

My Walks with God

Personal Stories Of Unearned Grace



...the mystery is real...
...connection with the Unknown...

Dr. Jerry Dean Epps

PREFACE

As Jan 1, 2009 arrived, I realized a big hope was growing in me. I wrote it down; here it is: “I hope to share my love of God with many, many groups! A group can be 15 to hundreds and hundreds. I hope to inspire them to start, or enhance, their own God connection!”

This book will relate stories of events from my life that have contributed to my ever developing love for God. If you choose to read my book, I pray it, or to be accurate, the presence of God flowing through it, will bless you in whatever way you will most benefit from a blessing.

After I wrote down the title and thought about the book I had an onrush of energy and ideas that kept me up for hours! I was on cloud nine! I was dealing with a project that would allow me to do all my favorite things. I could speak to groups, do healing work and various spiritual interventions with them. And mainly, I could share my love for God, and encourage them in their love if they wanted a stronger connection to God. My ship had come in!

Some self-disclosure: I hardly dare to write such audacious declarations for fear some would write me off as a crackpot, others for deciding I was a braggart and still others whose belief system would not allow them to accept the notion that any ordinary human could honestly claim God connection. These of course would be those who do not subscribe to enlightenment traditions. They wouldn't believe, as I do, that over the centuries many, many, many people have become aware of, and lived from, their Inner Connection the eternal source of all manifest and unmanifest creation—God.

But I also realized that the skeptics are not my audience. My audience are those who earnestly yearn for union with God—constant connection with Divine Essence. In the end, they will learn that it is not “out there”, or a “final state” like rungs on a ladder, to be earned or attained. It is

simply getting still enough to experience pre-thought, unspecified, awareness of the “quietness”, or “hush” or “pregnant emptiness” (choose your word for the indescribable Infinite) out of which all formed and unformed existence is birthed. I will just call it God.

I want to encourage people. I want to inspire them. I want them to understand that the tug on their soul, that which they crave, is possible! I won't be concerned with those who say to me, “but you don't seem saint-like enough to me to be God connected.” I trust that those who will be encouraged by my stories will already understand that when Bob or Sandra or Jim or Mary become God connected it will still be Bob himself, or Mary herself who is connected to God. If Bob did not like Sunday football before, he still won't now—and the reverse is true also. If Mary was impatient before, she likely will still be so. But underneath it all Bob and Mary, or Jim or Sandra, will sense what most of their associates have not yet awakened to—the quiet, and often vibrant, all pervasive Ground of All Being.

Sometimes they will be in ecstasy and sometimes they will have a headache, or be annoyed, or eat too much of their favorite desert—but always It will be there. Many times they sense that the situations and circumstances of their lives are merely a human theatrical production in which they have taken a particular actor role—but it is not the real them. It is not the eternal them, because they actually feel their eternal nature and know it to be something different than the personality trying to remain patient while standing in line at the supermarket while the cashier answers her cell phone!

They are conscious of It just as Universal Consciousness Itself is aware of Itself. This is not spiritual “bells and whistles”, this is not being a miracle worker or having a saint-like personality. This IS experientially knowing in an intellectually unfathomable way that one is in and of Eternal Consciousness. If you can still your mind for several seconds you may, right now, experience it, or at least taste It

Thank you, Beverly, my dear wife, for the untold hours of technical production that manifested these ;stories into a book, Marietta, GA.
February, 2013

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ANANDA MAI MA - My Guide

I don't rely on spirit guides like I used to. But in the years when I did, I had several, one at a time. I would have a guide for some years then, always to my surprise; the old guide would introduce me to a new guide and pass me on to that one. This always required some adjustment, but I managed it. My last guide in the series of guides was Ananda Mai Ma.

I had been with her for a while when the following happened. I was living in a two bedroom apartment. One bedroom I used for an office. One night I was walking past the opened door of my office. I glanced in and saw a sparkle of light near the desk. I decided to explore further.

I had made a mental note of where the light sparkle was in relation to my desk. I had apparently left the top left drawer open. The light had been about a foot in the air above the open drawer. On a hunch, I placed the tip of my index finger at the point in the air where I had seen the light sparkle. Then I took my finger straight down until it was stopped by whatever was lying in the bottom of the drawer. I wanted to know what the light had been hovering over.

I could feel that it was paper. Being careful not to move my finger from the point where it had landed, I used my other hand to remove the paper and took it to the living room. With my fingertip still on the spot, to see what my finger had landed upon. It was a map—of Mexico.

I thought this strange, until I looked very closely, exactly under the tip of my finger, and there in very small print, I saw the name of a town: Nombre de Dios (Name of God). Tears came to my eyes. I felt humble and grateful. I knew Ananda Mai Ma was communicating with me! She had a favorite way of teaching her students to cultivate relationship with the Divine. What did she recommend that her students do? She recommended that they continuously repeat, in whatever form had the most meaning for them, the name of God!

I cut the rectangle, about 2" x 2", out of the map. Later I threw the map away, but I still have the rectangle with the name of that town on it—the town called, Name of God. It is a precious treasure to me.

ANGELS TO GREET YOU

memory of it is still fresh in my mind today, fifty years later.

In my late teens I had an experience that has stuck with me through the years. It took place at a church week long family camp—we called them “reunions”. Some of my family went to the reunion each summer. It was a spiritual high for all of us.

One night after services I went walking alone down the lane that led from the campground out to the main road a few miles away. As I got farther and farther away from the lights and human activity of the campground, the road, with no lights anywhere, became scary to me. The dense trees cloaked the road in darkness. The farther I walked the scarier it became. There were lots of dark shadows and I thought I heard sounds of animals moving through the brush. I was getting very nervous. Then a voice spoke inside my head. It said, “There will be many dark shadows in your life, but walk on through them to the other side, and the angels will be there to greet you”. It gave me confidence and, still frightened; I walked on through the shadows. Finally I was out of the dense trees and emerged into pale moon light. As I emerged from the shadows a rush of joy filled my body. It was more than just relief. I was being greeted by the angels. Returning through the shadows on my way back to the campground was not scary at all—I felt joy and protection!

Over the years, the scary things came in other forms and the message took on deeper significance. I would be wrestling with a conflict, maybe with other people or often just within myself. It would feel like I was all alone, that the way out seemed fraught with too many negative consequences. Finally I would summon forth the courage to do what needed to be done ... in spite of the consequences. From somewhere I found the strength. I would do the deed! And then, after I had taken a stand for what I thought was right, regardless of the outcome—there would be the angels! As if they were saying, “good boy—we knew you could do it!” They had been rooting for me and now they were congratulating me.

I was perhaps 15 years old at the time of the original experience, but the

ARM SORE FOR WEEKS - Forgiveness Healed It

I had been going to the chiropractor at least two times a week, often more, for several weeks. My left arm would not stop hurting! We had tried adjustments, various machines in his office, ointments and finally we put it in a sling to rest and protect it. I was quite discouraged. I was 31 and healthy, except my left arm was in great pain and I saw no relief in sight.

