



Poetry and Essays

about Love, Life & One

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*Dedication*

To Martha.

You invited me into your life  
and helped me discover who and what  
I Am, and the love continues to  
Grow, each day!

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Starting Today – The New Me – April 8, 2010

### **The New Me - I Am**

Here is the first message of this new Writer person I am becoming. Finally, I am just letting go and trusting that I will be lead to where I need to go. I am going to stop pushing the river, as I have likely been doing most of my life.

It is strange I have been writing and editing other people's work for 20 years. I have been saying I want to write a book someday for I don't know how many years.

I did write a book last year, and I just recently finished a second one, but I didn't believe I was a writer. I guess I have been afraid that I can't make a living at it. Why not?

This is an interesting process. It has taken a long time, but I guess the perfect amount of time, because this is where I am.

I am currently waiting for guidance, about the next steps. I have more than enough information in my head, and on my computer to do all kinds of stuff, but that is what I have been doing for the last 50 years. But now it is a matter of the heart. I have heard that the heart, one of our 5 brains, is by far the most powerful. I also have learned that Jesus was trying to get us to start thinking from there. At different times I totally trusted my heart, but often would quickly run back to my head. But my heart has been guiding me all along. That is why I am here, now.

Now, I relax, say a prayer, and wait for the voice in my head to tell me just what the next step is. And I am not kidding about the voice in my head. The one that has been ranting, and worrying, etc. all of these years, is not me. The calm, confident, relaxed, and seemingly all knowing one is.

I'll be sure to let you know what happens.

**The Bottle And I - A Poem from 1981**

Posted on February 17, 2009

I looked in the mirror today  
I tried but couldn't look away  
I felt afraid that I might see  
Something wrong with me  
It was hard to look inside  
I had to pierce the false pride  
As I broke through the tangle  
I could look from another angle  
Like a light bulb had just been lit  
This humbled me a little bit  
I found myself in a room  
In one corner lurked my doom  
I approached the corner against my will  
A bottle perched on a window sill  
The window that no light  
I grabbed the bottle in my plight  
It burned me in and out  
Something was wrong no doubt  
I dropped the bottle on the floor  
And started walking toward the door  
It rolled passed me in front of my feet  
I felt no mightier match I'd meet  
It grew so large I couldn't see  
There was nowhere left to flee  
I went to the window for a leap

To escape the hazards I might reap  
I opened the window and in flowed a stream  
A trickle of light I had never seen  
It touched my heart and felt so warm  
And engulfed me in such a storm  
I raised my arms and fell to my knees  
To praise this thing that I might please  
A feeling grew that I had not felt  
A winning hand that I was dealt  
I raised my head and came to my feet  
To approach this thing I had to meet  
I went to the bottle to look inside  
It seemed there was nothing left to hide  
I turned away afraid to look  
But the light still shone that I'd mistook  
I got a strength and it grew  
If felt so good this I knew  
So I looked inside and it was bad  
But because of the light I was not sad  
For the light is so bright  
I said to myself you're all right

### Writing Poetry

I used to write poetry.  
I liked it when my sister and mother said they were good.  
Then my sister went away.  
She wrote poetry.  
She was an artist.  
I don't think I wrote any more poetry.  
My sister died.  
She hung herself.  
I couldn't imagine writing poetry  
I've cried.  
I miss my sister.  
I saw a doctor today.  
My back was hurting.  
We cried together - I don't really know why.  
She said she asked my body a question.  
Then she felt very sad.  
She told me to forgive.  
She told me to ask for forgiveness.  
And to let myself to be forgiven.  
I don't think God condemns.  
I do - but I'm trying not to.  
I wrote my sister a letter.  
I didn't write her when she went away.  
I told her things I could remember.  
I remember more.  
My sister was my friend.  
I asked for forgiveness and to forgive.  
Is this a poem?

### **You, Me, Us, them**

Let me see the dream behind your eyes.  
What would happen if I left my family behind?  
Has it all been a search for lies.  
The worlds not what we think, we can't despise.  
Let's believe, see, feel, dream the dream.  
It's not us, them, you, me.  
There's only One, you, me, us, them, Love.  
Just go near, far, somewhere past the mind.  
It's not fear, trust, faith, no nothing of the kind.  
No, none of these constructs of our times.  
There's only One - you, me, us, them that's the sign.  
See, believe, trust, be - it's your's and mine.  
The dream is true, what we have is just sublime.  
Reach out your heart embrace the One.  
It's you, me, us, them - yes that's the Sun.  
Bathe your mind, soul, spirit - embrace the fun.  
It's not mine, yours, theirs or anyones.  
There's only One, yes only One.  
As great poets say - there's only Love.  
Believe it, see it, feel it, be it, use the Sun.  
The truth is there, just look beyond.  
It's you, me, us, them - now we're done.

**Love Found**

To Mi Amore – Martha

A few days past  
I awoke up happy with the life I had  
Not realizing the surprise that had been cast  
Carefully assessing my work, it was not sad  
Grateful for the joys, sorrows, loves past  
Accepting, knowing, thanking  
I'd been loved, shared love, enjoyed the bread  
But gift intended for my receipt  
May I had known, what little I'd been shown  
I had no idea what Love might be  
An ocean that reaches far beyond what I could see  
Loves embrace, of which one morsel  
Infinitely sublime  
Like a ray of sunshine blessed unto one blind  
Enveloped in peace, floating in the purest, tranquility with no end  
But how could this be?  
I found myself being invited to a Love  
One with no end  
A place where I felt lost, yet found  
Finally a place where my heart could land  
No longer yearning for something just around the bend  
I think, I feel, no believe, no I know!  
That I have found  
A place, a person, a Love  
Yes the essences, the state, the place, the be-ing  
It must be, could it? My home?  
Yes, I feel it, believe it, know it

The only one, the magic, the wonder, the glory, the promise  
The Kingdom of Heaven blessed upon  
To comprehend how I might be  
So graced with Love as with Thee  
You my dear Martha, you are the One  
I've been searching, yearning, seeking  
Pouring Love from my heart in hopes to find  
The one to return it in like kind  
But there seems no way that I could match  
Love so pure, so fine, so kind, divine  
To wake today to know

The Great one would find me, bless me, give – Love sublime  
Follow your bliss, that is our guide  
Yes today, I see, feel, believe, know  
It never ends, yes, we've just begun  
This journey, this Love, this discovery  
The Love in your heart Dear, it never ends

And how could I, simple Andy, be so graced  
So blessed to be the one  
To sip, immersed and touched, invited by the Sun  
I don't know, but gratefully I will proceed  
To feel Love of eternity's needs  
It flows from You unto me  
And I pray to God for just one thing  
To send, reflect, give back in equal steed  
You, are my life, my love, my need  
A few days ago I did not know  
But now I do, it's been decreed  
From this day forth, there will be no life, without You  
For You Love, to me, you're my life's Source

Thank you dear, dear Martha for opening your heart to me,

I will be eternally grateful . . . . and so it be . . .



### The Weevil

Lamplight cast shadows of misery  
Only to reveal  
A sad perspective inherited  
from the past  
Not truth  
But falcities  
of deranged abilities  
to grasp the essence of true being  
not alone  
ever  
but remnants of thoughts  
scattered across millennia  
dancing their way  
like weevils  
into the core of consciousness

**ASPECT**

I left myself behind  
for just awhile  
and discovered the most  
beautiful aspect,  
a much larger Self  
waiting  
patiently  
to assert itself  
confidently

**DNA**

Raindrops prick my skin  
rays of Sun bathe me  
warmth  
deepening  
accelerating  
turning  
casting  
Forming  
breaking  
bonds from a barbaric  
resonance.  
It's as if  
there are tendrils of conscious light  
reasserting themselves  
curving, twisting, changing  
awakening  
relics from Divine Composition  
entertained  
welcomed  
returning  
deeming themselves viable  
gently persuading  
the truth of destiny.  
There is no other way  
undeniable  
afforded the proper initiation  
of Love  
Divine, everlasting

patient  
assured  
acclaimed  
appreciated  
triggered by that which secured itself  
as knowing  
questioning  
experiencing  
the beauty of life  
possesses itself  
gifting the experience  
to the plentitude  
of benefactors.  
Many who have known,  
allow  
it is blessed  
transient  
everlasting  
the enigmatic enigma  
blessed upon  
itself

**BORN AGAIN**

I want to leave myself behind  
for a time.  
What if I could go back, right now  
to the wonder of my new life  
with the current wisdom acquired  
not hampered by my personality  
able to experience the newness  
the possibilities, unlimited  
not fettered by the tainted perspectives  
ideas, opinions, poisons  
to clear wreckage  
placed inside unwittingly  
by my demise  
it should be easy, natural  
like everything is natural  
isn't it?  
these concepts hampered by burdens  
weighing, dragging, killing  
all could be left behind  
in the twinkle of an eye  
the wisp of a butterfly wing  
the beat of a hummingbirds flight  
the Gift  
A New  
A Birth  
would test itself undaunted  
ascending and expanding  
into a new form of me

bringing about new realities  
cascading and ever expanding



## Stuff Sculptures - A meandering Stream of Consciousness

*This is from a dream that I wrote down in my journal from December 23, 2007. I have typed what I wrote in my journal verbatim, except some tiny corrections. I have added quotes from people that were indicated.*

Light is life

We are a sculpture

God's sculpture

His tools are our imagination,  
thoughts, ideas, etc., etc.

And we even have a guide, an operating  
system, a guidance system

It is our feelings

It comes from God the One

Whom wants to know life through us

it is expressed through our inner  
being which is our connection to  
all knowing

We don't have to worry God knows  
how to take care of God because we are  
God

And God made all this

This sculpture is the most beautiful,

Stupendous, phantasmical thing  
because it operates within all the  
living forms and consciousness  
that we can comprehend or can  
imagine in our wildest dreams  
it is Love - only Love

expressed with cosmic divinity  
wanting to experience, express,  
enjoy  
all that we create along  
the spectrum we call good or bad  
is only good  
without bad we would not recognize  
good  
without pain we would not know  
joy  
none of this matters, unless we  
decide that it does, which doesn't  
really matter, which it does if  
God decides and we are God being  
expressed for God, by God which  
really isn't God except that we  
decided to call it God, or some  
one did, we don't know who  
maybe they were wrong. It  
doesn't really matter in the end.  
Because there is only One and  
you and I are it, and everything  
and we have the privilege of  
seeing and contributing to making  
this sculpture - and the way  
to make the most beautiful  
sculpture is to follow your  
pleasures, and bliss.

**What?**

words are cast from my mouth,  
supposed carriers of meaning.  
yet thoughts, words, sounds,  
emit shallow, pale resemblances of life

**Tatters of My Heart**

Tatters of My Heart  
lie in pieces around me,  
broken dreams,  
lost loves,  
constructs of misguided ways  
misperceptions and misjudgments  
too naive, too trusting  
but for me it seemed the only way  
somehow, some way I knew it was really me  
the way I would prefer to receive  
not always of course, but most of the time  
repeatedly picking myself up and trying again.  
If we both believe it surely can work  
but somehow this idea - this separation - this fear  
apart, alone, unloved  
I worked quite hard to find the truth  
so far away though  
until the light  
somehow filtering through  
dark clouds of worldly ways  
messages, ideas, beliefs, programs  
so far from the truth  
not the truth  
systems, sins, errors  
ways of thinking, being entrenched  
choking, killing, oppressing  
the pulse of life  
the charge of light

the peace of Source  
One Love  
All That Is  
None other

**Your Promise**

Rejoice, Rejoice, Rejoice  
For All That Is, Is  
And so are You  
The Grandest Dream  
The Purest Vision  
The Deepest Pain  
Is Now Yours and Forever  
To experience the knowing, the feelings  
To see the sublime, the nature  
The All That Is and is not  
And to know, feel, experience  
That this Is, is nothing  
in the total, the One-ness, the Love  
that brings this forth, and dissolves it  
and also creates the field for these actions  
these creations to ebb and flow, to breath, to Be  
Oh Spectacular One Why Me?  
How could I be so blessed to see  
To feel this rapture, this Love?  
Oh My God!!  
To know that what I experience in this  
flesh, so exquisite, so tortuous, so real  
is as a grain of sand in all the worlds  
in all the cosmos, in infinite universes  
this is what I know, and what I  
don't know will be mine too  
because that is Your promise  
for me to return, to You

And be Born Again in Eternity  
Thank You!!!!

### **A Prayer**

Dear Lord  
Praise be Thee  
Help me, Humble me, honor me  
That I might be YOU  
In all that I DO, Think, See, Feel  
Love  
To know, see, believe  
That all I do, Is You  
So help me God, Love, You  
Worship You in all that I do

### **The Message**

waiting . . .

waiting . . .

waiting . . .

breath . . .

waiting . . .

waiting . . .

hmmm

**We Know**

Let's stop fooling ourselves  
we know what we are doing



**No Title**

This voice in my head  
I can't hear it  
It's not you or me  
But it's the One  
I need to listen  
I know it's there  
It's the key to my salvation

### **New Light**

Shades of antiquity  
Shelter our thoughts  
Chaining us to shadowy reflections  
of life at another time  
Each day new light shines



**The Fly**

Eye watched a fly  
No contempt had eye  
It showed me a fact  
That in its tact  
And in our contempts  
In all our attempts  
We could never build  
With all of our guilds  
Anything so precise  
or with the device  
or something so grand  
so beyond our understand  
A simple fly  
entertained my eye  
of the truth of the Divine  
that is behind  
The All That Is

## Experience

The gift of the Divine  
a diversity of faces  
The collection of places  
All feelings, combined  
Memories, impressions  
Reactions, expressions  
The laugh of a babe  
The pungency of a glade  
Seeing, feeling, noticing, pining  
The rapture of love's embrace  
Crying, aching, dancing, singing  
Itching, hurting, missing, learning  
growing, farting, touching, bleeding  
moment to moment each now  
is like a symphony, a masterpiece  
a treasure combined in perfection, sublime  
where my attention goes, appreciation goes  
in the gathering, the collection of those  
woven notes, threads, joys, breaths  
all these events, repercussions, orchestrations  
are mine alone  
experienced in the solitude of my Being  
never once shared in complete  
with any other  
except One

## The Truth

Why does the truth scare us so much? It is the only thing that exists. It is unavoidable. Undeniable. It is going to get us in the end. So why resist?

Ultimately the true truth is unknowable. Because it is One with God. And yet our only task, ultimately is to seek the truth, accept the truth and be the truth as we understand it. In fact, that is what is always happening any way. But we don't have to live an ignorant truth. We can seek. That is the most sublime and fulfilling task that we can pursue, accomplish. The truth is Love. And then it is not. But to know the truth of Love as Jesus taught, or even a small portion, is to glimpse the Divine unknowable. The truth is relative, and it is not. The truth is achievable and it is not. For once we have reached the truth, there will be a new truth, and this process goes on into infinity. At least until the day when we emerge, or re-merge with our Source, Our God, the One.

It is the longest journey we can ever take. And yet is closer than the smallest atom. Because we are immersed in the truth. But we will not know the truth as I share these words on this page. Words never explain any more than to be a guide. A roadmap. And the experience becomes itself in process, and from that we have an opportunity to experience the truth, in relative terms.

But to be mindful of this, to be conscious is the most wondrous experience. Because then we can drop all of our worries, woes, plans, intrigues and embarrassments and just tell it like it is. We can just tell people what happened, what is happening, or how we see it, honestly.

True freedom, wonder, glory, adventure emerge from the sincere attempt. But we cannot depend on our mind to guide us in this. We must also be wanting to open a channel to our heart. Because as I have pursued this process, only recently becoming conscious that I should align myself with the pursuit of truth, have I really validated this sense that the path to truth is through my own heart. The truth for me today, is that there is only one path to God, and I believe that Jesus was and is trying to convince me of this, and that path is through my own heart. And each other person's path is through their hearts.

## Love is the Motivator, Manifester

This morning, as I spent some time getting ready for the day, my one year old son came and layed on my chest. He fell asleep again. I was doing my breathing, and meditating. Then my mind was taken to a thought related to something my dear friend Desmond and I have been talking about. Desmond is one of the most spiritually aware people that I have ever met. He seems to exist in two realities.

But the point of this blog is to introduce his idea that we are physical spirit manifested from Source, or God. That is what we are. And our experiences are the point of us being here. Our experience manifests through all of the things that our bodies do to interact with this material creation, even the ones that do not appear to have physical form. The tangible "experiences", or interactions, occur with our five senses (seeing, touch, smell, hearing, and taste). The non-physical are through our thoughts and feelings. But the manifestation is from Spirit.

Now, what is so important, or why does this matter you ask? Well, from our conversations, and understand the truth is really hard to grasp with our minds so this isn't simple to relate, but what is happening to humanity at this time is that we are becoming conscious of this fact - "that we are physical spirit", that is that we are physical expression of the "Divine" (or God if you prefer) (this means the universe and all of "creation").

This is another description for what is occurring that has been referred to in many different ways, but most commonly known as "ascension", the "second coming of Christ", or the "new age".

Desmond is a very persistent messenger, and we have been discussing this idea in its various implications, but this morning, as I layed heart to heart with this beautiful soul, Benjamin, the idea came to me that Love, is the motivator of this process.

It is Love that accomplishes the movement of Spirit into physical. It is Love that performs this magic that physicists have been observing where, apparently, our molecules are zapping in and out of our universe, experiments have proven that all matter disappears and reappears, faster than the speed of light, apparently going between two

places. They can see our side, physical manifestation (the universe, matter, creation) but they don't know where they go. But Spirit does.

Now I don't know if this idea is right. I may never know. But as it came to me, I thought I should share it here.

If I consider this idea, it does make sense. Love is ever present, whether my experience seems positive or negative. In fact, in my life experiences the most negative, or painful, have been the ones that pushed me to Love. Otherwise I would just stay in once place and just keep doing the same thing. I wouldn't grow. I wouldn't yearn and be in angst to express just one small portion of the Love the Jesus was able to demonstrate. I would continue to live in ignorance. But the troubled times, like my most recent traverse across the "valley of the shadow of death" really cause me to search for the Truth, for understanding, for how I can relate better to life, and my higher power.

I'm going to put this idea out there in hopes that it might help others. If I contemplate this, and I haven't had but more than about 20 minutes, but if love is the motivator, and I make a connection or relationship with it, doesn't it demonstrate that I must take action? Isn't it really the light in the lattern? What brings my life, and all of creation out of the un-manifest to what we are blessed to experience on this side of the veil comes through action! This is a lesson for me. Of course, talking, or writing about love is an action. But how can I do more? How can I each day seek the perfection that I know the ONE has created because I see it in the balance of nature and the cosmos. How can I continue to challenge myself to ascend this ladder, the one that love says, at least to me - Andy, is this the most loving that you can be in this moment?

How do I do that day to day? I do it by being present in each moment. By resisting the patterned reactions in my relationships with the people whom I love (who by the way see my worst behavior). I do it by persistently and patiently following through on the dreams and aspirations that I have to make a difference. The ones that I feel have come directly from my heart. By the way, these are usually the ones that ask me to take the biggest risks, or to challenge conventions.

I'm not sure where this idea the "Love is the Motivator" came from, Benjamin's heart, my heart, my head? Well, it doesn't matter really. But it is some food for thought.

## Unconditional Love and a Flow of Thoughts

Last night I had continual dreams about unconditional love. This morning I decided to start to put some thoughts down about this. I let the stream of ideas flow and captured them here. It may not make much sense to others. The point is to get to the bottom of things. To get a simple description of what we are doing here. A refinement of ideas to get the point.

