly interact with someone else. Our whole boy-girl, living-happily-ever-after myth is based upon the idea that two people can join, but, in fact, it is impossible because no two humans can see anything alike. What happens is that we think we see (understand) things the same, but our feelings and

attitudes and conditioning taint our perception, so it is impossible. Everyone merely makes compromises and bargains with others for their own time—to agree about or understand things and have things their own way.”

“The only two things that people can share is peace and contentment—nothing else. And, they must rise to a spiritual consciousness, which entails letting go of one’s sense of humanness while in their body or on the earth, in order to experience them.”

35
No Body
“Knows”
Anything!

“It just ‘blew me away’ when I realized the other day that no body (ego), including me, ‘knows’ anything about this world, to include the people and whatever happens in it. Everyone merely theorizes! Everyone just ‘talks off the top of their head’ (conjectures) from their earthly experiences and intellect, which condition their responses to everything and everyone.

“When one has an experience of something that is unexplainable in earthly terms—whether it be a long-proven result such as a medical cure that no longer works or an out-of-body (inner mind) experience, everyone will have to eventually face the only fact: we don’t know, and can never know, anything here to be absolute, 100%, valid-all-the-time true. There is no such thing on

Earth. Every thing changes here, and so does everyone's understanding (perception).

"The only thing you can know is that what you thought you knew before, particularly, if it pertains to anything about the physical universe—to include psychic information—will no longer be true, at some point in time."

"And the only non-thing you can know is your Self—the Spirit of You, which is the God-conscious Essence of everyone...and when you know your Self you know everyone!"

36

Tin Gods and False Prophets

“It’s absolutely astounding that, out of our fear of God, man (the ego) has created his belief in an avenging, angry god that is going to punish us for separating ourselves from him. What’s even more outrageous is that we humans have miscreated our entire religious beliefs and practices in order to pay homage to our belief in what we think God is. And the fact of the matter is, no one, my self included, has any idea what God really is. We can’t know Him, completely, until we mentally rise above this human consciousness. (We may have glimpses from time to time, though.) So, the question now becomes, ‘Where did we get the idea of religion as an appropriate spiritual practice—particularly, since God had nothing to do with making this limited, lack consciousness we call life?’ Guess someone had to make it up....

“Now, I know that many people and religions today are rethinking their concepts of God—where they see Him as a loving being, but they are still trying to pay tribute through some sort of dream-game called religious practice. And the emphasis is still placed upon right thinking and right actions from a worldly standpoint. When, in reality, there is no-thing to do but become aware of the Spirit that we are in our heart. Our ego’s false sense of guilt, since this is just a waking-dream that we think we are living (struggling) in, compels us to do ‘good things’ and to think ‘nice thoughts,’ so that God won’t take revenge on us, according to our human-myth.

“Part of the dilemma is that many ministers and psychics, who are supposedly leading people back to God, are merely perpetuating the myth of our humanity by focusing on doingness in any form. To make the dream better is to continue it! What these leaders of our return-to-God consciousness have become is tin gods and false prophets because anyone who tells you what to do or what is happening in the world is projecting it—no one knows anything. We can only know God/Love when we reach our Christhood and surrender our consciousness (awareness).

“Only those who are acting as facilitators to help us understand our Reality beyond the dream (beyond all fear) and learn forgiveness (to overlook our human drama) are truly learning and leading. Many of the ministers and psychics are in need of just as much help as most people; and in many cases, more. People always teach what they most need to learn for themselves (to include my time with You on these pages) because what comes out of our own mouths is always for our selves,

first. (And we need others to volunteer to be in our lives so that we can teach our selves, while our egos think we are teaching them.)”

“Don’t forget that everyone has to learn Truth for themselves, by learning to surrender and be quiet and calm so that they can listen to the holy Spirit in themselves. It is easy to distinguish because He will only share things with you that will promote a gentle, loving kindness that will instill a sense of peace. I will never tell you ‘things’ about the world you live in because that is not where you need to focus to find your Self. To tell you about the dream-world would help perpetuate the fantasy.”

“I understand.”

37

Possession and Repossession

“It is really interesting how some people are so concerned with the devil, Satan, and being possessed. The funny part about it is that all people are possessed by their human ego, which in the unreality of this world is the devil or Satan. If anyone doesn’t believe it, let them just try to stop ‘dreaming’—it’s practically impossible, if you are human. The fantasy we live in is what we are possessed with. I know of no one who can stop it while in it. The only thing we seem to be able to do is rise to (or sink into) a meditative consciousness, where we relax into an awareness of God/Christ.”

“It is just that simple! If you want to be ‘re-possessed’ by the Spirit of You, to live in My and Your consciousness, then you must be WILLING to turn your

life over to Me, completely. You only have to relax and listen for My guidance when you silently surrender in every situation. You can not 'drive' anymore...I will, but only if you stop and listen. You must learn to come from Love in all things you do in order to be repossessed by Me, the holy Spirit of You. And, when you have an awareness of the gentleness in your Self, then you know you are coming from My consciousness...that's the test."

38

The Voodoo Factor

“For the last couple of months, I have been having unexplainable, random problems with my computer hardware and software. It is now to the point that I no longer wonder about or am surprised by anything that happens with it. I have dealt with technical support people all around the country with these strange and frequently-infrequent occurrences, and they are baffled by them more than I. One of them once said ‘It must be the voodoo factor.’ Most of these happenings are little annoyances that are totally unpredictable...just like situations with children. As a matter of fact, I have likened owning a computer to having (owning) a family. I now take them in stride without getting upset. I wonder if I have set up these difficulties to learn how to handle small every-day problems?”

“Correct! You have wanted to learn how to live in peace in the world, under all chaotic conditions, so you asked for these situations. And, you can learn, once again, that ‘in a dream anything is possible and may be unexplainable’ as all dreams are. People have to have logical answers for everything. As you are learning, there are no answers for anything...what you knew to happen before or to be understandable and true in the past may not be in the future. Just look at the sweeping changes that are taking place in the Soviet Union, today, as an example.

“It makes no difference how or with whom you learn to keep your peace, which is the only lesson. Whether it be with people or things, they are always asking the same question: ‘Will you learn to emotionally rise above these life experiences to return to the calm and quiet Spirit of your Self!’”

39

Silent Contract

“I was sitting here wondering about all the people who have come and gone in my life. It’s like one gigantic maze of people who march in and out to bring me messages, trials by fire, and lessons, as if ‘on cue,’ just like in the movies. Why else would they disappear if it were not for the fact that they merely came to help me understand my self? Of course, I’ll have to ‘own-up’ to the fact that my ego, in its search for fun and pleasure, has moved around a lot rather than been willing to stay and play in someone’s sandbox.