My spirit guide, Lady Miriam, spoke to me one evening as I was about to go to bed. “Stay up for a while, let’s talk.” I went to my favorite easy chair, my meditation spot, and sat. She asked what I wanted to do with my life. I said I wanted to serve others. “Very well”, she said.

Then she dropped the bomb! “If you want the honor of serving them, to be allowed to serve them...you must forgive them.” Ouch! I knew I was a critical/judgmental person. I was often not accepting of the dysfunctions and bad habits of people I tried to serve. I think I had a spiritual and educational sense of superiority.

Throughout the night she led me through forgiveness of first one, then another, of the people I had known over the years. Then we would go back and forgive them again, but more deeply--more profoundly. This wasn’t just words, I felt it all; everything she took me through that night. I was crying...the harshness of my criticalness and my arrogance caused me deep anguish. As the night wore on I saw increasingly subtle ways in which I needed to forgive.

By 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning I was starting to feel emotionally clean, freed up and energized...and my arm was in much less pain. I felt humble. I knew I had been wrong to be so critical and self-righteous. No more game playing! No more looking down my nose at the “lesser mortals”. I admitted I had been arrogant and unforgiving. “Confessing” all this felt good! It set me free...and I was happy! By 5:00 a.m. my arm was no longer hurting at all!

Forgiving them was what I needed to do before I would be qualified to serve them, and it also brought me into a wondrous state of spiritual and emotional joy. I was so grateful ...so very, very grateful! All those weeks of pain...and now it was gone, due to an all-night forgiveness vigil led by my guide.

I was able to take the sling off, catch a bit of sleep, and get to work on time. I did not feel tired. I was happy, and set free! I felt blessed. The graces of the Universe were flowing through me and I felt connected to all sentient life.

BOB TAYLOR, MESSAGE

It was the custom in my boyhood church for sensitive and spiritual members of the priesthood to “deliver a message to” or “speak to” certain individuals who needed guidance, acknowledgment or support. It was considered an honor to “be spoken to”—to receive a message from God. Those messages often started with the words, “Thus sayeth the Spirit to my servant (whomever).” What a thrill, near the end of a week-long family or youth camp—the energy having built all week, to have a well-known and respected minister stand, walk to the pulpit, and utter those words. “Thus sayeth the Spirit to ...” Mystical words, miracle words ... Heaven whispering to God’s children on earth.

I was the fortunate recipient of those words at a youth camp in Iowa when I was 16 or 17. It was during a Morning Prayer service near the end of the week. The minister, Brother Bob Taylor, a missionary, was in charge of the service. The spiritual energy had built to a high point. Brother Taylor was standing. A message to two or three others had already been given through him. I was touched by the experience, but still in my normal state of being. Then, of a sudden, I was practically overcome by a warm, possibly tingling, energy. It was all around me. A mighty presence had come upon me. I lost most awareness of the ordinary setting around me and felt caught up in and overtaken by something. I did not fall out of my chair, but well could have. And through the “haze” and rush of energy that was “whirling” around me, I heard the words ... “Thus sayeth the Spirit to my servant Jerry Epps...” But I was so “slain in the Spirit” (as some churches call it) or “swooned in the Spirit” that that I didn’t have a personal thrill at hearing those precious words.

The message went on for several minutes, but what I remember most is that I was likened to John the Beloved in the Bible—that my ministry was to be one of giving God’s love. I was deeply touched by the entire experience, and a bit shaken. Something profound had just happened to me and I didn’t know what to do about it, was unable to do anything about it—I was in a haze for several hours following that service. The energy

presence had been so strong.

I had been spoken to once before, through Brother Charles Neff, a very high ranking minister and international leader in the church. That time the energy experience did not occur and I simply received the message. Truth is, my ego loved having been spoken to—one of a handful out of a couple hundred people. Beyond my ego loving it however, it did strengthen my sense that my late night walking and praying in the countryside, and my deep love of things spiritual, were right for me, that God liked what I was doing.

CIRCLE WHERE THE RAIN DID NOT FALL

Don Beebe and I had forged a close spiritual friendship. We loved walking and praying late at night. We loved spiritual experiences. Looking back, we were not very spiritually mature—we were only about 19 & 20. Like kids in a candy store, we wanted more and more. We couldn't get enough of the spiritual goodies—we loved being awash in vivid and powerful spiritual energies. We were often blessed with such energies.

We were each in college at Warrensburg, Missouri, and often went to Don's home in Atherton, about an hour away, for the week end. Spiritual experiences often came to us during those lovely week ends in what the locals called, "the Atherton Bottoms"—the fertile grain crop country surrounding his parent's farm. The following took place, as memory serves, in the church yard of the Atherton RLDS church, Don's home church and one that I often visited with him.

As was common for the two of us, we pushed ourselves to attain greater spiritual heights—to expect miracles, to be close enough to God that we could readily be vessels for His outpouring of blessings. That night as we walked, we were caught up in the Spirit—feeling the charged and exhilarating energy of Holiness all around us. We could see the rain in the distance moving toward us. There was a small mound of earth, about a foot and a half high at its center and just a few feet across. We stepped onto the mound and stood there watching the approaching rain. Raising our hands in solemn gesture, we commanded, in the name of God, the rain not touch us, that it not rain on us. It became as we had commanded.

The rain advanced to us, split and moved around us on both sides of the mound upon which we stood. There was a circle of no rain, dry, possibly five feet in diameter. We stood in that circle of no rain totally dry. To add confirmation for ourselves that what we thought was happening was really happening, we, multiple times, extended our arms and put our hands out into the rain. Then we would pull our hands back out of the rain and be

dry in our protected circle. We were ecstatic! We were standing in a miracle! It was awesome. A five foot circle of non-rain had been created around us. Beyond the circle the rain soaked everything. Eventually the rain moved out of the area, but our mound was dry, for we and it were untouched by that night's rain!

God is good, God is powerful. As for the human part of the equation; belief, a mood of expectancy, a cultivated prayer connection to God and support from another can combine to produce extraordinary results—can raise one to a higher vibration where he is in harmony with the vibrations of nature and, being on their wavelength, can command/instruct them to behave in ways that are usually thought to be impossible. To God be the glory.

We were young and spiritually immature. But we did learn, praise be to the Eternal Source, that miracles occur, that one can walk in the blessings of God's grace.

COSMIC COUNTY FAIR

The following is an illustrative tale I wrote for my students in the three year program of intensive training in emotional healing and spiritual connection. It has since taught and comforted many and I include it here so others may enjoy it.

"Wow! I just love going to the Cosmic County Fair each year!" exclaimed Gloria. "It is so neat, and they have different things to try each year." She went on telling her friends about her high expectations. Someone from amongst the eager listeners speaks up to say that there is a new ride at the fair this year.

He says the ride is called the "EARTH VIRTUAL REALITY DOME" and is billed as being as good as the real thing! People who rode it say while they were on the ride it seemed real—not like it was just an ordinary thrill ride—that's how real it seemed!