Recently one of our children experienced the prejudices of the world. They made a choice to "experience", which created a cascade of events that had them questioning themselves. It's a convoluted soap opera kind of thing, and really kind of funny how other people feel they have a right, based on religious or cultural influences, to impose their beliefs, issues or prejudices on others.

The other day I posted a blog with 10 items, a short list, of things that I have learned that have moved me toward a simple straightforward realization of how to live in harmony and balance.

As Tom and I discussed, I know it is not the simplest.

I know that the message somehow comes down to love. But not that it either.

Love as most people believe is totally wrong. We place conditions on our love. If you do this, I will love you. Maybe not in words but in deeds.

We really don't understand love. It is not anyone's fault. Fault finding always has to go back to blaming Source and that is ridiculous. Things have just come around this way.

This morning I thought. What if God shut off the love for even an instant? The whole cosmos would likely start to wobble and then fly apart. Who knows.

And it is not just love, because there has to be some rules that govern. What are those rules, at their most simplest form.

And why have we gotten so lost, so incapable of expressing the love that is exhibited in nature, by the sun, by the trees? They have no expectations. And what is the purpose of us going through this process of having this "skewed love"? It does serve some grand

purpose. Is it simply a really involved process of us learning about "pure love"? If we didn't experience like this would we not "really get it"?

I want to know the answers to these questions. I know I am so close to an understanding, that at least will bide my time in this context, of this world, this "reality".

But so many of these ideas lie just beyond my mental grasp today.

Here are thoughts on the basis:

- un-conditional love
- laws that hold the universe together
- is it impossible for my mind to grasp?
- does it have something to do with it being more of a feeling place?
- How can I bring myself around to move toward this true unconditional love?

I know it relates to the Golden Law, but there is a catch there, it isn't for selfish ends.

Is it a matter of expressing the Divine nature of our basic make-up, even at the atomic level?

The atoms do their job, they don't expect anything in return. We don't have to "pay them back" - but we do have to provide the basis building blocks for their sustenance? Or do we? Is this all a "thought reality".

What about the people who are called "breatharians", or the guy who supposedly lives on sunshine?

Why have we created the macro systems to be so skewed? We "supposedly" have to pay for everything? Why did we make it like this? What is the lesson? As we become aware of this as not being the "Truth", it doesn't have to be this way, how do we extract ourselves from the "system"? Are we supposed to revolt? Are we supposed to act like it doesn't exist? Are we supposed to pretend? Or is it really an illusion, and as soon as we really understand and see it for what it is, will it dissolve? But every day the sense reality bombards us with "survival".

What is that about "survival"? The truth is, at our most basic levels, and in the most profoundest ways we are being supported in ways that we can't comprehend.

What is it that I have to do to cross this bridge of understanding? I want to have clarity on this. I want to share an understanding with others.

Is it related to what Desmond has realized "That we are physical Spirit"?

Does it have something to do with "Truth"?

Is it connected to this deep set "feeling" of separation from Source? - even though 99.9% of the evidence shows us that we are swimming in the sea of support - eternally connected to whatever created and sustains all of this that we experience.

- Experience - Spirit - physical - feelings - thoughts - love, but not only love, there must be something else, or is it just that we have confused, misinterpreted what Love is. - nature shows us - the stars, and cosmos show us - our molecules and organs show us - why has our mind gotten so confused? There is a purpose to this process?

It is like I have stated before that we had to go far down to the opposite end of the scale, or spectrum, to come bouncing back with momentum, in order that we would really get the message - to really feel it? Like a stretched rubber-band.

Do we ever really understand anything until we "feel" it?

Well I took a break for breakfast. And discussed these ideas with my wife. . .

We are really silly creatures. We give up the relationships with the ones we love because we cannot understand what motivates the other. Trying to press our beliefs on them, using all kinds of emotionally charged methods. It's really a silly game. But the ones who tend to play it the most don't even realize they are playing a game. They think it is real.

I had a realization as I washed the dishes. The One, God, Source just wants us to return the love back. If we can find amplifiers in our relations with other people all the better. Our job is to clear the channel. A simple analogy of electricity works very well. Wires cause resistance. The electricity cannot flow without the two poles. We are,

through our thoughts and experiences to make the least resistant means of returning the love energy back to Source.

Ironically, our thoughts, beliefs and errant feelings are the actual resistance, but we have to use our thinking to discover the resistance, and then remove them. Now our feelings are actually the program that tells us the level of resistance that is taking place. But most of us didn't know that. But now we are awakening to the fact.

I also realized it is like AC current - when we are in a relationship the flow of energy goes back and forth. On and off. 1's and 0's, like computers. Like waves in the ocean. Like our molecules zapping back and forth from this universe to the void, or another universe.

We can be individual amplifiers too. We have a dual aspect to ourselves too.

## The Temple

Yesterday Desmond and I had two chats. The conversation continues about our "awakening," our becoming conscious of the fact, as Desmond puts it "we are physical spirit becoming conscious of it".

Last night I had really intense dreams about a message. I had received an email or something I was trying to solve some sort of puzzle, to decipher the greater meaning of the message. In my sleep I was reminded that I was supposed to be cryptologist when I was in the Air Force (I only was in 9 months - hehe). But in the dream I knew I could figure it out. I woke up at 5:45 to take Juanjo to school but hadn't solved the riddle. But when I came back to lay down a little while with Benjamin, I got a very clear message "The Temple". I also knew that I could find validation in the Bible so I did a quick search and here is part of what I found.

1 Corinthians 3:16 Do you not know that you are a temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwells in you?

John 2:21 But He was speaking of the temple of His body....

Romans 14:7 For not one of us lives for himself, and not one dies for himself;

1 Corinthians 6:3 Do you not know that we will judge angels? How much more matters of this life?

2 Corinthians 6:16 Or what agreement has the temple of God with idols? For we are the temple of the living God; just as God said, "I WILL DWELL IN THEM AND WALK AMONG THEM; AND I WILL BE THEIR GOD, AND THEY SHALL BE MY PEOPLE.

"We are physical - Spirit becoming conscious of this through our experiences" - Desmond Green

### **The golden rule - An Epiphany**

Today I was walking down the street and it hit me like a bolt. The Golden Rule - "Do unto others as you would have done unto you", is not a rule really, it's a law. A law of existence.

Whatever I hold in my thoughts or speak in my words or do in my actions to another flows back to me - maybe multiplied. It is the basis of the universe.

## The Love Comprehension Experience!

When my brother Mark learned of my finding my soul-mate he said "Andy, focus on the Love and everything else will fall in place". I believe this is one of the most profound and impact-full things we can do.

The other day I did an exercise. I began thinking about how much love I have for my daughter. Then I thought about another, and another, and another. At the same time I brought the feeling I have for the person into my experience. That feeling from my heart. I even thought about those people who are not in my life that I still love deeply and profoundly. In fact, as I felt the love, I realized that for each person the breadth and depth of the love I felt to be boundless. Then I expanded the exercise as I thought about people whom I haven't met that I want to share in the peace and joy and abundance that I experience. Those people whom might be suffering in whatever form.

I have learned suffering is transitory and not ultimately necessary, except to push me toward Love. So it too is good!

Then I expanded my "Love Comprehension Experience" to all the living things that make my experience here on Gaia so incredible: the air, wind, birds, insects, flowers, rocks, water, the planet, the cosmos, etc, etc., etc. It helped me realize that the capacity I have for Love is boundless. And, if I send boundless love out, by Law, it is reflected back. So I really am absolutely, beyond comprehension, immersed and supported by infinite Love. WOW! If that is the case, why would I be afraid? Silly Andy! Just focus on the Love and everything will be perfect, as it already was until I began to think differently. Imagine if a whole bunch of people began "paying attention" like this?

**Notice? . . .**

There is only me (I AM). And yet there is so much more going on. Consciousness allows me to experience, observe, feel, touch, smell, see, ponder, contemplate. The entire elaborate existence is for my pleasure, for me to experience. Am I paying attention? Do I notice the fantasmical show?

I Am concrete!

I Am Ant!

I Am Sharing!

I Am Lives!

I Am Loves! The act of loving. It's not just love, it loves! I Am Loves! Loves everything. Loves me. Without me I wouldn't know love. My consciousness is love loving itself. If I can realize this truly then there will be no pain, no problems, no loss, just being.

I am sensory perception. When the tiniest bug lands on my arm I notice it more than anything. When I am in my static equilibrium I am still sensing countless things and yet I don't notice them. The wind caressing my skin, the sore on my lip, my hair moving in the wind, my eyes seeing me writing these words, the air moving through my nostrils. I sit here at the Colegio San Luis property in south Armenia, Colombia and appreciate for maybe the first time in my life the elaborate symphony of perfect existence and it is all here for me. I only need notice. Sometimes I've contemplated the wonder. I could take a square inch of soil and "study" it for my whole life with the scientific tools at my disposal and never understand it - with my cognitive mind.

Yet in another moment I feel that I can understand it with my heart and mind in alignment. The soil, bacteria, animals, molecules are! And without the soil I would not be. We are connected, dependent on each other for one of my processes is to replenish the soil, with my outputs and then with my body at the end of this road.

Paying attention

What do I pay attention to - the experience?, or the perceived experience.

Our life is a story - is it a drama?

**Re-Ally, - Reality, Realize**

I wrote this while in Jamaica with my friend Desmond in the spring of 2008. It was an incredible visit to a beautiful house overlooking the ocean. All I did for 8 days was breathe, eat organic foods, digest wonderful conversation with Desmond and Robert, journal and contemplate.

*To re-ally with an existing paradigm.*

If you are using existing constraints, measures, descriptions, you are just locking yourself in. All these ideas, beliefs are used to construct a prison, something like building a home and not being able to find your way out. Reality is, what was. It is history. Each new moment presents a new reality. Across the cosmos each moment is absolutely different - the substance is physically in a new position waiting to be allowed, or called into new forms. Beliefs, ideas, conditions, words, statistics are the things that the existing paradigm holders use to lock us into their reality, but we are actually more powerful creators for we tie ourselves to the reality with our negative emotions, each day waking up re-minding ourselves of "re-ality", the debt, the oppression, imagining in detail the desperate conditions of our families, friends and brothers and sisters.

The bible quote "to die every day" is an invitation to re-create, to recreation, to playfully and powerfully allow a new reality to come to be using open minds and fueling our desires with positive emotions. I AM invites us to create new re-alities moment by moment. God (I AM) created galaxies in the "twinkling of an eye", you don't think the same power could usher in a new global, economic system? Swat the IMF and World Bank like mosquitoes. All of the people oppressed by these organizations are really their own oppressors - if they continue to operate, believe and conduct themselves through their powerful negative emotions. God (I AM) has no debt systems, it is a human construct, but we are God! So, we can dis-empower these systems. Every time we re-cite statistics, it re-enforces a re-ality and then emotions lock that reality in like glue, or concrete, and additionally preparing a future of that same reality, as Abraham Hicks teaches about "pre-paving".

We don't need to be thinking about what we don't want. We need to be thinking about what we do want and fueling the new creation with powerful, positive emotions.

If we can clear our minds, this could happen in the "twinkling of an eye". God's re-ality is peace, harmony, freedom, bliss, abundance, it is waiting outside our door already manifest - we must allow it. We must believe the promise of the "kingdom of heaven" - it is not a lie, or joke, or dream, it is God's and our "real reality" waiting to be rained down upon the earth. A condition of not seeing "the forest for the trees" exists. What is called for is to "step back" from ourselves and listen to our words, because our words create, behind them are the powerful forces of thought and emotion which have brought all re-alities into existence at every scale across the cosmos - I AM's thoughts for the Universe, and OUR thoughts here on Earth, for our human systems.

If one observes, by stepping-back, the inherent perfection in all things, then you can see that our human drama is just an experience, maybe teaching us about our own power and our divinity - and power. If we envisioned a new "Reality", God (I AM) has already created it. If we haven't, we need to start to, planting in the minds of people that desired situation. Then we need to think, believe and know that that reality is and let it come to us. The Universe is very deliberate, it creates whatever you're thinking about whether you are an individual or a country. Think about what you really want!

## Allowing

This was another journal entry during my visit to Jamaica. Pay attention to Desmond. His grasp of consciousness will allow us to tap into the stream of source thought and make a bridge to a new reality. Sort of like in the movie Tron when they are traveling on the light beam that gets disrupted, but they are able to transfer to another.

We do not reach God through our intellect. Our thinking cannot take us the distance. It can get us close but we will be left just a little short of our desired result. Spirit felt, not thought will take us there. Intellect can't allow it does not trust, its domain is control. If we want bliss we must relinquish control and trust an inner nature. It is not about selecting,, you are being guided. Intellect must be subdued, trained, mastered before you can make it to your true destination. It is not so much about thinking as it is about feeling. Thinking will keep you trapped. It is elaborate. The more information you receive the more that thought will keep your existence distracted. This other sense, your sixth sense and your feelings are that which guides you to your truth reality. It is only your reality but you will find that it changes everything.

It will be peaceful, relaxed and natural. There is no resistance. You must pay attention but not too much. Relax, allow the flow of consciousness. Intellect will pinch off the flow finally. It served its purpose until this point but it must relinquish command if you hope to go the last mile. If you let it, it will be the most comfortable, enjoyable process. Life is not about control. It is about allowing. Allowing the abundance that flows from infinite to fulfill and grow you. You are so much more than your accomplishments or possessions. Your relationships serve to guide you through the transitions. Allowing.

**God First!**

God I put you first! Whether I had admitted it, or spoke it, you know that my heart has been aligned. I love you. I love life. After reading Emmett Fox's essay "The Yoga of Love" I realize that my path has been to a pure state of love. I need not speak of it. I ask for the power and guidance to demonstrate it, to represent it for love is the only substance and meaning. I am eternally grateful for the experience of your love. Every day my consciousness expands in knowing, and not-knowing because the wonder is ever expanding. I have spent many years in the desert of intellectualism, only to discover that all thought expands from source and it is shared without regard to my ignorance. As I open my heart, mind, soul and perceptions I find a new reality that results from experience.

If I am the least bit aware and attentive I discover amazing new realities abounding. Thank you for your love. As I discard limited perception and open my mind to my heart's guidance I find indescribable peace and joy and wonder. How could this all be? How can I be? How could I have missed the simple perfection that surrounds me at all scales in myriad forms. Consciousness is an eternal playground. As I learn that my mind is intended to partner with your heart, and my heart to rest. In that space it will regard itself no more in a place of desperate searching and seeking. My thoughts recognize their place and are freed to contribute with efficiency and ease. My breath dances into my lungs, extends its wings into every cell of my body through your divine purpose. My mind with its wondrous resources aligns itself with that purpose to be you--Love.

Thank You divine, universal Love for allowing me to experience this Grand Adventure. I am your consciousness and I now commit to the design with deliberate and loving intent. Empower me to fulfill the privilege in the way that honors all that you are. Endow me with your knowing with each thought and action and breath that I take. I Love You!

## The Age of Experientialism

The Age of Experientialism. Moving from the world of words, human constructs, endeavor into the realm of experience. Cosmic dance of nature of our inner being manifest and reflected in the beauty of the world. The face of a child. Wind sculpted snow, landscapes.

My thoughts, feelings, senses, perceptions of God, Source, Internal and External wonder, glory. Awaken from the dream, the mesmerization of our thought reality. Freed from the small, limited reality of constraint by the act of noticing the splendor of NOW. The immersive all encompassing experience of our life is so stupendous no words, pictures, stories, movies or any re-creation can capture. All that is required to open the door to this profound, ever expanding experience is to notice your breath.

Contemplate it. Recognize Spirit in motion within and without. The slightest attention and dedication. Just remember to notice your breath, then remind yourself to breath deep, then step back and observe as your life gently, calmly and naturally begins to transform. As I have contemplated the Joy and profundity of breath I have discovered many unknown secrets.

Desmond recognized that our "scarcity" mentality comes from shallow breathing - we're only receiving about 10% of the necessary oxygen. In my contemplation I realized that we, in many respects, may be living in a state of asphyxia. Living in our head is like living in the 10% - like we are only trying to breathe into our brain. We don't breathe into our brain. The oxygen enters into the most fantastic system of delivery as soon as the breath passes through our mouth and nostrils. The exchange is so complete and efficient that the exchange takes place in seconds. Desmond states that our breath is Spirit moving throughout physical and non-physical planes. The plants, apparent distant life forms according to science, are really our brothers. They and we are in the most dynamic and intimate relation, sharing, imbibing the life force that we cannot survive for more than a few moments without. My vast amount of experience has brought me to this place. My yearning, seeking, asking has brought me to Desmond, and through him to my breath.

My breath causes me to examine my experience, life, all that is, and forces me to open

my eyes.

Andy, it says, can you see what is going on? Can you feel what is going on? What have you been doing? Running in a hamster wheel, trapped in a prison in your head. The Wonder of life, of God embraces, empowers and envelopes you in absolute perfect Love. Pay Attention! Take notice! Breathe. Breathe deeply. Do it several times. Breathe deep, hold it then look around. In the past few weeks my life has been transforming. My dreams to travel are coming true. I am meeting wonderful people. The Law of Attraction is happening in the most amazing ways. Finding myself in the Now, pre-paving a dream life. Safe, happy, abundant, exciting, peaceful, interesting, educational, wonder-full. Amazing. Thank You. Thank You. Thank You. I Love You! Love You God!

**What am I noticing?**

There seems to be a simple path that is so dimly lit in the world.

I have been realizing as of late that I have been using my divine perception to look the wrong way. I have tended not to notice the beauty around me in the life that abounds (insects, plants, trees, flowers, children, animals), or by looking and noticing within. Within where divine Love produces so much of my meaningful life experiences. The joys and sorrows are both aspects of the same thing - Love. And they touch me so deeply and bring the substance to my life. I have been contemplating the capacity for Love that my own heart produces. It seems to be boundless. But it is only of late that I have come to notice this. I guess this perspective has come about because I realized that most of us, it appears, think we learn to live by watching those around us. That appears to be the cause of so much strife. The real guidance comes from our own heart, from inside, from our feelings. I guess, this must be the kingdom of heaven that we have been told about.

**We Know!**

I think bringing peace to the world is like what my 8 year old son Joshua said the other day. He said "our brains already know everything, we just don't know it". Peace is here Now, the problem is we don't believe it. It's hard for my mind to grasp, but that is gist of the problem - I think my life is about thinking.

## How To Live.

Ok let's face it all forms of government have failed to perform. All organized religions have failed. Economics, the money system works bass-ackwards. The idea of survival of the fittest is not how the universe operates. The forms of organized religion and governments have damaged the planet and allowed the majority of the population to live in squalor and misery. The rich have been miserable too, because living prosperously when others are suffering will not ultimately lead to a fulfilled life.

So what principles can we establish by which to create an ever expanding life? How can we turn things around? If we were to "go back to the drawing board" and start over, what could we do?

This idea came to me many years ago when I thought about personal responsibility inside of corporations. Ultimately, there is no "passing the buck" in life, even though "chain of command" has created this preposterous idea: that if someone is my master or boss, and they tell me what to do, I have no responsibility for my actions. This is worse than a lemming mentality. For example: my boss gets an idea that it is a good idea to jump off a cliff, so he tests the idea by telling me to jump off the cliff. He's my boss, so I have to do it. What happens, I die, or am severely crippled for the rest of my life. Now in truth both of these possibilities are not as bad as we think. In fact, at least in this world, they can lead to great demonstration. However, the point of argument here is, just because my boss made the decision, am I not responsible for the action?