“When I realized that the world is just like a giant movie, I began to see that all the people around me, whether we were ‘intimate’ or not, were there for a reason that my humanness was not aware of. In other words, we all come together because of our mutual silent contract. We all have lessons to learn about the unreality of earth-life, and we unknowingly ‘call’ all these actors, known as friends, family, lovers, associates, and background bit-players, into our lives. When we have a lesson to learn, then someone (no one in particular) who has a

similar lesson, or is a learning vehicle for us, shows up, or we are drawn to them. After that lesson is over, other actors show up and begin the next dance/drama...and they just keep coming until we have conquered all of our fears by looking at and acknowledging (owning) them."

"And for you, we are beginning the last and happiest part of the dream where you will learn to forgive/ overlook practically every annoyance you have ever had in your life, now that you clearly understand the un-reality of life on Earth. You wanted to learn how to go beyond all fear, and now, you have found the way. Welcome Home!"

"Thank you...it's been a long, dragged out drama filled with a lot of pain and misery. I look forward to spending the rest of my time here, in peace and quiet, with a great sense of contentment. I want to be happy my last days on Earth, and I look forward to developing a wonderful attitude and sense of humor (something I've never had) about being here. Like the other day, when someone said of my mother and me, while we were together (I am helping her around until she can walk on her own again after her recent car accident), 'You two seem more like husband and wife than mother and son.' To which, I replied 'That's because I fired my self as the silent, dutiful son...I took him (my ego) out back and shot him (figuratively, of course).'

"Life goes on...and on...and on, like a 'broken record,' where we get caught in a groove (rut) until we realize What we really are."

40
The
Unsettling Land
of the
Crazy People

“When I first met Diane a couple of months ago at church, we were on our way to have lunch together; and without my saying too much, she volunteered ‘You’re either the craziest or the sanest man on Earth.’ (I didn’t respond to her comment because I knew which I was and ‘crazy is as crazy sees.’ And, I only see innocence in the world, tempered with an occasional crazy attempt on my part to intercede.) However, it occurred to me this morning that this is the ‘Unsettling Land of the Crazy People’ because no one would choose to come to a place where they knew they were going to die...and that’s what we all

have done here. No one gets out of it alive (in a physical body)!

“Now, if you don’t think that’s crazy and that we’re all nuts to come into this land of lack and limitation (just look at all the constraints placed upon our ability to live in this environment), then I don’t know what is!

“The next obvious thing that came to me was that I, who used to be able to do everything for my self from working on my car to doing my own haircuts—the only thing I couldn’t do was sew because I chose not to learn how, am now finding my self constrained by the simplest tasks. You can not imagine how unsettling it is for a person who was raised as a New Englander, with all that Yankee-ingenuity we’re supposed to have (and had), to not even be able to change a light bulb in his car. (I kid you not!) I couldn’t believe it, until now. I knew I was an ancient Spirit in a young body, but this is ridiculous.

“You have to laugh at the insanity of it...of all of it! I meet a beautiful Spirit who I tell, with practically the first words out of my mouth, ‘I am looking for a female Jesus.’ To which, she replies, with tears in her eyes (because she now feels the truth of what she heard), ‘This voice said to me last week: I am Jesus’ (meaning the voice, not her). And then, she disappears for two months after telling me that she definitely wants to see me again and will call me. That, plus the unpredictable, random problems that my computer throws me almost constantly, as well as the inability to handle what have been almost routine tasks around my home environment, makes this whole trip on Earth almost comical—particularly, since I can’t seem to make anything happen the way my humanness plans it. I surrender!!”

“It’s about time...literally!”

41

Can't Stop Dreaming

“No matter what I try, I just can't stop dreaming. As long as I am awake or conscious, I am constantly aware that the human ego-mind never shuts up. It's like a radio, a continual soap opera, that is 'on,' forever. I'd like to be able to turn it off. The only time I am not aware of its dreams and fantasies is when I am participating in the 'waking-dream'. I'd hate to think that I'd have to spend the rest of my time on Earth having to be busy, just so I didn't have to listen to my ego.”

“Since you are living in a dream-world, you have to expect that you will have to live under the conditions of that environment. But, as you are learning, the less and less you notice the ego the more it will disappear from your consciousness. It survives by keeping you aware of its existence, even if it means finding fault with itself because it is insidious. Forgive/overlook/don't react to the ego's demands and fantasies, and they go away.”

42

Anger and Sexuality

“It became obvious to me two years ago, in my relationship with Jo, that as all anger disappears from our heart that the desire/need for sex goes as well. Even though she was very sexually attractive to me, I found my self less and less needful of sex with her—particularly, since I had no ability to arouse any anger toward her for any reason, until she left our relationship. (Then, it was merely my fear, which is the same as anger, of physically losing her that caused me any emotional distress.) Our sexuality seems to be directly tied to the need to release any stress and guilt caused by our internalized anger. As it goes, so does the need to release it in any fashion. When we realize What we are and we internally release (without physical expression) all people and situations from our past, as being the cause of our plight in the world, we will be free, and that...is Love.”

43

Burning Bridges

“You must realize by now, when looking back upon your past relationships with women and favorite places to live, that you can’t go back. That part of your life is over with, and you want and need to move forward in elevating your consciousness. These people who have broken their ties with you have done so to propel you onward in your search for attainment of your Christhood. Unaware on the human level of why they were doing it, your female spiritual partners have been pushing you along to attain your heart’s desire to be with Me in One-consciousness—since only they could pickup what your ‘Real’ wish is because of your ‘joined’ minds in Truth. If they allowed you to stay, you would not have risen on the mind level so quickly. You would also be back playing in dreamland with them.”

“I kind of figured that was the case when I went back last year to the only place on Earth that felt like a spiritual home for me and found that all my close friends had moved-on with their lives, in a direction that was

not compatible with mine. I could see that we are all working out our own individual journey and that we only come into each other's lives to help another down the road—not to hold onto them, which is what my ego wants to do. If most of my bridges to the past had not been burned by the people I dearly loved, then I would not have moved forward. I guess, they really loved me!"

44

Challenge, Adventure, and Variety

“In addition to realizing that you can’t go back and relive the past from your old consciousness, it is important to understand that to look for challenge and adventure in life is the ego’s way of seeking adversity to keep itself busy and to make the dream exciting—so you will not realize it is a dream. Variety is the ego’s concept of seeking multiple ways of entertaining itself so that you will not realize that the entire world is nothing more than child’s play where people only act-out ‘adult’ roles. To be a real adult, from a spiritual standpoint, means one accepts himself as an innocent, child-like essence that takes its internal guidance from Spirit—without seeking drama through challenge, adventure, and variety to keep itself preoccupied with the fantasy. That is how one grows up.”