So, when Gloria and her friends get to the fair, they head there first. They sure don't want to miss the "Earth Virtual Reality Dome" ride. Apparently the ride takes two hours and it is just now 10:00 AM, so they can do the ride and meet at the exit of the ride at 12:00 noon and go to lunch. Some of the group didn't want to actually do the ride. They just want to watch. They say that they will sit on the bleachers surrounding the huge see-through dome covering the "ride" and watch the experience the others have. Then they can meet as agreed at the exit for lunch. Ok; off they go, some to pay their money to get a ticket and others to the bleachers to watch their friends go through the experience. The bleacher sitters are seated and soon all the riders have their tickets and are lined up at the turnstile.

As Gloria pushes past the turnstile and steps on to the area marked with an "x", it starts to move and shake. From the pit of her soul she knows this is no mere carnival ride. Then 7 to 10 seconds later she has lost

consciousness—nothing! No friends, no bleachers, no fair, not even a MEMORY of them! Nothing! Any sense of purchasing a ticket, pushing through the turnstile, etc. has totally vanished. By some unexplainable quirk of nature she has no memory, no identity, only a slight awareness of a physical experience...getting stronger...and stronger. Shaking, that's what it is! And it won't stop. Damn! So violent...and being squashed to where she can't breath—won't this ever end!? Ahhh, Ahhh, Agggg! And she's out...cold temperatures, bright lights, strange sights, and she has almost NO control—of anything!

The nurse looks so pleased. "Congratulations! You've done it, God sent you a baby girl!" In the days ahead some of the times are ok, but others are intolerable! Wet, hungry, people not paying attention to you or paying too much attention to you! And sometimes good and sometimes bad experiences continue throughout her infancy.

Childhood is no picnic either, but you do get more freedom—that is if you can keep the adults happy. If you are clever, you can figure out what they want and then give it to them and they try to be nice to you. Some kids learn this trick faster than others. Some become quite good at pretending to be what others want you to be—works like a charm if you can pull it off!

Then elementary school...and then junior high...and puberty! Crazy! For the lucky ones, there are a few adults scattered here and there who understand them, but for most it is a struggle to satisfy impulses and keep others happy with you at the same time! Years later Gloria graduates from high school, goes to college, and manages to hide the abortion from her parents.

Yuk! And he had said it was love. It started out sweet enough, but then he wouldn't stop groping her underpants...and...he forced it in...then all that anxiety...faced alone, and after the second missed period there was the shameful trip to the doctor, and he had confirmed it—she's pregnant! Not exactly good news! The underpants groping creep wouldn't return her calls...just as well, who'd want a sleaze bag like that around!? It was

agonizing to go through with it...but, she wouldn't have a kid to look out for and it would give her back her life, or so she hoped. Some unsettling thoughts persisted: "is it really murder, could it feel anything? Did God care...would she go to hell?" The minister who talked about hell all the time should have been one to ask, but he was on the bottom of her list in which to confide. And so on it had gone. And she kept on living and managed to graduate college, got a job, got married and hoped for the best.

But it didn't exactly feel like the best—whatever that was. You know how it goes... striving, manipulating, trying to get ahead. By the end of her second marriage, she was very clear about what she wanted out of life! She wanted a nice house, a kind husband who didn't drink, healthy children, and eventually a good retirement package and loving grandkids and to enjoy good health and die peacefully. Not too much to ask, considering all she had been through. Seems like if there is a God it wouldn't be asking too much to ask to just have things go along smoothly for a while—nothing special or fancy, just not have any big problems—the kind that mess up your life! They are sooooo upsetting—feels like they pull your guts out!

But the drama continued! The third husband did not drink—he was a so called practical joker who just loved to see other people squirm or be made fools of! Gloria thought about this. She noticed it was about the same for the other people whose lives she knew reasonably well. They too were very unhappy!

AND IN MEAN THE TIME—on the bleachers her "friends", the ones who had chosen to watch and then join them for lunch—they are looking on, sometimes in laughter, sometimes in horror, but mostly with a quiet, almost agonizing compassion. They get it. For those inside the dome, for those taking the ride, IT SEEMS REAL!

Some get a "good life" all set up, only to fall ill and not be allowed to enjoy it; others turn to crime and then find no deep and lasting satisfaction in their ill-gotten gains. And of course, they can't trust anyone, because

deep down they “know” that all people, regardless of how nice they act, are really cheats. The ones who take up the minister role inside the dome perhaps have it the worst. They can't act human because they are supposed to be above it all! But that never works, life is actually real for them too—but they don't have permission to let others see the real them—so they fake it. They are forced to be actors all the time, so others see them as being all together. That constant manipulation takes a lot of effort!

Inside the dome trying to make personal changes is like walking on flypaper. It is so hard to make lasting change! A lot of good intentions, but sooooo hard to actually pull off. Some, not many, do make real changes. A few even get close to popping the dome.

They seem to be very strongly pulled to spirituality. They pray and meditate a lot, and at times come close to seeing through the illusion! But then life happens. Maybe the phone rings, "Gloria, you better get here soon...if you want to see him alive—the doctor says he won't make it through the night." She never really told him she was sorry for what she had said at his 57th birthday party. Pangs of guilt. And the illusion settles back around her—strongly held in place by her fears and self-loathing. She throws a few things in suitcase, jumps in the car and heads out of state, "Dear God—let me get there before he dies...please God..."

Most don't even know they are in a dome, and even fewer realize they bought their ticket because they wanted to take this ride—that's HOW REAL this ride is! It is so believable that you can't remember it's just a ride! But a very few do pop the dome, attain realization, free themselves from the bonds of Maya (ignorance). They get it! This was all for their experience. Those few live in both realms; they bring to life the scriptural idea, "to be in the world, but not of it." The ones on the bleachers are relieved and happy when someone in the dome gets it, and pops free! For the others, they pray and send them thoughts of love and courage. Some recall and silently mouth the ancient prayer: “Oh Lord, may their time be not too long, and may their suffering be not too great, before they awaken and are set free!”

At a very old age, with family gathered around her bedside, lamps turned low, the hum of the oxygen machine in the corner, Gloria opens her weakened eyelids one last time. She manages a slightly reassuring smile to ease the pain of the tear stained faces locked in deep grief that are looking down upon her. One last squeeze to the hand of that most special one standing nearest to her—that one who has gone through so much these many years with her...a little catch...a rise in the chest...a gasp...and she is gone...life has left her body.

And in dazed bewilderment she sees the sign flashing "RIDE OVER—EXIT TO THE RIGHT. WATCH YOUR STEP AS YOU LEAVE THE RIDE. THANK YOU FOR COMING TO THE FAIR TODAY. RIDE OVER."

Not yet quite knowing what has happened, she feels confused and at the same time, very, very loved. And the friends from the bleachers eagerly flood around her. They can't stop hugging her! "You did great! We're gonna have so much to talk about—we sent you a lot of prayers, did ' you feel' em?" And "It ended right on time—it's exactly 12:00 noon. Next year I'm gonna do it. Wow! I can hardly wait! I'm so hungry, let's go eat lunch."

