

Teach Peace

For That's All

There Is



Teach Peace:
For That Is All There Is.

by

Bob Adams

Preface

I have been instructed to share the journey my life has been, particularly since my 50th birthday which became a new birth for this life experience capsulated in the individual entity called, “Bob Adams”. To truly get a feel for what has happened with me, it would serve to learn about my earlier life.

I was raised an Army brat and traveled extensively in the western half of the United States. My education is basic from a public school system, including a couple years of college and my professional career has been in emergency medicine and tax preparation. (Quite a gap by some beliefs, but perfect for me.) Most of my friends and family consider me to be a fairly happy go lucky individual with a gift for connecting with people, either one on one, or in front of large groups. The other key element is I was raised a Mormon, served a full time mission to Japan in the early 70's, married in the temple, (twice), and was very active for the first 50 years of my life.

This upbringing led me to some pretty deep, totally subconscious, beliefs that ruled my existence with an iron hand. I had some very determined perspectives and nothing was going to shake me from them. Being blinded by the trees of being absolutely right about my beliefs, and engulfed by a forest of fear laden by the “devil’s attempts to deprive me from ever being worthy enough to stand before God”, I lived a life of constant second guessing and worry. I hid it all under a front of being loving, kind, having all the answers for everything.

This eventually brought to me knees in a nervous breakdown. In a moment when I felt there was nothing to lose by cursing all the elements of my life; my family, work, God, and mostly me. I just couldn’t do it anymore. That incident was the first step in finally finding what I truly wanted in life; PEACE.

During the next 5 years I wrestled with the vanity of my imagery concepts of life. I bid farewell to everything that seemed to be the motivations of my existence; my businesses, personal holdings, 25 year marriage, life long church membership, and most importantly of all, my concept of WHO I thought I was to be replaced by WHAT I am.

We learn by example, more than just words that pass in front of our eyes or that we hear from another’s mouth. The adage of, “I can’t hear what you are saying because your actions speak too loudly” is true. It takes action in order to create change in our beliefs. From that point we can modify our perception of life, then our behavior. To have peace we must be willing to live peace. Peace comes as we ALLOW ourselves to see beyond the sensory input this physical domain presents to us. We interpret every moment of our existence and assign a meaning to it. The meaning is programmed into our subconscious thinking and automatically responds to a given impression with an ego construed answer. These answers are based on survival concepts, the dog eat dog view that creates fear. This fear dominates our lives, even though the real “danger” is blown completely out of proportion.

To show how this works I am going to take actual experiences from my life and share THE STORY my beliefs created and totally dominated my life with. Afterwards I will share THE LESSON I learned from that situation, even though I didn't get it until many years later. The answers came ONLY after I went through my own Gethsemane of cleaning out. It had moments of such deep pain, (or at least I dreamed it was pain at the time), that I would do anything to get out of it. The fact is there is no escaping the supposed pain our ego wants to create for us in keeping our attention focused on the experiences here. Until we are willing to see past it, to make our lives into a movie, (in which we play the director, the actor, the stagehand, and the audience), there will NEVER be an escape from the pain.

I could take the time to acknowledge all the individuals that have played major characters in the movie of my life, but it would truly be in vain. Those that taught me my greatest lessons are the ones that I had the most difficulty with. What I know is that EACH and EVERY ONE OF THEM is dear to me. I learned about me from my experiences of them. Therefore, this book is about.....ME...and THEM....and YOU, and becoming ONE. I sought Spirit's direction for the remaining days of my experience here and was gently whispered to, "TEACH PEACE, for that is all there is".

So here we go:

Chapter One

How the HELL did I get here?

Being the first born son, I inherited the basic qualities assumed by others in the same life position. I was touted upon, looked up to, had all the answers, (past Mom and Dad), and could dominate my subordinate siblings. Abuse wasn't excessive in our home, but Dad had the concept of supreme ruler tempered by his military experience and assisted by a childhood of domination by a father that literally worked himself up the ranks of society from a common laborer to a successful house painter. I have fond memories of my grandfather, but there was no doubt as to who held the reins. My Mom came from a humble farming family that grew up in the depression. She was always tender hearted, a good cook, loved to sew, and took pride in her kids. There were hidden conflicts throughout their 30 or so year marriage that ended in a bitter divorce. They were good people and honestly did the best they knew how. I love and honor them both.

Having been raised in a military home with a Mormon concept of spiritual reality, I emerged with several beliefs that were absolute in my life. "Being Right", which came from being the big brother and belonging to the "Only True Church on the Face of the Earth", gave way to honestly believing that once I accepted something as being true, there was no swaying me. I had specific concepts of how my life, (and everyone else's), was supposed to look like. All things contrary to those beliefs were condemned, looked upon as being less than and certainly deserved the judgments of God. The other aspect that certainly played a major role was "Looking Good". These two motivations of life: *Being Right* and *Looking Good*, pretty much makes up the constitution of all mankind, and I was the BEST at it! The image of what I thought I was to be in life completely consumed me, to the point of being willing to sacrifice everything else, including my marriages, just so I could be right in justifying my choices, and most of all to come out of it looking like the good guy. I made most of my choices in life tempered by these beliefs...and I had NO IDEA they were even there! I masked my pains and disappointments in being a victim to the world, "TRYING" to be my concept of virtue, escaping the inevitable final judgment of God and qualifying to enter Heaven. I really didn't know how much pain and suffering I was inflicting on myself, my family, and the entire world with my misguided judgments, (which were really about me, but we'll get to that later).

In my image driven concepts I constantly strove to create some way of standing out in the world, to make my parents proud of me and leave a sustainable business to pass on to my children. I honestly believed this was my mission in life. I entered the "warrior" stage of life convinced that I was always going to be a failure if I just worked for someone else in a job, or didn't have a position that brought all kinds of glory to it. Emergency medicine filled that niche in my life of being important and I became a paramedic. I loved the attention it brought, the lights and sirens, walking on to a scene and being the savior of the moment, being asked to speak in public about first aid or teaching CPR. I assisted in setting up a successful EMT program at the local college and was accepted into the very competitive Medex program at the University of Utah. I

eventually returned to running the local ambulance again where I set 2 world records in a marathon 2 man CPR events that included a star from the nationally acknowledged "Emergency" TV series coming to our small town for a few days and riding on calls with us. In the latter portion of my career I accepted a position as an assistant training coordinator for a state EMS program. All of this lead to a life filled with flattery and hypocrisy. I was so committed to being the "Good Guy", I overlooked what was happening in my marriage which led to the most painful event I could have ever conceived of; DIVORCE! This was another of those things so deeply embedded in my psyche that would NEVER be allowed into my life. I was absolutely determined to be RIGHT in all this I forced my wife to say the "D" word because we had vowed it would never come up in any of our conversations. That way the blame could be on her and NOT ON ME!

I remarried within a few months after the "D word" was over, committed to be *RIGHT* again, being sealed in the temple with her 2 children and having 2 more boys from our union shortly thereafter. There was a variety of jobs from being a surgical technician, medical equipment delivery, working on a dairy, opening a medical equipment store in our local town, being a full time police officer, and catching shoplifters and recovering bad checks for national chains. The check recovery business took us to Utah from our home in Rexburg, Idaho, (Zion North by Mormon standards), for a year and half. When that business faded out we returned to live in Sugar City, Idaho and I became involved in helping a CPA friend of mine with his newly acquired tax practice. I had garnered some computer experience in my last business venture and he had an 800 return practice still being done by hand. This eventually led to building my own tax practice of nearly 4,000 clients, 3 offices and 35 employees. I created business concepts in the tax preparation industry submitted for patenting, included them in 7 of the largest tax preparation software companies in the United States. Anticipating a shift in the marketing of tax preparation bank products, I introduced Holiday and Instant Refund Anticipation Loans before they became public domains of national franchises. The IRS even flew an auditor out to assist me in creating an audit protection plan. I was becoming a big fish in the pond of taxes. To add to my growing sense of importance, I purchased a video store next to my main office, added an archery division with indoor ranges, and hired my sons to work in it.

With each new idea I enrolled everything I had into it. When that wasn't enough I took my dreams to others and got them to bankroll my ventures. I lived on delusions of success. In fact, I was addicted to my inspirations to the point of not really seeing what I was creating as being the source of my demise. When money became a problem I dreamed up a new business to fill the anticipated void. To do that required even more money. I put all my personal assets on the line by borrowing against them, and then I took my ideas out to associates and neighbors, committed to unrealistic recovery times of those loans, and added to my source of pain. What a hamster wheel! Driven by unrealistic or attainable goals, (in fact I didn't even have any particular goals in mind, I was just addicted to wildly creating), and being unaccountable. As my debts rose, my drive to continue on this ride began to take its toll. I avoided seeing the pain I was creating in my brother. I hid from phone calls, took trips to get away from the pressure,

bought “big boy toys” to add to the illusion of success. I placed my children in roles of responsibility, but I never taught them what responsibility really looked like. The reason why is because I DIDN'T KNOW what it looked like.

This road could only end up one way. After frantically seeking outside sources of loans to the point of putting my entire trust into one individual with all kinds of promises to recruit investors and get us 1.5 million dollars to save the Frankenstein I had created, the reality finally hit me in the face. The very moment, (and I could actually feel it from the core of my being), that I said I was done, everything shifted. Notices of foreclosure, lawsuits, threats of criminal prosecution; all of my worst nightmares begin to happen within 24 hours. My marriage faced inevitable termination, despite my attempts to retain ANY level of success on ANY front of my life. Miscommunications of two people desperately seeking some source to safely land and find security in the ensuing onslaught of our collapsing world was truly horrific for everyone to experience. Defensive gestures created by our fears ripped at the very core of what our relationship had been, which by many was considered safe with continuity abounding.

I did what came naturally to me, I ran. There was an offer to work with an accountant in Utah that included bringing many of the ideas I had created to a fresh start. Once more I wanted to look like the good guy and proceeded to release what ever assets I had committed to my creditors, which included all the toys, house, cars, and businesses, all of it. When I finally did move to Utah I assisted in taking the basic things I wanted from the household, loaded them in a U-Haul, and put everything else in storage for my wife. She stayed in Idaho to care for her parents and we said our goodbyes. I located a home to move my belongings into and pursued RE-creating portions of the monster. It proved to be successful for about 2 months, and then it completely died, too.