What happens to my boss, maybe he doesn't die, but in a way, hasn't he suffered a worse consequence? Isn't that how it really works? That if I benefit at the expense of another, whether it be another person, another life form, or the planet, I ultimately lose out much more – because like the law of giving is multiplicative, so is the Golden Law, the retributions for ignorance, especially intentional, will come back around, multiplied. Cosmically, or some would say karmically, I will pay a price, some day. But this too is "bass-ackwards", for the reason "not" to do something is not about saving my own hide.

However, beyond the potential benefits gained from passing from this life, or the powerful demonstrations that can come from people who overcome physical and mental

challenges, the question remains did we come here to Live or to Die?, at least in this physical form. If we could learn the lessons of Love, truly, I believe that we would have to answer that we are born to Live, period. This conclusion is what Albert Schweitzer referred to as “will to live”. His simple but profound realization, that all life forms are born and have the creative source’s inherent aim “to survive”, to live a full life, then led him to realize the fact that, to live in absolute harmony with other beings, and ultimately with himself, he needed to establish a foundation, or “ethic” for his existence. His epiphany he called “reverence for life” – and that means all life – including insects and plants.

"So what is the point here?", you ask - "I don't see the 'How to Live' 'in this' and 'where is this all coming from?'" I don't know, but it feels like inspiration. I woke up this morning, after a wonderful Facebook chat last night with a high school friend Tom Dooley who has been on a similar life trek as I. It's as if he and I ventured out walking from Ames, Iowa, as high school acquaintances, to experience the world and life in all its trials and tribulations, and through some set of serendipitous circumstances found that our wandering, weaving paths, ended meeting squarely head-on again after 30 years.

I found myself all last night dreaming, but also half-dreaming, about some of Tom's experiences and insights that he has come to. That Everything is only One! Everything is a mirror! But also as I was dreaming, and half-dreaming, I was scripting a message to Tom about my admiration for his journey. Acknowledging his accomplishments and dedication in pursuit of “the Truth”. And I'm not talking about the Christian truth, or the Buddhist truth, or the American Indian truth, or the United States truth, etc. – I'm talking about the One Truth – the One Truth that I think Christ realized, that Siddhartha realized, and that Tom Dooley realizes. There is only One thing here.

I also told him at one point that I have now realized that I had profound epiphanies when I was young. He said "Like what?" And on the spot I didn't remember this one about "personal responsibility", but this morning I did, and I became inspired to write this.

But what does this mean - the idea that there is "only One thing here"? How can this

Truth, which many call love, which isn't what it really is, because love is only a word, that has been tremendously misunderstood, but it comes as close as any word, be realized. How does one go about day to day, to make decisions in a backwards world, to move toward a world that reflects the Love of the One? How do we move from the world of wars, of suffering, of disease, of disharmony and pain to the world of love and harmony and peace and understanding? How do we move away from the "status quo" where people are searching for the truth outside only, instead of inside and then reflecting the beauty that they discover to the outside and then have it reflected back? How do we move out of the existing world we live each day where the economic system seems to be designed to destroy the very thing where the bounty comes from? "Modern" economics kills the geese that lay the golden eggs. And we blame it all on "greed". The basic premise of Adam Smith's economic model of scarcity, is the catalyst for greed which feeds "fear of lack", that puts us in the modality of "get what you can for yourself and your loved ones", but damn the rest of them. Who is responsible for all this stuff – these ideas, these theories, these beliefs, these excuses? We are! Each one of us. As individuals, we collectively contribute to the continuation of all the things we say or believe are bad. So that is where the solutions to these "apparent dilemmas" must begin. At the individual level. One person at a time. And the amazing thing is, that if I change my mind about these things that something magical happens: I will see the world differently, and subsequently the world will change!

These ideas of what is wrong or who is to blame are all based on a cop-out. If we say these things are "reality" we've given up: given up some of our greatest attributes and capabilities such as, imagination, agility, and adaptation. It's not even about corporate greed or government's incompetence or political corruption. Because in the end corporations, governments and political systems are composed of people, supposedly created and designed to serve the people. I think it comes down, basically, to personal responsibility. That I need to take responsibility, to the best of my ability, for every thought, action and deed. I would say simply that the world would change significantly if we guided our thoughts and actions by Love. At some level that should be enough. The seven "virtues of the heart" (ps): admiration, compassion, forgiveness, humility, gratitude, understanding and valor provide a wonderful "acid test" of our thoughts, actions and behavior. But how does that convert to practical methods? How do we convert

the wonderful “ideas” of the seven virtues into a “practical technique” – maybe just by asking ourselves a few questions.

I suggest this list as a starting point:

- am I being asked to do something that I would do if I had to take personal responsibility for the action – or if I were to receive the negative repercussions?
- have I given some thought to how others might or might not benefit? – and this means as comprehensive a list as possible.
- am I keeping secrets?
- am I telling lies?
- do I think I can pull the wool over someone’s eyes and gain personal benefit at their expense?
- of all possible choices of action, is my action the best choice for other people, to nature, the planet, and myself?
- am I constantly challenging myself to do better? This includes helping others raise their awareness of this level of personal responsibility?
- if I were being watched by a sort of “quality overseer” would I feel ashamed of my efforts, or would I feel that I have done my best?
- am I trying to justify my actions or explain with excuses?
- am I expecting someone else to clean up my mess? (this means in every aspect of my life).
- am I willing to consider the application of “Reverence for Life”, in my life?
- am I willing to take time to measure my thoughts and actions against the seven virtues of the heart: admiration, compassion, forgiveness, humility, gratitude, understanding and valor

And finally, do I realize that there is One infinite Loving presence that is overseeing all of this? So really there are no big deals. And all that I have written here doesn’t matter much at all, in the whole scheme of things, but at least I did my best.

Of course all of these things roll into the “Golden Rule”, which I believe is really The “Golden Law”, but this short list of questions provides a practical way to evaluate any given action. The fact of the matter is, that inside each one of us, is the mechanism or guidance program that will answer each of these questions – perfectly – that is if we

are clear with our feelings. It's been called "our conscience", but it speaks to us through feelings – anxious, angry, painful or fearful (bad) feelings mean we're making a mistake. Smooth calm, happy, comfortable feelings mean it's a pretty good decision. The program associated with our heart feelings will guide us with absolute clarity, if we take the time to notice what they are saying to us. The questions provided here are intended to establish a means by which to measure the viability of each decision.

I saw a video of Bill Hicks, the comedian who passed some time ago, for the first time the same day I posted this blog - he has a powerful message, and summarizes his courageous effort to wake us up, and dream instead of live in the nightmare.

### **How do we simplify the model?**

When one looks at all of these situations they look so complex. Even this book is very long, and if taken as a complete seems overwhelming. The key is to take it one step at a time. The best analogy is that of a mountain climber. He doesn't take the whole trip in his head before he starts, otherwise he wouldn't do it. He makes up his mind to go, takes the right tools, adapts, makes adjustments, in process, and step by step, one foot-hold and handhold at a time makes his way to the peak.

But what is our guide for our metaphorical journey to some desired destination. We have gotten so far off track, or down a dead-end road, that it is difficult to know what tools we have at our disposal to guide us toward a more harmonious world. Even our thinking is skewed. The knowledge, or what we know that we are, and what All That Is is, is quite skewed. So how do we get out of this culdesac, this dead-end situation?

I think it is a matter of finding a principle by which we can guide our thinking and actions and move toward improvement of our situation on a day by day basis. As we look at the various systems that we have created, they do not work. The evidence is all around us.

Now we may envision a new reality, one that we might call perfect, but we are so far away from that reality that we lose all hope which we have seen is another obstacle for progress. We must not work against ourselves, we must not allow ourselves to create barriers for us to achieve what our desired outcomes are. So how we accomplish this is to develop ways by which we can move progressively out of our collective conundrum, but this only happens on an individual basis! So, by what principle can we guide ourselves? I believe it is the Golden Rule – but what I believe is actually the most important universal law of the Universe.

A digression might be to talk about how just using the Word "rule", (very likely it was supposed to be law) has made us forget, or comprehend the true importance of this. The ten commandments were described as "rules" to live by. But as Emmet Fox wrote about in his book 10 commandments is the fact that they are actually laws. People have been inclined to break rules, because they really don't understand that by doing things against rules they are really mostly hurting themselves. "Rules are meant to be broken"

is a tongue in cheek saying, but who of us does not secretly believe this to be true. This may be a case where all of the things that we aren't supposed to do, actually become very attractive and we secretly do these things but pretend that we are not. We then begin to hide from ourselves, dishonesty sets in, and then we are down the slippery slope of how can a person base a life on lying to oneself. We can see the results of this erroneous thinking by what we see in the world.

So, back to the Golden Law. It is a law. If I hurt you, I hurt me and you. But likely more me, because in the end, since the universe cannot operate on "fuzzy", happenstance, fickle, occasional, or non-solid principles, or "laws". For every action there will be a reaction. So if I steal something from you, at some time in the future I will pay that price (if not in this life, then in a future life). Most of us do not really understand the Golden Law. And it is not the point to follow this principle for selfish purposes, because if I am being nice just to serve myself, not concerned about the impacts on others, that is another trap.

To move out of this "far from the desired situation" in the world, I believe the Golden Law is the foundation.

Let us continue with our analogy, and imagine that our collective being has truly taken a trip down a street and we took a wrong turn and found ourselves in a culdesac, or dead-end. And for several millennia we have been circling around in the cul-de-sac.

How do we get out?

The only way to get out of a dead end is to turn around and walk back out. We start to walk step by step out. But we need some sort of guide. How will we know if we have turned back around, and started to go back to the dead-end?

It is the Golden Law.

Albert Schweitzer called it reverence for life. This idea is that we do not harm any form of life. This includes other people, insects, plants, animals, the planet. This also very much relates to Free Will. If we impose our Will, on another's Free Will, in the end, we are going to have to rectify, or deal with the repercussions.

But as one looks at the world, most of what we do ends up damaging something. This is the evidence of how far off track we have gotten. It seems that all of our “systems” hurt something. As we observe this situation we could become totally discouraged and not even want to start the journey back. But this is the wrong perspective. We must be like the mountain climber. Take the tools, how to think, common sense and the Golden Law and begin the journey step by step.

In essence the Golden Rule becomes our measuring stick, our guide in the process. We can measure each of our steps, thoughts, actions against this Universal principle which was given to us by Jesus, and step by step, day by day begin the journey back to create the new world. All that is required is the honest and sincere desire to take the journey. As we go along we can know, that in fact we are being guided by the perfect “program” – our feelings. Also circumstance, or repercussions are a guide. They have always been here, but this is evidence of how misinformed we have been. We have not even known that God had installed an operating system that guides us perfectly, constantly providing feedback in the form of “good” or “bad” feelings, or vibrational reactions showing us whether or not we are moving in the direction of what is in our best interest.

Self reflection is another key tool We have to be able to look back on what we do and evaluate whether or not we are making progress. This should be a continual, on going process.

Also, we need to be aware that our “knowledge base” and what we have to work with will be continually improving as we go along in this process. We will gain new insights, better understanding, better skills as we continually seek improvement and progress. We essentially tap into the Divine power of Love that will continually endow more of what we need to continue on our journey toward the perfect expression of the Golden Law. This is Law. And we cannot attempt to do something, with an honest and sincere desire to do good, and not be given, directly from Source the tools, education, resources, motivation, etc. to move toward our goal.

One of the most difficult issues is the principle of measuring, or judging our progress based upon the existing thinking and dualistic system that currently operates in our

world, in our “human” thinking system. We have to be astute to watch ourselves from not beating ourselves up for not learning the lessons “we think” we should have learned. Feeling guilty, getting angry at ourselves, or others, again, is a huge sign that we are heading in the wrong direction. The key to the success of this process is to be gentle with ourselves and others as almost all of us have been battered by our own judgement of ourselves. We have become masters with a whip, constantly beating our own backs, having the mistaken belief that this might be an effective way to motivate ourselves, pushing ourselves along our journey in constant oppressive judgement of our progress. We are not pack animals (in fact this is not how we should treat animals either). This is the same method that was used to submit the slaves. If we are to become loving and kind to others, we must practice it first and foremost with ourselves. Of course, we must always practice this with others, the planet, and animals as well. For all really is just One. This is the great truth contained in the Golden Law. What we do to others we do to ourselves, the others, to the One, or to God.

But we need not become discouraged when we see how far off the track we have gotten. This, apparently, is the whole point of the journey. This is what God wanted. Rome was not built in a day. A 1000 mile journey starts with one step. And with the powerful, and all present One, guiding us, and loving us while we utilize the Golden Law as our guide, we will find ourselves on a joyous journey, day by day to our visión. Our destination. But the point is not about getting somewhere, but the journey.

## Thoughts on Thoughts

Here is something that I just sent as a message to my friend Tracy, who shared something about images, infinite loops, etc. I'm posting my half of the conversation.

Hi Tracy, For lack of a better word "trippy" - like going to Kansas. And when I got to the end of your message, after the poem, I got a rush of chills.

And your reference to sweeping, over, and over, and over a series of thoughts. Today it is ideas from Wallace Wattle's book "The Science of Getting Rich". If you haven't read it, I highly recommend it. It is so powerful! Beautiful! Concise. I got it on CD and have listened to it about 10 times before, but it has been a number of months. I put it in again yesterday.

I truly believe it is one of the most clear channeled works, ever. It is about thought, and how thought across the cosmos shapes reality in all seen and unseen forms. His aim with his work was to release us humans from the trap of limitation, and in its most prevalent form related to money. I believe that is the Loop that we need to get free of, at least the one that has us distracted and subservient to it.

But there is so much more wisdom behind that basic premise, about aligning ourselves with the Truth of Love.

Since yesterday I have had the loop about the power of my thoughts. All that we see was first formed in thought, then I use my hands to alter "stuff" to make the thing. So what is happening, at some level, is I am altering "substance" into form with my thoughts. But there is a greater organizing principle happening in the background, because thought is actually holding all of the materials that I am using in its form so I can then manipulate those thought forms into new thought forms. (BTW: I was having these "thoughts" at least ten years ago, even before I got exposed to other's materials).

Wattles suggests that we could eliminate the middle step of altering with our hands. And what I have learned in the last couple of years is that in higher densities that is exactly how things form, we get a thought, the thing forms from the "thinking stuff", we use it for our purposes, and when we're done, the thing melts into the formless, think-

ing stuff, again. So, my thoughts this morning were, where am I putting my thoughts? What am I struggling with? In that place I can re-cognize that there is a sort of see-saw pattern, believing in what I desire, but then contradicting the thing from coming in by placing my old beliefs, opinions, and ideas - essentially reaffirming "appearances" which, as Wattles suggests are easy to keep in our thoughts. The Truth requires a much more deliberate and sustained use of energy and attention.

I guess, with this rambling, I want to place in my "infinite loop" the thought of the Truth of Love, and that all those things that I am desiring are already mine (ours) and the magic of this "real reality", as we are experiencing, gives us evidence every day of the synchronicities and connectedness of all of us, as we seek to allow the world(s) of our dreams to be! I really appreciate your sharing, it has stimulated some powerful realizations of my own thoughts, and also motivated me to "journal" them. These "thoughts" may be part of another book, that will be more interesting than the other one that is being formed. Thank you!

## Do Good! – More Consciousness Streaming

I awoke, wide awake, clear that my destiny has something to do with my friends Yvette and Tom.

Did Jesus know what his destiny was?

Tom and I have not even spoken in person yet. Yvette and I have never met in person, and yet they have both changed the course of my life - profoundly.

My stuff doesn't mean anything without everyone else's. We need to heal relationships. We need Guillermo's products (update: Guillermo passed June 19, 2009). We need inspired art. We need craftspeople to surround ourselves with beauty. Yvette's vision is at another level of consciousness, with cultural fusion and galaxies. I don't get it all but a lot of it. I see what I do as a possible bridge from our current "realities".

I'm here because of my first advisor Steve. We need "real" experiential education (Steve's life work). The "Leader who is hardly known" (a book by Steve), needs to get known.

When we started our company AdventGX, I looked up the word advent - it means the coming of Christ. GX stands for global exchange.

My brother Mark said to me when I was just a boy "You are just like Jesus".

Did Jesus know?

I don't want to have a Christ complex. David Wilcock said he gets many messages from people who think they are the savior. Is that what has to happen? Is the world the way it is because I have been ignoring signs all of my life to do what my destiny is?

Please give me some clarity on these questions. I have had occasional thoughts over the past few years that I am responsible for the world being in its current condition - because I believe what I see. Is it because I've been shirking my responsibilities? Do each of us have to "save" the world to be saved? Do we each have to be in some form, like Jesus? Is that what my quote means? "We're all in this together, we have to save ourselves, and each other." Our current crisis is to save the other half of our "ailing body", while maintaining "reverence for life". It's not about the war in Iraq, the Middle

East, silver, the economy. If we just all started focusing our energy towards bringing the reality for food and water and shelter for every one in an environmentally sustainable way, then all the rest of those problems would solve themselves.

Until the new energy, or ascension, happens, we need to implement strategies within the current systems by empowering the "grass-roots". We need to stop "waiting for the economy". What is that? The economy? The economy is us. All of these things are smoke in mirrors, shell games, magic tricks. Ways that we distract ourselves from dealing with our collective issues. Many people are awakening, yes, but there are still many, many people living in abject poverty, walking the streets, homeless. How are we reaching them? How are we gonna get our pretty pictures and flowery words on the Web to touch their lives? We have to implement "stop-gap" measures. We have to build a bridge until the new "reality" arrives - the ascension. I'm totally confused. Is it going to happen in 2012, or 2080, or 100's of years from now?

No matter if it happens or not we have to see our "mirrors" and reach out to those ailing parts of our body to be whole once again. It seems that all that we are doing: the movies, the cars, the beauty products, etc. is so incredibly shallow. With the resources that should be being extended to save the other half of our "being" we are taking a bubble bath expecting that someone else will take care of it. Well, they won't! And until we make our damndest effort, things will continue as they are.

How I see the world does nothing without personal empowerment choices, someone teaching how to really live from the heart - from the teachers to touch the lives of people. But what are they teaching now? History? Ways of doing things of the old paradigm? Are we creating opportunities for them to experience the joy of Serving another human being? Or picking up trash? Or creating something spontaneously from their own imagination?

These opportunities are not being realized to their fullest potential. And the need to do so is getting more urgent. We need to re-vitalize these institutions that are literally sucking the life out of us, or we need to peel these leaches off our necks and let them die. And then create the new forms of Service - people helping people, lean, mean, not inside concrete walls. We need to go out in the world, creatively figuring out how to

solve our problems. We have the capacity well within our means, what is lacking is our Will to make the decision and just do it!

I propose a new motto for the world - combining two of the most powerful business phrases. Combine Google (don't be evil) and Nike (Just do it)

**- Do Good!**

## Hearts Beating the Dream of Love

Today I was waiting for my wife at the insurance company to get a form filed. It is actually a funny story. It turns out, according to their records, she is already married. To a 92 year old. This afternoon we have to go back to show them a piece of paper to prove it is their mistake. Another mirror - institutions.

*(note: Oct. 15, potentially a sad turn to the story, the man died shortly after the insurance company sent him a letter about a law suit – he was 92—but then again, maybe a happy ending).*

While she was dealing with that, I was having a beautiful meditation. Then I went outside to watch people. I was having so many interesting thoughts. Then I thought about my friend's brush with death. A near death experience, pneumonia that settled around his heart. And I thought about his heart—it is wonderful and generous.

Then I started looking at people and realized they all have the same heart. Like my heart. And your heart. The heart of God beating, beating, beating - beating the dream of love into the world. The little birds have hearts. Benjamin (my new son) has a heart, which this morning shared a very interesting perspective of my life experiences of letting go.