KISSED BY DEATH

Watching a death scene on TV, March 3, 2012, it all came back, all last summer's stuff* ... the feelings, the fear at leaving, anxiety at leaving ... the "Oh my God! This is getting' real!" Stunned... I don't know what to say...or do, (and I am a doer). Death has a way of catching one up short like that... wow! I didn't know the rug could be pulled out all the way like that!

It's like I had forgotten I am living on borrowed time. Truly, any day, month or hour, my ticket could be punched. Damn! This is real! Won't be able to smile and cajole my way out of this one ... I, uh, er, uh, hmmm ... I don't have a permanent seat here at this game. In practicality, a 10 year old in good health does ... death is not hovering close at his side. But me, I can feel his breath right on me. I am not called out of the game just yet... but I can see him. Mr. Death is busy on the sidelines, working his deadly yet Divine craft. They say when you can see him it is either one of two things. You run up and shake his hand, or you run away and try to hide. I am not in the last bunch... I do shake his hand. And he knows, and I know, the veil has been opened... I can see his daily soul collecting activities. I see that they are part of the eternal scheme of things. And now that I can see, it's no longer possible to not see. I'm already half way crossed over.

He is my friend really. Because the veil is opened and I can see ... see what he does to punctuate the drama of living, I know the score ... even before the game is over. It's not very human like, clinging to life as we do, but I like it this way. I am vigorously alive, knowing on one hand that I cannot live forever, and knowing on the other hand: that I will live forever.

I don't want to forget. I want to feel fresh and fit, clean and light...like inside me there is a shaft of beneficent white light being goodness here and there. That's what I want.

I am living on borrowed time. I want to live fresh and clean, like you only

can when you can see Mr. Death, when you can feel him breathing on you. This is freedom really; free to live in touch with essence. This process is terrible to take, wrenching and burning, dragging one away from all the precious friends and situations you have identified with and attached to over the years. But it's dragging you free, actually. As long as you live open handed, non-grasping, you don't have to give up anything.

At first, it is Mr. Death who kisses me on the cheek, but then, it turns out to be Mr. Freedom kissing me—uncloaked, they are one and the same. By having their dual acquaintance, I am allowed to live in the eternal, even now, right here, while I am still in a body. Now that I am awake ... I don't want to go back to sleep.

**Dr. Epps had a heart attack June 11, 2011 and following three emotionally intense weeks, underwent open heart surgery July 1, 2012. His recovery was rapid.*

DIVINE SETUP LEADS TO OLD FRIENDS

I liked Casper Kaat from the first moment we met. We became fast friends. We were tight friends. He and his wife, Barbara, and their children, readily made me a part of their family. In college I stayed with them on countless weekends. I would drive up to Independence, Missouri from Warrensburg to see my girlfriend. She was in nursing school and the Kaats lived just a block away. One summer I lived with them. They became family to me.

However, we eventually drifted apart and I lost track of them. I had moved about, living in different states, had gotten a Master's degree in Sociology, taught college, traveled, and worked as a social worker and was living on a farm two hours South of Independence. I had very little contact with the Kaats at that time. We had drifted apart. When I moved from the farm to Independence to take a job that would let me be a therapist, I was so busy working evenings and weekends on my Ph. D. that I did not connect with them.

We bought a home in the neighboring town of Raytown. On closing day, with all our things in boxes, we went to Kelso's Restaurant to eat breakfast. Going to Kelso's for breakfast that morning was a rare thing. Eating out would later in my life become routine, but in those days eating out was not common for us.

There we were, our last day in Independence, eating at Kelso's and who walked in? Casper Kaat! We were overjoyed to see each other! What a wonderful "coincidence". Thank You God! Like us, Casper's going to Kelso's that morning was unusual. He seldom went there. We traded phone numbers, addresses and made plans to get together. How happy we each were that God had arranged to have us end up at the same restaurant, at the same time on the last day we would be living in that town.

* * * * *

A similar story emerged in my friendship with Al Bellg. While working

as a therapist in Kansas City I took a Tai Chi class from Al. We became friends and he came to my house several times. Again, I lost track of him when I moved. I went out West but eventually moved back to the Kansas City area and back into my old house, which had been rented for the last two or three years.

One evening after dinner, my company and I went for a stroll in the neighborhood. I seldom went out strolling, but spring had just arrived and the weather beckoned one to come outdoors. We walked and chatted. In a very few minutes a convertible drove past us and then slammed on the brakes!

"Jerry! Jerry Epps, is that you?!"

And out of the car jumped Al Bellg! My Goodness. I was in shock! What a surprise! Right there in the street we had our reunion. It was hard to believe it was happening. I was stunned and excited. So was he. As we compared notes to see how this unexpected "chance meeting" had come about we learned that neither of us was following our routine. He "never" drove in that area but a friend wanted to take Al for a ride in the convertible, it being a lovely spring evening. For some reason, Al had suggested turning off the well-traveled street and cruise into what turned out to be my old neighborhood. He had not consciously been aware of suggesting they cruise into my old neighborhood—they just did it.

We have had ongoing and significant connection over the years. Sometimes we remember that fortuitous evening walk and drive. Al lived in a different part of Kansas City, and I had not come back to my old house very long before that evening. That God got us on the same street was one thing, but at exactly the same time was even more amazing. The statistical probability of our being outdoors that evening, on the same block of the street, at the same time...Amazing! Thank You God for so artfully arranging our "chance meeting" that evening.

DOC LINDWALL

I met Dr. E. E. Lindwall, (“Doc” to those who loved him—and that was everybody) in the mid-1980s in his chiropractic office in Atlanta, GA. He impressed me then and he impresses me still—even though he passed on years ago. Doc could see spots of light (invisible to others) on the part of the patient’s body that needed attention. He would have them place one finger at the spot of light. Then he would muscle test their other arm and of course it would “go weak”, even though they tried to hold strong. He would then have them say a “release” phrase, and retest using the exact same procedure. Now the arm would be strong! The first few times I saw this happen I was amazed! And it worked every time! I thought, “Man, this guy is really tuned in!”

I asked, “Doc, how do you know where to have them put their finger—how do you know what is wrong?” He answered, “Oh, I see a spot of light, kind of like a light bulb, at the place on the body where the energy is out. Think of it as a short in the body’s electrical system. The spot of light shows me where the short is. I have them release the concept that is blocking the energy so it can flow freely again—like resetting a circuit breaker.”

Ok, I bought it—but I still thought his seeing a light at the place of the “short”, and knowing what release to give them, was a miracle. I hung around with Doc and his wife Ruth for many months assisting with releasing meetings and workshops. At some point I too started seeing light spots on the body of the patient in front of me. I did the same procedure Doc did and it worked! He had laid down an energy trail that I was able to follow. His energy field made it relatively easy for me to follow in his footsteps. But there was one difference in what he did and what I was doing. The strength or power the patient experienced. His treatment had strong impact on the patient—it really packed an energy wallop! The patient would often exclaim, “wow Doc, What did you just do?!” They might cry or become temporarily speechless—the emotion they felt being so strong. I witnessed this many, many times.