45

Learning to Serve

“I can’t remember the last time I woke up in the morning and actually looked forward to that day. It seems that without some sense of anticipated adventure my humanness has no interest in what the day will bring. I guess, when I lost interest in my earthly careers and my ego became depressed by the fact that its game had been exposed, that my human sense of purpose vanished. And only having that as a reference point, I don’t know what to do with my self here on Earth.

“To be really open about it, I suppose, I still have too much of an ego left—in spite of what I know about the Truth—to not care selfishly about my self. It would be nice to not care about my self and to look forward to serving others. I am sure, when I do, that all sense of

unhappiness and concern about what each day has in store will disappear.”

“It will. But, you must keep in mind that you had spent nearly 40 years pursuing only earthly goals and pleasures before you decided to wake up—when you realized that you had had all the best and the worst the world had to offer you. It takes some time because of the personal needs of each individual to get used to the idea that one does not exist alone or only for themselves—since the principle philosophy of Earth-life is: self-reliance. You will also always have an ego while you are here, and there will always be some sense of self-concern, which is normal. So, be kind to your self.

“To admit your boredom with only an earthly existence is the first step in releasing the need to have a human purpose and goal to be happy here. The rest I will take care of. In the meantime, I want you to just practice being still—through learning to ‘silence,’ by not focusing on, your human desires for things and activities to merely entertain your ego. Remember: all anyone has to do is ask ‘What is it for?’ in order to determine whether they really want to do or need something.”

“I have done that, repeatedly, and it has worked with most every thing. But, I still haven’t learned to put others first in my life.”

“Your ego’s concern with its not-wanting-to-serve-others-first is what is keeping you from attaining it. Your humanness is trying to play ‘watch-dog’ and ‘controller,’

and it can't make you care about other people. You have to be willing to totally surrender and have absolutely no concern about how to be—to include having the desire to be of service to other people. I know what is best for you. And, as you learn to follow My guidance, completely, you will be shown the way to serve others—by being of service to your Self, first. After all, you know that, when you give or do anything, it is always for your Self, first.

“So, don't worry about not being motivated to serve others before your self. It will come. You have been learning to serve others, right along, for these past nine years. You have learned to see the innocence (the Christ) in all people! What better way is there to serve and heal them!?”

46

The Curse of Denial and Defense

“It seems that, whenever someone defends themselves—directly through verbal combat or indirectly by denial about their actions or beliefs, it is an admission of guilt. Otherwise, we would not even register the slightest annoyance over someone’s opinion about us.

“The habit that I developed years ago—when I learned that defensiveness is our greatest curse—is to stop and wait when someone says something about my character or personal habits, for maybe a minute or so, before speaking. During that time, I ponder the other person’s concepts and ideas. If I feel the tiniest twinge of desire to defend my self, I know they have brought up an element of my past that I have not forgiven (learned to not take personal). It is impossible to be ‘human’ and error-free!

“I also usually acknowledge the correctness of their perception of me—if it is—because that validates my ability to own my humanness and to go beyond fear of the need to protect my ego, which is all that we defend. Otherwise, I point out how they are seeing themselves in me as their mirror; thus, turning what might ordinarily be an unpleasant experience into a mutual sharing of love when viewed correctly from higher consciousness.

“If we learn—and it is a ‘non-responsiveness’ and worthy habit that has to be actively learned—to not immediately deny an accusation, we will come from Spirit, which never defends human actions. When we get to the point where no one can instill guilt in us for the past, we have achieved ‘right-minded’ ego-consciousness—since it is not our task to rise above our humanness while we are here in the dream.”

“Thank you for learning this most valuable lesson of all!”

47

The Greatest Earthly Fear

“Your greatest fear, of course, is of God because the human ego counsels everyone that He is really angry with them for leaving Heaven, the state of One-consciousness without any form of separation. Since the one Son of God is merely sleeping, dreaming of us, that is not the case at all. Who could be angry with a dream if they realized what it was?

“On Earth, the greatest fear is the disapproval of your parents and siblings. Since your family theoretically is the strongest bond you have here, people place the most significance on and judge themselves according to its reaction to them. Remember: there is no difference between fear and anger—one is a passive and the other an active manifestation of the same sense of guilt. You merely play out the Father and Son scenario better with your family, who will be your greatest detractors and supporters based upon your internal,

unrecognized guilt for believing you separated your self from God.

“If you want to learn to go beyond all fear, then you must learn to be at peace with your family in all circumstances, regardless of the chaos and unhappiness that seems to be in their lives. Your job is to learn to not react in an unloving, unkind, non-gentle way toward them. When you can, you will have risen above all fear. It’s just that simple!”

“So, it was very appropriate that I should have unconsciously set up this time—of appearing to have to take care of my mother while she learns to walk again after her auto accident. Nothing happens by chance and without our desire! I wanted to learn to go beyond all fear. And, I just thought it meant learning to do unusual or difficult tasks. I had no idea that it meant going home, mentally, (and for me, physically) and facing my own sense of approval (love) or disapproval (hate)—as depicted by my family, who hold up my ‘past’ deepest guilt and poorest sense of self-worth. What I am learning from You is that, as I learn to not react to the most chaotic situations with my mother and my remaining brother, I become at peace with everyone and everything.

“I thought before, when I volunteered to go beyond all fear, that it was going to be some difficult, adventurous test. Little did I know, it was going to be going back to basics: ‘Look in all the mirrors, and tell your self what you see...and then own it and love it!’”

“To react toward your mother and brother in an unloving way is the same as coming home from a movie

and personally holding anger in your mind, by continuing to focus on your feelings toward the actor who played the villain. It's just that simple."

"When will I ever get it straight and remember...all the time?"

"Soon...when it no longer matters and there is no effort made to do so. It will just happen as you surrender all value judgment. Have no feelings but unattached love for it all, and never try to be 'detached' from anything or anyone you have created in this world."

48

Bringers of Love

“A number of years ago, I remember a female lawyer friend asking me ‘Why do children have to teach their parents how to love—when it should be the other way around?’”

“That’s because children are the ‘bringers of Love.’ They embody the very essence of Love in their innocence. As they grow older and become adults/parents, they lose that focus because they imitate the world around them. But, children, whose form you create in your human attempt to imitate God by saying ‘Look I can create like you,’ are merely your opportunities to find the Love that you are. When they touch your heart and evoke gentle, kind feelings in you, they have done their job, which is everyone’s, eventually. Everyone’s only purpose, here, is to discover that innocence in themselves.”