That's a digression though.

I was surrounded by a group of men as these thoughts and feelings moved through me. They didn't see the tears come to my eyes as these beautiful thoughts washed through me. No matter what the outside container looks like each person has the same dream of love. And that persists through the most incredible conditions. I think of the people on the street. Or the 1200 pound man who has been featured on T.V. numerous times. His heart is so persistent. And in a really strange way the story of his heart is being shared to the world. But not very many people really pay attention to the true message.

I felt, that for the first time in my life, I glimpsed the "Christ" within all. I also thought of the planet's heart. The one I was told by my friend that I am in touch with. I don't know what the structure of the Earth's heart is, but I know it is beating the same

dream of love.

I've had a wonderful morning of awakenings. It started out with my shedding some tears with my wife about not getting to be with my daughter Serena for her birthday (at least physically). I also shared a secret that very few people know. About being alone.

I know in my heart of hearts, that I have never intentionally hurt anyone. And I am a good person. So these apparent sacrifices, or experiences of "letting go" are the Divine's training plan. The plan for me to fulfill my destiny. I know that the heart of God beats my heart. And I am grateful for my friend Tom's intervention to help me realize the phantasmical truth at deeper and more meaningful levels.

### Thinking, light, nature, truth, prayer

If we observe nature it shows us many lessons. These can be lessons for our living happily and fruitfully. All things in nature express their true nature.

So what is our nature? Our nature is consciousness, thinking, feeling. This is what is meant to be made in the image and likeness of God. Our nature is to think our reality into being. This means that we create our reality. Our nature is also that of light. Of course our (physical) vibrations are lower than those that we imagine to be the light from the sun or from a light bulb – but we are of the light. But the thing that we have been conditioned to not see, as a result of our senses, which are totally mesmerizing and consumptive of our conscious attention, is that through thinking and feeling (which again is the nature of God) we can raise our vibrations. We can see this occurring in what we do with manipulating energy of various types. Through the instruments of electronics, and engineering we can amplify signals of energy to higher vibrations. This too was done through thought – someone had to first come up with the idea to do this, which followed to thought processes of making it reality.

But we are thinking centers and what we have not realized, or manifested, as a collective consciousness is that we individually can amplify our own energy. This is likely the consciousness that is being beamed down upon us. Maybe it is coming from the sun, the stars, the central sun – or, in other words, from God, the One. Inviting us to increase our vibrational frequencies to experience a more harmonious reality.

It appears from observing our day to day existence that we are all desiring this. You could deduce such from the level and extent of our complaining. On the other hand you can also observe that we really don't want a new reality. This is because we appear to not be willing to change. If we really wanted a new experience then we would take the steps in order to remove ourselves from the systems of thinking and feeling to allow ourselves to experience what we intuitively, or from a feeling point, believe to be possible.

As a metaphor, this heavy, or slow vibrational reality is like quicksand. And we are like the man who is struggling to get out, making all kinds of noise and commotion, but as the hand or rope is extended to us we are unwilling to grasp them in order to extract

ourselves from the sinking condition.

The hand or rope, in this metaphor, I see as the ancient teachings of the great and wise ones, and as the clear and simple messages streaming in from other places (probably too our own hearts). Many years ago I imagined God as having many radio stations that are broadcasting messages for rescuing myself from my various conundrums. I would talk to other people about not growing any new antennae, so the capabilities must have already existed within me. I just needed to become receptive. Given what I feel is happening now, the number of channels have increased significantly.

The key is to not get distracted by the fragmentation reality. That being the aspect of existence that is based on the idea that there isn't enough to go around. That perspective is limited to cutting the pie into smaller pieces. This paradigmatic view seems to be the prevailing perspective in human consciousness, but as I observe the greater reality (which are mirrored to me in nature and the cosmos) the "real reality" is one of expanding possibilities. In other words multiplicative in nature. The purpose of the contracting, or minimizing view appears to be to get us to turn around – as in Plato's cave. All of the experiences which we seem to be so abhorrent of (pain, suffering, tragedy) all have lessons in them, and physical revulsion (sickness, disease, etc.) that are literally pushing us to go toward the Truth – that truth, at least in the "light creation" that there is only love.

This idea is well captured in thoughts that flowed to me this morning as I was trying to figure out what God's purpose was in creating in us this unquenchable, or undeniable, obsession with being better. In other words, this tendency for people to focus on what is wrong. Ninety-five percent of our lives could be just great, but we spend an unproportionate amount of time on the 5% that we perceive to be out of order. Here are the thoughts that came to me:

#### *The Truth*

Pain's message is love.

Pain's lesson is love.

Pain's answer is love.

Pain's solution is love.

There is no selection process in life for there is only love. All suffering, despair, tragedy is God's message to return love, to return to love. The truth is, there is only love, we just think there is something different. This is just how powerful we are to create something from love that we believe not to be. But the real lesson in all of this is to be in the love, share the love, know the love. All comes from love and will return to love. I will love all until I die.

All That Is is perfect.

All that is expected is to move the vibration of our life, and our collective experience to higher vibrations towards what we think is light – even though we are really made of light. Yes light is intelligent (fiber optics) but light carries DNA and life forms too. We are light, and light is the perfect expression of love – it is Good – it is God's gift to us – and it continues to be poured down upon us in such abundance that we cannot comprehend the extent because it is infinite. But that is not the point. Of course we can measure, but we probably don't want to get lost in measuring (this is where I started laughing because this is what we are doing on this planet – counting and measuring “not enough to go around”), the point is we are just supposed to enjoy the process and be grateful for the experience.

It is not limited – the illusion is having to proportion out – to measure. We have gotten lost in measuring. There is so much light coming from our own sun that we don't use. I am happy. I am so grateful for illumination. I see the light. I love the light. I am the light so my most basic program is to love. It is the starting point of my existence so I need only invite, allow that program to reassert itself into all that I do. Thank you God!

### A Message from My Source

Here is the message I recorded this morning July 14, 2009 at 4 am. I have not edited this at all - including apparent mistakes.

- Love no matter what
- When you they've hurt you, love them that much more.
- Judgment's purpose is the lesson of non-judgment.
- I watch the love that Martha pours on Benjamin and it teaches me a small measure the capacity of love the Source has for each of us.
- Orcs need love too (Orcs from Lord of the Rings by J.R.R. Tolkein).
- I feel your pain. I am your pain.
- I will tell you through me what you need to hear in order to bring you closer to me but each is relative to the student.
- You are my most blessed possessions in the Universe because you truly are my possessions - I possess all, I am the great possessor I am the only who possesses there cannot be anything but possession by me for all is in me, of me, by me. But I love you all and those who don't know or believe I love, I love that much more because love is what brings you and them to me.
- I love you, for you are why I exist. I became so I could know you - each of you - each of what I am, a blade of grass, a living soul is precious to be beyond measure in human consciousness.
- That is my very nature all that exists within me is infinite externally, including my love for each particle of my existence.
- My conscious, free-will portion of me has a very special place because that is the part that can come to recognize and experience this - but not by my force or charge - maybe from my coaxing.

This last part I recorded this morning after my meditation, as I remembered the thoughts as I fell back to sleep last night.

- I have never earnestly and honestly sought God, or Source, or understanding and not received it. The key was that I believe that I was open to the new knowledge. I think many times people think *they know* and so close the new understanding to flow in. I

have discovered that what Solomon said to be true, that there is nothing new. But sometimes it appears to be hard to find.



## One on One

Life is really about us working out our relationship with ourselves. Is she the One? (the ultimate question from the movie the Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy), or (Am I the One). A part of us knows that everything is the one but this world seems to be a testing ground for how far will love go and still love.

The "issue" in process is just me rectifying the issues between my prior perceptions that there are things other than me, my coming out of this program which has been emotionally ingrained, habituated. If I accept that there is only one thing here, then why do I have all of these issues with myself? At first I cannot discover this by watching others, but after I come to realize the issues are really in me, then the evidence is incontrovertible - it's in my face. All I have to do is realize that each time I find myself emotionally charged (typically negative) I am confronting an old program that is attached to my old perceptions of things being outside (separate) of me. It boils down to me rectifying my perceptions of my relationship to the One.

Why would One punish Oneself? Love doesn't punish, so at those places that I discover conflict or experience pain it is actually a "learning point". When I discover a *learning point* what happens, or how I deal with it, demonstrates going to the Truth or some other reality, some segmented part of the One. The Kingdom of God is Within Me comes from becoming absolutely clear intellectually and emotionally with all the other parts of the One - to love it. It is either the way I want it, or it has a lesson for me for my growth. If I am experiencing negative emotions it is either contradictory to my greater good or it is triggering a dysfunctional part of my prior programming.

All evidence points to the truth. All evidence points to the truth there is only One. However, it has divided itself into many aspects/parts. Why would One thing punish itself? To experience something other than One-ness. It wouldn't really punish itself because it really serves no purpose because it already knows.

So the purpose is to create many different parts, let them forget, and then discover, or go back to that knowing. The thing about earth is the density, the intensity of the experience and the number of possible divergences, dead-ends, or detours is innumerable. However the choice really comes down to a simple one - am I choosing the true

path or something else? And the true path is illumined by Love. Why would I abuse myself if I knew the Truth? I wouldn't. So why do I abuse myself and others? Because I don't understand. I don't realize the truth. I should not punish myself, the pain and suffering is Love guiding me toward it. It is my job to determine at any moment whether I am making the right choice or not. It comes down to a very simple "either, or" choice. The truth (love), or not. And if I am clear about my emotional conditioning, if I have done the work to examine the familial and cultural programming that choice will become simpler and simpler over time. The challenge is not to fall into another "program" that creates another intellectual or emotional cul-de-sac.

### Let's be Straightforward

All of this searching for answers ultimately leads to the One, and many. Even reading Emerson's "Representative Men" on the philosophers has me lead back to this same point.

Why is our sharing about transformation so cryptic? - every one has a different way. Does knowing, in a straightforward way, create a mental block? Why can't we just tell folks straight out? - (this list is not in any particular order).

- 1) We have to overcome our sense of separation.
- 2) We have to eliminate or readjust all of the filters we have in our mind.
- 3) We have to re-connect with our heart intelligence.
- 4) We have to learn that our feelings are a very sophisticated program, guidance system.
- 5) We need to learn about light, how the light works in our body (chakras).
- 6) The Golden Law, Rules!
- 7) Breathing works wonders, when we are conscious of it.
- 8) Practice makes perfect.
- 9) We need to realize that we have great power, that we can remake our lives and the world.
- 10) We are distinct conscious extensions, life forms being expressed from ONE infinite Loving presence that pervades, IS, all that we see and experience. It will take on any form that is thought, imagined, expressed. And the power of this expression comes from inside of us connected to the things that we need to re-align to, to the power of Love instead of fear. We have nothing to fear, especially each other, and everything to gain.

## Gaia's Message to Me

Dear Friends,

This was a message I shared with two friends who saw my blog "Love is the Motivator".

Here is the message I shared with them about my VERY CLEAR AND PROFOUND KNOWING as I woke up this morning. You must understand, that this realization has come as part of a long and arduous time of introspection, self seeking, prayer and hardship; but Self understanding, answers to the BIG questions, consciousness and true freedom have been just part of the fruits. Here is the first of what will be many messages along these lines.

I am still plugging away, and will be until my last breath. Today I want to share what I know to be the key, and I will be sharing this same message everywhere I go because I have known it since Gaia planted it in me 23 years ago.

We have to wake people up to our relationship to Gaia. I suspect you really know this, but I woke up so clear TODAY that we have gotten caught up in the details, what with "global warming", pesticides, etc., etc., etc., etc. The key relationship that we must mend, to demonstrate our readiness to go through ascension, (if that is what is happening) is how we relate to our Spiritual Source.

Gaia is the primary link in our chain to Source, the One. My dear friend Desmond has been bringing home to me that "we are PHYSICAL SPIRIT and now just becoming conscious of it". This is consistent with all great historical messages.

But the converter of Spirit, or Star Stuff, in the form that we get this fabulous sense experience as "human-beings" is the Earth, Gaia!!!! It is the water plant, the rock factory, the aluminum factory, the air plant, the sun converter, the flower supplier, the bird and butterfly manufacturer, the light converter to physical matter that we can have deep and profound sense experiences and be conscious and "feeling" of the fact "plant"!!! Likely the first time in the history of the universe, based on my research to date. This is the half-truth that we have been sold that we are the only life in the Universe.

But at this point, being an ex-academic, we are not passing the course. We can do better. But time is really running out. That message came home emphatically in [Osho's video](#) that I first posted in my blog [Waking Up the World - Osho](#).

And I believe the test for us is to do our damndest in these last days to try to wake people up to this important relationship. [I got the assignment 23 years ago](#), through Gaia's Spirit I guess, while I was on a canoe trip in Minnesota. At that time it was my job to "try to create opportunities for people to experience the outdoors so their spirit wakes up". I have been following the path, but in not very effective strategies (at least that I can tell).

But this morning the urgency is upon me. We have to share this with our kids, and their kids, and our grandparents and our uncles and aunts. If we do our utmost we might be able to help more people go on the ride to the New Earth, but if even if the ascension doesn't happen like we are dreaming of, we will have a different experience here too. Because I think inherently, if we become conscious of this one single relationship, I think our relationship with ourselves and with our God will change too.

I have come to the conclusion that if the church was really teaching the word of God, they would have been preaching about this.

I don't mean to be ranting here, I just have been given a new assignment, after likely 50 years of floundering. Now it is time to become the clanging symbol, or the light on the hill, or whatever method it takes to plant a seed in each persons heart that I can.

With Great Love My Sisters and Brothers, We are all in this together we have to save ourSelves, and each other.

## One Reason and 84 things to do for Gaia



Here is one of my primary reasons to improve our relationship with the planet.

His name is Benjamin Mark

There are billions of other reasons too - I suspect everyone has a few that really are important. Let's get together on this PLEASE!!!!

1. Use natural cleaning products.
2. Tell a friend about Gaia.
3. Share a story with a child about Gaia.
4. Pick up some trash.
5. Don't drop the trash.
6. Support recycling.
7. Work to reduce consumerism.
8. Work to reduce packaging.
9. Promote bio-degradable packaging.
10. Spend time in nature.
11. Say a prayer for Gaia.
12. Feel happy when in nature.

13. Thank God for Gaia.
14. Do a talk on something related to the environment or Gaia.
15. Tell your parents about Gaia being a living being.
15. Tell your children about our dependence on a healthy planet.
16. Eat natural or organic foods.
17. Plant a tree.
18. Plant a flower.
19. Plant a garden.
20. Share your love with a bird, or an animal.
21. Paint a picture of nature.
22. Write a poem about nature.
23. Read the story "The Lorax" to your children.
24. Read the story "The Lorax" to a class of students.
25. Do a presentation about the environment with college students.
26. Share this blog with a friend.
27. Tell everyone you know that you love Gaia.
28. Think about your relationship with Gaia.
29. Try to imagine where we would all be if it weren't for Gaia.
30. Imagine how patient and loving Gaia has been all these years.
31. Consider ways that you can help the Earth, and, or make a list like this!
32. Dedicate your life to protecting nature.
33. Take a picture of nature.
34. Share the picture with someone.
35. Share the picture with many people.
36. Ask them to really look at it.
37. Go to the river and really look at the water.
38. Try to imagine where the water comes from and where we would be without it.
39. Take a breath.
40. Say "hi" to a plant.
41. Watch an ant hill.
42. Watch a fly.

I could add to this list, and I will. So can you! Will you help me share this message?  
Please? It's really important that we do something NOW!

1. Take a college course in environment or science.
2. Meditate on Gaia.
3. Make a list of reasons to be grateful to Gaia.
4. Organize an event to educate people about nature.
5. Organize a trash pick up event.
6. Stand up and yell "I Love Gaia!"
7. Think "I Love Gaia".
8. Whisper "I Love Gaia", even if you don't believe it.
9. Convince yourself to believe "I Love Gaia".
10. Convince yourself that Gaia Love's you, because it is true.
11. Help me Share this message with the world.
12. Contact me so I can Serve you.
13. Write a nature story about an animal.
14. Contemplate deeply on aspects of this message.
15. Try to feel in your heart the import of this message.
16. Organize and take a trip in nature.
17. Study advanced sciences for how to help solve environmental problems.
18. Support political candidates who work for the environment.
19. Buy an energy efficient car.
20. Push for an energy policy and support for new alternative energy.
21. Find out about *Free Energy*.
22. Study *Nikola Tesla's* work.
23. Read the book "*The Great Work*" by *Thomas Berry*.
24. Look into sustainable development and communities.
25. Support an organic farmer.
26. Help promote less use of chemicals in our food production.
27. Sing a song for nature.
28. Smile at someone and think that "Gaia Loves Them".
30. Organize a conversation with friends about what we can all do to protect nature.

31. Learn how a "*hyperspectral sensor*" can help with solving environmental issues.
32. Study a science topic to work to protect the environment.
33. Read "Silent Spring" by *Rachel Carson*.
34. Learn about the environmental movement.
35. Go to your priest and minister and tell them this is an important message for them to Share.
36. Write a single blog about some topic of nature or Gaia.
37. Become a member of the *Gaia Writer's Guild*.
38. Support an organization that works to protect the environment.
39. Support the *Plant a Tree Today Foundation*.
40. Volunteer for an organization that works for Gaia, or nature.
41. Contemplate on where we would be without Gaia.
42. Thank yourself for Reading the Blog, because you are doing something for Gaia already!

Yesterday Desmond Green and I had two chats. The conversation continues about our "awakening," our becoming conscious of the fact, as Desmond puts it "we are physical spirit becoming conscious of it".

Last night I had really intense dreams about a message. I had received an email or something I was trying to solve some sort of puzzle, to decipher the greater meaning of the message. In my sleep I was reminded that I was supposed to be cryptologist when I was in the Air Force (I only was in 9 months - hehe). But in the dream I knew I could figure it out. I woke up at 5:45 to take Juanjo to school but hadn't solved the riddle. But when I came back to lay down a little while with Benjamin, I got a very clear message "The Temple". I also knew that I could find validation in the Bible so I did a quick search and here is part of what I found.

I Corinthians 3:16 Do you not know that you are a temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwells in you?

John 2:21 But He was speaking of the temple of His body....

Romans 14:7 For not one of us lives for himself, and not one dies for himself;

1 Corinthians 6:3 Do you not know that we will judge angels? How much more matters of this life?

2 Corinthians 6:16 Or what agreement has the temple of God with idols? For we are the temple of the living God; just as God said, "I WILL DWELL IN THEM AND WALK AMONG THEM; AND I WILL BE THEIR GOD, AND THEY SHALL BE MY PEOPLE.

"We are physical - Spirit becoming conscious of this through our experiences" - Desmond Green

Blessings to All

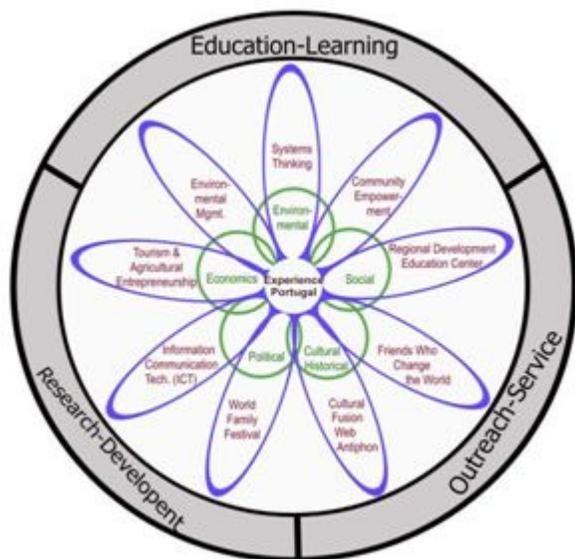
### The Wheel of Life

This morning in my dreams I saw the Mandala. The same one in a sense that I had created for my work. But instead of seeing a nuclear reaction which is expanding out I realized that the Mandala also represents the World – and that I have been running around the wheel for 50 years.