When he did a release, they FELT it! I was doing the technique and it worked, but not with nearly the power Doc delivered. I had to do a second muscle test, resulting then in a “strong arm”, to let them see the release had effected a change in their body. In my view, Doc was a potent light being, who used his chiropractic practice as a mode of operation for what he actually was—a potent healer channeling God’s love in powerful and magnificent ways.

He often did a second muscle test, but usually there was no need to because the patient would have already had an energetic or emotional experience as they said the release. The releases came to him intuitively; he didn’t just make them up. His energy was large, powerful and kind and often had a profound impact on people just meeting him for a few minutes. Doc holds one of the top positions on my list of spiritual mentors!

DOLPHINS IN THE BAHAMAS

I was lucky to be invited on a weeklong “barefoot” cruise in the Bahamas. A group of about 10 friends, plus the experienced and certified Captain, were to leave from Miami and spend a week on the water, in and around the islands of the Bahamas, on a motored sail boat. It could sail, but had a motor to ensure covering large distances in a predictable amount of time.

We had a simple planned menu for the week. We shopped to get everything needed, and put the perishables below deck in a huge grey wooden insulated box filled with ice. With the lid closed, this box served as the kitchen counter for food preparation. When the food was ready, it was passed up through the scuttle hole to the galley, on paper plates to the people above. We rotated in teams to do meal prep and clean the galley.

Officially, we were signed on as crew members and worked for the Captain. And while we did do some work, aside from meals and clean up, mainly it was just a way to meet some official regulation and get to go on a cruise, casual style. We did lots of swimming, snorkeling, visiting small uninhabited islands (they had no fresh water supply, thus no human residents) and once we went to an island with a small population. They had shops. We went to the one restaurant there for a “real” meal. We had plenty of sun and salty sea spray, but the hoped for dolphin sightings did not happen.

I had a single cabin with a two foot wide bunk and enough floor space to put both feet on at the same time. It was next to the diesel engine—a thin plywood wall separated me from it. The diesel smell was not too bad. I actually enjoyed being nestled in my little cave up in the bow of the boat—hearing the splash of the waves against the hull a few inches from my head and the “ca-chunk, ca-chunk, ca-chunk” of the diesel engine as we traveled at night. The gentle pitching and rocking of the boat to the waves was most comforting. By morning we would be anchored at the place of the day’s ventures. We went barefoot, in shorts and tops, or swim suits, and had great salt sea air and the whole blue ocean as a backdrop to outdoor times with friends on a vacation adventure.

Some morning after breakfast I facilitated a sharing and spiritual centering group. One morning, I think it was the next to last day; I had the idea to read the story of a man who almost drowned from a book of spiritual stories. He would have drowned, but in his desperate silent cries for help, thinking he was dying, a dolphin appeared, nosed under the man’s arm, swam him up to the surface and swam him on to the shore and safety. The dolphin stayed close by until he was satisfied the man was ok, and then swam away and out of sight. The man felt intimately connected to the dolphin that had saved his life.

It was a good story. We went on with our day and in the late afternoon with most folks napping in their little rooms. Suddenly there were yells from above deck. We rushed to see and there they were; three or four playful dolphins, 50 or 60 feet off the Starboard aft deck. Wow! Hugs and shouts jumping up and down. “Dolphins!! Dolphins!!”

Not at all thinking, I grabbed my mask, just blindly responding to an invisible pull, crammed my feet into flippers, jumped from the aft deck into the water and swam as fast as I could in the opposite direction, away from the dolphins! I was not scared, I was entranced. I did not know why I was doing it; I was swimming like a directed robot! The others remained on the boat and enjoyed watching the dolphins circling and diving in pretty much the original spot.

After swimming 50 or 60 feet in the other direction from the dolphins, I looked down and about 18 feet from me was a dolphin gliding across my path. We looked at each other, with a stream of magnetic energy “locking” us together in gaze. By the clock it was likely only 4 seconds, but it seemed much longer. He, or she, had called me away from the others for a private connection. I felt blessed and honored. I had been invited, practically pulled, to a private audience with this wonderful being from another species. I feel a deep quiet and a profound sense of awe as I recall it now.

Later, in sharing, the group recalled how we had gone day after day seeing no dolphins, and then how in the morning I had read the story having a dolphin hero, and how, beyond human reasoning, I had been called in the opposite direction from where we thought all the dolphins were, to have an eye-to-eye energy exchange with one of them. It’s a valued treasure still. Hello to all my dolphin friends bringing joy to our oceans and our world.

EXQUISITENESS OF EXISTENCE

I spoke with someone who was suicidal this evening. And by contrast, I feel so the opposite. I feel their pain, but to do so sends me into ecstasy. I shared with my wife, Bev, after prayers tonight, that I feel like I am...“married to Life.” It is like; just being alive is exhilarating—I feel coupled or joined to it all! I am feeling and finding so deeply satisfying...the exquisiteness of existence.

I don't want that last phrase to get lost...because it IS the crux of the matter as I now experience it. Plain old ordinary existence...is exquisite! There is nothing “special” going on; it's that the ordinariness itself has become special!

The ordinary is special! How about that? Existence itself has become exquisite. My God, who would of thought?! This is Nirvana.

The “promised land”, the land “flowing with milk and honey” was right here with us all the time. Let me be the 3,999,999th one to say, “You get there by going within... and... by the Grace of God.”

Quoted in the movie, Stigmata, and purported to be from Jesus in the Aramaic tongue, come some lines I love:

**The kingdom of heaven is all around you, and inside of you—
Not in buildings of wood and stone—
Split a piece of wood and I am there.
Lift a stone and you will find me.**

When I reverently repeat those lines, the “still and hush” comes upon me mightily.

My God! How I wish I could show this to others—especially to those in pain. We are living in the continuous presence of Miracle, and most can't see it.

This condition, of seeing it but can't show it, leaves me in a transfixed and awesome sense of hushed devotion. That mixed together with a terrible* heart-rending compassion for the stumbling blind ones who just don't know...!

* “There is only one pain that enlightenment won't cure. It is the pain that comes from not being able to give it away.” [Author unknown]

And I would add, “And to have that pain is part of your authentic and necessary human experience.”

FATHER'S SUICIDE

I was teaching school in San Pedro Sula, Honduras in the early nineties. My brother, Larry, had never telephoned me there. So the night in 1993 when a knock on my door summoned me to come to the main house for a phone call from the states it felt ominous. And it was. "The Ole Man committed suicide tonight". Those were his words. There were more details, but the grim message was delivered.

Looking back, I realize I went into at least mild shock immediately. I could still drive, and I managed to get things organized for the absence from my sixth grade class. But I wasn't feeling the pain, the agony...the loss. I flew back to Iowa to family, friends and well-wishers. I glided through it. I went into "professional" mode. Having been a professional counselor and also a professional chaplain, the professional helper role was an easy place for me to hide. I role-played the understanding and comforting care giver. My own feelings were locked a thousand miles away deep inside me. Interesting though was that on the way home from the visitation at the funeral home, I thought I would freeze to death in my brother's car. He had the heater going full blast for me, but I was so cold it hurt. I had no idea at the time that I was displacing feelings.