Now, I have brought you this far into story of my life in order to lay the foundation for the metamorphous from WHO I thought I was to the recognition of WHAT I am. Approximately a year before the final crash there was another major change going on in someone else's life that would forever affect mine.

I have a step daughter that is a most beautiful woman; filled with life, the mother of 4 angelic children who I adored, and married to a young man I considered my best friend. Throughout her adolescence she was extremely popular in school, the kind of kid that made a Dad proud to attend all her school events, concerned about the dates she had; the envy of the world. She had shown everyone love in so many ways, yet carried a tortuous burden I was unaware of. There were several times in her life she had seriously considered suicide because of beliefs she held on to about her self. I was apprised of the events only because my wife told me of them but I hadn't really felt the burden, or the pain until it was nearly too late. She had reached a point in her misery that escaping through death seemed to be the only answer. I friend of hers had mentioned a training she attended in Salt Lake City that had changed her life forever and it seemed to be an answer to a prayer. Without telling us what she was doing, she took off on a moments notice and entered this training completely unaware of what she was stepping into, but felt so compelled it was impossible to deny the urgency her spirit was sharing with her.

She left on a Tuesday night and called us on Friday evening to ask if we would come to Salt Lake to witness her graduation the following evening. We hadn't known of her experience there, but could feel a shift. We made the 4 hour drive and arrived to enter a room filled with friends and relatives of the other participants as the program began. I recollect watching the facilitator doing the introduction and was filled with doubt and judgments about this man who seemed so haughty and aloof. When the graduates entered they came in pairs, each holding an electric candle, and enthusiastically ran to the front of the room. Our daughter stepped up to speak and share her experiences of the past four days and I just sat there shocked at seeing her be a beautiful young girl again, released from the pain and embracing life with freedom and joy. I remember sitting there lost in my thoughts of how could someone, particularly this seemingly separated individual that appeared to regal in the glory of joy being felt by everyone there, could possibly have created such a miracle in our lost daughter. It triggered something inside of me, a feeling that grew each day of me wanting that same thing.

When we returned to Idaho I couldn't get enough time with her. I was so filled with questions about the events she had experienced and I began a new transformation, scarcely believable to myself, of questioning all the beliefs I had been hanging on to as being, "The Truth", that filled my life with judgments, condemnation, and self righteousness. (I learned these are the tools the ego uses to constrain the natural us, the literal pinches from the same cookie dough that constitutes everyone. More about this later.) Probably the greatest stretch for me was asking her questions about our faith that I had not been able to settle for myself. Her responses astounded me to the point of honestly wondering what it was I had embraced all my life. The clear, peaceful answers that flowed from her began to shake my entire world.

The following month, in October, her husband and brother entered the trainings. We attended their graduations and witnessed the same results. In November I took my youngest son to Kansas on a deer hunt and learned on the way that my wife had chosen to attend the trainings in our absence. On the drive home we swung back through Salt Lake and once again witnessed the same results for my wife. It appeared to be a phenomenal happening in our family. It was soon after this that I came to my personal crises. All of my family members were experiencing entirely new lives. They were happy, excited to share their new perspectives and experiences with everyone. One particular event will stand out in my mind forever.

Following the first training, there is a follow up one within 10 days afterwards. It consists of another 4 days and is even more powerful than the first one. I and my wife had driven down to Salt Lake to attend our son's graduation from this level of the training. We had decided to spend the night rather than face the long drive home late on Saturday evening. Our daughter had come down for the celebration in her car and chosen to stay overnight as well. The next day we went to a restaurant for lunch before heading back. It turned out to be our son's birthday and so they announced it to the patrons that were there. As part of the festivities they brought out a cowboy hat and Indian headdress, along with a couple of stick horses. To my utter amazement, these 2 kids, both in their

30's, took off chasing each other all around the restaurant whooping and hollering, having a great time. I was embarrassed, shocked, and totally blown away that both of them could feel so free as to be their inner child in such a public place. Then an interesting emotion began to surface; anger. I was paying for all my family to attend these miraculous changes and no one was giving me any credit for it. I was jealous of the joy and freedom they were having and I wasn't. My wife was thrilled with the results, but I was so deeply torn up inside that I didn't speak all the way home, or for the rest of the day.

The next morning was even worse. I awoke with the deepest smoldering fire in my mind. Such anger, disgust, in fact hate I had never known in my entire life. I had experienced emotional pain before, but nothing like this. I stepped into the bathroom to take my shower, which is usually a refreshing time for me, but today I just stood in the flowing water trembling from the uncontrollable emotions. I finally turned the water off, stepped out of the shower, but I was shaking so badly I couldn't reach for the towel to dry myself off. I called out to my wife, who could obviously see I was in trouble, and she walked me over to the bed. I lay down and the dam broke. Such foul words came erupting out of my mouth, things I would never have said in any circumstance in my life. I literally cursed every living thing in my life; all the elements that were supposed to be sacred and important had become a massive weight. I literally swore at God, challenging the very belief of such a Supreme Being. Then I turned on my family, raging about how ungrateful they all were for the financial sacrifice I was making so they could be happy. Next on my list of grievances was my work. I was coming to the point of realizing my wild dreams were just that. I felt frustrated by all the demands of time and effort to feed the Frankenstein that was usurping my strength without any immediate relief. Last of all it was me. I unleashed the most intense fury I had on the guy responsible for all of it. The verbal vomit was expressed with literal howls of pain and grief. It ended with my poor wife wondering what to do, expressing her fears by wanting to take me to the hospital, which only angered me more. How dare her expose me as being anything but strong, confident businessman with a growing success, (yea, right), the kind benefactor to all, the rock of the family.

Eventually the agony subsided and I dressed to go to work. The darkness surrounding me was still there. When I walked in the office door, my secretary immediately recognized I wasn't doing well and invited me to go home. I agreed and spent the rest of the day sorting through the experience. There was guilt, pain, fear, anger, and depression. The shakiness ebbed with time, but the huge questions regarding my realities were just getting started.

Two weeks later it was my turn to take on the trainings. I heard so many stories from the experiences of my family members that I was extremely nervous. I wasn't sure why I was so scared, but the warnings of, "Don't be late, last, or leave" echoed in my mind. I'm not inclined to be late for anything, but I was there early just to make sure. As the class started I noticed I was unconsciously opening and clenching my fists. This went on for the first 2 days. I wasn't even sure what was so scary, but I found myself having to look at ME, and it proved to be the most terrifying thing in my world.

There were tremendous AHAs during those 4 days that put my feet on an entirely new path. I came out of it feeling like a kid, (just like all my other family members), and excited to take on the second portion, which started in 4 days. As great as the first one was, the second training TOTALLY and COMPLETELY shot me to a level of existence that words only truly fail to express! On the third day I experienced my hands becoming extremely hot and as I lay on my hotel bed that night I could literally feel universal power flowing through me, engulfing my being with energy and connections..(Like I said, words can't do it justice.) The interesting thing is the burning hands stayed with me and I still have them today. (I learned later of energy portals in our hands which have been used for centuries in healing work. This led me into Reiki, Quantum Touch, and Theta holistic arts that became my career for several years.)

The third training consisted of 4 weekends spread over 2 months. Each time we got together there was amazing experiences that kept the fire of new beginnings fueled and inspired. At the conclusion of these core classes there were advanced trainings that I eagerly stepped into and entered into another whole new world energy connection which exceeded any of my previous religious encounters of God. It was while in these levels of sincerely striving to find freedom where my current world began to turn upside down. The businesses were folding, all my personal holdings released to satisfy encumbered debts, my marriage of nearly 25 years falling apart, and I chose to move to Utah and follow my heart.

During this turbulent period I constantly received inspiration in many forms, including movies and books. Each one seemed to offer the PERFECT answer for where I was at, and gently led me to the next question. One of the earliest inspirations was the movie, "The Matrix". I watched that movie over, and over, and over until I had the entire script memorized. The message kept screaming at me that this world is NOT what I think it is. I kept attempting to correlate the message to my religious beliefs, looking for verification that what I was embracing was the total truth. Hidden words like Zion, the One, and other points seemed to offer a superficial reference, but the questions kept coming.

After the first training, my daughter introduced me to Neal Donald Walsche's books, "Conversation with God". At first I was hesitant to even have such blasphemous material in my home. Surely I was tempting myself with the Devil's work and shortcutting my salvation for considering other possibilities of truth. When I read it, I could do only a few pages at a time. I had to set it down and review in my mind, "How is it possible that God would speak to an individual not personified as a prophet?" The thoughts that sprang up were scary, out right heresy. To consider the possibilities that what I had been searching for all my life was just that close to my fingertips. To literally be able to receive guidance DIRECTLY from God seemed as foreign as attempting to speak Martian. The initial fear soon left me and I totally consumed his books as fast as I could get my hands on them.

Shortly thereafter I had my burning hands experience and my sister got me a book titled, "Hands of Light" by Barbara Brennan. (I thought it ironic the illustrator was Joseph Smith.) It introduced me to energy fields and gave me technical explanations. I would later step into Reiki and Quantum Touch to give me the practical experience that would continue to shape my new world. Then other authors began to come into my life: Wayne Dyer, Deepak Chopra, Eckhart Tolle, Gary Renard, and A Course in Miracles. Movies like "The Da Vinci Code", "Who Wrote the Bible", "ZeitGeist", many others too numerous to name. Each of them brought new levels of understanding, opportunities to learn about true forgiveness, and the trappings of our subconscious beliefs, and how the ego really works.

Through out my first 2 years in Utah, as I was learning all these new things, I still kept struggling with old habits; beliefs about tradition, and maintaining something that simply wasn't working, but it seemed the "RIGHT" thing to be doing. I reconciled with my wife, who was caring for her parents in Idaho, and we continued a relationship that was split between several weeks in Idaho, then several with me in Utah. I was determined to keep this 25 year marriage going, mostly because I felt obligated to the image of a Mormon husband and father. Our kids were very aware of the issues we had been dealing with and morally supported us. One more time I was attempting to create an alignment with what WAS instead of what IS. There came an evening when we had just watched a movie and were settling into bed. Our conversation seemed to be OK, nothing particularly difficult or deep, when I just suddenly started crying. There was the deepest longing in my heart that wasn't being fulfilled. I couldn't even begin to explain what I was feeling, just a sense of sadness. A few weeks after this, I got my answer.