49

Boundaries

“It became clear to me about three years ago, when I let someone take advantage of my kindness, that no one has to let anyone have their way with us on the human level. We pay a price for everything here on Earth, and oftentimes, it is merely a choice between a physical or an emotional one. For instance, we will typically pursue physical pleasure at the risk of later emotional guilt. No earthling (one who believes only in their humanness) can do anything but bargain or compromise with their life.

“If we choose to not remember the lessons of the past, and that’s all we do when we forget, we will ever be at the mercy of our childish ego. And people will attempt to violate our boundaries by making requests upon us that we do not want to fulfill. Coming from a sense of earthly-inspired obligation that we think is love, we all are prone to meet these demands, whether they be from our employer, friends, family, or lovers.

“One of the most astute sayings I’ve ever seen was hanging on a wall in a doctors office: ‘Many people

trade what they want most for what they want at the moment.' I think that sums it all up! Obviously, we have to grow up and decide, having experienced the consequences of not establishing boundaries for our happiness or limits on our unhappiness, to remember what we want most. The only reason we don't have it is we 'forget' our main purpose (i.e., peace and contentment through attaining Self realization). And, it does take discipline (desire from the Heart-mind) to remember—until it is an ingrained habit of our ego."

50
***Between
the “Flakes”
and
the “Straights”***

“I now realize that I feel like I am wedged, in dreamland, between the ‘flakes’ and the ‘straights.’ On one hand are all the ‘flaky’ people, who act either effervescently happy-go-lucky or pretentious with their psychic-awareness (but, are usually either extremely angry or sad people underneath). On the other are all the ‘straight’ people, who act serious and sanctimonious with their intellectual knowledge of the physical universe (to include spirituality), and I came from this camp. The thing that just became obvious about these two types that most fall into is they are both ‘acts.’

“As I mentioned to my publisher the other day, ‘You’re a flake playing a straight, intellectual type, and I have been a straight playing an overtly-loving, spiritual ‘flaky’ person. People are not consistent about being what act they are here on Earth and would probably get beyond it when they own it—rather than trying to pretend that they are something other than the way they feel in their child-like, innocent, human heart (ego-mind).’

“I want to feel comfortable about living amongst these two types of actors, who form the vast majority of the people in my life. I wish that more people were in my life who felt no need to be either; that we all would live relaxed, helpful, unpretentious lives; and that we all could ‘call our selves’ on the games we play while we were playing them.”

“Just keep doing it, and they’ll show up!”

51 The “Only” Real Relationship

“Exactly nine years ago today, you began the process to accept your reality. You surrendered your previous understanding of the world, as you had known it; and thus, began the only true journey—back to the center of your heart, which is God. The only real relationship you will ever have is with Him in You as your own Essence. I am only that part of you that is the communication link with Him. Wherever you go, there I AM...you are never alone!”

“But, what about my relationships with other people?”

“You can only have an open and Truthful relationship with those who understand and accept their reality as Spirit. As you have experienced from your attempts at spiritual earthly-relationships, it is impossible to maintain a peaceful and content physical relationship without one of the two living in the awareness of Spirit. Both do not have to be aware—but one must be in the peaceful, higher consciousness, constantly, in order to maintain its peacefulness.”

52

Don't Think

“If you are not doing some earthly task, like working with numbers or driving a car, I want you to do only one thing from now on: ‘Don’t Think!’ When you ‘think’ you are in your analytical and emotional earthly consciousness, which only contributes to its continuance when you focus on anything or anyone ‘of’ it. I want you to only learn to be calm and quiet (free of earthly needs and desires) and LISTEN. When you do, you can hear Me and will be able to follow My guidance, continually. And, I will tell you when to shift into your earthly consciousness to do whatever is necessary there. You understand that means that I want you to go about your daily tasks as usual and not sit around waiting for my guidance!!”

“I do.”

53

Have No Opinions

“We have spent a lot of time together walking along the beach over the last six years, and you have been a patient student. We appreciate your dedication to keeping on the path. I hope you have learned to have no opinions, which are only ideas and concepts that lead to value judgments of people and things. That does not mean to be devoid of feelings because, as a human, you will always have likes and dislikes. It would be denial, or a repression of feelings, to not acknowledge them. And during this past year, you have learned how important it is to uncover any suppressed feelings—without taking any action on your part—in order that you be released from all fear.”

“Thank you, Me.”

“You’re welcome, and thank you for yielding to Me.”

54

Practice, Practice, Practice

“I thought I was beyond all the basics when it came to living the Truth. But today, I got angered by two of the people closest to me: my mother and Diane, the two biggest ‘know-it-all’s’ of my life. If I did not want their approval of my ideals, I wouldn’t care. I got really irritated by Diane, who still focuses on ego-stuff but said that she wants to ‘walk-the-talk,’ when she refused to listen to me about the Truth and proceeded to tell me about what I should do on the ego level—through psychic intimidation. (‘Parental’ women have always assumed they know more than me.) I HATE women that are close to me who, I think by now, could ‘catch-on’ to the Truth and have more discipline in their lives—by actually talking and acting like someone who believed it.

“My mother has been a loud-talking, super-judgmental, bad-tempered, out-spoken bitch; and Diane, a frumpy, double-dealing, incongruous, middle-aged child, who can be very uncaring and parental. Both are extremely fearful and defensive of their human lifestyle.

“When will they ever ‘get It’?”

“Maybe never! They are just in your life to play actors that your ego could really hate. Yet, you have seen the innocence in both of them. Guess who needs to practice living the Truth?”

“I do! I just wish that certain people, who are lovers and family—and know the Truth, would be more exemplary in living It—rather than focusing, in any way, upon their worldliness, first. I quit!!!”

“Thank you...and thank them because without them driving you to the edge, where you realize you can’t make any thing happen, you wouldn’t surrender to Me, completely. And your mother and Diane are your saviours as well as your greatest enemies because their egos are like very selfish, ‘me-first’ children. You can’t make them grow up. Remember: practice, practice, practice...until you get it, when nothing and no one, even the closest people to you, will cause you to ‘lose it,’ in any way.

“And, never worry about not-getting It because I am always right here with you. Whenever it gets tough, like today, We’ll just go for a walk and you will turn it over to Me and that will be that. Peace to you!”

“I guess, it just feels scary that I might not find anyone to live with—who really wants to ‘live’ the Truth, also.”