In a way I may have been looking for God, but it has, without real commitment, at least consciously, been a search for the truth. In my dream state awareness I was taken back to the realization I had the other day “they were right” – meaning all of the obnoxious people I have met in my life that have been trying to convince me about “Jesus”, and him saving my soul, and his dying for my sins, etc. Although, I am not sure all of them really know the truth – only God knows.

I guess it is the approach for them to bring me home that has always had me resistant, and the “apparent” gist of their message that I had to somehow go through Jesus to get to God. Something that I have always inherently known, that there cannot be only one path to God through another being. Now, I am pretty sure I have figured out what Jesus was teaching us about the one path.

But in my sleep today I realized I have been running around the wheel of life, and then taking different spokes of the wheel to find this “truth”. I don’t know how



many spokes are on the wheel, there are many. But as I have ventured down each one, I have discovered that on the way to God, Jesus always shows up. And it is not for the reasons that I have been disagreeable. I had been prejudiced, resistant to the messengers of the messenger. The Son of God. I have always lived the best way I knew how by the teachings of Jesus. The Golden Rule has been with me ever since I was a little boy. My mother brought that one home to my heart.

Now, as I have read innumerable books from many sources and they have all led to the same conclusion. I have now accepted that Jesus is all of what he has been claimed to be. But so often the secrets can be best hidden right in front of our eyes. This is because we really don't see.

It is interesting how this combination of the personal work I am doing now seems to be blending in a very unique way to give me multiple validations of the other sources. I have read many books, and someday I will post these, but right now I am doing A Course in Miracles and listening to Wayne Dyer's "Change Your Thoughts, Change Your Life" interpretation of the Tao de Ching (both are excellent). But what is interesting, is today I am working on the ACiM lesson 30 which is "Above all else I want to see things differently" and the Tao de Ching was the 12th verse

## 12. Substance

Too much colour blinds the eye,  
Too much music deafens the ear,  
Too much taste dulls the palate,  
Too much play maddens the mind,  
Too much desire tears the heart.

In this manner the sage cares for people:  
He provides for the belly, not for the senses;  
He ignores abstraction and holds fast to substance.

Listening to the Tao today made me realize that we have gotten totally mesmerized with the "plastic wrapping" of life. The plastic wrapping in this case would be our labels and thoughts about the world, life and everything. We have been simply scratching the

surface of who and what we are, what everything is, especially this thing that we have come to call God.

It's as though I have been living 50 years simply scanning the world, pressing my labels, opinions, judgments, etc. on existence and then moving on to the next "subject". Even though I have always considered myself to be open, inquisitive, and all those other words that I might use, I have never really given much thought to anything – even though I thought I have.

How has this change come to pass. Hmmm, I guess it is about another truth that I had learned long ago, but had not really done much of, even though I thought that I had. This is about looking into myself, really trying to understand who and what I am. Of course I have read many, many books. But again, it was like I was only touching the surface. I was simply scanning the horizon, observing the eye candy, then moving onto the next location. I never spent enough time to really look deep into just one thing. Of course I have been "trying", I have been involved in "self help" stuff for almost 30 years. And I have earnestly prayed and worked on Andy. I've also been missing the point.

It is like the story of the man who finds the diamond field with tiny specs of diamonds on the surface, he spends his days picking up those tiny chips, not realizing the really huge diamonds are down below him, all he needs to do is start digging.

However, this analogy has another trap, one that is embedded in all of this discussion. And that has to do with the material world and with Spirit. We have essentially become addicted to the sense experience - material existence. So mesmerized with the experience of looking through our eyes, touching, hearing, smelling, tasting, that we have missed by far the biggest most important part of why we are here. This has to do with the label we have given for "spirit" and "consciousness". The place, or non-place where all this stuff emerges. And I suspect that I am going to find just below the surface that this is where God is going to reveal some more of the truth.

As I sit here and type these words, I might just as well have spent my whole life looking at one of Jesus's teachings and trying to understand that. Or to just sit by the river as the Buddha did. Or to just spend a year contemplating a flower. Because now I see that

all spokes on the wheel lead back to the source, the hub. And, as the Tao from yesterday revealed, in the center of a wheel is a hole – apparently, empty space. And if I just would have spent more time getting past all of the self constructed beliefs, I might have arrived where I am today much sooner.

But that is another trap, lamenting, regretting, or feeling guilty for time past. The fact of the matter is it has taken what it has taken for me to get here. And it is the perfect place to be, because I have so much experience and knowledge to compare against.



### Thoughts on Madness

Madness: a condition brought about by the belief that we do not know all that is going on, or that we can pretend to believe our lies and ignorance.

*A friend sent the following:*

Is it just the belief that we do not know all that is going on? Or is it the knowledge that we do not know all that is going on? Or is it the belief that we should know all that is going on? Or is it some combination therein?

*My Response:*

To tell you the truth, I do not know where this quote came from. It just popped in my head yesterday, so I wrote it down how it came to me. I do not completely understand it, but I know it relates to the following ideas.

We each know all of our lies, and we cannot hide from them. But most people are living in the delusion that they can hide from themselves. We also know much more about how bad many people have it, but we pretend it isn't happening and that it doesn't affect us. In truth, it affects us because we are all connected. We know that we are not doing all that we can to make the world that we want it to be, and that affects us.

In truth there is One thing here, but we have built civilization on the premise that there are threats and separation. How can One thing be a threat to itself? This is an illusion. The One thing, God if you prefer, knows all.

Our "security" mentality is based on a form of mentality that will always end with delusion and insanity. A person cannot lie to themselves and stay sane. We know all our secrets. We cannot hide from them, but that is the game that most people end up playing. We seek many forms to "kill" this knowing (drugs, alcohol, various addictions) but this sense of knowing will always be with us. This will never succeed. That is because it is based on dual, circular reasoning. I faced this in 1978 when I went into the Air Force with a Top Secret clearance.

Since we are all connected, and part of the One, we can gain access to all knowledge.

Carl Jung called it the collective unconscious. Whether we are aware of it or not, we experience collective experiences all of the time - ever get excited as part of a crowd? (e.g. church, concert). Ever feel crazy in a very busy place, but it doesn't seem to have to be something to do with yourself? When I went back to the states I could feel the anxiety when I went to Texas. What do you think was going on during the depression?

Our awareness of these things, and our sensitivity to these energies is increasing, at an increasing rate. We can live in honesty, it is the only basis for a sane life.

Two important quotes in the Bible that point to these truths, it is also in the Bhagavad Gita. This idea of One is in all the great religions and spiritual teachings.

“It is the father, living in me who is doing the work.” John 14: 10

“Anyone who has faith in me will do what I have been doing. He will do even greater things than these”. John 14: 12

*Another friend responded*

I'm going to have to study this one Andy. I'm with Mary. Is it my lies? Societies? I'm confused.

*My Response:*

Joe - there is only ONE thing here. God knows Everything!

All the separations that we experience are our creations, humans are essentially an experiment in the life of the One, that when the ONE decided to create duality, so as to experience more of itself.

But, in regards to sanity and insanity, imagine that the crazy guy actually has been able to lock the sane one away. The crazy one will use any measures to maintain his control - killing, torture, war, disease, fear. The sane one will only use Love. But in the end the crazy one has no hope because he really has no power - only the energy that he can

use he pulls from the ones that he has created the fear with. When the sane one learns of his true power, there is no turning back. When the sane one awakens from the dream - that is what we are experiencing now, there is no turning back. That is why all this stuff seems to so crazy, but then we know somehow, everything is going to be great. It is like the alcoholic hitting his bottom. I'm going to post two other things that came to mind as I was preparing this.

*Our Deepest Fear*—Marianne Williamson

Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate.  
Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure.

It is our light, not our darkness, that most frightens us.  
We ask ourselves, Who am I to be brilliant,  
gorgeous, handsome, talented and fabulous?

Actually, who are you not to be?  
You are a child of God.

Your playing small does not serve the world.  
There is nothing enlightened about shrinking  
so that other people won't feel insecure around you.  
We are all meant to shine, as children do.

We were born to make manifest the glory of God within us.  
It is not just in some; it is in everyone.

And, as we let our own light shine, we consciously give  
other people permission to do the same.  
As we are liberated from our fear,  
our presence automatically liberates others

*Brain Damage* - Pink Floyd (Waters)

The lunatic is on the grass.  
The lunatic is on the grass.  
Remembering games and daisy chains and laughs.  
Got to keep the loonies on the path.

The lunatic is in the hall.  
The lunatics are in my hall.  
The paper holds their folded faces to the floor  
And every day the paper boy brings more.

And if the dam breaks open many years too soon  
And if there is no room upon the hill  
And if your head explodes with dark forebodings too  
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon.

The lunatic is in my head.  
The lunatic is in my head  
You raise the blade, you make the change  
You re-arrange me 'til I'm sane.  
You lock the door  
And throw away the key  
There's someone in my head but it's not me.

And if the cloud bursts, thunder in your ear  
You shout and no one seems to hear.  
And if the band you're in starts playing different tunes  
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon.

"I can't think of anything to say except...  
I think it's marvelous! HaHaHa!"

This all started when my wife got two books from the Colombian library by Michel Foucault, who was a French philosopher who looked at the "underside" of humanity, like insanity, torture, prisons, etc. It triggered in me an old line of thought that a civili-

zation based on insanity, cannot comprehend sanity. We are in a dilemma to use our logic because we cannot see the truth because we have been so deluded by our collective conditioning.

Foucault looked at these things and could see that collectively we were trying to "partition" off a part of ourselves. We call this schizophrenia - but isn't this the nature of all people in the world? We try to hide from these "secret" personalities, but really they end up dominating us, because they are operating subconsciously.

All of this subdued pain, suffering, anger, fear is really running the show. But this is not the truth. This is all just a really elaborate movie, or video game that God created so he could experience more. In truth, we are expressions of Divine Spirit and are in the process of the journey back to be with the One, again. Look at the core of the great religions, and great teachings, and this is what you will find.

In actuality, when you use the most simple logic, there can only be One. If there were two, then which one is the "real" one. Now us comprehending one is kind of difficult because our "reality" is based on duality thinking. But this is the illusion, and we have gotten lost in it, that is why we have this "crazy" world. But it will not be much longer because we are moving out of the energy of "fear" to Love, which really is the basis of the cosmos and creation.

BTW: Don't ask me how I know this stuff, it has just been in my head for a long time, but also I am getting greater and greater clarity as I continue to obsessively seek the Truth.

**And finally, a result of all of this mental processing.**

It has been 30 years since I confronted my own dishonesty. Today I can see with clarity, that our collective experience must face the same. But today, as I read and reflected, I had an epiphany. "We Are the Truth". Whatever we make, believe, becomes. The question, is it aligned with Divine law, or "nature"? We cannot elude, delude, or escape the inescapable, no matter how many mental gyrations we perform.

### Thirty years to tell this story

On the day that I wrote this I was compelled to make public (in a way) a story that I have only told to people. It has never been written. In the last year I have received numerous external validations about the profundity of the experience, although its importance has always stayed with me personally since it happened. The most recent is a quote from Tagore which poetically expresses the unlimited opportunity, expansiveness and divinity of each individual (human) consciousness. This was my experience 30 years ago on a country road in Iowa. I believe the infinite "I Am" gave me a glimpse that I truly am the center of the Universe, in a paradoxical way. The other support that I have for sharing a story that most people would judge as "bad" is that David Wilcock ([www.divinecosmos.com](http://www.divinecosmos.com)) publicly acknowledges his partaking of psychedelic drugs, specifically LSD. The other validation came at a workshop in 2008 where Prema Baba Swamiji ([www.premababa.org](http://www.premababa.org)) presented a video clip about a researcher in New Mexico (<http://members.tripod.com/~parvati/strassman.html>) who is looking at the links of DMT, the pineal and profound spiritual experiences - as creating a sort of "doorway" to greater consciousness.

So, today reading Tagore, of which I will provide the excerpt at the end of this essay - I decided to share the first experience which I believe has set the stage for my spiritual life. And how I am now really coming to understand, at least at a rudimentary level, the Truth of existence.

It was 1979 and I had returned to Ames, Iowa my home town after, essentially, getting kicked out of the Air Force after only 9 months of service. I received an honorable discharge with the specification of "unable to adapt to military life." This was at the very depths of a very serious drug and alcohol problem. I had entered the Air Force hoping to escape what I felt were the "bad influences" of the drug crowd that I had been involved with in high school. It didn't work. I ended up finding out the great truth - "wherever I went, there I was". My drug problem continued to get worse in the Air Force and my loneliness also increased. So, I was relieved thinking my return to Ames would help me quit since my problem really was that I was lonely (so I justified in my mind). It is probably no surprise to people that returning to Ames my drug consumption continued unabated, and actually increased - as is a well known fact in cases of

drug and alcohol addiction.

The experience that I had which I believe ended up setting the stage for my recovery happened in 1979. I have been off all drugs and alcohol since 1981. The experience happened one night when I had taken some Mr. Natural LSD. It was a particularly intense "trip" because when I went to a party, everyone looked like aliens (this was probably more true than I realized). In any case, it was a very disturbing experience. So I had to leave the party. I got in my car and took a drive to the outskirts of Ames and was just sitting in my car trying to settle down. My mind was racing.

My car, a 1966 Ford Custom, had a bad cylinder and it caused the car too shake when it idled. I kept the car running because it was pretty chilly. But the shaking disturbed me in my agitated state. So I decided to get of the car. It was a beautiful clear, crisp, cool night in Iowa. The sky was clear. I was far enough out of town to be away of the city lights so I was able to see the stars with incredibly clarity. I stood outside looking at the stars and my mind began to consider the enormity of the universe. This thought was followed with a series of thoughts resulting with me thinking about my total insignificance. I remember comparing my size with that of an ant in the world - but in actuality, I was even less significant relative to the whole cosmos. This series of thoughts really took me to a desperate place, and I felt I was heading towards "having a bad trip", which is something that I had known friends who had experienced. It is not a good thing. I was suddenly being sucked into what felt like a tornado of insignificance, a black hole. My life meaning absolutely nothing - and I got scared. Then a voice. In my head, but not a sound - but a voice spoke to me. It said, "but you are standing here looking at it. If you weren't nothing would exist, at least from your perspective". Instantaneously I was set free of the desperate feelings and my consciousness was of cosmic proportions. I floated outside of the planet and was looking down, in my mind, at the "blue marble". This beautiful paradise planet that we call our home. This tiny marble floating in a vast cosmos. My thoughts then imagined us humans residing here. Our common ancestry. Our common heritage and brother/sisterhood of destiny. All one family. But then the thoughts of discord, unhappiness, suffering for no reason. I imagined that we are fighting over tiny pieces of "turf". Pieces of ground that really have no value - especially for fighting and killing over. I realized that if we are ever to hope to

experience the greater reality that is our destiny we were going to have to get along. To stop fighting. To see the world as one living being - and that we are part of it. Inextricably tied to it for our continued existence. And if we are to find out what our "true purpose" is we were going to have to take care of every single being on the planet, and not just human.

I don't remember how much time passed for this vast scope of thoughts to go through my mind, and my experience. But I was totally changed. My irritation had gone and I felt absolutely wonderful.

That experience I had not fully appreciated until the last few years. Being a person in recovery I have shared many times in groups about what the experience showed me. The "grand-paradox" of existence. That I am essentially nothing and everything simultaneously. In the whole scheme of the cosmos, in my human form, I am very, very, very small. However, my consciousness creates everything. If I weren't here nothing would exist - at least from my perspective. And apparently, this huge infinite being which is often referred to as God, felt it necessary for me to be here. Just that fact, supported by the omnipotence and omniscience of the Being is HUGE! I have come to believe in that the word God doesn't work very good any more. It has been absconded, into a very limited term. The Be-ing (the I AM) that I have come to try to comprehend is infinite (which is incomprehensible) and ultimately ONLY LOVE! The depth and expanse of this Love is way beyond the capability of words to touch.

That was my experience. The contemplation of it, even today as I write, continues to reverberate through my life. And as I continue to get validation and synchronistic signs of its significance, even 30 years after the fact, it helps me to see that the I AM opened a window to me. To glimpse a much greater reality of existence for me. I only need to relish the continued expansion of my consciousness and be GRATEFUL. For I truly believe that we live in a Fantasmical (fantastic, magical) universe, and time, and that we are all only experiencing GOOD, we just don't realize it.

Here is the quote that inspired me to share this story today:

Chapter VIII: *The Music Maker* from the *Religion of Man* Rabindranath Tagore

"A PARTICLE of sand would be nothing if it did not have its background in the whole physical world. This grain of sand is known in its context of the universe where we know all things through the testimony of our senses. When I say the grain of sand is, the whole physical world stands guarantee for the truth which is behind the appearance of the sand.

But where is that guarantee of truth for this personality of mine that has the mysterious faculty of knowledge before which the particle of sand offers its credential of identification? It must be acknowledged that this personal self of mine also has for its truth a background of personality where knowledge, unlike that of other things, can only be immediate and self-revealed.

What I mean by personality is a self-conscious principle of transcendental unity within man which comprehends all the details of facts that are individually his in knowledge and feeling, wish and will and work. In its negative aspect it is limited to the individual separateness, while in its positive aspect it ever extends itself in the infinite through the increase of its knowledge, love and activities.

And for this reason the most human of all facts about us is that we *do* dream of the limitless unattained--the dream which gives character to what is attained. Of all creatures man lives in an endless future. Our present is only a part of it. The ideas unborn, the unbodied spirits, tease our imagination with an insistence which makes them more real to our mind than things around us. The atmosphere of the future must always surround our present in order to make it life-bearing and suggestive of immortality. For he who has the healthy vigour of humanity in him has a strong instinctive faith that ideally he is limitless. That is why our greatest teachers claim from us a manifestation that touches the infinite. In this they pay homage to the Supreme Man. And our true worship lies in our indomitable courage to be great and thus to represent the human divine and ever to keep open the path of freedom towards the unattained;"

I was very fortunate to discover that I had a tendency to want to escape from the world. I first did this via drugs and alcohol. Through a series of events, I was confronted with the dilemma of my situation, the epiphany being about the necessity of being honest with myself. I quit using all drugs and alcohol on July 13, 1981.

## My Burning Bush

Today I am compelled to relate the story that describes the most profound spiritual experience I have ever had up until this year (Note: today's date of editing is November 20, 2009 and a most recent experience that eclipses the one shared here happened on November 14th, but I will have to Share at some future date).

I believe it was 1996. I had been on a spiritual path for many years, and known about spontaneous spiritual "awakenings", or experiences, that resulted in a person having a completely different perspective on life and existence. Those similar to the one described about Moses. My experiences for the most part from 1981 until 1996 had been of the "educational variety" (as per William James), a sort of slow progressive process of having greater awareness and clarity gradually over many years. Part of me wanted to experience the sudden cosmic enlightenment, but I was satisfied with my progress nevertheless.

I was living in Austin Texas. I was working at a state agency, but also driving a city commuter bus before I went to my regular job. I had to wake up at about 4:00 am. I was living in a rented room in a friend's house on Lake Austin.