It was the day when I decided to put everything on the line with God. I decided that my relationship with my wife wasn't working, the business I created doing and teaching holistic healing arts wasn't supporting me, and my continued wearing of my Mormon temple garments was a lie to myself. On May 2nd, 2005, I tearfully wrote a letter to my wife saying I couldn't live this way anymore and asked her to let me go. It was an extremely difficult letter to write and I waffled for hours in deciding to finally send it. When I dropped it into the mailbox I once again felt a shift in my being. I took my garments off and went to a local Wal-Mart and bought boxers. I hadn't worn "civilian underwear" in 32 years. It felt strange, leaving me naked to a world filled with evil. The next thing I did was kneel in prayer, uttering old phrases consistent with my Mormon background mixed with other, newer thoughts and words. I simply turned myself completely to God and said, "Here I am, do something with me. I am yours. The next day I packed up my personal belongings in the house I had rented and put them in storage. I had already determined to close down my business, but it would get to wait a few more days because of a commitment I had to travel to Oregon and assist in facilitating self-awareness training at a private at-risk teen school. This trip was to become another pivotal moment in my quest for peace.

Chapter two

And this is WHAT it looks like.

For the past several years I had been staffing and co-facilitating self awareness programs in Salt Lake City. It was in alignment with where I was with my life. The primary facilitator, Michael Gardner, and I had become very dear friends and we supported each other in our adventures. He had a contract teaching the first training at the aforementioned school in Oregon. I had attended it with him previously and really loved making the trip. Oregon is my birthplace and much of my childhood was experienced in the green trees of the Willamette Valley. The school was actually an old public schoolhouse nestled in a very remote little town near the coast. My first time here had been a great adventure because I got to participate in an environment much different than the polished and well decorated training centers in Utah. My initial trip was about 6 months before the May 2nd release and I had really enjoyed supporting the staff, (made up of students that had already done the trainings and some adult permanent office staff), during the training itself. During this visit I got to work with a woman, Diane, who had done the Landmark training programs. I knew very little about Landmark so we got to exchange our experiences and beliefs. It was very enlightening and when we left I thanked her and set the experience back in the catalog of memories that mean something special. Other than that, I didn't have any interest in pursuing a relationship or to ever contact her.

Most self awareness programs sprang from the Erhard Seminar Trainings, "est", trainings originated by Werner Erhard. These programs came to life in the 60's and many branches now exist throughout the world. The particular training I was involved with came from a break off of Life Spring and it was their approach that appealed to the school. These trainings are oriented around the concepts of allowing the students to realize it was their own choices that have brought them to this very instant in time. Being accountable for one's life instead of being a victim is a way of powerfully changing one's beliefs, therefore changing behaviors. The experiences of life are but tools in seeing where we are and assist us in moving forward.

Michael and I arrived the day before the trainings started in Portland and drove the coast line on 101 to Coos Bay, where we stay during our trips. The drive beside the ocean always clears my mind and allows my spirit to connect with my higher self. The day of the trainings it was raining and since we didn't have to be at the school until 2:00, we decided to go to Bandon, a small seacoast town with beautiful beaches. We drove to an overlook to take some time to ground ourselves. The rain was prohibitive for walking in our suits on the beach so we chose to slightly roll down the windows to smell the air and hear the waves crashing on the beach. In conjunction with this moment I inserted a CD with some of my favorite meditation music. We laid the seats back and essentially rested/slept for the next hour. It was perfect! I had come here free from the old beliefs, (remember I had just written to my wife requesting a divorce, taken off my garments, closed down my business, and moved my belongings into storage), and with no

expectations of anything. I was simply in the hands of God and open to whatever was to come my way.

As the time neared for us to leave the peaceful setting of the Bandon beach, we rolled up the windows, grabbed some lunch at a local restaurant, and headed to our appointment at “The Academy”. When we entered the main office the staff came over to greet us with hugs and seemed excited to have us there. After receiving these acknowledgments from several of the staff, Diane, (who I mentioned previously), hugged Michael, turned and saw me, literally dropped her jaw open, took me by the hand, led me into a quiet space, and begin to share the most amazing story I had ever heard in my life.

She described how she had been sharing with her spirit guides in prayer and kept asking for the perfect soul mate to come into her life. She described the details of what she was asking for and how her guides kept saying, “that’s not what you really want”. She became extremely discouraged with them and in despair asked, “Can I at least see him?” Her guides went crazy, many of them leaving the room in haste as if on a mission to accomplish something. Then, to her total amazement, it was my face that showed up in the vision. Now the timing for all this is really interesting because it was May 2, 2005, the very same day I had finally decided to let go of all the things that were not working and simply chose to turn my life over to God. As she was sharing this phenomenal story, I was backing away, holding my fingers in a cross in front of me, and shared I had just ended a 25 year marriage and was totally trusting what God had in store for me. The time for further discussion was limited so we agreed to meet later and explore this interesting situation. When I went up to the second floor to prepare the room for the upcoming training, Michael just stood there with a smile on his face and asked what had happened. I shared with him the encounter and we embarked starting the day’s activities. I was completely distracted and had to focus all my energy to just keep up with the processes we were initiating. As the day came to a very late close, we packed up and returned to Coos Bay for the evening. The events of the meeting with Diane kept playing in my mind with all kinds of wild imaginings.

The next day we went back to Bandon before going to the school and meditated some at the same overlook. It wasn’t the same peaceful experience of the day before because my mind was racing with anticipation of meeting with Diane again. When we finally got there, she wasn’t there that day. I spent the day fulfilling my role as a co-facilitator and completed the day with all kinds of questions racing in my mind. Was this supposed to be the next step for me? How does all this fit in with my new level of trusting God with my life? I resigned myself to just relaxing and enjoying the ride, wherever it went.

The third, and final, day of training was started at the usual time of 2:00 PM and we arrived an hour early to prepare the room and staff for the concluding processes. It’s a great day for trainers because of the satisfaction that comes from opening new doors of possibilities for these troubled teens. It really is a wondrous event to witness the changes in people when they reconnect with their inner child and experience freedom. For most it’s the first time in their lives they can let go of the binding beliefs that lead to self abuse.

When we first got there, Diane met us at the door and I asked her what time she got off work. She said at 4:00 and she would be willing to stay afterwards to visit. My portion of the training work was complete by then and I asked Michael if I could take the time from 4:00 until we left that evening to explore this unusual situation. Of course, he was completely for it as he was a witness to this transition in my life.

I met with Diane in the office as she was finishing her daily task. We then took a walk around the facilities, pausing to sit on the picnic tables located outside the buildings and discuss this momentous change in our lives. We exchanged our commitments to be honest with each other and take our time in connecting with what was really going on here. It was extremely scary and yet it felt like the right thing to me. When the time came for us to say our goodbyes, I felt totally lost in the energy of the day. Besides the usual high that comes from concluding a training, there was the element of WOW, (With Out Words) that engulfed me. On the drive back to the airport I could sense her presence in my mind and heart and we shared volumes of information and connections. I attempted to relate what I was experiencing to Michael, but it surely had to sound like the ravings of a lunatic lost in a make believe world. There was no way to explain in words the connections on a universal level I found myself in. It was as though she and I were truly one. The exchange of our awareness of life was so far beyond any infatuation or initial attraction that I have ever experienced before. Here I was in my midlife crisis, (or at least that's how some may describe my recent choices), and I found myself completely lost in a new world of possibilities I had no idea was waiting for me here in the land of my birth.

After returning to Utah, Diane and I shared on a daily basis with each other on the phone, sometimes late into the night, or early in the morning when I knew she was getting ready for work. Holding true to my previous decisions, I moved in with a buddy of mine that had a duplex in Midvale, Utah. I wasn't sure where I was going and kept trusting the situation. Within a few weeks I came back to Oregon to see Diane for a short visit. It was a new exploration for both of us. We were completely trusting what spirit was telling us. I still had old concepts from my religious background of how a relationship was supposed to look with the man being the head and the woman following what his path was. It didn't take long to learn THAT WASN'T GOING TO WORK! Diane had experienced relationships that were very dominating and she had lived the life of female submission for years. It's not what she wanted and this old thinking kept getting in the way of the progress we were looking for.

When I returned to Utah there began to be moments of concern regarding our connectivity as the old patterns and beliefs of the past were challenged to the max. We often fell into arguments and considered letting go of it as the insurmountable fears of HOW this was supposed to happen. At one period of time I sent her an email stating I was moving on because it was apparent to me the differences were too extreme. She was very clear about what she wanted and I was determined to have the relationship look like what I had experienced in the past. It was at this time that Diane did something to display a level of trust beyond anything I had ever known. She agreed to quit her job, close down her house, and move to Utah with me and experience the complete trainings I

was involved with. I had rented the other half of the duplex my buddy was living in, moved my furniture out of storage, and was doing odd jobs to keep things financially moving forward. When she elected to take this next step, I borrowed a pickup and drove to Oregon to bring her home. The drive out was something new for me. It's a 15 hour drive and I decided to stop in the high desert forest near Bend, Oregon, to spend the night. I drove out into an isolated location, laid out my sleeping bag in the bed of the truck, and slept out under the stars. I allowed myself to be completely free in the experience of being there, not seeking an immediate answer to my inquiry of if this was going to work, but rather just embracing the energy of being alone with God. It felt like I was nestled in my mother's arms again. I slept well, enjoying the view of the stars, smelling the intoxicating odor of sagebrush, and hearing the occasional howling of coyotes. The next morning I arose with the morning sunrise just cresting the mountains. I felt wonderful and drove the remaining trip refreshed and excited.

We packed up some of Diane's most treasured valuables very carefully in the truck and headed back to Utah. I sensed she was taking a chance in trusting her instincts in going to Utah with me. I was nervous, too. I was about to have a woman move into my home with me, someone I really didn't have a lot of experience with, and it certainly ran contrary to my old regimented religious standards of living in sin! The trip was uneventful, and uncomfortable, too. Besides the warm weather and the lack of air conditioning, finding common ground in our conversation was proving to be difficult. We both shared a love for Oregon, our personal studies and experiences of breaking free from confining beliefs, and our inspiration for teaching these in classroom environments. There was still an air of uncertainty and concern as we were both about to embark on a new adventure, yet we both felt it was the next step in our journeys, jointly and as individuals.