After the funeral I spent a few days in Atlanta, GA with some very dear friends. I could take risks with them. My friend Laura offered to take me through a breath work session and I accepted. The session lasted several hours, but early on I got really cold. I was so cold I begged her to stop the breath work session so I could go and soak in a tub of hot water! Laura advised against it. "You know this is emotional; you need to stay with this, and face whatever it is." I knew she was right...and I was so cold I hurt.

I vowed to stay with it and I did. An image kept coming into my mind. As it got closer, I would lose consciousness and just fade out. In a few seconds she would be tapping me, "You're going to sleep Jerry. Wake up, wake up and breathe!" We went through the same cycle again and again.

The image was the head of a dark skinned, thin faced, native woman, with black hair pulled back sharply, revealing her severe features. Her head was atop a large block of solid ice. There were talons of a bird of prey extending out the bottom of the ice block. The image would start advancing from about 10 feet away and come slowly forward. When it got within 3 or 4 feet I would fade out and just lose consciousness.

But on what would turn out to be the last time, as the severe lady, ice and talons advanced, I summoned all my courage and kept my eyes open! As I let the image advanced to the point of touching me, everything suddenly changed!

The cold left my body in a flash! I was warm again! In an instant I was no longer cold! A new image powerfully flooded my mind. The image was of my father lying in a casket, a perfectly cut hole, no mess at all, in his chest exposing his heart. Then I looked down at my own chest and saw the same hole, perfectly cut, with no mess. My heart was exposed too. I climbed into the casket and placed my exposed heart next to his exposed heart and we joined in harmony. I had never, while he was alive, let myself love him so totally. Nor had I ever allowed myself to feel his love for me so totally. An indescribable and wonderful harmony flooded my being. I felt like I was taking it all in. My heart had never been so open.

Then the scene changed. I was walking in the woods amongst trees and the ground was covered with leaves. A wide and shallow depression or ditch in the ground ran the entire length of the wooded area. Lying in the bottom of the ditch was a 4 inch thick light grey cable; something like a major utility cable. I somehow knew it carried the pulsing essence of humanity. I also knew what I had to do. I lay down in the ditch and placed my heart next to the pulsing essence of humanity cable. As long as I kept my heart pressed against the cable I felt in harmony with the Universe. When I removed my heart from contact with the pulsing essence of humanity I did not feel okay.

Those two images, heart to heart with my Dad and my heart connected to

the pulsing essence of humanity, are imprinted upon my soul. For weeks I felt intimately close to all life. I cried a lot, and it felt good...and clean. No barriers between me and the human family; no barriers between me and life. For a time I was lifted above the usual games and pretenses we often employed in social life to make us “look good” and to keep us “safe” but they deaden our authenticity. Emotionally it had been a tough experience, but I was grateful for it. I realized that perhaps only 3 or 4 times in the average life do we get thrown against the wall so hard that we are jarred out of our “normalcy” to have so powerful an experience that it rips off our masks so totally that we can’t recompose ourselves. We are left raw and exposed to the world. Frightening to the personality but freeing to the soul! What a gift! My heart had been ripped open and I could feel more deeply than ever before.

FIRST HEALING SERVICE

The first half of my life was often plagued with digestive tract pain. Sometimes I took medication for ulcers and was forced to follow a strict diet—but after a few days things would ease up and my routines returned to normal. In the fall of 1983 I had just arrived in Atlanta and was honored to get to do spiritual counseling in the practice of Dr. Lindwall (Doc), chiropractor extraordinaire. For several weeks however, I had ongoing intestinal pain. Some nights I hardly slept the pain was so great. Next day I, along with my wife, would drag myself to Doc's office and do counseling—then back home to the pain.

One morning in early December I sat alone in meditation. A knowing came over me that I was going to die—I would not get well. Visions of being welcomed Home came with the information. I was emotionally upset, but trying to make peace with my upcoming death, and deciding to not tell my wife—I thought it best to not worry her until nearer the time.

With tears on my cheeks and facial tissues strewn about on the floor, my wife unexpectedly came home, saw me in tears and came to comfort me. I soon told her everything...she seemed amazingly calm. Then, after I had told all, she explained that she had a dream that told her she would be dying soon—but had decided not to tell me until near the time. Instead, she had been getting all files and check books, etc. in order so it would not be too hard for me after she had passed—to handle the family business matters.

Now armed with information we, individually and as a couple, started to prepare for dying. We had our wills done and left them in a most prominent place where they could be easily found after our deaths. We assumed we would die in a plane crash on the way to my parents' home near Des Moines, Iowa. We were ready to die—marvelously free! And, back home in Atlanta, we left our apartment the cleanest anyone ever left an apartment!

There was a sense of “what now?” and “nothing to do!”—not much sense to engage in anything if you are going to die in a few hours or possibly days. To occupy myself, I read a book on spiritual healing—about the life of Olga and Ambrose Worrall in Baltimore, Maryland, great American healers. I got the idea I would like to be a healer—pity I would be dying soon.

We were sure we would die on the way home to Atlanta. The drama was heightened by a winter blizzard that affected air travel. There was difficulty getting the wings of our plane sufficiently de-iced so we could fly. Finally we were cleared and took off. We were the last flight allowed to depart St. Louis that day. But we landed in Atlanta very much alive and, a bit stunned to not be dead, went home to the world's cleanest apartment and soon got very bored. My wife meditated a lot and I read healing books. I wanted to be a healer—by mid-January we let go the idea we would soon be dying. I sat about planning our first public healing service.

Approximately 17 or 18 folks attended that first healing service on a sunny, but chilly day in late January. We were in the reception room of “Doc” Lindwall's office. At one point in the service, just before the practice of the laying on of hands, I had planned for a two or three minute time for us to “...pull down powerful spiritual energies of healing—pray to fill this room with mighty spiritual energy. Pray for that healing energy to come upon us now!” When the time came, I gave the instructions to do this and then we sat in silence. After a minute or so, I heard gasps of astonishment, whispers of “look at that!”

The room was astir! Reluctantly, I opened my eyes to see what the distraction was—as soon as my eyes opened, they filled with tears. I beheld, along with the others, snow falling beautifully all around our building. The sun was shining, there was no accumulation, and we later heard no reports of snow falling in Atlanta that day. Maybe it did, but it hardly mattered. Just at the moment the group and I asked ask God to send

the healing energy down, the snow fell—for about two or three minutes, then stopped. I felt so grateful and humble. God heard our prayers and sent a symbol of “healing coming down” that we couldn’t miss—pure white snow, just at the moment requested. The snow falling, “just at the right time” probably meant different things to each one present. For me personally, I took it as a sign that Spirit would bless my spiritual healing ministry.

I had no idea at the time that later I would be the founder of the Church of Spiritual Healing. I just knew a miraculous blessing had been sent. I was in awe of the experience for days, perhaps weeks. My sense was, “It really happened, God came through!” It thrilled me to the core that the Mystical had reached out and caressed the heart of all those present. I was awestruck—I, with all my personality nicks and dings, could be an agent for the Mystical to touch humanity. The snow had fallen, just at the moment we asked for healing energies to descend from Heaven. I will never forget that first healing service.