I believe the stage was set for my experience by the Landmark Education Forum. There were a few friends who were talking about the experience so I decided to participate. It was a weekend program. I was quite impressed with the instructor, the various exercises and the transformation of one of the students who was selected as a focus of the instructor's attention. I found the focus of the introductory program on discovering where our beliefs originated the most powerful. To question my accumulated ideas about reality, and the "facts" of the world, and how I had come to believe in them was something that I had previously never really considered. There was also an exercise in examining our greatest fears that was similarly powerful. Essentially arriving at the point that our greatest fears, to discover that we are really afraid of each other – people fear people. Then the question that arises from this is "why"?

I could write much more about the program, but the point to get to is to describe my experience. As a result of the energy of the workshop and the shift towards awareness I believe I was in a highly charged spiritual condition. I also had a friend whom I was

sharing in the experience and we had great enthusiasm over the weekend. To this point my efforts toward spiritual development had been very mundane for the most part over about fifteen years. I was living semi-successfully, but also struggling in other respects. Life changes like a divorce had been weighing on me emotionally, but then living in Austin was a blessing for I believe the energy of the place is highly charged and motivates people to grow.

My experience occurred as I was waking up on a Monday morning, after the weekend seminar. The alarm clock went off at four am, and I was resting in a half awake state. The radio was on and I could hear the DJ and the other radio personalities talking. On this particular occasion they were making jokes about a politician who was immersed in some sort of sexual scandal. In this half awake state I remember sinking into this very sad place where I felt it a travesty that we live in a world where it is acceptable to make humor, publicly especially, about the challenges of individual people. These thoughts of “who in this world doesn’t have frailties?”, and “who are these guys to be judging?” were floating through my mind. I really came to a near state of despair – and felt like crying. At that moment, the strangest experience I have ever had occurred. As I recollect it, it was like a small window opened to Divine Consciousness. It felt like God opened just a small portal, a window to “All Knowing”, for just a nano-second. And in that brief moment I was carried away into an indescribable experience of awareness. In no time at all I was given a glimpse, or sense of the power that had motivated people like Ghandi, Abraham Lincoln, Martin Luther King, Buddha and Jesus. I was given a glimpse, but an experiential one which told me that it wasn’t supposed to be that kind of world that I was contemplating from the radio show. And there was a power that was accessible that could assist me to make a difference. The experience was so brief, but overwhelming that I was totally astounded. I was taken to a place, a feeling place of great, great Joy. A place where I knew we didn’t have to let the world stay the same with the sorrow and suffering that we all seem to experience.

It was as if a tiny window had opened up to cosmic knowing for the briefest moment and I was submerged in the Divine Light of God, and it told me that I was responsible. That I too, like the great beings that I had admired so much, had some responsibility to bring change – to free humanity from all of suffering. I had the distinct feeling that it

was my time to “step up to the plate”. This idea relates to baseball: when it is your time up to bat, you go. You don’t tell the coach, “well coach, I’ll pass on this one”. You just get up to bat. And you always do the best that you can. Without question. You stand, look at the pitcher, keep your eye on the ball, and each time is an individual example of “doing your best”. And in this brief span of time in the world, I experienced an almost indeterminable amount of knowing that I had a part to play.

Now in this moment, which I have no idea how much time had passed, but I am sure it was only a few seconds for a world of thoughts, and more importantly feelings to wash me away into this “cosmic knowing”, it scared the livin’ daylights out of me. Within a second of this “gap” opening, I immediately felt incredible fear. How can I live up to this? Why me? What can I do? I felt this conflicted sense of, I finally knew the power, personally, experientially behind all of creation, but how could I live up to the expectations, the responsibility. I was elated, exalted, expanded for the first time in my life and then more afraid than I had ever been before. I believe, but I don’t know for sure, that this all happened in a few seconds. As the fear overwhelmed me, and I went to the place of not thinking I could do this, I physically curled up in a ball and started weeping.

I am not absolutely sure how much time passed. But I know I made it to work and proceeded with my usual day. I did call my friend and tried to relate the story. I remember that during the Landmark experiences, that he had been referring to a very elusive but powerful experience. And he kept telling me about it, but I had no idea what he was talking about. And to this day I still don’t. Because when I told him about my experience, I felt he didn’t have any idea what I was talking about either. I sensed that what I was describing was way beyond what he had been referring to.

I came away from this experience, even though it ended with great, great fear, with a sense of calm knowing. I felt more empowered and more sure of the path I was on. I am just realizing this more fully as I am writing this now. Although I am not sure what this experience was all about, over the years I have come to believe that a sort of seed was planted. That seed was to grow into what I am not totally sure.

I have never connected all of the dots, or even thought to any great extent, about the repercussions of this experience, but as I write this I know that shortly after I was back

in college working on my doctorate. I had taken a radical and risky step to go back to school and pursue my dreams rather than just work a job. And I know that my work as a professor after finishing my doctorate, and as a research scientist has never been of an ordinary nature. I have always had this passion for looking at the big picture, putting things in context, having a vision for how can we make the living systems of the world work better and take care of the living things in a way that protects and enhances lives. I have never met anyone else who understands the broad perspectives that I do.

As a professor I just couldn't see the purpose to writing a bunch of articles to increase the lines on my CV, with the purpose of increasing my pay, taking care of my own and being satisfied. There hasn't been a time I could be satisfied with my own comfortable life while knowing that people are starving, trees and environments are getting destroyed by the thousands of hectares a day, while I publish words that go sit on a shelf that only a handful of people will read in the entire world.

I sense, as I reflect, that many of my creative capacities were enhanced from this experience. I may never know. After this, as I returned to academia, I found myself able to understand greater arrays of information. I have been able to examine the greater phenomena, like the Internet, while at the same time contextualizing that "on the ground", as in the case of my dissertation which examined the Internet as a global phenomena, but then drilled down vertically to ask the question, how is this impacting people and the planet? I was interested in how small nature tourism business owners were using the Internet to grow their business, but at the same time I could see the astounding potentials of the Internet as a phenomena for changing everything on the planet. In many respects, the ideas contained within the concept of the "I Am Sharing" collaborative network encompass these understandings.

I believe that the book that I recently completed "A Vision to Re-Create the World", included in this book, is a snap-shot of the capabilities, or perspectives that were possibly "downloaded" from the experience described in this essay. I have no idea what ultimately is going to happen with all of the work that I have done, and the decision to help change the world. All I know, is that I will continue to pursue the things that I have been motivated to do. Not really understanding where the drive comes from, but knowing, without one single shred of doubt, that it is the right thing for me to do. And

even though I have struggled as a very “non-traditional” person, and one whom people may consider to be a little crazy, that I know in my heart I am doing the best that I can – and that, ultimately, is all I am responsible for.

## Calling forth the Clouds

In 1981, when I was just a few days clean from drugs and alcohol, I had a very profound experience. I had discovered that I might be an alcoholic and drug addict in the month of May. I had been struggling with trying to escape from the world via drinking and drugs since I was thirteen years old.

In May of 1981 I had been arrested for the fourth time for alcohol related incidents. I had an incredible awakening on July 12, 1981 about how I had to get honest with myself if there was ever any hope for my recovery.

This experience I relate here has to do with my coming to believe that there was a power greater than myself – or a God. Prior to this time, as a young person trying to rectify the “issues” related to a loving God allowing all of the suffering in the world, I guess I had come to the dubious place of being an agnostic. I couldn’t satisfy myself with the dogma of Christianity as practiced in middle-America, nor had I spent any time investigating the great Truths contained in all religions, and those that are embedded in the Bible, that I have come to know that have been intermixed with manipulations of the church leaders throughout a 2000 year history.

However, on July 12, 1981, I had gotten on my knees for the first time that I can remember, and prayed “God Help Me!” I have been clean of drugs and alcohol since.

Two weeks clean, which was an impossible accomplishment previously, I found myself preparing to go to a conference for young people in recovery in Minneapolis, Minnesota. I was excited. But before I could leave I had to finish a contract with Pioneer Seed International, detassling about nine acres of corn. It is a very arduous work.

I was really anticipating my trip, which at that time to travel 250 miles was a really big deal. I was in the middle of the corn field and it was hot! As I remember over 100 degrees, no wind and the corn was over six feet tall so it was a real miserable situation. Although detassling corn is demanding physically, after one learns how it becomes automatic. Thus, as one pulls the tassel out of 18,000 plants per ½ mile row, there is ample time for thought.

On this day the sun was beating down, in addition to stifling heat and humidity, and I

felt as if I might pass out. However, I had to get this job done so I could get paid and make the trip with no worries.

I guess I must have been contemplating the existence of God as I tramped through the rows of corn. The recovery program that I was part of strongly suggested a person to accept the possibility that there existed a “power greater than themselves”. In the first twelve or so days from my first prayer, I guess I had not totally rectified this issue. This could be understood since I had been a skeptic for a number of years. So I decided to put God to the test.

It was so incredibly hot. Really, Iowa heat, in the middle of a cornfield is something that is incomprehensible if you haven’t experienced it. I needed relief or I would have to leave the field, to take a break and recover – maybe returning later in the day when it had cooled some.

It was a cloudless day. Over 90% humidity. So I looked up at the sky and said, “Ok, if there is a God, cover up the sun.” It was a simple request, and I really didn’t take it seriously. I went back to my work without noticing anything specifically, until about 10 minutes passed and the glaring sun stopped. I looked up, and from an absolutely cloudless sky, the sky was filled with clouds and cooled the temperature I would estimate about fifteen degrees.

I couldn’t believe it. I just kept on working, finished the job comfortably. I made my trip to Minnesota and decided that that was enough evidence that there was a God.

I believe that experience carried me through with a simple faith in God, that helped me make it through some of the more challenging times of early recovery from drug and alcohol abuse.

Of course, over these many years, I have done vast contemplation and study of what God is. And today I use a number of terms to refer to this “Being”, including God (although this is likely the most misunderstood) the “One” or “Source” or “All That Is”. I also use “I Am”.

Today, as I write about this experience in the cornfield 28 years later, I have another understanding. That is that I was the one who caused the clouds. That is because I am

One with God – we are not separate. And I have come to discover (and this is likely the tip of an infinite iceberg) that what I truly am is a multi-dimensional being (in our universe), expressed through Spirit as a direct descendent of the One – the Source of all life in our universe and an infinity of universes that extend through infinity of what we call time.

But this is a digression and likely Sharing for a future book. Nevertheless, I have discovered incredible new realities of consciousness, and my roles and responsibilities on the little place we call Earth, and our divine opportunities to extend our experiences throughout the vast reaches of the cosmos. I cannot relate here the full breadth and depth of the books, experiences and contemplations that have brought me to this place, although I have given a sample here in this book, specifically maintaining a careful consideration for what people “of the world” will be able to consider and believe. But the one book, whom I was the great benefactor of providing my services to help bring to the world “When Love Guides Your Thoughts” was one of the most profound contributors to my confidence in my experiences, and trusting that the Divine, my life, and All That Is, is in perfect order. I have been made in the image and likeness of God. I have the powers to co-create, to affect the weather, to heal, and to bring into manifestation many ideas, things, concepts, and creations that appear to arise from nothing. But in reality, it is Mother-Father God extending its creative expression through me via my experiences, learning and sharing. And the more that I believe in these incredible possibilities, and trust my heart, and align the power of my mind to my heart’s Divine guidance, the more that these possibilities expand. And how I get access to this is captured in two statements of one of many great and wonderful teachers (paraphrased) “the kingdom of god is within you”, and “seek ye first the kingdom of God”.



### Discovering My Purpose

My professional life has been guided by an experience that I had in about 1986. I was an undergraduate student at Iowa State University in the Leisure Studies program. I had a wonderful advisor Steve Simpson, who assisted me in refining my curriculum to focus towards outdoor recreation with an emphasis on protecting the environment.

Leisure Studies was a program of study that I stumbled upon as I was trying to figure out what I was going to do when I grew up (I was 26). I had been floating between a variety of disciplines including business, biology and hadn't found a niche. In order to fill up a semester course schedule I took an introductory Leisure Studies course. It fit perfectly. I thought "what better kind of work than to help people enjoy their leisure – isn't that why we all work so hard?"

Steve's emphasis and teaching methods were very effective and influential. It took us to a place where we studied people like John Muir, Aldo Leopold, Ralph Waldo Emerson and other great thinkers including, still living, Fritjof Capra (Center for Ecoliteracy). Our classes consisted of readings from all of these authors and many more, combined with Steve's true passion "experiential education". We did classes where we participated and lead activities like biking, rock climbing, kayaking, windsurfing, and also participated on outdoor excursions.

Even though I was very enthusiastic about outdoor recreation, I was still not clear what exactly I was supposed to do with my career. I had an idea to be a naturalist videographer, but I don't think I had the patience for that profession. My answer to my "mission" conundrum came to me on canoe trip on the St. Croix river between Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Now, as a little preparatory statement, I have discovered that many of my greatest personal discoveries occurred as a result of personal crises – times of great sorrow, struggle, or even at a juncture where I have had a choice, usually not conscious, between life or death. Those points where I was confronted with opportunities or challenges that relate to my character ,or growth as a person. In many respects this relates to spiritual growth from my life experiences.

What I relate next could be easily avoided, and part of me would rather not reveal the “true story”. However, I believe it is possibly the most important fact, because if it weren’t for the circumstances to be exactly as they were, I likely would have not had the experience that I did.

One of my personal challenges in my life has been my relations to women. I have had struggles, and it likely goes all the way back to my relationship with my own mother. My woman “chooser” usually ends up getting me with women whom I, unconsciously, wanted to save. I have a sort of “hero complex”. So back to the story, in our Leisure Studies courses there was a woman whom I had a crush on. The problem was, I was married.

We were having a wonderful experience canoeing on the St. Croix to natural areas that were only accessible from the river. The day before I had my epiphany for what my “mission” was, we had taken a hike in a pine forest. It was incredible. Quiet, the tall, straight trees, and the whispering breeze as we entered, and then the silence of the forest was so memorable. I don’t know why it had such an impact on me this time, but I remember it to set the stage for the events that would follow the next morning. We finished the hike in the forest and returned to camp. We spent some time “processing” the experience and then were prepared to go to sleep in our tents. I don’t remember the details, but I remember I wanted to get into the tent with this lady I had a crush on. But she wouldn’t let me. And the greater part of me knew that I didn’t want to anyway. It was a struggle between my lower and higher nature.

It was going to get cold that night, but I had a good sleeping bag. And maybe I was pouting, or maybe I wanted to punish myself, it could have been any number of reasons. So, I decided to sleep next to the tributary, Bear Creek, of the main branch of the St. Croix. It did get quite cold. In fact, when I awoke at daybreak there was snow on the ground.

When I awoke, I just woke up and for some reason I had this realization about what I was supposed to do in this world – what my mission was. I don’t recall the details of thoughts, or anything. But to this day that experience marks the juncture in my life where I had a clear sense of how I could make a difference. I was supposed to work to

help people experience the out-of-doors. To facilitate experiences, like we were having in this class, to where people, especially young people, could have an experience that might re-connect their spirit to the spirit abundant in the natural world—to Gaia. I don't know exactly how this knowing came to me, but it is as clear today as it must have been then.

Now, this mission, this purpose, or responsibility has taken me on a very winding path in my life. Sometimes my work, or experiences, have seemed to be a detour, or dead-end. But I now understand, at this point, that these experiences were part of a twenty year training program. These ideas for my path started with a term paper “Ecotourism Consulting International” to assist in developing businesses that would assist people’s in developing countries to create alternative economic strategies that would help protect the rainforests.

Here is a short summary of just a few of my more pertinent jobs and schooling which will provide a summary of this winding career path. To improve my credibility, and train me in natural resource management I got a masters degree in Forestry, with a focus on agroforestry and alternative energy systems. After that I spent five years with Texas Parks and Wildlife Department, first developing the first “nature tourism” program called Texas Adventures, and then running a mail-order catalog (the TPWD Collection) within the same agency. Following that took me to back to school to become the Assistant Director of the Center for Nature and Heritage Tourism, where I learned the geographical perspective, and became knowledgeable about the Internet and geographic information systems (GIS). My PhD Dissertation is entitled “Nature Tourism in Cyberspace: An Examination of it’s Geography and Character in the Network”.

Finally, I ended up being a professor and research scientist at Texas A&M University where my first responsibilities were to teach farmers and ranchers how to start a nature tourism business, to work with communities interested in nature tourism, to create a Internet based tourism information system (TexBox), to be the founder of a tourism and technology business out of the university (AdventGX) and finally to become an assistant to the Vice President for Research in the areas of new environmental technologies (hyperspectral sensors) and commercialization strategies.

After all of this, and my mentor and boss Dr. Ewing passing, I took another huge risk to get back to my original dream and left academia to come to South America to develop, real, on-the-ground strategies for rural sustainable revitalization and empowerment. Over the years, my perspectives have greatly expanded based on my understanding of political, economic, social, business and bureaucratic realities, while at the same time increasing my passion for the need to stimulate spiritual awakenings in people.

I have experienced vast and numerous experiences with people and places, but one truth that rises up from it all, *that we have to help people, and protect the planet*. I have also found that almost all people are inherently good, and they just need some help to understand how to better live and relate to each other and Gaia. The means to accomplish this is through a principle I call “people helping people” and through education.

In any case, the core of my ideas in this regard, related to rural revitalization and empowerment, are presented in detail in the book “Vision to Re-create the World”. This story, of realizing “my mission” is the final contribution to this book is very likely just the beginning of a series of books that will go into detail about the various components and requirements of rural, regional development strategies. I feel I have been honored more than any other person with my experiences in this world. And I will continue on this meandering path, with the hopes to achieve some level of success to make my contribution to helping people to be happy and to have more fun – which is why I think that we came to the beautiful place we call Earth!

### **Realization of Self Love**

This is a very personal description of a great discovery about self-love and the teachings of Jesus and the ten commandments.

About twelve years ago (1997), I was recovering from divorce. It turned out to be one of the most challenging times in my life. This process literally took years. I am not sure why I drug it out so long, but that was just the process. I mostly felt myself to have been a failure as a father. Not upholding the social agreement of marriage, mostly for the sake of my son.

I struggled a great deal financially, probably a form of self punishment. I also had periods of deep sorrow- even so far as contemplating the end of my life. I never went so far to actually do anything, just going to that place of desperate resignation. The most profound of these times I actually went to the place of no feelings. Ambivalence, numbness, not caring. That I discovered is a much more desperate and dangerous place than anger or depression.

When I was at the lowest place I was in my apartment and I picked up the Bible. Now, I have never read the Bible to any great extent. I have tried a number of times, but found the language difficult to comprehend. Plus I have come to believe that much of the greatest truths to have been culled out. However, I still believe that it is filled with great wisdom and truth, it is just difficult for me to decipher what might have been added or deleted. Not the best use of my time, this is my opinion.

However, on this occasion I opened up the book at random, dropped my finger on the passage where the disciples are asking Jesus to speak on the commandments, I remember reading "and what of the ten commandments"? And Jesus's response, in my recollection "There are only two. Love God with all your being. And Love your neighbor as yourself".

Reading this caused great realizations for me, and insights on my perspectives on love of self, and also my access to the love of God. You see, I read in that passage in the Bible, having a scientific mind, a case of deductive reasoning. The bottom line, or the basic challenge of Jesus' message relates to Self love. The deduction, or the leap of rea-

soning comes because he did not mention three points - 1) Love God, 2) Love Yourself, and 3) Love Your Neighbor as Yourself. The second step in this reasoning is missing. Why? I assume that Jesus "assumed" that we would love ourselves. But is this the case in our world? I think mostly not. For many reasons - one is that it has become "tabu" in many ways to "Love ourselves" (e.g. narcissism, arrogance, selfishness).