Living in Utah was stretch, (a challenge in normal conversations). I was at a point of completely trusting God for EVERYTHING, not just this new relationship, but the very food in our stomachs. Money was tight, but it seemed to come as the need for it appeared. One day Diane prepared a meal of soup from a can of stewed tomatoes. She did her best to spice it and I actually enjoyed the meal, but for her it was a horrible position to be in. We did not have many other choices in the cabinet, the refrigerator was empty, and she was hungry. It was the perfect moment to realize several things. One, the needs of living needed to be met by CREATING, rather than just believing it would come. Second, women are the fuel and men are production. Once I got the vision of the WHAT being the woman's role and the HOW as being mine, things were set into a different pattern. This lesson was reinforced when I explained to Diane my reasoning for getting out of doing taxes, yet how much I really loved serving my clients, when she asked me a profound question, "Why are you denying yourself all those people that obviously loved you, too?" I realized it was my own judgments and fears.....ABOUT MYSELF....that were keeping me from contacting them and getting back into the tax preparation business.

Armed with a new incentive, (the stewed tomatoes and needing to *create* my world, AND that she was the WHAT and I was the HOW), I called one of my old clients

that was very near and dear to my heart. I was literally shaking as I dialed the number. When they answered the phone I was so scared I could hardly speak. When I told them it was me calling, the response totally caught me off guard. They said they hadn't filed taxes since I moved away because they couldn't trust anyone else with them. I was floored and actually cried. Diane was there beside me as I made that call and witnessed the breaking out of my old beliefs of being less, or unworthy, and the blossoming of our new source of income.

A year and a half later, Diane had done the trainings I was involved with and proven to be a valuable partner in building a successful tax practice. The volume of clients and work grew quickly and we found ourselves living comfortably, (*with lots of food*), and experiencing a pleasant middle income lifestyle. We traveled with friends, staffed different trainings, created our own training organization, and were doing just great. One evening I was driving to a local video store to pick up some movies to enjoy for the weekend. The trip was short, (just a few blocks from the house), and I was watching the sunset color the mountains in a salmon pink off the snow on the peaks as spring was coming to a close. It was breathtakingly beautiful and I was completely filled with a spirit of gratitude, when a voice came to me as clearly as though the originator was seated in the passenger's side. "It's time to move to Oregon", was all I heard. When I arrived I told Diane of my experience and she absolutely felt the intensity of the experience. Within a few weeks we packed up the moving vans, (we had collected lots of stuff in the last 18 months), and moved back to her home in Gaylord, Oregon.

The adventures of our returning to Oregon are subjects for another book. The lessons of rediscovering myself, learning to let go of subconscious guilt, and creating a vision of freedom and love has been the focus of our lives. Both of us have experienced a completely new level of ourselves since we returned as supporting partners. Our combined desires for peace have attracted many souls into our circle including our children, other literally unknown relatives, and strangers that bring us their messages of peace. Each moment has become the next building block in the saga of discovering the WHAT we are, (the literal offspring of God), instead of the WHO we thought we were, (condemned souls sent here to be tested and judged by a vengeful deity unknown and feared by all). We share our experiences and essence with all those seeking to find the freedom that comes from being at peace with them. And now:

We teach peace, for that's all there is.



Chapter Three

And the enemy is NOT me.

There are many advocates of self awareness announcing to the world the discovery of the ego. The ego is the operating system of this physical domain. Just like the operating systems in computers, it dictates how programs will function. Without it, the programs wouldn't be able to work at all, but within the domain of the construct, the programs functions are limited. The movie, "The Matrix", greatly portrays this concept following the adventures of Neo, the main character. The personal discovery of the ego, not just the learning of it but the actual digging at it, can be the scariest event in a persons life.

The Story:

In chapter 1 I discussed my experiences of entering the self awareness trainings and being terrified for the first 2 days. I honestly did not know why I was so scared. I thought it was because of the extraordinary results seen in my family members, but the real reason why didn't make itself known until the 3rd day. At first I was appalled by the brashness of the facilitator and my initial reaction was unconditional FEAR! How could one individual create such a reaction in me? He didn't stand there accusing anyone nor even have a personal confrontation, but his direct questions were terrifying. I didn't realize it was my ego feeling threatened. It made me cry, shake uncontrollably, sweat, and left me frozen in fear at the prospective he would address me. I wanted to crawl into the nearest corner and make myself invisible. On the 2nd day we had a process late in the evening that just kicked the literal HELL out me and I stood there a blubbering shell of a man. IT WAS PERFECT! Never before had I experienced such a clear picture of what my ego was really all about. The following day I came in humbled and ready to see the truth. The events of the day lead me to experience the utter joy of finally breaking out of the box my fears had created.

The Lesson:

The thoughts that constantly parade themselves in our mind always attempt to make us think they are OUR thoughts. In reality it's the ego's thoughts disguised as a familiar voice. It provides the perfect medium for the emotional addictions that run our lives. It creates fear of the unknown, caution in all relationships, the very essence of being a victim to the world. We buy into it hook, line and sinker because of its constant presence. It's the one that says, "If only you had this or that, you'd be happy". It's the voice that says you are less than everyone else and provides all the judgments to label and separate you from your brother. It's the very source of all war, hate, prejudice, and jealousy. It creates the belief that our happiness lies OUTSIDE of ourselves and drives us to seek and acquire material possessions and intimate relationships. "If only you could find....." is its creed. Being able to identify this voice, or the feelings it induces, is the key to getting rid of all the pain we suffer in this existence, whether emotional or

physical. The core of self awareness is discovering the ego and how to get past it. Therein is peace.

Wisdom tells me I am nothing; love tells me I am everything.
Between the two, my life flows.

An Indian Master

Chapter Four

Barking at the TV

Liberating one's self from the ego domain requires the vision of looking past what we, "hear with our eyes". The overwhelming sensory input tends to tie us up in believing everything is REAL. Remember, this world is but a dream, just like those occurring in our sleep. Each figure and circumstance is created to offer the opportunity to forgive a belief that keeps us here. The way out of this isn't getting discouraged by the task of climbing up the shale side of the mountain where the ego treacherously keeps us guessing in fear of the unknown. Many get to this stage and want to give up. The reward is *allowing* the imageries in front of you to become as characters seen on your TV set. You can watch the movies on television, experience a connection with the story going on in front of you, or you can change the channel to a new version of entertainment. An even greater choice is to simply TURN IT OFF.

The Story:

We have a pug, the princess of our lives, who constantly teaches me lessons. She is the perfect lap dog, loves to be loved on, and cherishes each moment I spend with her. Often in the evenings we will be enjoying a movie with her quietly resting on my lap. All of the sudden she will open her eyes and see the figures on the TV and go into attack mode. The result is propelling her body off my lap, usually at the expense of my peace, and barking madly at the characters on the screen. Each time she does there is a pause as she looks back at us as though to remind us she's doing her job of protecting the family. I reprimand her and then place her back on my lap. Pretty soon, just as I am getting settled down again with this little heater of a dog resting on my legs, she will inevitably open her eyes, see or hear the characters on the boob tube and take off in her frenzy of attack, again. Even though this can be irritating, I still cherish this little expression of love that greets me with such great joy whenever I return home.

The Lesson:

How many times do I, knowing that none of this is real, engage in barking at the TV? The input is so loud that sometimes I slip back into believing its real, my emotions that I am addicted to kick into response and I find myself forgetting what my spirit constantly reminds me is just images. Just like my dog, I will bark away, then pause to be assured I'm doing my job. When I look back at it all, Spirit simply reminds me that it's NOT my job to protect anybody from illusions created by the visions in front of me. With that assurance I am invited back into Spirit's lap to rest in peace. The lesson is realizing the urgency to react to the images, THINKING we're doing our jobs, results in nothing happening at all. We bark ourselves into a frenzy, extending the energy of believing we're doing what we are supposed to be, and creating a lot of noise and discomfort over something that doesn't really exist. Therein is peace.

There is more to life than mortal life.

Bob Adams

Chapter Five

Being my WORD

Taking a committed stand for a promise constitutes an element of “being right”. Whenever we make a promise, or a covenant which has a returning reward for our commitment, we place our butts on the line. This becomes the foundation from which construction is created. A promise to fulfill an obligation becomes a debt. Marriage is built around a dual commitment administered by words of promise no matter what the future brings into play. For many it stands as the core element of judgment.

The Story:

When I got married the first time at the age of 21, my beliefs were very strongly oriented around following the mandates of my religious beliefs. Marriage was for “all time and eternity” in Mormon doctrine and I firmly believed it. During the course of our 6 years together we had some great moments and brought 3 young souls into our family. I was wrestling with my work as a paramedic, and eventually got involved with my parents in doing international adoptions. During this time our relationship was stressed because of financial and unfulfilled dreams. My wife was having constant phone calls with her mother during those last days and I didn’t see the writing on the wall that she was collaborating with her parents to leave me. When the event finally came into being, I used the word “divorce” like a sharp edged weapon on her to inflict wounds of remorse and demand we get back together because of her “promise” to stay with me forever.

The Lesson:

What would have happened if she had given in and returned to me? In honesty, it would have continued to be the same hell it was for her when she left. I took her broken promise to make myself into a victim of the situation and held her parents completely at fault for our breakup. Little did I realize it was a broken covenant on my end, too. I used this lesson to literally beat myself to an emotional pulp. Then, as my life proceeded on I began to realize that being one’s word was more than just following the promises uttered from my lips or composed on paper. It meant being my word to myself. When new horizons make themselves known we often stand back and say, “I can’t do that because I gave my word”, thus compromising the moment. Each new presentation gives us the opportunity to learn something new. When we allow our ego constructed promises to hold us in an obligation that no longer serves the participants, then being your word can become a death sentence. How many times in the past have you yielded to your fears because of a stated promise that was completely one sided in its nature. How is there peace in living a lie? Being your word is a commitment to trusting the word that comes from your higher self, even when it puts you in conflict with an ego created agreement. The fear of breaking a promise can often overshadow the truth of your existence. Being clear to TRUST your own beliefs or the word of God as it is whispered to your heart is where peace is to be found. I honor my ex-wife for following her heart, even as painful as the experience was, and being strong enough to hold true to herself. Therein is peace.