55

From and To

“I remember that ‘what we run from is what we run to’ and ‘what we fear the most we want the most.’ But, I didn’t think that it would apply to me, any longer.”

“That’s why you are interested in Diane because she has your innocent, open, child-like feelings, yet she is as sure of what she thinks she knows as you are.”

“It’s interesting that everything she says about me, whether it be appearing crazy, preachy, or needing to complete my lessons with my mother, she does herself, or needs to do. She always tells me what I should do—after or while I am doing it. She hasn’t learned that I am her mirror, and she resents it, immediately, when I tell her that I am, or that she is just ‘projecting’ her self onto me.

“She thinks I am the most brilliant, not intellectual, man she has ever known, yet chooses to save her ego by not listening to me when I want to help her. She will even suspect me of ‘commenting’ on her actions—

without my doing so—because she seems to feel guilt for rebelling against following the Truth and ‘dilly-dallying’ in living and practicing it. (She would rather read about it than do it.) She has little discipline, as indicated by her messy bedroom—the representation of her inner life.”

“It must become clear to you that all the ‘power-women’ in your life, your grandmother, mother, publisher, and now, Diane, are actors that you ‘brought’ with you to hate—but hide under the ‘mask of love’—since this is your dream as much as it is theirs. You would not have anyone to project your anger onto if they didn’t willingly and lovingly play their role for you and if you didn’t take it seriously and react to it—as Diane has pointed out to you. You might say they are helping you to clean up the last remaining remnants of your life. When they can no longer bring up any anger, or the slightest annoyance in you, you will be Home free, so love them for the lessons they are bringing you—that you wanted! You did want to learn how to go beyond all fear did you not?”

“I forgot! But then, I have to acknowledge that I am in this dream-world as much as anyone else—even though I would like to get out of it, or at least, stop dreaming and live contentedly in total and complete peace.

“And I hope I learn to truly love (forgive) their acts. I am not running away until I ‘get it’ this time—no matter how uncomfortable it is—because I don’t want to spend the rest of my life trying to forgive these characters (literally). What a bunch of ‘little old ladies,’ including Diane,

admittedly, who are stuck in their ways—out of choice and stubbornness, of course. It's very infuriating for my ego.

“And yes, I want to have all fear behind me. I think I am going to have to treat all people, particularly, these women, as actors in a movie. It just seems so foreign for me to do that—since they are obviously so personal to me. Do you think I could learn to really laugh at, and with, them??”

“Anything is possible!”

“I look forward to it because, right now, I just want to walk on and leave them all behind. And yet, Something inside, probably You, tells me that—if I even want to do it—I haven't achieved the freedom I so dearly want.”

“So have it.”

56

Letting Go of Blind Faith

“It is nothing more than blind faith in the dream-world that gets you into trouble. You have seen enough examples of the inconsistency of life in this fantasy. After all, if something doesn’t occur repeatedly with accuracy and universality, whether it be a medical cure or factual representation of how things happen on Earth, then it is not true. And, everyone has experienced the unexplainable to some degree. They just prefer to not deal with it—and ignore it. They put their belief in a dream.

“You no longer have that luxury—if you want to help others, as well as your self, get beyond this illusion. It is time to let go of all blind faith in this physical universe. The only thing you can count on is God and that I will guide you, internally. You will never again have to seek outside your Self for comfort, happiness, or company. It sounds very cold to not put your trust

in others, but why would anyone put their faith in someone who is 'under-the-influence' of alcohol, a drug, or an insane belief system—when they are in their wrong-minded ego consciousness.

“You will ‘know’ others like your Self. They will be peaceful and quiet and content within themselves—when amongst others—in any situation. Bless You!”

“Thanks for being here...without You I'd be lost, literally. It's going to be very different to put my trust in only Your direction rather than trying to share my journey with people, who say they are willing to learn the Truth but always seem to fall short when it comes to putting their full faith in You. It will be very different for me not to share this journey with someone else and to have You as my only friend. But, You are the only one I have ever been able to count on and the only one who can ever truly understand the meaning behind my words and thoughts. People always interpret things—with their personal judgments and prejudices, from the past, coloring everything.”

“The path is narrow once one finishes looking at their past and learns to forgive/overlook it. The route first courses through resistance, then through discipline, and finally, into full commitment, which is where you are, presently.

“Shall we go?”

“Yes!”

“Don’t worry...Diane, your daughter Lisa, and the others will catch up once you have done your part. You have come too far to turn back, now.”

“I know...but, I still have some reservations about leaving the others to walk alone because I always feel like a human. It feels really strange to WILLINGLY and emotionally leave all the people of my past behind. I’ve never totally surrendered all my ego, before.”

“I will be with them, too...as their real Self.”

57

***I AM Have Come
to Take You
Home***

“I AM have come to take you Home. You have discovered Your purpose here is to bring love to every one. Now, it is time for you to BE it and put aside all selfish, childish, ego desires—that you only remember from the past and pick up from others, like Diane, when you fall into the dream-state of the mind. You know too much—to only play human anymore. That does not mean that you are no longer in physical form and are not subject to its limitations. It is time for you to help others by only listening to Me and be Me so that you can take the others Home. You enjoy giving love to others, and this is your opportunity of a lifetime to do only that, from now on.

“I command you to be happy...at peace with every-one.”

58

The Jay Difference

“While you are sitting there, in the sandbox [the world], let me tell you about the difference between you and many of the mystical people that have come before you. You are not afraid to own your humanness while you are in it. You didn’t go and sit on a rock and wait for the followers to show up. You played out all the roles that most people do: scared and dutiful child, family man, professional businessman and controller of your own destiny, middle-aged teenage ‘goof-off’ and womanizer, spiritual warrior and teacher, drifter, decrepit retiree, home companion, and fallen and helpless victim of the world at the financial mercy of others. Not exactly the ‘above-it-all’ facade that mystics typically portray.

“I thank you for having the courage to let others see you in your unglorious element. Because, as you have

always known, you are no different or better than they are. And, they can, and will, eventually come to the place in their mind where you are—once they surrender their efforts to try and maintain their ego's dignity and vanity as they begin to lose their control on its life.

“As you have demonstrated, mystical awareness is an ordinary process for everyone.”

59

The Diane Reminder

“It just came to me that the reason that Diane is avoiding me is because she is not in the same mind-set with the same spiritual purpose as me. I forgot that ‘like attracts like’ and perhaps we are not at all alike when it comes to sharing purpose. She is just entering the phase I began nine years ago, where one’s spiritual reality begins to come forth.