However, as I have since discovered, if I don't harbor Love in my heart for myself, how can I truly Love others? And I am not talking about "selfish" love. I'm talking about the Love for God and for all others. For if I truly Love Andy in the true sense of Love then I do not have to worry about selfish love. My brother-in-law many years ago (1981) confronted me on this. I think I said something to him about loving my girlfriend more than I loved myself. And he replied, "Andy how can you expect others to Love you, if you don't Love yourself?" This I have realized over the years is one of the most powerful questions a person can ask - either of themselves, or of a dear one.

This reverie from the quote from Jesus made me think why I might have arrived at the point of not Loving myself. I thought that it probably had something to do with pain - and pain being a sign of being excluded from God's Love, which to me is the greatest fear. Much greater than the fear of death. *(a little digression, imagine the world of people living day to day their greatest fear as their truth!)*

I thought back to my first unconscious "comprehension" of God - which would have been my parents. They were bigger than me, took care of all my needs, protected me, loved me. But did they love me when they punished me? I think I came to understand/feel that when I did "bad", I was being excluded from Love. When I felt pain, either external or internal, I began to separate myself from Love. I began to believe that I could actually do something and become un-Lovable. A ridiculous notion as I understand today, but for most of my life I believed, I felt this. As my friend Tom says "little Andy", had programmed this idea into the very core of my being. This is the idea that the church has placed on us. The idea of "original sin", or at least the way that I interpreted it. And, if I look at many people in the world, I think others believe it too.

In any case, I examined this idea of doing things, and being "out of Love". And it explained my behaviors. You see, once I was out of Love, or had excluded myself con-

sciously, it doesn't matter. Bad in degrees is immaterial. And, because of the internal pain, the need to blot it out became more and more necessary. Thus, in my case, I turned to drugs and alcohol as a young person. However, at the time of this experience reading the Bible, in 1997, I had been 16 year sober.

I think I somehow got the idea or belief that if I felt pain, I wasn't being Loved. Of course it started with my parents, but then I think it extended to God, and of course to everyone. Because, how or why would I feel pain (which is "bad") if I was Loved? Pain is a sign of being a "sinner" and "sinners" can't be Loved by God, right? Because we have to become an "un-sinner" for God to really Love us, right? We have to become totally clean to be accepted into the Love of God. And this only happens when you "do something", and are transformed into being "white as snow". But if I feel pain inside, then I feel that I am the same. I know that this is not the case, and this seems like a very childish way of understanding. However, I think this childish "program" was actually running in my life - it explained my behaviors.

In truth, I do not think God condemns. It is a man made construct, like so many other concepts that have imprisoned us - but these are OK, because there is a purpose to all.

I also realized at this moment that pain is not "bad". It is merely an aspect on a continuum. And, in actuality, it can be very, very good. In fact, it was deep and desperate pain that lead me to "no pain", no cares, no feeling which was the stimulus for all of these epiphanies about "Self Love". And in that moment, and in previous moments, I realized that "pain" can be exquisite. And then I wasn't sitting in judgment about my feelings, about my actions, which would result in me being excluded from God's Love, which is not possible.

Whether I consciously bought into the idea of "sin" and condemnation, I think at some level I believed that I had done things that had placed me out of God's Love. Divorce. Abandoning my son (this was my "programmed" belief). Having a tendency to be somewhat of a "womanizer". But this actually tied to my own condemnation of myself. It became a self fulfilling prophecy. It was like, OK, I'm already a "screw-up" (a sinner) so fuck it! And I had come to believe that I was the kind of person to do those things. So, if I believe myself to be that kind of person, how could I do anything else? But in reality

all I was doing in that process was trying to find love. Love from others. Love to fill the void in me. But no other person can ever fill that void. Because that was a void created by my lack of Love for my Self.

And I think Loving my Self first is actually one of the most gracious things that I could ever do. I am God's first gift to me. To my person. This physical, spiritual and intellectual being was God's gift to me first. And from there, all other expressions arise, at least in my conscious experience.

I realized this in another way a few years ago when I heard the song by Bad Company "Feel like making Love". I realized that we are supposed to be "Love factories". But how could I generate Love if I don't have the first ingredient - Love for the being, the gift that God gave me - me, myself and I. Isn't it a tremendous lack of gratitude to not love what God gave me, first?

Through all of this thinking I realized that "Self love" was to "Love God with All My Being" - and that if I could accomplish Self Love in the most pure and profound way, then "Love Others as Your Self" would flow naturally and effortlessly. That was the "missing deduction" in Jesus's statement about there only being two commandments.

I also realized that maybe, these feelings, were God experiencing itself through me. I imagined my joys, sorrows, and the agelessness of the feelings. I imagined how my body, and my mind seem to age, but my feelings don't. I thought of the loves and deepness of those profound feelings that I had experienced in my life and felt that that truly was a God living through me. And those forces are the ones that have motivated me, truly to seek Love with all my being. To be Love in all ways that I can.

So what next? Forgiveness. Yes, but if God doesn't condemn why would I need forgiveness? I don't really know, but for me at that (and this) moment, the forgiveness was to know that God's Love was immediately available to me - all-ways, always. It happened to me long ago when I realized my life was in the "shitter", I was a drunk and a junkie, mostly because of my dishonesty with myself. When I had this realization that dishonesty had created my twisted little life, and admitted I was lying, and committed to take a different path, and said the prayer "God help me". My life began to be totally different.

All I had to do, I guess, was to accept the Love to flow. It was there waiting. I didn't grow any new Love acceptance organs.

Oh, you may be thinking, why do I say that God doesn't judge - well for me, it's about Love. Love Loves it doesn't judge. And if God is Love then God doesn't judge. God just Loves.

So what I had to do at that moment was look at Andy, and see him for who he was, and just appreciate that he never meant to hurt anyone - on purpose. That many times he was confused, and did things that resulted in apparent "problems" but that those really don't matter to Love. That no matter what I think that I do that is bad, and no matter how bad I might feel, I am always Loved by God. Period. There is no way out of it. It is everywhere and always.

And today, I have learned more and more about my feelings and their connection to the Divine. That they are actually the "program" the "guidance system" that I was given in order to know how to avoid doing the things that were contrary to my, and others, best interest. But I didn't learn this until about 2 years ago.

### Tribute to Marvel Skadberg



Marvel and Marvin Skadberg

October 6, 1932 – August 21, 2004

*Note: this is an unedited version of what I shared on Sept. 11 2004 at Marvel's memorial service at the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship in Ames, Iowa.*

I have been accused of not being very organized when my thoughts come out. In that way I think I'm a lot like Mom. So I'll start with a little disclaimer about this upcoming sharing. Some are just statements, some are ramblings, but I purposely didn't refine my ideas too much because they came to me in inspiration. So if they don't make a lot of sense, don't fret they probably are not something to spend too much time trying to figure out.

I've been pondering what to say for the last couple of weeks—hoping for some bright inspiration. I thought about writing a poem. But only hokey ones came to me. Mostly I was not worried, because if nothing came to me I could just say the serenity prayer, Mom left that with me.

Mom gave me life twice, when I was born and gave it to me a second time (rescued from a wild un-reflected life at a fairly young age, its too long a story,—thanks Mom). And I carry the serenity prayer as my primary mantra.

But my inspiration for this talk did come to me in my sleep (5:17 am in the 12 Oaks Inn in Gainesville, Texas) Thursday, as I was sure it would if it needed to. That's about intuition—and I have an intuition that intuition is somehow related to a gift Mom gave me that I'll talk about briefly.

This is kind of weird talking about Mom—what do you say? Thanks for everything. If it weren't for you I couldn't be here talking to ya'll. No matter, here goes the thoughts that flowed into my head a couple of days ago.

Mom was the toughest person I knew. And I mean that in the best of ways, because of how she was able to bear out the challenges of her life.

She also lived with a lot of gusto—I think sometimes through her kids.

Dad told you about the time at the baseball game when Mom was yelling so loud it was embarrassing me. I was pitching and having some difficulty getting the ball across the plate. Mid-stream I turned and looked directly at Mom and said "I can't pitch to left handers". Mom was always enthusiastic at our sporting events.

Her body didn't cooperate too well. I think she got too live some of her life through me. She kept prodding (encouraging) me. And didn't give up. And I'm still going about my life in the way that she prodded me. Don't settle for less than my best. And just keep trying—so that's what I'm doing. It's been quite an adventure Mom.

I don't want to sound arrogant, but ironically that's what its all about for me isn't it. Me! That's what Mom gave me first, but that's not the real gift that I'm talking about.

I also know she's not gone. Even though I wonder and have hopes for other things for her in some sort of continued existence or consciousness like heaven, Nirvana, life after death, reincarnation, or "white Lights" or anything like that—those things I don't know—so in that way I don't know that she's not gone.

But, even though I don't know about that stuff I do know that she's not gone—really! Yes, I think I'm used to hearing the saying after people die that they remain in our hearts or other sentimental statements similar to that. But yesterday when I sat and

wrote this out I really knew that she was not gone. And those sayings took on a much deeper meaning.

Here's the gift Mom left us. . . .

She left us her heart (and Mom's heart was about Love)(yeah Dad it's half your heart too).

And today's about you too.

And when this inspiration came to me on Thursday I understood that I had to be courageous to share more personally how I do know, that she left us her heart.

Because it's in me.

Of course I know it was in Laurie and its in Mark and Kari (because I know what kind of people they are), but to share about me is very hard because it's very close to my heart.

And when I get close to there I tend to get protective and scared to open up for whatever reason that's really not important.

I think anyone who knew Mom knew that she was dominated by her heart. Of course as with everyone there was some complicatedness to that. Coping with a heart like Mom's in a world where troubles endure for people like they do, that's not easy on hearts like hers. It causes some challenges. But that never stopped Mom's heart

Again not to sound arrogant, but I have learned in this journey of life, at least to this point, that it's all about the heart. And our journey is about finding our own heart. That is where the great secret lies. So, because I know that, I have spent some time trying to learn about my heart. Intellectually, I don't know what that means (the statement "learn about my heart"). But in my heart I do—I think. In my mind I'm scared to talk about my heart to Ya'll because I don't want to sound arrogant—conceited or self absorbed, or weird, or stupid, or maybe I'm afraid because in this world I tend to get protective of my heart, I suppose in order to cope day by day with the pains of the world. But in my heart I know it's what I would have to do, today. Why? Because Mom would have told me to!

But seriously, really, this is what Mom's heart told me to say today. What I had to do is stand up here and share my heart with you. Because it was what I was afraid to do, but what I knew was the truth and that I needed to muster up the courage to share.

Enough of that, now to get to my point--I feel like I do know my heart. I have worked hard at knowing my heart (even though I have barely scratched the surface). It's a good heart.

And it's my Mom's heart.

She left it behind—and Thank God. Now the great thing is it doesn't stop there. Because I know it's in my kids. Like when Devon, some years back, while fast asleep with me laying beside him, I was suffering from traumatic life changes, he slipped his hand into mine. It made me cry really hard, but I felt loved and embraced by something much larger than me at the same time.

I know its in my kids when I saw Joshua (our four year old boy) start to cry the other day when he saw the part in the Disney movie Tarzan when the mother gorilla has lost her baby, before she finds Tarzan. I saw in his eyes and his face, his knowing of the pain of the loss, but also the hope that that pain brings.

And I see it in Serena's eyes (Mom's newest 5 month old grandbaby). When I gaze into her eyes I see the clear deep pure heart of Serena co-mingled with Yongxia's heart (her mother) and Marvel's heart and the heart of Yongxia's Mom. I can see a clear deep, luscious, pure heart that makes my heart melt. And so on and on it goes, I guess forever.

Thanks Mom, for leaving the best part behind.

## Tribute to Marvin Skadberg

December 6, 1927 – January 12, 2007

*Note: this is an unedited version of what I shared on January 28, 2007 at Marvin's memorial service at the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship in Ames, Iowa.*

These situations are always difficult to figure out what to share. I don't want to just fabricate some trite things, but want to say something meaningful, and from the heart. The challenge comes in how not to get too much in my head, and to keep my emotions at bay.

The following thoughts came to me as I woke up early a few days ago. They are random, but represent some of the meaningful memories and affects that John Marvin's life had on me and my life.

Dad was my hero.

I remember when I was very young, I suppose after saying the prayer that begins "If I die before I wake" I would imagine what it would be like if Dad died. I would have to stop myself quickly and force myself to think of something else – because I wanted to keep myself from crying, because even the thought was too painful. I know it didn't always work - I cried sometimes. Now faced with the reality of Dad being gone, it's worse than I imagined.

There are so many good things to remember about Dad. I remember when I was a boy so clearly those nights when I would have a bad dream, or there was a storm, I would go sleep next to him. I have never felt so safe since.

Dad was also a super nice guy –

I've been trying to remember if he ever asked me for anything – I couldn't think of one thing. – But one thing I do know that he wanted from me - he wanted/expected me to live my life, and live it boldly and fully.

Retrospect and his passing have given me a different view on things. One significant example is a story my folks told me about when I was very young – about one of Dad's

regrets. I was four or five and in trouble. I stood up to Dad when he was going to discipline me and said defiantly “you can’t make me cry”. I did. Mom told me that Dad cried after that incident. For years I saw this incident as possibly one mistake that Dad made – now I understand that it wasn’t. I wish I could tell Dad that he needn’t have any regrets. It was a very important lesson for me.

Now, at 47, and with my life experiences I see this as an important lesson about life. It can be captured I think in a quote of Frederick Neitzche “What doesn’t kill us, makes us stronger”.

I suspect that that was the first of many lessons for me that life might knock me down, emotionally and other ways, but no matter what I need to keep going. Dad demonstrated this in his own life – especially when Laurie died so tragically and also when he lost his lifetime sweetheart just two years ago. Dad just kept on going, but actually became an even more loving and compassionate person. He taught me that my life is valuable, to be treasured, nurtured and enjoyed no matter what trials and tribulations might confront me. That’s how he lived his life.

I remember the arguments between Laurie and Dad when she was a young woman, becoming aware of the strife, tragedies and hypocrisies of the world. I remember how passionate she was to make the world better, and Dad’s pragmatic/logical/stoic position, his views of the world. His experienced, wise, understanding that the challenges we face are monumental. It frustrated Laurie to no end. Both views are necessary for change – we can’t be naive to the harsh realities of the challenges to break down or remake entrenched systems, but we must be passionate for the cause.

I know this day isn’t about me, but then again, in a way it is. It’s the only reference point that I have. And John Marvin is my father.

One of the proudest things that I say when I speak in my line of work, is that I followed my Father’s footsteps, even though the rebel in me didn’t really want to acknowledge that. I still remember when Dad dropped the hint about me maybe pursuing a career in Extension, when I was having some difficulty with choosing a vocation. For those who don’t know, Extension is the “Service” side of the Land Grant University system – to extend the knowledge that we discover in Universities and be of service to the public.

What I have learned from Dad is that trying to live ones life for service can be quite rewarding – in a multiplicity of ways. Dad showed me how to do it – I guess, however, I might still need some lessons in humility.

Mom taught me to believe in myself, and that I can do nearly anything if I put my mind to it, and that there is something extraordinary in each one of us

Dad taught me that I can make a difference and that I should die trying.

About 1 ½ year sago I found myself getting tremendously sad at the thought of my children facing the “age of enlightenment” – when the reality of the problems of the world start pressing down on them. I found myself slipping into that dreaded state of desperate resignation – what could I possibly do to make it better?- the problems seem insurmountable. . . . but then a thought came to me about what I could do about it. What I realized is that I can try to change the world. I don’t care if people think it’s grandiose or pompous to think or believe this. Either way it will be better. . . if I make a difference, great! If I don’t, at least I died trying. I think both Mom and Dad did that in their lives.

I’ve been very fortunate in following Dad’s line of work. To a significant degree the successes have been a result of my exchange of ideas with Dad. He was my mentor. Up until the last, Dad and I discussed the challenges and opportunities facing higher education, changing economic paradigms and rural communities and the role of technology in these rapidly changing times. Even after he was already gone I received a newspaper clipping from the Des Moines Register. He’d sent it just a couple of days before he passed.

I’m not sure what I’m going to do now that he’s gone – but, I know eventually it’s going to be OK.

A funny story happened in this last year. I was speaking at a conference in Des Moines and it was the first (and now only) time that Dad could hear me talk. He sat in my session and I was hopefully anticipating grand accolades from him about how awesome I did. Silly Andy! I didn’t get that. In fact he didn’t say much at all, until we were riding home in the car. He just said – you need to get rid of about half of your powerpoint

slides. I think Dad knew I didn't need any help with inflating my ego.

I pray that my work and my life represent my Father and Mother's legacies. That I continue to make my contribution to making the world a better place!

That I possibly live as a beacon, to ignite the spark of enthusiasm, and extraordinary-ness in myself and in others, and that I fuel it with the love in my heart (which they gave me)!

I don't want to live my life in quiet desperation.

I truly believe that we are put here to serve because that is what my friend, my Father taught me. Not by lecturing me, but how he lived his life.

Dad, if you're out there and you can hear this, thank you for helping out this past year with Devon during a difficult time and for supporting me with my most difficult decisions. Thank you for the Harley Davidson calendar and motorcycle clock that you sent for my birthday (January 13). Also, finally, thank you for teaching Devon about how to be a good man. You would be so proud of him.

**Tribute to Laurie Skadberg**

July 30, 1953– May 30, 1985

**Laurie's Angel**

It seems that for much of my life I have been guided, impacted and inspired by my sister Laurie, who passed away on May 30, 1985. She committed suicide by hanging herself. This "apparent" tragedy has contributed more to my life than any single event. In fact, after the initial period of sadness and depression and my own thoughts of suicide, it has motivated and inspired me more to LIVE, and make a contribution to the world. In many respects the inspiration for I Am Sharing and all of my life's work to serve.

Over the years, my sister's influence has not only been in my thoughts, but I have experienced some of the most "other worldly" events that crossed from her realm of spirit into physical manifestation. Physical evidence came into my life that there are angels and that Laurie has been with me in spirit, and also been able to manifest objects into the physical realm to prove her existence.

Now these ideas and experiences reach far out of what I had previously considered real. My focus on education and on "modern" concepts of materiality were very grounded (now I would say ignorant). But I have always considered these experiences with Laurie, and my subsequent interpretations as being entirely possible. However, in

this last year, I had an experience that further solidifies the reality that my sister Laurie, in spirit, has been very concerned about my well being and has waited for the right opportunity to share her deepest desire with me, that I might "Forgive Her". This message came to me in the most mysterious, yet real way in 2008. But before I relay that story, here is how the whole story of "Laurie's angel" began upon her passing in 1985.

To some extent the story begins in 1981. Laurie and her husband Torbjorn had come to live in the U.S. for about one year. She had been living in Norway since about 1973. I had the great fortune to work with Torbjorn with our company called Odin Associates. Laurie and Torbjorn lived next to the business so I was able to spend considerable time with her. In fact, in 1981, I was getting sober and I remember conversations with Laurie at their kitchen table. Even at this time she had attempted suicide so this whole situation of her depression lasted for at least four years. I remember I was awakening to my new life free of alcohol and drugs, and was trying to inspire her out of her depression. I think it helped some, but when she returned to Norway apparently her isolation and desperation continued.