Chapter Six

Being RIGHT and LOOKING GOOD

Because we're brought up by parents and learn at a very early age to comply with their views of how life looks, we become like obedient dogs anxious to please. We seek their approval, or our peers, spouses, bosses, neighbors, and ultimately God. One of my favorite bumper stickers is "Jesus is coming. Look busy." Just how deeply embedded these beliefs are can be manifested by the simple fact that WE CAN'T SEE IT! Having feedback from others seriously interested in serving our forward movement can appear painful because our ego uses these tools to protect itself. Here is an example of how it constantly shows up in my world.

The Story:

I know of a young lady caught stealing drugs to feed her pharmaceutical addiction after a recent surgery. She and her husband are ambitious and very successful in their community. When she was apprehended it was just as shocking to her husband as it was to everyone else. The shame of it all kept him from work and she chose not to answer her phone calls and went into hiding for several days. A few days after the news broke on the front page of the local newspaper and appeared on TV, a relative came to the house and thoroughly ripped her apart because of the public humiliation *for them*, totally without regard or interest in her well being. Quoting scriptures of eternal judgments and enforcing compliance was more important than the internal pain and suffering this young lady was enduring.

The Lesson:

This story can be reflected in nearly EVERY aspect of our lives. Our ego is so intensely wrapped up in preserving the imagery portrayed as being all important to this domain. In all situations of life this question applies: "Am I making this choice because I want to be right or look good?" If I take the time to examine every decision I make, over 95% of the time it will be the case of me wanting to be the good guy. The software that programs our lives can completely block our view of what it creates, the emphasis overshadowing the whispers of our spirit, the one that truly knows the answers. Take a moment to review your most recent decisions. Which one of these manipulated your response; being RIGHT or LOOKING GOOD? These are the greatest weapons the ego has in controlling us as individuals, groups, communities, states or nations. Most wars are created because being RIGHT is justified at any cost. Being willing to lay down the weapons to an imaginary war leads to peace.

Chapter Seven

Cynicism Creates Separation

In this world of make believe individuality, cynicism abounds as a way of making one feel superior to another. Hidden behind a smile and wink lies probably the greatest misnomers of communications between individuals, societies, and nations. Jokes riddle our daily conversations in comparing ones' self image to another's portrayal of disadvantages, discrepancies, and differences. It's the standard punch lines for today's comedians, late night show hosts, and often disguises itself in political rhetoric. This dagger pierces the very core of beliefs, adding pain and driving wedges into already suffering concepts of perceptions regarding the place one has in this world.

The Story:

As a young man I often sought acceptance from my peers by being funnier than others with my quick wit and recited jokes. You could count on me to have a retort of some kind for any given situation, constantly comparing the circumstances to another individual or group with, "at least it's not", whatever statements. Jokes about how skinny Ethiopians are, blacks versus whites, women versus men, religions versus religions, or just any topic that stood out at the moment in the news or current gossip. I was often asked to speak in public, or at church, and would always begin my presentations with a joke to ease the discomfort of the audience or garner the courage to continue with a sense of acceptance.

I can remember specifically when I was speaking in church, announcing an upcoming luau, when I stated the reason women in Hawaii wore moo moos was because most of them were cow cows. The air was filled with silence instead of the anticipated laughter most of my puns got and I fell into a quick panic as my lesson was learned.

The Lesson:

Cynicism can appear as quiet as a mouse that roars with pent up hate and emotions. In my personal relationships I have found it used commonly by myself, and others, in seeking compliance with one's desires. When it takes the form of comparison and used as a weapon of forced capitulation, it can only create the space of continued separation, even though it appears to be a harmless comment. When someone I cherish makes a statement regarding another individual and drapes their observations with words of comparison, it only leaves me with a taste of mistrust and greater space instead of joining together in unity and presenting love as the answer. It just plain hurts, even if it's wrapped up in pretty paper guaranteed to get a smile. Learning to catch the moment of comment and listening to WHY I'm saying it gives me the room to look at myself and the beliefs I hold about ME before uttering words that will only cause continued stress and

strain for myself and others. In this there is peace as we learn not to judge others, even if it might create a momentary smile that only adds to racking up one more for the ego.

Chapter Eight

Experience, Belief, and Paradigm

These are the building blocks of the ego. Each supports the other in keeping us in the hamster wheel and this is how it works. You have an experience, (which you create and respond in answer to the ultimate question of what is it like to be out of the presence of God), from which you create a belief, (by this I mean you pull up old data from your subconscious thinking and attach a meaning and label to the experience), then you support your belief by attracting a paradigm, or other supporting incidents, individuals, and surroundings to continue to populate your world with experiences, that support your beliefs, thus adding to the paradigm. When you dissect it, it's obviously a crazy concept, but it works and the reason why is our emotional addictions.

The Story:

Of the sexes here in this domain, men are more prone to romance than women. This will raise a few eyebrows but it's true. I love to watch movies like "Dave" or "The American President", where the hero, while having all the power any government can offer, elects romance rather than position. It actually makes me cry and I've watched these movies many times. Other movies feed my addiction and I created a belief about what romance is supposed to look like. When I applied this model to my marriage, it failed, thus creating a belief of my incapability to ever experience it. While my wife actually was open to this level of romance, I kept looking for, (and finding), reasons it wouldn't work. Thus I was enforcing my paradigm of the incapacity to ever experience it with her, which added to my beliefs. Eventually, this vicious circle led to the inevitable divorce because I believed it was impossible to fulfill my insatiable desire for my version of love.

The Lesson:

When we can not see the inner workings of the ego, the manipulation of our emotions and the entangled results, we are forever stuck in the constant ebb and flow of being a victim. We can not see the results of our beliefs and the surrounding paradigm until we are willing to BE WRONG about them. The very thought of breaking out of the cycle can be so foreign and fearful that we will often surrender rather than realize the possible relief available by simply letting go of old patterns. *"Insanity is doing the same things over and over again and expecting different results."* Repeatedly hanging on to old beliefs will only support old results. True freedom from the ego can never be gained until you can identify how it works in your life. Taking the time to step off the hamster wheel, reconnect with your higher self, and allow the inner voice to answer the questions is one way of reducing the effect of this doomed and damned way of living. Therein is peace.

Chapter Nine

Got discomfort.....Check your idols.

This one is a great tool to see where you are in your beliefs. Whenever I feel uncomfortable in a situation, or seem to harbor a grief, then it's time to look at what it is that feels threatened. Fear, even the smallest element of it, is an indicator that I am buying into the screen in front of me. How often do I remember that whatever appears to be a tangible item, I can't take it with me when I leave this world, and therefore it really isn't all that important? Everything here has but one purpose; to show me the way out of the dream.

The Story:

In the middle of my transformational years, (around my mid forties), I grabbed on to the concept the real name of the game was the more toys you have is the way to win at life. Boats, campers, trucks, cars, ATVs, new furniture, big screen TV with surround sound, exercise equipment, extended holiday trips, and all the amenities was a signal of success. Being driven by my model of love, which included sharing my status of life with my kids and provide everything in their lives too, created huge amounts of pressure on me. While looking good as a successful businessman and father was the exterior motive, (which I didn't realize until later in life), actually was the cost was my selling out on integrity. Whenever a financial crisis surfaced, meeting the image became more important than looking at WHY there was a financial issue in the first place.

As the moment of truth was approaching regarding this kind of lifestyle, I felt like a victim to the circumstances surrounding me. The noose was tightening and I was becoming desperate. New ideas to expand my businesses, (some of them really worked but were killed by the lack of capitalization), became my addiction. There was always a new idea, one that made me look good and resolve my avalanche of mounting debt. I turned to all kinds of methods of avoidance to find relief. Luckily, looking good included the avoidance of alcohol otherwise I would have become a great drunk. Eventually I lost all the items that I was treasuring.

The Lesson:

ANY TIME you feel a discomfort, there is a conflict going on inside. Using a series of poignant questions directed at determining the source of the pain can open your internal eyes to see the problem. Each question needs to be like a steel brush scrubbing away the two greatest issues, "Looking Good", and "Being Right". Once those questions are answered, the next set is about the value of a tangible item in a make believe world. These are idols. We assign the meaning and value to them. I have learned that whatever I need to extend my stay here will come as I trust the lesson being dealt with. Survival, as the ego would have us believe, isn't really the issue. Learning to trust each situation in life is the next step forward and all the relevant tools needed will be made available at the perfect time can appear to be a scary way to live. It's actually freedom. Laying aside the

idols and knowing there is more to come in the journey accelerates the recovery from the pain. Therein is peace.

Chapter Ten

It's the Absolute Truth, until it isn't!

Commitment to a singular concept, without any consideration to the possibilities of any variable, creates pain and separation. Often we are convinced by our peers, society, family, or even our most trusted sources that one particular element in our beliefs is absolutely the total truth, and then we wrap our entire perspective of existence around this foundation and seek signs, or proof, to qualify our stand. How many times in a single day do we make decisions based upon a certainty only to find frustration and judgments?

The Story:

We recently moved to Oregon and live a few short miles from a 10 acre lake loaded with a variety of fish species. I love to fish, not for the fish themselves, but just as a relaxing exercise in the evenings. When I went there the first time the ultimate secret to catching one's limit was to use worms. I bought a dozen and sure enough the fishing was great. I caught dozens of bluegill and some small bass in 3 hours or so. Each time I went I had to stop by the local convenience store and buy my worms. If I got there too early or late, my day was ruined because I couldn't purchase the required element to be successful in my quest. One day I noticed another fisherman using a small spinner and he was catching bass, bluegill, AND TROUT! I was amazed and purchased a similar lure to try my luck and sure enough it worked. Now I was experiencing more fish and a greater variety as well. I then realized I had uncovered the ultimate tool and looked for similar spinners just in case I lost the only one I currently had. I often bragged to others of the success I was experiencing and how smart I was for switching to an artificial method for catching my fish.