“Because I can see her Christ-like innocence, I assumed that she could see mine, too. But then, that’s the na·vet, of me...I don’t do ‘humanness’ really well, meaning I have never naturally understood the ego-saving, correct-thing-to-do earthling process. I assume that, if I can see someone’s innocence, they can see mine and will treat me accordingly—rather than in fearful, ego-protecting fashion. A hospital director, who I was

working for indirectly, once said of me 'People can't find your vulnerability, and that makes them uncomfortable because of their own.' I have never understood people's petty jealousies.

"I can feel Diane's fear, though. (I am an 'adaptive' when around people I love.) I can sense her ego's desire to block me by her putting up an occasional, cool, uncaring, exterior attitude. Her poor sense of self-worth is obvious from her inflexibility in not going out in public without her face makeup on (she has a nice complexion, too)—as well as her unpicked-up domicile. She obviously does not feel worthy of love because she tells me that she will definitely call, but never does, and passes off her fear of Love as fear of my craziness, which is her projection (meaning she manufactured it). Her preoccupation with her financial security (her job is in serious jeopardy) blocks her from being able to give love, unconditionally, and accepting it from anyone.

"People who try to protect their egos lose their real Selves. Diane is holding on for 'dear-life' to her ego, right now, and is a reminder of everything I always said I would avoid. I guess, its nothing more than a remembrance on my ego's part of my past that draws me to her. And, I thank the Spirit of Diane for it and for not allowing me to fall-back into her ego-world to re-live it again. ('Bless you, Hon!') My humanness would love to rescue her, but I am out of the rescue-business these days. She is in good hands! I know—because, I brought Its remembrance to her through the presence of my consciousness (my only contribution to anyone)."

60

One Mind, Puppets, and Past Lives

“Your publisher would like you to write a simplified explanation of your theory, since it can never be proven, of how the physical universe operates.”

“Well, I mentioned it before, and I don’t like to be redundant...but here goes:

“The Son of God is dreaming—caught up in His imagination (i.e., His imaged-in fantasy)—of us mortal beings. There is only one Mind that in the Son of God’s dream-state is the ‘ego’ (the belief that the Son, as us, is separated from Him). And, in a dream, anything is possible!! That is why we should not be surprised by whatever happens that seems unexplainable, whether it be ghosts or UFO’s as well as wonderful romances. (God and Christ do not have consciousness or awareness!)

“In the Son’s dream are all these figures (aspects of the one Son)—for the sake of simplification: ‘puppets’—that are us, in human form (bodies). And, like the Son of God, we access the Mind and assume It is ours alone and imagine whatever we want to be real. We take on a life of our own as an aspect of the Son in His dream-state. This is why our imaginations keep us locked into this fantasy world (Hell)—by choice. So, as we theoretically grow up in the dream, we become like Pinocchio—we take on a life that we believe to be our own, and we think our selves to be real (physical). Our power of belief is obviously incredible—if we can ‘image-in’ this physical world to have the reality it seems to have for all of us.

“Now, since there is only one Mind that we all draw from—which can be either switched into Spirit or the physical ego by our choosing, human consciousness is like a giant video-tape library, where we can play-back (i.e., get a feeling of) other people’s (egos’) past lives. When some people do this—get a glimpse of some other body’s past drama, they ‘imagine’ it to be their own (what they think is their selves reincarnated). We all have *deja vu* experiences of our past. Well, the same thing happens with other people’s past lives. Because there is only one Mind, we can occasionally pick-up experiences of others who came before us—since the thought of them remains forever in the mental universe after they are physically gone. (Hence, no one ever dies).”

61
The
Impossibility
of
“Human”
Self-esteem

“It has always amazed me how we try to develop programs to ‘hype’ our selves into having good self-esteem. It is nice to practice having a sense of feeling good about our human selves. But, it is fool-hardy to assume that it can ever be achieved without acknowledging the root-cause: the guilt we feel buried inside—from believing we separated our selves from God (the only problem). This is a life-long process for most of us and should not be expected to be overcome—until we

learn to totally surrender all human desires and needs and to look at any fear that we have.

“In the meantime, we can learn to accept our Reality here and live peacefully, in acknowledgment of what we really are (Spirit)—beyond the fantasy we live in. A peaceful attitude breeds a peaceful world for each of us, and all of us. That peacefulness brings the contentment (happiness) that is indicative of a being with good self-esteem.”

62

*One Man's
Treasures,
Another Man's
Trash*

“Looking back over the last few years, I realized that all of the most important treasures I’ve ever had I gave to people who wanted them but ended up treating them like unwanted trash. For instance, I gave my ‘large,’ hand-framed (by me) pictures, that I dearly loved and that graced my living room walls, to a friend who ended up hanging them in his garage. My hand-tools, that I always used and carried with me in the car, I gave to a female friend who could have used, and may have ‘hawked’ (sold), them. My ‘constantly-used’ spiritual books and tapes (of some of the world’s most enlightened sources) were given to a female friend who wanted and

could really appreciate them but is not putting them to use at all (practicing what they say), and they are probably just sitting around collecting dust.

“It’s funny how things don’t matter when you let go—to include what were your greatest treasures on Earth! It’s very freeing to know that You are all you’ve got and all you need.”

63

Hypocrisy

“In addition to dealing with my extreme physical sensitivity, I am having to deal with my realization that I am very unhappy and refuse to deal with hypocrites—particularly, spiritual types who say they want to learn to live, or are living, their lives Truthfully, and then, make no effort to put their understanding of Reality into practice.

“Of course, I just remembered, as I was writing this, that I also must be one, too—otherwise, I would feel no sense of discomfort.”

“Bingo! You caught on real quick this time.”

“It is absolutely amazing how imperative it is that I mentally relax and have no opinions about anyone or any situation. Otherwise, my increasing sensitivity to people (because of my focusing on their humanness—to any degree) will adversely affect me, physically. I truly have to treat everything and everyone as if they were just

an aspect of a dream and just watch them—and not try to correct them in any way (silently or verbally).

“Life-on-Earth is like walking in a sleeping dream, just observing what’s going on, and only responding, when called upon, by playing my ‘role’ in as peaceful a manner as possible. The degree to which I react or take any thing or any one seriously is my downfall back into the human perception of the physical ego-world. For me to respond, even mentally (by having an opinion/value judgment), in a human way to other people’s egos makes me a hypocrite, too. To be happy from now on, I have to be completely relaxed and have no concern about anything.”

“So be it.”

64

Facing Your self

“I feel that this whole journey I am taking with You, to learn to BE beyond all fear, is merely to own (acknowledge) every thing I see in someone else as my ego-self—if it pertains to anything about the physical world—and as my real Self (You)—if it is loving, kind, and gentle. And, if I create all fear for me, then, all I have to do is acknowledge that and not hold onto whatever ‘belief’ is causing it.”