SOUP TO SOUTHERS

During my high school years I spent one of the summers as a Handicraft Instructor at Camp Matigwa, a Boy Scout camp near Boone, Iowa. Another staff member was Quincy Southers from Des Moines. He was the first African American person I really got to be friends with. Coming from a small farm town in Iowa, I really enjoyed getting to know someone different from me.

Some 20 years later I was back in Iowa staying for several weeks with my parents. I had written a book and was looking for someone well known to write the introduction to my book. One of my choices was Dick Gregory, a well-known African American comedian and civil rights activist. I had a lot of respect for Mr. Gregory. But how was I to get in touch with him, how was I to make connection?

I chanced to eat at a health food restaurant, called Soup to Nuts, in Des Moines in the Drake University area. I recalled seeing on the wall a lone poster announcing that Dick Gregory was coming to Des Moines. I thought nothing of it at the time, but later realized that the poster was clue that might lead me to Dick Gregory.

I got out my parent's phone book to look up "Soup to Nuts". I found it, and in the process my eye wandered over to another column, and fell upon, "Southers, Quincy, Insurance." Wow! I thought, I bet that's the same Quincy I was with at Camp Matigwa years ago. Would he remember me, "Scotty", (the nickname I used that summer) after all these years? But I must get on with the task at hand, I could call him later.

The people at "Soup to Nuts" thought some kids from North High School had brought in the poster. So, I called North High School. The school secretary thought Reverend so and so from Epworth Methodist church had something to do with it. I phoned for the Reverend. He was out but the church secretary would have him call me when he got back. All I could do was wait for his call.

Then, while waiting, I thought I might as well try calling my old friend, Quincy Southers. I dialed the number, he answered directly. I said, "Quincy, it's me, Scotty, from Camp Matigwa!" He was delighted, but soon said, "Scotty, I can't talk more right now. I have a thousand things to do...I am the head of the committee that is bringing Dick Gregory to town".

Wow and double wow!! I explained my quest and Quincy invited me not only to the public meeting where Dick Gregory would speak, but to the invitation only VIP reception afterwards at the home of the well-known and influential Bishop Dingman, where I could meet Mr. Gregory personally.

I did meet Mr. Gregory and he did write the introduction to my book, Global Peace, Who Will Make the Dream a Reality? To this day I still remember how my eyes had gone from "Soup" across the page to "Southers, Quincy" and then how he was the head of the committee bringing Mr. Gregory to town! Not long after I returned to "Soup To Nuts" and was very surprised to look at the wall and find that it was covered with many, many posters and the Gregory poster, a mere 8½ by 11 flyer, was there, but almost lost amongst all the others. When I had needed to see it, it seemed to be the only one on the wall! I am grateful that the gracious hand of God was upon me.

GANDHI IN GLASS CUBICAL IN SKY

I had just started some metaphysical practices, one of which was to play pretend I was outside of my body looking back at myself. It was just imaginary—nothing spectacular. But one night, bored, waiting for a friend to return to her apartment...almost unconsciously, squatted outside her building and leaned against the wall, I slipped into the imaginary exercise—but it turned “real”.

I was “floating” up above the apartment building; “saw” air conditioning equipment, etc. on the roof. Then I went higher and through what seemed to be a stereotype of Heaven. There were nuns (and I am not Catholic) playing with children—the picture of innocence and wholesomeness. Then I floated “beyond Heaven” to a higher place and saw a glass cubical—much like a “phone booth” of yesteryear, but a bit larger and of course made of glass. A man was sitting inside and I “floated” through the glass and sat on his lap. We communicated with our minds; no words. But the understanding was total. He “said” several things to me, but the one thing that I remember to this day has been a guide for me over the years; “Remember, your power is in your goodness”. Not wealth, recognition, being clever, etc., but, “goodness”, that is the power. I did not recognize the man. He wore glasses, loin cloth, was bald, and had dark skin.

A couple of years later I decided to look at a book a friend had given me about 4 years before the experience. Having had the book for 6 years and never looked at it, I had the urge one day to pick it up. I opened the book and there on the page was the man I had seen in the glass cubical! I was looking at a picture of a man wearing wire rimmed glasses; loin cloth, bald head and dark skin—same face too! I was holding Luis Fisher’s biography of Gandhi in my hand and looking at a picture of the Mahatma himself ... just as he looked when he and I met in the sky in spirit form. It gives me “chills” and energy rushes and sets my crown chakra to “buzzing” as I write about this now, probably 35 years after the initial meeting in the sky and then “finding” his picture. I think of him as a great Saint, and I feel

deeply honored that he came to counsel me.

JANUARY 8, 1995

There is no way to adequately say what really happened for me that day, so I just say it in the way that naturally comes to me. On January 8, 1995, I was taken to the Center of All Existence. I had had many “spiritual experiences” throughout my life, but this was my first experience in the Grand Illumination. It was my first “visit” to the “Zero Point”, or knowingly tasting, the core of the Infinite. It lasted for several hours and after that gradually wore off over the next several days.

I recall walking around in stunned amazement. I would touch the side of my face in a stunned and amazed manner and utter aloud, over and over, “Oh...My...God! Oh...My ... God!” There was no way I could get a mental hold on what was happening. The here-to-fore Unknown was uncloaking Itself right in front of me—not only in front of, but involving my very being. My emotions were mostly suspended. All I could do was allow It to unfold Itself upon me because I was helpless to do otherwise. It was impossible for me to “size it up” or in any way “take it in.”

I did somehow realize that this was the “experience of a lifetime”, the major break through to the other realm that I had read about and yearned for. Everything was, and everything wasn’t, at the very same time. The terms contradict, but I was concretely experiencing the non-concrete essence of the ephemeral core of the invisible spiritual universe. I am at a loss as to which words to capitalize to reflect the Deity in this description—therefore in the sentence above I capitalize none.

I was accustomed to “talking” with my spirit guide, or if you prefer, my guardian angel. After I was settled into my room that day, she telepathically asked me, “Now, what is it that you want?” Being a list maker, it was easy for me to say mentally to her the 3 or 4 main items on my list. As had been the case for months, topping my list was the desire to experience “Oneness.” After she mentally heard my list, she said, “Why don’t you lie back (on the bed) and take three deep breaths.”

By the time I started the third breath I felt something unusual come upon me. Within another 30 seconds I was, with full awareness, into an amazing altered state. My guide said, “This is about as far as you can go in form. In lower vibrations, it will feel like “just imagination” and in higher vibrations, as you are now, you will sense its “realness.” I was amazed. I felt connected with all, and in a strange sort of way, it almost felt normal at the same time. I “knew” more than anything else that I had broken free out of the denseness, the adhesiveness, of form. I experienced that all eternity is here and now, both by “space/location” and by “history/time” -- all flowing up from the center, the core, of Is-ness, of God. I sensed that we only lock ourselves into form-consciousness by vibrating so slowly that we can’t sense all the rest of eternity going on around us all the time.