Shortly after that, as I was working my way around this small body of water, I noticed someone catching crappie, which I had never done before and was amazed at how quickly they were biting his bait. I ventured up to him and asked what he was using and learned all about rubber jigs designed to look like grubs and available in a variety of colors. I quickly went to the local sports store and purchased a small quantity of lime green crappie jigs and, returning to the lake the next day, I caught a crappie on my first cast. I was delighted and used my newfound arsenal all over that lake. I caught crappie like crazy, and then I caught a bass, then bluegills, and even trout. This had to be the ultimate method in harvesting fish in this lake. As I continued my journey around the lake, I saw someone using a torpedo float and a dry fly and they were catching fish even faster than I was. So.....you guessed it, I went to the store and added this combination to my arsenal of surefire fish getting tools. Now, I am surely setup to catch anything in that pond, until I saw the same guy using the fly catching more fish than me with a floating lure the very next day.

The Lesson:

STAY OPEN AT ALL TIMES! When we retain a perspective as an absolute truth, and I mean about ANYTHING, we totally set ourselves up to fail. Convinced we are absolutely adhering to the ultimate truth will always yield results, but are the results the absolute best we can achieve? I have known many times in my life when being committed to only one absolute truth has led me to conclusions that appeared to be correct, only to learn that other options could have given me a greater return for my efforts. When one's beliefs become the orientation and bases for all perspectives, we lose balance and opportunities. We also add judgment into our lives when we believe that our perspective is the only answer and will defend our choice to our dying breath. Look at the world today and you can see this in a large scale with regional and international disputes having to be settled with violence and destruction, creating massive losses in human welfare and expense. Being open to new possibilities, even if they mean we have to eat our earlier words and actions, can lead to forward movement in our relationships, opportunities, and definitely peace within.

Chapter Eleven

Our be-LIE-fs live us

Imagine an iceberg floating in the sea, the top of it exposed to the world and most of it hidden below the surface. It rides the flows of the currents, glistening in the light with great appeal to passersby. If you approach it, you may never get close enough to examine its beauty because the underlying portion makes it hazardous. It's totally true the appearance offers safety, but the deadly shoal, the hidden portion of its entity, can not be seen and it could be a "Titanic" experience.

Our hidden beliefs, unseen to us, create and mold our perceived realities. These beliefs expose themselves in different ways and how we got them in the first place can be as much a mystery as the effect they have in our lives. From the moment we enter this movie of a life we begin displaying beliefs. How our body presents itself, the nature of our personalities and the very system of how we will catalog and use our new experiences is determined before we even get here. There are lots of discussions of environment versus heredity in the make up of human beings. All of these elements structure the mode we use to interpret this existence. A belief, which is the assignment of a category or label we give experiences, create paradigms, or gatherings of incidents and personalities to support our beliefs to make them true for us. Because we only see what our beliefs allow seeing, we are constantly supporting our dilemmas in life.

The Story:

church upbringing with intolerance towards those living a condemned lifestyle created a homophobic wall. My own judgments of gays and lesbians forced a separation from ever experiencing the inner workings of their lives. Gays were openly bashed in my youth, discarded as untouchables and damned by diseases like AIDS as a curse from God for their sinful way of living.

During my self awareness trainings we were assigned "buddies" that we were to share with during the 4 days of participation. During the second training I was assigned a young man to be my buddy. He seemed to be very genuine in his search for answers and could share his feelings with sincerity that seemed unusually deep. During the course of the first day he confessed of his gay lifestyle and I immediately went into a defensive posture of not willing to shake his hand, let alone embrace in a hug. As our time together progressed I began to see another side to this supposed pawn of Lucifer. He shared the grief of discovering his homosexuality, especially being a Mormon. The distancing of family relationships when he finally gave himself the freedom of coming out of the closet and the anguish of never being able to meet the judgments of his father, who he loved very deeply. My heart just broke as I felt the pain of his life. During the balance of this particular training, (which in my case was one of the most pivotal moments of my life), his kindness and spirit clarity gave me the space to safely allow a new beginning in my world. It was during this particular training that my hands became so painfully hot and I connected to universal powers that had been hidden from my eyes and heart.

The Lesson:

The moment we embrace a belief to be true, we close the doors to expanding our world. I have not chosen to embrace the gay way of life, but my intolerance of them kept me in a separated world from my fellow man. I have learned from so many of them the events that mold their lives, the agony of admitting the very nature of it, the results of rejections and discrimination from former family and social circles, even the difficulties of getting a job when their true nature is disclosed. As I have listened to, and now coach, many of them, it becomes more apparent to me of the innocence of mankind. The judgments our beliefs create are the only condemnations of God. We are truly children of a perfect creator, therefore imperfections do not exist. Our beliefs want us to hold on to concepts of separation and lesser value in all men. When there are others less than ourselves then we can assume we are HIGHER than others. This is the fuel of hatred and war. And ALL OF IT comes from beliefs that control the images of our existence. There is peace only when we realize our beliefs in this ego dominated existence is the source of all pain; mental, physical, and emotional.

To get past these judgmental beliefs is what our purpose for being here is all about. Forgiveness, (not the version most think of with elements of towering over someone that has offended you and bestowing your grace upon them, yet knowing in your heart they are really condemned to hell), but realizing that all the judgments in your world are actually beliefs you have about.....YOURSELF! When ever you lay a judgment about anything or person it is based upon a belief you have hidden below the surface of your conscious thinking. That rapid survival response of labeling and shelving others is based upon beliefs that have come from four different levels:

1. The Immediate. This is the surface response to a circumstance, part of the paradigm of life.
2. The Learned. Each experience that supports our beliefs is followed by another, and another, and another to mold our perspective.
3. The Taught. We are constantly exposed to the teachings of others. The influential of our lives; parents, peers, educators, and the authorities of society and religion teach us their beliefs. If they hold a significant element of importance in your world, their words and deeds add to your library of beliefs, even if you never experienced what they did.
4. The Karmic. Scientists working with DNA are exposing the true nature of our physical beings. We retain conditioned responses that are laid out in our DNA structures. Basic presentation of our looks, tendencies, diseases, and supposed evil nature are being discovered in their work. How and why we come here with these predetermined elements is part of the great mystery. Do we actually choose our natures before coming here?

What a great thought to “BE” with. If our be-LIE-fs are really lies, then what is the very nature of our existence truly about? Once again I offer the thought of forgiveness. Learning to discipline our mind, the very source of all beliefs, is where

peace and completeness is. Forgiveness is being willing to acknowledge we even have a belief and then seeking a healing from this self-inflicted injury. The forgiveness work has to do with being able to release our fears and judgments and opening up the space for relief. It's like RAM in a computer. When it becomes full the processing time is slowed down and the freedom to run is endangered. When we clear out the clutter that consumes our operating system, we streamline our existence and can see things with clarity. If LOVE is the mode of operation, being free from FEAR that dominates this ego driven world, there is peace to be had.

Chapter Twelve

Religious Relief

Of all the yokes on humanity this one ranks among the top. Religion was created in response to addressing the unknown. “Where did we come from?”, “Why are we here?”, and “What happens to us when we die?” has been the foundation for the inquiry of life. Anciently the answers came from obvious sources; the sun, moon, water, fire, earth, wood, animals, and eventually to the creation of a supreme being. The notion in order to have peace we must put ourselves into alignment with an acceptable standard belief has been so well indoctrinated for countless generations that escape is nearly impossible. These standardizations have created separation, fear, and antagonism to the levels of justifying wars, genocides, and martyrdoms. It is the ego’s BEST OF ALL tools to confine you to being “less than” or “unworthy of” anything. If breaking free from this form of slavery in your lifetime is all you accomplished, you will have created more light than any religion ever brought to this supposed reality.

The Story:

The majority of my life I was an active Mormon. My parents joined “The Church” when I was three. I participated in all the activities and rituals, believing it really was the only true religion on the face of the earth. At 19 I went on a full time, 2 year mission to Japan proselyting and baptizing in the name of saving the world. I believed in it to the point of being willing to overstep others and winning the conversation to prove I was right. When I returned I married another faithful member in the temple, making commitments of eternal nature and believing I was doing what God expected of me. When that marriage dissolved I beat myself up really good, sensing total failure in life and in God’s eyes. I quickly remarried and solemnized that commitment in the temple again, believing it put me in alignment with what God wanted me to do. For the next 25 years I held on to my beliefs, seeing myself as a failure because most of my sons chose not to go on missions, in fact they distanced themselves as quickly as possible from the grips of “The Church”. I again felt like a failure as I was teaching the young men in my ward that were preparing to go on missions. I even assisted by paying for several of their missions. There were moments when I felt blessed by the association and social connections this family oriented religion touted, but the reality of my faith was tested when I questioned what was working for me, and what wasn’t.

During the course of my studies outside the realm of “The Church”, I begin to experience new beliefs. Old concepts of authority and never questioning it begin to be chipped away as I stepped back and became the observer instead of the participant. Books like “Conversation with God” by Neal Walsche planted the seed of having my own connection with deity, without the confines of structured approaches or approvals. I began to earnestly seek greater access to guidance free from all the judgments of how it was supposed to look. In this realm of questioning I learned of other beliefs, religions, spiritual practices and meditation. I literally threw myself into the pursuit of “wanting to know”. The results were enlightening!

I felt levels of betrayal as I begin relinquishing “The Church”. How could I have possibly held on to all the beliefs of God’s judgment, the discrimination of others to justify my blessings and their demise? To blindly adhere to a belief and be so closed minded to the suffering, or the joy of others that were supposedly in the “dark realm of Lucifer” was so completely opposite of where I found my feet standing that it became impossible to attend meetings without feeling nauseated by the lessons being taught and the messages spouted from the pulpit. I actually cried when I realized all the anguish I created for myself, which overflowed onto my family, my neighbors, and the world.

It finally hit a level of intolerance in my life on May 2nd, 2005, when I released myself from the envisioned stranglehold of my former beliefs and took off my garments. (For those unfamiliar with Mormon garments, during temple ceremonies members make commitments and replace their old underwear with nearly full body length garments with special symbols sewn into various locations as reminders. It is like passing on to a new level of acceptance of your beliefs. These are not to be removed except during bathing, intimacy, or sports.) Taking them off was scary, having worn them for 32 years, yet liberating at the same time. I embarked on a new journey of telling others of the freedom I had finally found, connecting with my “wayward” children and experiencing new communications. Not judging them, or myself, as failures because of the choices we made to leave the church allowed unconditional connections. Eventually I wrote the membership department and requested my name to be taken off the records of the church. I chose to share this decision with my children, since it was like getting a divorce, and they requested copies of the same letter to use for themselves.