“There is nothing more to it than that. Congratulations!”

65

Everyone Is “Right”

“Within the dream-world, everyone is ‘right’! Since we all create whatever exists for our selves in the physical universe, our individual beliefs are correct. Therefore, it is not appropriate for us to correct each other’s dreams or any aspects of them.”

“That is why the only practical application of Truth is to realize that the physical universe is merely a figment of everyone’s collective imagination and that everyone is an aspect of the Son of God. As each, but not every, individual wakes up to the Truth, then He does. Eventually, enough will have awoken that the Son Himself will wake up and remember what He is, and the dream of the physical world will be over...painlessly.

“If you look at all the major changes that have taken place in the world—that most people would not have believed would have ever happened, like the end of totalitarian communism in the Soviet Union and eastern Europe—since you began writing with Me two years ago, you can see that that awakening is taking place right now. As each person ‘accepts’ the Truth, the world is demanding more freedom and peace.”

“It REALLY is happening! We ARE all waking up... most of us, unknowingly!”

“Now, you can understand what your ‘job’ was in the dream.”

“Yes. I am doing it just by knowing what I AM.”

66

Jesus, Just a Man Like Everyone else

“It’s amazing when you realize that the most revered man in the judeo-christian world was basically a ‘no talent,’ in earthly terms. He had been a carpenter’s helper, and all he did was know that he was part of the Sonship (Christhood) of God. He realized that he did not personally perform the ‘so-called’ miracles but that, in this dream world, anything can happen, and does, when we don’t intervene. He knew that his sole responsibility was to realize What he was—and we are (Spirit). That’s all he did! Jesus was just like us, except he understood this world was only a ‘dream,’ first.”

67

Physician, Heal Your Self

“It’s absolutely amazing, but I have discovered that every ailment in my body has gone away, on its own, when I have stopped focusing on it. (Medical practitioners just help us heal the physical symptoms by expressing love, through their desire to be helpful.) Sometimes, it may seem to take a long time to do so, but that is only because I have not learned to place NO value (of worthiness) on my personal judgment about someone, some situation, or my self that caused it. As long as we have ANY value judgments about this dream-world and anyone in it, we will cause our ego-bodily selves to suffer or set up environments where events like auto accidents occur. Eliminate your belief in your self (and everyone else) as only a body and heal all pain within your self, and contribute to the world’s healing. When we create inner peace, then we create world peace. That realization is the ONLY thing that will cure each of us.”

68

Al(1)-one

“It wasn’t until I read Walter’s article on ‘immortal inclusiveness’ this morning that I fully realized that, when we are alone, we are ‘al(1)-one.’ And that, is what we are ultimately looking to be—to be whole and non-dependent on (not independent or separate from) anyone.

“It is very unusual for us worldly figures to dissociate from our humanness and remain loving because the two seem to go together in the dream. And, in the dream-world where we live, the love we typically experience is merely a liking of another’s form, situation, or game—to include our ‘dream-game’ of falling-in-love.

“Real Love only involves an inner appreciation for another’s essence (Spirit) and does not wish to restrict, cling to, or deny anything for another—to include letting them play in the sandbox any way they wish. (That does not mean that we have to avoid sharing our awakening with them, when they are receptive to listening.)

“Eventually, and maybe soon, we all will be individually whole, ‘unto our Selves,’ when we make the

commitment to realize that we are IT (a part of God/
Love) and that we never have to look for IT outside of
our selves—in any person, book, ritual, or program—or
desire any 'drama' in our lives, again. All-One, in the
awareness of our sameness—and never 'lonely' again."

69

Ethereal

“When you are in a meditative consciousness, your emotional and physical senses are dulled, and you are only partially aware of being in your body.”

“So, that’s why! For the last two months, while I have been taking care of my mother, when I want to spend time with You, my hearing has been dulled, to the point where all sound has a hollow quality, no depth. I feel no attachment to anything physical. A bomb could go off in front of me, and I don’t think I would react to it, other than noticing the physical sensation.

“Diane once mentioned to me that she didn’t like it when I was ‘ethereal’ because, as she put it, ‘You look right through me as if I wasn’t here,’ which wasn’t true, of course. I was very aware of her Presence; but in a surrendered, humbled sense, honoring her Essence.”

“That was just her ego’s response to your Reality, which is Me.”

“That’s good because I really enjoy being You and being in an ethereal consciousness. It is so peaceful. Nothing can disturb me in any way. And, I really enjoy other people when they are ethereal, too—particularly, if it’s from an internal, ‘mystical’ appreciation of our sameness of Spirit.

“Psychics can come from that same consciousness, but their egos want to own it, meaning that their humanness believes it made it and is in control of it and that it is a power that is uniquely theirs because of their ‘specialness.’ (Mystics like Jesus, who told us we all would perform better miracles—corrections in perception—than himself, know that everyone has the ability to be in God-connected, ethereal consciousness.)

“I find that all truly peaceful people automatically come from this awareness. (It’s not something that they have to develop, like I did.) And, that’s why I really enjoy being with quiet, calm people. Who needs all this high energy, high activity of the ego dream-world?”

“No one, really. They just think they do in their ‘human’ dream-consciousness, where activity keeps them from having to ask themselves what they really are and to learn to be whole and complete unto themselves—together with everyone—until there is no more desire for uniqueness and specialness.”

70

Don't Save Me!

“I just spoke with a young (sounding) woman on the telephone, who apparently was trying to sell some medical insurance. I told her I didn’t have or want any since we all have to leave sometime. She then asked if I had cancer or diabetes, and I said ‘No...but what difference does it make? Some people can die easy, and some have to go the hard way (like through a painful illness).’ She then said ‘Oh, shut up!’ and hung up.”

“It was her ego trying to defend its belief system. Inside her heart, she knew what you were saying was true, but her human consciousness chose not to acknowledge it.”

“I know! It just seems crazy that we can’t let people go through their ‘death drama,’ quickly, and return to their Reality. Many people, out of the loving desire to be helpful (i.e., the ego playing ‘nice person’ as penance for its guilt about its selfishness—but, the Love that inspires it is real), engaged in the health-related professions want

to prolong the body's life—oftentimes, at the expense of additional pain to the individual.”

“Well, as you know, it is only when people experience enough emotional or physical pain that they decide to wake up to their Spirit. Sometimes, that takes many, many extremely painful experiences until they surrender.”