Laurie had returned to Norway after her and Torbjorn's stay in 1982. I remember hearing intermittent news about her struggles and visits to the psychiatric hospital. My recollection of things associated with Laurie are quite vague most of the time. From when she went to Norway in 1973, I had used the excuse that when I thought of her that it made me miss her more so I didn't write her letters. I always believed this was a lame excuse and carried a certain guilt about this, but in recent years I realized there may have been more truth to this than I felt inside.

### *The Phone Call*

We must have received the phone call from Norway about June 3, 1985. I was actually at home and I think my sister Kari took the call. I vaguely remember it being very surreal this news that my sister had hung herself. The doctor was completely distraught on the phone. She said that Laurie had apparently been doing much better. Her mood was very good and she had been having more visits out of the hospital so the doctor felt she was faring better. Apparently Laurie had decided to quit taking some medication so we suspected that this apparent improvement was simply a result of her making

up her mind of how to commit suicide. She had finally resolved to complete what had been a series of failed attempts. I don't remember how many times she had been in the hospital because of various drug overdoses. I only remember a few here in the U.S. during her year or so visit, and vaguely recalling that there must have been a few more attempts in Norway.

#### *Spirit Manifesting in Physical Form*

The most profound synchronistic event occurred about two days after we received the news. I had been married for about one year (my first marriage) and a friend of my wife's family had been in Europe and had not been able to attend our wedding. Subsequently she had not been able to give us a wedding gift. A few days after the news of Laurie we received a gift from this friend, through my mother-in-law.

When I saw the gift I was absolutely astounded. It was a Lladro figurine of an angel. My mother had been collecting Lladro for a few years by then. The most profound thing was that the angel had brown hair (as compared to angels most commonly having blond hair) and she had features just like Laurie. In fact, when I brought the figurine home from my last trip to Iowa (April 2006), my father told me that the most astounding similarity that he saw was the position of the figurines hands. She had her head tilted to one side, with a loving, longing gesture inviting peace and tranquility.

The moment that we received the gift I knew, without question or hesitation, that this gift was for my mother and father. I will always remember that day, somewhat surreal, on the front porch of our home on 607 River Oak Drive, in Ames, Iowa. We had somehow met my parents as they were coming or leaving from their home. I believe I gave the figurine to my mother, and my father was standing next to her. I don't remember my mother's reaction. My mother was always able to experience emotions easily. My father, on the other hand, could be best described as stoic. I do not know if he had been able to cry before that moment about Laurie. In fact, I don't know if I had ever seen my father cry before this day (I was 25 years old). But when he saw the figurine he immediately began sobbing. Since that time I have tried to imagine, being a father myself, the absolute anguish that one must have when a child passes before oneself. I believe our whole family believes that this figurine was directly manifested either

through the influence of Laurie in the afterlife, or as a message from God.

*Losing the Angel*

Now this angel stayed with my parents until my father passed in 2007. My mother had bequeathed it to me in her will, but it had stayed at their home until he passed. In 2007 I experienced an incredible year of tumult beginning with the passing of Dad the day before my birthday. In fact, I first saw him at the hospital, already clinically dead on my birthday. Thus began a series of "apparent" tragedies including a divorce, another painful relationship ending, the letting go of a company I helped found, and finally the passing of my boss and mentor (Dr. Richard Ewing) at Texas A&M.

The angel left me when I gave it away. I was dating a woman who had had one of the most painful and tragic lives of anyone one I had ever known. I won't reveal her story to respect her anonymity. But what happened was that one day I awoke early in the morning being motivated to give her Laurie's angel. I had the strong urge that she needed the angel much more than I did, even though it was my most prized possession. I also gave her a painting that my mother had painted for me when I was in my teens.

Of course when this relationship ended I had thoughts of taking the angel back. But I had decided that the angel was really powerful and that my urging from my heart had to be honored. So, I guess, this woman still has the angel.

*Laurie tells Martha (my new wife) to get a new angel*

I have never been one to visit psychics or astrologers or anything of the like. However, early in 2008, while in Colombia a friend of my wife Martha suggested we visit a young woman named Rosie. Our friend, who is an educated woman (working on a PhD) and her husband, also a university professor vouched for Rosie's special talents. This woman is able to see/experience other people's past lives, see energy auras and has other psychic abilities. The "reading" about Martha and my past lives and current connections was astounding. However, the visit from Laurie's spirit was what really blew my mind. It gave validity to the whole "reading" experience.

Near the end of the session Rosie said that I had been accompanied into the session by two spirits. The first ones name started with the letter "L". Rosie does not speak any

English so I suspect she didn't quite understand the name Laurie (in Spanish the name is Laura). The second spirit's name started with "R". I suspect this might be have Richard, (Dr. Richard Ewing). As a side note, Dr. Ewing's untimely death had had devastating effect on me, I suspect the "straw the broke the camels back" for me to make a dramatic life change to come be with Martha. I had my whole future mapped out to assist Dr. Ewing with his important work. The impact was enough that I was compelled to leave the University and my career as an academic.

Rosie said that this spirit, Laurie, had been persistently trying to share something. When Martha translated the message as "I'm Sorry!", Rosie immediately said "NO!". Then in broken English, Rosie said "Forgive Me". When I heard this I was totally bowled over. In fact, I think I began to cry. (If you saw the poem I wrote to Laurie in 1997 you will see why).

But things got even stranger. Laurie then asked me why I had lost the angel. Now, I had not told anyone about my giving the original angel away. In fact, I had been embarrassed by my spontaneous giving away of possibly the most prized family possession, especially after the relationship ended. I told Martha quickly what Laurie was referring to. Rosie continued to speak about Laurie telling her that Martha had an assignment. She was supposed to replace the angel. Laurie provided specific instructions about the look, size and that it was not going to be expensive or "fancy". The most important characteristic was that the angel was supposed to be "cute and small".

Needless to say this experience is really outside of what I would ever expect. But I cannot deny that this is as real as any other experience I have had. There is absolutely no way that Rosie or Martha could have known about Laurie, the angel, or especially that I had given the angel away. It was my secret.

After this, Martha and I went to several shops trying to find the right angel with no luck. Nearly six months had passed with no angel. Then I traveled back to the states. When I returned in Nov. 2008 Martha had forgotten to tell me that she had found the angel.

Apparently, she had been visiting her cousin's daughter, Antonia (she is six years old). Martha was in her bedroom and saw a small figurine amongst several toys. It caught

her attention immediately. Martha then said, "and what is this"? Antonia said "if you really like it I can give it to you." Martha said "I do like it". Antonia handed the figurine to Martha without hesitation.

When Martha showed me the angel I knew - this is Laurie's new angel for Me! And it was a "gift!"



Laurie's "New" Angel

### **Andy Discovers an Angel - the beginning of a beautiful Love Story**

Here is Martha's and my first chat in the afternoon of Dec. 18, 2007. The chances of us meeting are essentially impossible. It's a story in itself. But from the first digital words "Hola Andy", I felt a connection - a knowing, a recognition. One that I cannot explain except for the possibility of us having had prior lives together. I share this here for many purposes, but mostly to demonstrate my gratitude to I AM for being so blessed and to bring hope to those who may not feel these stories can happen to them - They can! - that is how the universe operates. I know this for a fact because I have experienced it myself. And, thank you Martha.

Anyway, like all my life stories, my being in Colombia is kinda long. But in nutshell I met my soul-mate Martha (or could be twin-flame soul), and at the same time am realizing a life-time dream. Twenty years ago I wrote a senior term paper about creating an international ecotourism consulting company. It was inspired by the deforestation of the rainforests here in South America. So, twenty years in training I left academia to follow my heart (in more than one way).

It is truly a magical, incredible story about Martha and I. We met online, its a really fun and wonderful story of synchronicity and the law of attraction. Someday when I'm not so busy following up on my decision to make the world a better place, I will write the story. Probably the most succinct way to indicate the nature of our love is in the poem that I wrote two days after we started chatting—See the poem *Love Found*.

And below is 10 minutes into our first chat, when she described me - it totally blew me away:

*Chat:*

Martha: I 'd like to describe Andy more deeply

Andy: you want me to describe Andy?

Martha: I'll try

Andy: ok

Martha: Andy is a 47 year old man who has experienced great success, but at the same time great deception and sadness.

Martha: It has made Andy a very sensitive man who has broken preconceptions or prejudices about the rest of humanity

Andy: you are very perceptive

Martha: Sometimes he feels alone but it is cured with big dreams and hard work

Martha: he loves his family.

Martha: He loves the ones who are with him and the ones who aren't

Martha: Now he is not Dr. Andy.

Martha: He's simply Andy: a great man that I would like to describe even deeper

Andy: can i tell you the truth

Martha: of course

Andy: im embarrassed

Martha: why??

Andy: you made me cry

Martha:

Martha: it was not the idea

Martha: you can count with me

Martha: and I describe me at the same time

Andy: its not a sad cry

Andy: oh my dear

Martha: you make me smile

Andy: you too, me

Martha: would you risk to describe me

Martha: ?

Andy: you are only 38, but so thoughtful

Martha: only 38???

Martha): oh my god it is much

Andy: no, but you are wise

Martha: so are you

Andy: where did you come from Martha

Andy: i think you described so well

Martha: where did you come from Andy?

Andy: i decided a few weeks ago i want to be an angel

Martha: explicame  
Martha: explain it to me please  
Andy: to be that in the world  
Andy: to be a person like i imagine an angel would be  
Andy: to be love in its most, best way  
Martha: that is beautiful  
Andy: i posted the scripture of love on my wall in front of me  
Andy: i see it all of the time  
Andy: i can send it to you in an email.  
Martha: ok  
Martha: maybe the universe conspires  
Andy: there is only love, so it does conspire  
Martha: for you to become love for someone in colombia  
Andy: are you an angel martha?  
Martha: I dont think so  
Andy: oh, i dont know  
Martha: but i would like to give the best to someone else  
Andy: you saw right into me, very fast  
Andy: only angels can do that  
Martha: do what?  
Andy: see into peoples hearts

**Heart Songs – A Letter to Martha**

December 27th, 2007, 4 am

Dear Martha,

Tonight my inspiration has to do with vibrational harmony. Your heart, your desire has been "singing" at the tone, the vibration that is perfectly aligned with your nature for a long time.

I on the other hand have had been singing my true song too for a long time, but because of the "parents" blockage I could not allow the vibrational match to come into contact with me.

Once I realized what was going on, that I was living out the sacrifice of my parents love, and it was blocking my song, or the reception of my perfect match, I could then release it. Open my channel, or tune my radio to use a metaphor. Then in that magical moment, there you were. Waiting, knowing and literally describing my heart, my life, my dream, my love, my everything.

Abraham - a community of angels is here to help us wake up to our true nature. Yesterday, or last night, I finally understood. The vibration. The harmony. Our hearts, all of us, literally sing songs of love. Yours and mine sing at the same frequency. Now that we know this we can pay attention. We can teach this to your children - all children. Let them know how their hearts really sing, its vibrational in nature. Its easy to know what tone to sing because it feels like heaven when you hit the right tone the right frequency. Take Juliana, for instance. If we teach her this and then she teaches us how to sing her song of her heart. And then she teaches her friends. What is to stop us from transforming the world. Our hearts, everyones, are waiting, wanting, not knowing, that our true desire is to join in, in harmony to sing a song of God, of Love. Everyone knows how to sing. But we don't know that is what are hearts are made to do, because we can't hear the sound. But if we learned to pay attention to our own FEELINGS, we would have heard or felt the song long ago. God has been trying to help us sing his Love forever. But we have been lost in the dream. What you and I dear Martha have been experiencing is our heart's song. Finding the harmony our "inner selves" fi-

nally finding its match. Our heart's perfect partner. Each of our hearts - soul mate - the other half of our heart. The reason it feels so magic is because it is. It's the truth. It's scary because we did not know it existed in this world. We've been paying attention to the dream, the show. But this, my dear, divine, pure Martha is the true, Truth.

We are experiencing God's true love. And it has connections to each other's hearts. And we never have to go back. We are safe finally. Don't be afraid. Just know. Because my dear, dear Martha, that in the end Faith, Hope and Love abide. And the greatest of these is Love. Our hearts have found Love finally and we are learning to let our minds align with that truth. And as that happens there is nothing that cannot be done. That Love will change the world.

Martha, Martha, Martha - You are the One - like I said in my poem from the first night.

Things to remember

Light seeing light, smokey mirror - Ruiz, The Four Agreements

Analogy of video game and us spirits coming to play - Starseed Transmission

## Love Beckons – A Real Love Story

Easter Weekend 2008

Today I begin writing a portion of my life story because of a series of signs, omens, experiences. Until this day all of my attempts to write something about myself have seemed trite, preachy, condescending. But today, as I begin my day, preparing to continue sorting through years of accumulated articles (or junk) to pack my belongings to the most reduced volume of years, I feel that I have a genuine story to tell. And it seems that the events of the last 93 days are just too strange, too magical or miraculous not to share. As I begin this tale I have been evicted from my home. I am not a poor man. Nor am I an uneducated one, I have a PhD. But in some strange set of life experiences I find myself experiencing something that I had never imagined happening to me. But, there has been a vague knowing or familiarity to the experience. The feelings are bittersweet, strangely much more sweet than bitter. It is Easter Sunday and I received an eviction notice on Good Friday to be out of my home in three days.

It has been the most interesting week or so. I returned from out of the country. I was expecting to receive a fairly large check five days ago. I was anticipating catching up on some of the bills that had fallen lapse since I have been out of the country for thirty five days. The check was not there. I had two dollars in my pocket and five dollars in my checking account. I also had some pesos, but not enough to trouble with exchange. On the trip to the airport I had not anticipated one of the speed bumps and had to make a frantic stop. My cell phone, palm phone with all my numbers in it and my cd player had a fallen out of my backpack onto the floor of the car.

As I flew back to the states it was the 19<sup>th</sup>. I had drawn down my checking account on my travels and there was quite a bit of anxiety as I waited for the mail to be delivered. I happened to be in the front of the house when the post man drove up and he gave me a mail container with 35 days of junk mail, past due notices and magazines that I had not wanted. I frantically dug through the mail looking for the official envelope that contained my \$16,000 check. This check was to provide enough cushion for me to survive the next few months while I figured out once again “what am I going to do with my life”. At this point I had strong urgings of what one part of the answer to this question

was, but it is so unconventional and “irresponsible” as to be still a question.

The check was not there. It was a form. Another form. It needed to be signed and mailed back to the agency before a check would be cut. I was a little exasperated at this point since I had tried to be sure to avoid a situation like this before I left. I had called a person at the retirement fund management agency and thought I had asked all of the appropriate questions to make sure I knew all the forms that needed to be signed. Then when I signed the form in our universities big beautiful building that manages all of employee services functions, I had also gone to great trouble to be sure that I would not be finding myself in this situation when I returned.

W W W W W W W W W

As I write this I realize how often I had let my fears of financial things dominate my whole existence. I am not overly passionate about accumulating money, but in many ways my pursuits in life have been driven by the incessant need to work hard to make enough money to survive. And it has always been like barely scraping by. There has never been a time where I have had both a relaxed sense of enjoying the pleasures that can come from having money and having plenty of money in the bank. It has always been an either or. Even when I had a lot of “capital” (e.g. house, apartments, some cash, ownership in a company) we were living like paupers, in a 2300 square foot, four bedroom, 3 bath home. Buying clothes at second hand stores. I practically bought no new clothes, even underwear. This was because of the person that I had married. We had accumulated what should be considered comfortable wealth, but it was at the expense of living with very few pleasures. The only time we would take a vacation was if the company was footing the travel expenses. I had not been to a movie in years, much less a round of golf.

And I have made a little money and fairly good money at different times. In many cases getting a PhD requires several years of near poverty existence (according to conventional “wisdom” – which isn’t necessarily true). In my case, I had burned my parents “college” fund buying cars in my late teens as I had much more interest in drinking and drugs than I had intentions to go to school. This was not really about desire to go to school as a belief that I wasn’t smart enough, more on this later. I even went ten

months in 2006 with the start-up company with receiving no salary at all. This was while I was covering two fairly sizable mortgage payments and significant travel expenses since the project I was assigned to required significant automobile travel. The two mortgage payments was settling my family into their new home as my second “pauper” wife and I were separating.

I had not voluntarily, agreed to this situation, but I could have decided to go find a job at any time. But, naïve me, was dedicated to our cause. I was a founder, an executive. In fact the company, I thought, was my dream come true. We had spun the company out of the university that I had been teaching at. I was the “Chief Knowledge Officer”. And I truly had considerable experience in our business because I had worked and studied it, at that time, for about 20 years. Four years have passed since we started that endeavor.

W W W W W W W W W W

So here I am trying to figure out how I might get the check expedited. As you might expect, in dealing with a state agency, it’s going to take about two weeks. Do I panic? Part of me wants to. That part that has trained itself to step and fetch for earning money to hand out to any and all who want it. As I am sorting through my things I am realizing that all these things have become my master. I am not sure how I still have so much stuff. I have been paring down every time I moved myself. I took most of the stuff over to the ex-wife’s house. She wanted it. But I still have these boxes and boxes of “things”, mostly books and papers that I have been dragging around for years.

As I judiciously select which things to put into storage and which things to sell I feel more a sense of relief than a sense of regret. I can tell there is some attachment, but I am cutting back. I’m not taking a monks vow with no possessions, but as I go through this process I am feeling a sense of freedom from the need to have so many things.

A few days back I watched the movie the God’s Must Be Crazy. It is a funny, clever and touching movie. I had seen it many years ago when it came out. But at that time I had acquired no life wisdom and didn’t see the movie for its true deeper meaning. The main character carries only a bow and arrow and a small pouch when he travels. That is all he needs.

This reminds me of another man that I picked up hitchhiking a year or so ago. I picked him up in the West Texas town of Van Horn. I was working very hard on a project in that community. This was on my “salary sabbatical” stage of my start-up company experience.

The man was walking. He was clean. He had a Northface backpack and didn't look to be the same vintage of most people you see on the highway. I picked him up and we had a great conversation on the seven hour drive to Austin. He was a retired ship-builder. He was probably in his mid to late fifties. His story was that upon retirement he wanted to experience living, not working. In the beginning he had started on a motorcycle and traveled for a few years via that mode of transportation. Then he had found the motorcycle to be constraining him, gasoline, oil, maintenance so he decided to trade it in for a bicycle. After a year or so he realized that the bike too constrained him to venture into backcountry areas and that he was constantly having to worry about where to park, or secure, it. So, when I met him he was walking across America. He would spend a few months out of the year working in a national park to supplement his retirement. But his preference was to spend as much time in nature. He relished his time in the backcountry experiencing the solitude and beauty of nature. Something in me really admired, envied this man. In my view, it takes incredible courage to live in this way. But in our society he is considered indigent.

So my inspiration and the title for this story comes from something that I found in all of the boxes strewn around my house. It is a small card. On the cover is one of my mother's many drawings that she produced in her life. And a handwritten message **“When Love Beckons to You Follow . . .”**

When I first cross this small item it doesn't really register in context. I am in my packing and sorting mode. This is a state of being that has allowed me to accomplish vast quantities of work in my life. I do not consider myself a workaholic, because I know what that is. It is the state of accomplishment that allowed me to work 2-3 jobs and go to school full time for most of my adult life. To finish two PhD dissertations with my ex-wife, both of us working full-time, and me as an extension professor and raising a infant.

Somehow or other the message, of all of the titles and papers and letters that I am sorting through that have somehow gotten through my filtering system from my last ten moves over the last 20 years. That message gently pulls me back.

As my work begins to slacken in its pace. . .





LET THERE BE PEACE ON EARTH AND LET IT BEGIN WITH ME