The Lesson:

The word, “resurrection” is usually connected with the Christian world of Jesus being raised from the dead after 3 days. I believe it applies to those that finally break free from the stranglehold of any established religious institution. Like the video, “Thriller” by Michael Jackson, as the zombies dug themselves out of their graves, it’s the same feeling. You struggle to let go of the imagined damnation from the “vending machine God” concept, (money in, blessings out), and overcoming the fears associated with eternal fire and not being with your celestial family. Once you get past that point, the rest is gravy. Sensing unconditional love, embracing your brothers as yourself, seeing the world with new eyes is an overwhelming experience. Albert Einstein said, *“The true value of a human being can be found in the degree to which he has attained liberation from the self.”* The constraints of our subconscious beliefs become a foundation from which all judgments come from. Religious beliefs have been used as a tool for control of the masses for centuries. It’s practically embedded in our DNA. One of my favorite movies that exemplify a perfect analogy of the confines of religion is “Pleasantville”. Watch it sometime with a mind free from the judgments of right or wrong and apply the message. It’s great!

I have come to new level of acceptance of my time as a Mormon and actually have no regrets. It took me to the perfect moment of time when I was ready to move on.

The friendships and wonderful experiences of assisting others is still tender to my heart, but being free from the concepts of a conditionally loving God and that our brothers are less than me because they aren't Mormon or embrace lifestyles outside the mores of society just doesn't ring true anymore.

Once we connect ourselves to a supposed absolute truth, we close the door to new possibilities and future growth.

Chapter Thirteen

There are no losses, only blessings.

What does a loving parent do for a child but provide guidance and support. In this ego dominated version of existence, where there isn't really any peace to be found outside of ourselves, we often get lost in the waffling sense of security this domain has to offer and suffer "losses" of all kinds. We tie our perspectives to the values of this movie we are playing a part in, thus attaching ourselves to an outcome or an element in our comfort zone. This can look like money, material items, friends, or family members. We experience grief when we loose something, or someone, that plays an intricate role in our lives and feel like a major puzzle piece has been suddenly jerked out of the picture we had in front of us. The pain can be real; consuming our thoughts with patterns of destruction, anger and revenge.

The Story:

There have been so many times in my life where I have attached a meaning to the imagery of success and then received the let down of failure, picking out the perfect one for this chapter has proven to be a challenge. My natural tendency is to be a hare, a creature bound to run here and there seeking new sources of security and satisfying my quest for creating things. As I explained in chapter one I had at one time a very large tax practice in Idaho. This made me a big fish in a little pond, garnering attention from tax software companies wanting my business and the IRS listening to what I had to share about electronic filing. In this image of being successful I was spending way too much money for additional employees, marketing, new equipment, nicer office furniture, and traveling all over the country representing myself as an authority to be respected. Within all this presentation little did I realize the price I, and others, was paying for a shaky foundation of spending without regard to consequences and commitments. As the ground from underneath me began to fall apart I became tied up in knots with fear about what others were thinking about me. Not being able to pay my employees, the IRS for payroll taxes, rent for offices going past due, utilities being turned off, and the constant phone calls from creditors created huge havoc in my personal world, effecting my family relationships as rumors began to spread of my pending financial collapse spread throughout the community. It was embarrassing to go downtown or attend events in fear of running into someone I owed money. I prayed fervently for an answer to my dilemma and felt abandoned by God. When the day finally arrived when it was all falling apart and I gave up, I sat in my office crying and seriously contemplating suicide as the alternative to facing all the dreams of my life being dashed and destroyed in front of me.

The Lesson:

When we still believe in the perception of the ego's world, we attach our significance to the values of this movie. We believe in our pursuits of acquisitions and dominance, the place we have in society, and particularly the imagery of success. As life moves forward we expect things to stay the same as yesterday and commit ourselves to

adding to the measurements associated with “winning” in this virtual reality game. In the course of it all there are always losses because this domain ISN'T REAL! When we have WHAT WE PERCEIVE is a loss, our psyche goes into a tailspin and we have a series of noticeable emotional reactions to them. Modern science can detect and calculate your registered emotions and predict what you will experience next. Psychologists are paid huge amounts of money in holding patients' hands and guiding them past the painful steps of grief and anger that come from perceived losses. It's in our make up to respond this way because of our addictions to emotions. Every element of life counts on our emotional reacting to presentations of losses. Governments use false flag attacks to stir their nations into responding to perceived threats of security and get the populace to support their agenda. EACH AND EVERY WAR HAS BEEN SUPPORTED BY CREATING BELIEFS OF PENDING LOSSES, NOT THE GAINS. It is such a powerful motivator to spur mankind forward that we find it in our politics, (of course), educational programs; even our advertising on television is focused on protecting ourselves from losses. Little attention is ever directed to the other side of the coin, which is the allowing for space to be made available for something else to come into our lives.

As a result of the experiences mentioned in the story, my life took a turn where I would never have predicted it would go. My values changed completely from one of acquiring acknowledgements and accolades to living in peace, knowing that every time I lay a security into the acquisitions of life, or the projected relief the attaining and retaining of something is supposed to afford me, I set myself up to living in a false world. Some may say I have a defeatist attitude, but the reality is that when something doesn't work out it is always the doorway for something else to come into my life that is the next step. Do I still respond with grief from losses? Of course I do, BUT I can allow comfort in my heart knowing I am on a journey, not a final resting point, to support me in anticipating the eventual coming of something else that will prove to be a larger blessing than the loss I am experiencing in this moment. This has never failed me. Whether it's a scene of financial, relationship, health, or even death of a loved one that is playing out in front of me at this moment, I can rest assured there will be another element to the experience that will open the door for an unforeseen gift that will be added to my treasure chest in returning home.

Chapter Fourteen

There is no RIGHT or WRONG!

Conditional love creates barriers between entities, usually based on beliefs of separation being real. The threat of having to be right in order to survive is a primal instinct we embrace to our very core. Living with this concept is what motivates governments, businesses, religions, virtually any group, or paradigm to retain its distinctness. When we feel we are RIGHT, it exhilarates us, makes us feel vindicated, powerful, smarter, and in control. Where as being WRONG indicates weakness, appearing foolish, lost, dumb and humiliated. Both of these beliefs are part of the domain of the ego, and neither of them will bring you any closer to God or being able to truly embrace your own divinity.

The Story:

While serving as a missionary in Japan I engaged in a conversation with a devout Buddhist. As I was explaining the reasons to abandon his beliefs and accept the only TRUE church, he explained his perspective of many paths all climbing the same mountain. I became upset because I knew I was right and completely determined to save this poor lost soul from his ignorant beliefs. As the conversation grew in intensity, he gave me a smile and gracefully concluded our exchange. After he left I was still filled with such fervor about his stupidity for not seeing the obvious error of his ways. I wrote in my diary of this incident and added all my self righteousness to the closing comments of my entry. Interestingly, of all the individuals that crossed my path during those 2 years, he is the one that stuck out the most.

The Lesson:

When I choose to be closed minded and hiding behind the shield of “BEING RIGHT”, I close the doors to growth. In being so adamant to this individual I created a barrier, one filled with fear because I didn’t want to be “WRONG” in my convictions. That would support the inner judgment of being weak or looking foolish.

The key to moving forward is being willing to lay aside the armor and weapons of being RIGHT or WRONG and acknowledging each situation for being simply what it is; a presentation to look beyond our beliefs and see that a subconscious judgment is creating a separation from MYSELF. Until I am willing to be WRONG about my beliefs I will always carry the same fear. There is great power in this simple tool; there is no RIGHT or WRONG, only WHAT IS. It either works, or it doesn’t. Let the judgments get out of your life. Therein is peace.

Chapter Fifteen

Victim versus Accountable Life

Because the ego wants us to believe we are subject to the things that appear before us, it's easy to become a victim. This kind of mentality leaves one feeling caught in the ebb and flow of life, powerless, with all the reasons why something in life CAN'T be done instead of looking at the real source, which is WE CREATE OUR LIVES! Once again the saying of "can't see the forest for the trees" is applicable. We get so caught up in the presentation and emotional addictions of what appears to be happening TO us that seeing the bigger picture of, "There are no accidents in life", is impossible to see. There is no freedom available for the victims of the world. They use their stories as reasons the world owes them a living and seek the sources outside of themselves. The accountable version of life looks completely different. Recognizing the events, how the choices we made created it, and how we assigned a meaning to the experience gives us freedom in life.

The Story:

My first marriage lasted about 6 years. I went into it believing in only one eternal marriage. My wife's family had experienced many divorces for her sisters and we had actually moved nearly a thousand miles to escape the prevailing nature of her mother's interference. One day her parents showed up at the house unexpectedly. I felt as though something was going to happen but refused to see it. I left the house for the day to participate in a schedule event and upon returning found the house nearly empty of belongings with her and the kids gone. I went into panic mode, jumped into my truck and headed out in pursuit of her. I actually arrived back to her parents home before they did and eventually we had a phone call where she read me a letter describing the reasons she wanted a divorce. I didn't want to hear her story, packed up and returned to our empty house.

I was so depressed I couldn't even go inside. I spent the night at my sister's apartment and then hired people to finish moving the remaining furniture. The pain of seeing the empty bedrooms was too much for me to handle. I surrendered all my guns to a friend just in case the pain became too much for me. I cried myself to sleep each night thinking of her being with another man and how wrong it was to have my children taken from me. For nearly 20 years I blamed her and her mother for creating the worst of nightmares in my life.

The Lesson:

As a victim, that's a really great story. It got me lots of sympathy for many years. When I went into the self awareness trainings it never dawned on me that I had actually created the situation. That totally fooled with my "Being Right" and "Looking Good" beliefs. I had the opportunity vent out my grief during a particular process of the trainings, but the greatest relief came when I realized I had actually created that incident.