“I understand that, but I don't think people in the 'saving' professions, medical or ministerial, should delay or drag-out another's life on Earth because of their own personal need to do so. I've thought of having a message tattooed on my chest: 'DON'T SAVE ME!...if found in a painful situation or an accident...I am working through my death-game to find my way Home.'”

“Would you deny someone the opportunity to practice giving Love?”

“Well, I suppose not...as I certainly have not, in the past, whenever I had a minor physical or emotional discomfort that required someone else's assistance (i.e., sharing their desire to be truly helpful). I just don't want to be 'saved' to live in the dream-world when I am in extreme pain or near death. I want to be released.”

“Then, just keep practicing letting go of everyone's game-playing and let them be exactly as they are, and you will.”

“Okay.”

71

Replacing Compassion

“I remember several years ago being with a large group of people discussing ‘compassion.’ When I voiced my feelings that it was something I tried to avoid because it really means to ‘suffer with’—if you break down the components of the word (‘passion’ means to suffer and the prefix ‘com-’ means with)—and I didn’t want to suffer with anyone, they were all aghast and speechless.”

“To most that is the way they show love—by climbing into each other’s drama and trying to empathize with it, which is impossible since everyone has their own individual perception. All anyone does when they feel compassion with someone is ‘project’ themselves into another’s situation or condition and ‘imagine’ what they would feel like in it. They reinforce

and help perpetuate the other person's fantasy. Good or bad; it's still a dream they live in.

“One must learn to ‘love’ another by understanding and accepting that individual's reality as Spirit and seeing the innocence in the child's play of the physical universe. This is what Jesus meant when he said ‘Forgive them (meaning overlook their drama), for they know-not what they do.’”

“Isn't it amazing that it always keeps coming back to that simple message?! Remembering that, at all times, is the only thing I need do. Of course, that doesn't mean that I avoid any 'appropriate' expression of love with people—after I listen to my heart (You) and follow Your guidance.”

72

Don't Ask!

“Do you truly want to be happy and never have a concern for life on Earth?”

“Yes, I do!”

“Then...DON'T ASK questions about any thing or anyone, including your ego-self, or have any cares—period!! When you ask questions or have concerns about any aspect of the dream-world—to include improving, finding, and being your ‘real’ self, you focus on, and come from, your individual, personal self.”

“You mean that, from now on, I should never ask anything?! What should I do?”

“Just go about your day as you always do, which is to do whatever you truly feel in your heart like doing. Trust that I will always guide you.”

“What if I want to do or have something that seems totally self-serving and for my humanness, only?”

“Makes no difference. You are at the point where you would not intentionally do anything destructive, in any way, towards another person or thing. Your heart is in the right direction...you understand the Truth too well to fall backwards. You are almost to the point where We are indiscernible and are one. The realization of God within you, as You, IS your only goal.”

“But, what about my desire to have some close company, physically, to walk Home with—preferably, a woman? Is that selfish?”

“No. It comes from the inherent desire within everyone to join with everyone in Spirit. You have reached the point where you will only live on a continuing basis with someone who is willing to accept the Truth of their spiritual reality on a daily basis—or, at least, fully appreciates the desire to make that their only goal and is committed to achieving peaceful contentment by going beyond all fear, looking at all aspects of their ego-self, denying nothing. I also know that you would be happy to walk Home with anyone and everyone, be they male or female, and be in their company—if, their only goal was God. And, you accept anyone that doesn’t have that goal and truly see and love (acknowledge) the innocence, the Face of Christ, in them. So... no more concerns!!”

“Agreed. No more concerns...and no more questions.”

73

The Beginning: To Die Laughing?

“A number of years ago a friend asked ‘What would you rather be, a stand-up comic or a minister?’ To which, I replied ‘A comedian, because I’d rather make people laugh and feel good about themselves than give them an intellectual dissertation about God all the time.’ I find it interesting that I have come back to that same point, again.

“I went searching for total peace and happiness two months ago, only to find that it is a life-long process of REMEMBERING what I am (Spirit) and what I want (the peace of God). It is a very simple process, only requiring my WILLINGNESS to be committed to having what I really want, all the time. The rest is taken care of for me, just by my heart’s (Spirit-filled) desire to have whatever is in my best interest.

“I have led a charmed life in that I have always received more than I have wanted...but, it was not necessarily given to me when I wanted it. I have learned

that only the truly worthy things in our life are given. We can not make anything happen, of a lasting and worthwhile nature.

“Well, I guess I am off to see what’s happening in my world today...to see what lessons my ego has conjured up for my human self (God doesn’t make any) and how well I am learning to live in peace and contentment (the only things I really want).

“I have not been an outwardly and visibly happy person most of my time on Earth. (Searching for answers outside your Self will make you miserable because there are none.) But, I do sense a great commitment within, now, to ‘be able to respond’ (i.e., be responsible) on a continual basis, with joy in my heart—the absence of fear. I may not bowl people over with laughter, but I can definitely feel a smile on my lips as I walk along with a contented-heart about what I am. It’s enough to just BE Me!

“No more searching for any answers...because I (and You) am THE answer! Amen.”

When you are WILLING...
to have what you are WORTH,
you will get what You WANT!

JAY has the high intellect of a college professor and the agelessness and heart of a spiritual master. He has been a businessman, management consultant, model, college instructor, spiritual teacher, laborer, fruit-packer, orderly, chauffeur, graphic designer, poet, author . . . a real renaissance man and an "explorer" of life-on-Earth.

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This part of the adventure is about the past journeys through the deep, spiritual love relationships of one man who was *emotionally* brought to his knees by five female soul-mates and his ultimate realization of what a "real" and whole love relationship is all about. The unique quality about Jay's story that sets it apart from most other *human* love relationships is that *they* invited him into their lives because they wanted a relationship with a "spiritual" man...and they, and he, got more than they *bargained* for! (*Facing Your Fears*)

3. *Will you die "laughing"?*

If you had dragged through the most horrible elements of your past and looked at *all* of the things you've done and not done, in spite of your human-ego's *warning* not to (its self-created *fear*), and have truly "forgiven" the emotional pain and guilt of your lifetime's *drama*, you'd think you would be very happy. Well, Jay wasn't. He discovered the last remaining step was a previously unidentified process, or "phase," of looking at the *root* of all loving relationships. (*Looking at the Hate Behind Love*)



"*BANISHED...From The Sandbox* will make you think and it will make you angry, but most of all it will make you 'feel'...and feeling is the secret to everyone's unfoldment. JAY's books are great fun...outrageous...spiritual, literary, and destined to become...classics."

—Joseph Terrano, VISIONS Magazine



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