I got to take a look my beliefs of being a man, how demonstrative and controlling I was. In the end there was really only one possibility and that was her taking the bold step of leaving. I used to garnish thoughts of dancing on her mother's grave to express my anger and resentment. Now I see the great value the divorce played in shaping my life and I'm grateful to have the obvious pain I was creating for her back in my face. What a great lesson! Therein is peace.

Chapter Sixteen

War and Peace....novel or short story

Tolstoy's epic masterpiece, "War and Peace" has been considered one of the greatest novels ever written; making it required reading for many students. The prospect of enduring the days required to complete the task can be foreboding, and many testify to the virtues of enduring to the end. Yet, how many students chose to use Cliff Notes of War and Peace and still passed the test? If we truly are here to experience a script of predetermined learning, (or unlearning), events, why take the painful route? Our choices of staying the course, completely enrolled into the emotional energy of a painful lesson is always tempered by our belief of being right. This single, self destructing, tool of the ego prolongs the agony of our journey to the point of having to recycle lifetimes to eventually escape this nightmarish dream of reality.

The Story:

I long held a belief I was a failure because of the consequences of my business choices. I determined to stand by my dreams at the cost of everything else in my life as a self appointed cause that outweighed any outcome. Being committed to see the objective through to the end because I wanted the gratification of being in the spotlight, and looking good in my own mind, created years of mental and financial stress. The trail was littered with indicators of the pending result of bankruptcy, but I was blind to them and absolutely determined to keep going. The eventual cost was devastating, (in mortal terms), and extremely painful.

The Lesson:

Because of the repeated consistency of my business failures I eventually learned to put the reins on my wild, uncontrollable sense of creativity. Now I can shorten the lesson when I learned to watch the signs and directions my newest ventures are going. I constantly question the reason I am going down my newest path of creation, not looking forward to a result that will only satisfy a hidden agenda created by my ego. I can determine the emotional drive of speculation versus the project,"being in the light", or having a higher purpose in moving me forward. Because I can now step out of the addictive energy to create an answer for every problem and know there are no accidents, I have finally found peace in simply asking myself the questions, "Why am I doing this", and "How will it move me forward in returning to God"? These two companions have become my greatest asset in determining a long lesson or the Cliff Notes to war or peace.

Chapter Seventeen

When we grow, we glow

Newtonic laws apply to this physical domain of the senses while quantum physics are showing us the deeper levels of living. From the concepts of Sir Isaac Newton we derived gravity and other natural observations based on what is outside of us. Quantum physics and the metaphysical world bases life on what is inside of us or our thoughts as the source of everything we experience in the Newtonic beliefs. Scientist and religion have been at odds over this agreement for generations of time, but are now beginning to explore the possibilities that both of them were right. Like the story of the 10 blind men attempting to describe what an elephant looks like by just using their sense of touch. The legs became trees, the body a wall, the tail a branch, etc. What both realms of thought do acknowledge is the observation of light. It opens up the darkness and is obvious to the physical eye as well as the spiritual element.

The Story:

When I was experiencing the “darkness” of my nervous breakdown, just my presence in a room was enough to attract the attention of others. When I went to the office and my secretary asked me to go home, my demeanor and energy betrayed my thoughts. How many times have you experienced being in the presence of an individual dwelling on thoughts of revenge or suicide and yet words were never exchanged. You can literally “feel” the essence of their being. I remember as a missionary in Japan of knocking on doors at homes where the moment the resident opened them I could sense the darkness in their eyes, the pain, the judgments, and the determination of misery. When ever we have dark thoughts we express them with representation of our being.

In turn, when I stepped into living my new life, expanding my studies of holistic healing work and allowing myself to let go of old beliefs of judgment and accept love, many of the students in my classes would share about how my entering the room seemed to fill it with light and a sense of love. During times of sharing healing work some exclaimed it was difficult to work on me because my spiritual light was too bright, nearly painful to see past.

The Lesson:

There are cameras that actually take pictures of the auras being generated about us. These physical tokens of measurement can often open our eyes to the direct, or Newtonic, presentation of our state of being. While escaping the grip of our ego entrapping, the natural tendency is to seek “light”, or continued freedom from the pain that dominates this world. Studying what comes to us in the perfect moment opens the door to what’s next for us. Each expression of guidance, whether in a book, movie, class, conversation, or intuitive direction that comes in meditation is given to us in a natural manner, one we can accept at the level of our current understanding. Trusting this and knowing you are safe in all the decisions you make opens the door to peace.

Chapter Eighteen

Your experience is not just yours.

Each moment of life is filled with experiences, the creations of our beliefs and supporter of our paradigms. With each belief we bolster the (mis)understanding of ourselves. While we tend to attach meanings to each experience to personalize it we often do not comprehend the bigger picture and how each experience affects the world.

The Story:

When I was about 11 years old I took my younger brother and sister fishing at an old gravel pit near our home. It was our favorite place to catch bluegill and had all the right elements for a great adventure. On this particular trip we found a log raft someone had made as part of their adventure and we decided to include it in ours. We found a couple of boards to use as paddles and set our sights on the middle of the pond. During the course of our paddling, my 6 year old sister slipped off the edge of the raft and fell in. As I saw her go under I got on my knees, reached down into the water and grabbed her by the collar, and pulled her back up onto the raft. During this process, she lost one of her rubber boots she was wearing at the time. We elected to return to shore and take our soaked sibling back home, nurturing her bare foot the one mile trip to the house. When we explained what had happened I was spanked for endangering her.

The impression this experience had in my life was significant. I remember the fear that ran through me when I saw her fall in and the adrenalin when I reached into the water and grabbed her. I can also vaguely recollect the relief of safely getting her back on the raft, but have hardly any reconnection to the spanking. The lost boot sticks out in my memory, including the color of it, but that is all the main points that stand out in my mind. I was a hero for saving my sister's life, and a villain for endangering her.

The Lesson:

Nearly 45 years later I was sharing the memory of this event with my sister, kind of laughing at the follies of our youth, when she shared her perspective. What she said totally floored me. I had no idea how something that registered about a 3 on the scale of importance in my life could be a 10 in hers.

She remembered falling into the water and sinking below the surface. There wasn't any registered fear but when she looked up there was a bright light that shone and a hand coming through the water to rescue her. She remembered loosing her boot being hauled up out of the water, but had an angelic experience. She looked up to me as being a truly great hero, a messenger from God to save her life. When we returned home she was shocked that our father would punish one of God's angels for saving her. That moment set the stage for her entire life as other angelic rescuers surfaced in a constant manner. One time she shared how these angels kept turning up in her life and I told her not to tell anyone about them because they would lock her up. Having to hide these

wonderful experiences eventually took its toll on her ability to cope with life. Her adult years are littered with extremely painful experiences, way beyond the normality of mine, and each continued to support her fears being crazy in the world's eyes because of the angelic assistance that constantly came to her.

I honestly had no idea how that one experience, which didn't have a deep relevance in my life, had affected her. As the value of it settled in for me, I got a completely new insight as to how our experiences really do change the world. Because there are always other perspectives and long lasting results that are not obvious to our limited spectrum of reality. The affects of the aforementioned experience reached way past my short sighted memories into the depths of my sister's children and the beliefs they held about me, which was of course colored by their mother's beliefs. As I looked at the other experiences of my life I began to see results of my decisions reaching into the cosmos of the entire world. Like the butterfly effect scenario where the motion of a single wing of an insect eventually leads to a hurricane.

As I was pondering this and a concept came to me that we are all afloat on a sea of experiences. Many of the results seem to be completely out of the realm of our control, yet as they unfold the perfection of each one begins to manifest itself. The interpretation and the meaning we assign each one guides the path our lives are traveling on. If this is true, then the phrase, "There are no accidents", takes on a whole new meaning. Each moment we live, the very instant of being now, is the treasure of life. When we reach back into our memory databanks to analyze the presentation before our eyes, we actually taint the lesson with our old objectives. Standing in the calm assurance that each event portrayed on the stage of our lives has a purpose to it, and it is divinely guided toward a grander understanding creates peace. We can become the observer of our lives by removing the immediate reactionary impulses our subconscious thoughts generate, which will always take us down the road of emotional attachments and related fear driven motivations.

TRUST, the very element of life our ego constantly wants to destroy, is the key to moving forward at a greater speed. When I take on the moment with the calmness of knowing each movement that appears on the movie of my life honestly is there to show me the way back to myself, there is peace.

Conclusion

Therein is Peace.

The “Stories” and “Lessons” described in the aforementioned chapters are intended to open your heart and mind to similar experiences and limiting beliefs that have controlled and robbed you of fully recognizing WHAT you really are; a divinely perfect, completely innocent, manifestation of LOVE. The individuality our ego strives to bring to the surface is immersed in doubts and fears, all of which are NOT WHO we think we are. The thinking process is what creates the constant “yea buts” in our lives. The answers are not in “learning the lessons of life” but in “unlearning the lessons of the ego”.

When Spirit whispered to me to write this book, it was a shock because it came as a diversion to what I thought my path was supposed to be. Practicing energy and holistic healing work has been extremely rewarding and witnessing the profound changes that presented themselves as good health, overcoming subconscious guilt or grief, and providing relief seemed to be my destiny. I have now come to realize these are but tools in assisting others in a practical method easily recognizable to themselves and others. What I didn’t realize is that it was mostly a band aid effect offering splinters of light, but not the overall and eternal values of actually living in peace.

Each of us, as the viewed separated individuals this ego domains offers, are merely puppets in a self created and directed play. The ensuing chapters of our experiences offer us answers to questions often hidden in the clouds of unconscious guilt that do not present themselves until years later. Of all the things I have discovered, the greatest are:

- I am not alone.
- Each incident in my life has a purpose and should be revered, not condemned.
- When I am willing to be wrong about my beliefs, the answers ALWAYS come.
- Trusting myself beyond the obvious notions the ego offers has the ultimate rewards.
- The images of this life are there to assist me in getting out.
- Cultural mythologies only reinforce the domain of the ego.
- My spiritual growth is already set in motion and can not be stopped.
- Each day when I arise and see my self as “normal”, that is a lie. It’s a new day completely filled with unforeseen opportunities and I am better prepared to accept them because of the experiences of yesterday.
- I already have the answers. I just need to let them come out.

WHEN I SEEK PEACE, IT IS ALL THERE IS.