There were no lights, no angel choruses, no “spiritual” symbols projected up onto sense reality from the quiet Zero Point. There was just the knowing that I KNEW and it was awesome. One moment I was grinning from ear to ear! In the next moment, I was unbelievably awestruck! Mentally discussing it is of only small benefit; thinking won't access it...high vibration...it comes to you when, well when, somehow it is time!

It's all happening, right here and right now. All eternity, all possibilities, all is just a "dial-a-vibration" away. We're just sort of "locked in" form (on earth). This is our "home base" of experience and it is so dominant we experience it as real. We are in eternity, but seeming slowed down, in a somewhat frozen part of it. We willed it this way, but looking "down from above", as I was blessed to do that day, we see that we are part of a giant swirl of all that is...only in our little region it is slower vibrating. From the vantage point of looking down from above, it seems so silly to think that all the faster vibrating energy fields are not real!

Past lives - ha! Nice try! Everything is/was right now. But then - we give it reality, and a before life and an afterlife makes sense to us. Birth and death seem so real in this slow vibrating zone - in this “frozen” zone. We call this slow vibrating “frozen” zone the realm of form. Compassion is born in real depth here! By it seeming so real, we get it very deeply into our souls. After a lifetime, when we've forgotten all we've wanted, all we signed up for in the earth experience, we can slip out to another faster vibrating region of Is-ness, or maybe go straight to the center, the core, of, “Home”. It is very hard to imagine from here what, where, or how that is. One may as well just stop worrying and collect all the earth experience they can! What else is there to do?

My lover is "Is-ness!" She has my heart. By being in form (lower vibration), I get to be individualized enough to stand apart and love all the rest of Is-ness. Just like one cell in the skin of my hand getting the opportunity to separate enough to deeply appreciate the being and function of all the other skin cells so engrossed in being skin that they are not aware of how beautiful they are. What a work of art that they are so wondrous.

To get to stand apart and observe all the origins of one's self (as Is-ness) is awesome.

Being in form is a chance to stand apart from all that is and behold its majesty!! Yeah for being in form. Remember, the mountain does not get to see its beauty - wouldn't it love to have just one day to separate out a tiny part of itself and to turn and behold its beauty. Ah, so...That is what we do when we come into form; a precious experience rare and wondrous. It is so that we can go into enough separateness to be a person and look back upon ourselves, and the glorious mysteries of God

I am free. That day, before the experience, I received a fortune cookie – with no fortune written on the blank slip of paper in the cookie. I get to make up my own now. I had an urge to turn on the TV, so I did. There on the screen was Dr. Martin Luther King, in a recording, saying, “Free at last. Thank God Almighty, free at last”. It is like every molecule in the physical world knew and was celebrating the experience of ultimate freedom with me.

For me it was such a wondrous experience, I doubt my words express the extent to which my soul was moved by it. None the less, I have tried to report faithfully the experience on that glorious 8th day of January day in 1995. It did change me forever.

JUST PUT ON BANDAGES

In 1984 or 1985 I was living in the Cove Condominiums on Roswell Road in Atlanta. I was sitting in my favorite blue chair in meditation on the morning of November 17th. This message came to me. “Don’t stop and try to build a hospital...just put on bandages here and there as you go.” My inner eye saw images of me walking about on a battlefield putting bandages on wounded soldiers. I was moving amongst them, from one wounded soldier to another spending just enough time to meet their immediate need and then move on to meet the immediate need of the next one. They would need a lot more care before their eventual full healing, but I was meeting their immediate needs right where I found them. I wasn’t stopping to “build a hospital.”

I have found the guidance to be most appropriate for me. The “fixer” and the “let’s go all the way!” aspects of my character want to take people through a “total transformation” process—from regular life to maximum spiritual realization. But most people do not want that—the desire for an actual total spiritual transformation has not yet blossomed in their hearts.

I often remember the wisdom delivered to me that November morning. I could have saved myself a lot of struggle had I managed to internalize that wisdom earlier in life. The point is not to get external life properly aligned—but to get one’s internal life properly aligned. And that includes me allowing each soul to have its OWN experience. I now believe that it is more important for one to exercise his/her OWN free will rather than to follow my teaching/advice even if mine was wiser than theirs. We often hear that we need to “let them fail”, and I agree. It is their divine right and their path of learning to do so. It is those very bumps and bruises, from which I might have saved them; that will form the basis for their later wisdom. Experience IS a valuable teacher, and I don’t need to short circuit the process in order to “get them there” faster. God, not me, is in charge of their time table.

LIGHTS IN BEDROOM

One night in my bedroom in Kansas City, Missouri, an “unusual” thing happened. It was 10:00 or 11:00 at night, and having finished meditating, I slid under the covers in a meditative state. I noticed some light sparkles in the room (much like fire flies—but all the doors and windows were tightly shut) so I roused up on one elbow. More lights came—and stayed. By now I was very much awake!

They were like miniature starbursts, about an eighth of an inch in diameter, white in color—no yellowish tint. These little starbursts, or sparkles, remained steady in illumination. They were not blinking. They continued to grow in number.

I was accustomed to “talking” telepathically with my spirit guide, so I, feeling a little alarmed, quick asked mentally, “what is going on?!” “All is well” swiftly came back her answer. I breathed more easily then.

I watched in wonder the next several minutes as the volume of space in my bedroom filled with these wonderful light sparkles. They left no formerly empty space untouched. They formed into what I would call a 3 D cubic grid. Every light was an inch from every other light. From wall to wall and floor to ceiling this cubic grid, made of light sparkles at each corner of each cubic inch, filled my bedroom. I had never seen such a display before that night nor have I since. That is was so perfect in its geometric spatial distribution was amazing.

Beings telepathically greeted me and asked me for a favor. They said they were working from a higher dimension and wanted to anchor more Light into Kansas City. They specifically requested that I take stones, bless them, and place them in the many parks in the city. Each rock would be an anchor point for Light. They said that it would help them to have a humanly placed anchor point. I agreed to fill their request. In the next 20 or 30 seconds the light sparkle grid faded and vanished—and left me feeling wonderful inside. I had received “cosmic visitors”. I was in awe,

and felt very blessed.

The next day, having located and counted the parks on my Kansas City map, I drove to Swoope Park. It is a large area, partially wooded, with a wide shallow creek meandering through it. I knew from previous visits to the park that it was home to many beautiful flat rocks worn smooth by the creek. I loaded the correct number of rocks—I don’t recall the actual number now—into the trunk and delivered them, one each, to the many parks. It was hot and somewhat tiring work. It took several hours. But I was glad to do it. I didn’t mind at all.

The visitors did not return and I never learned any more about them or their Light anchoring project. But I do remember still the awesome display of lights with which they filled my bedroom in perfect geometric form that night.

LONG MEDITATIONS

places I feel so blessed to be in nowadays.

Autobiography Of A Yogi, Yogananda, 1946 had long been a favorite of mine. One summer in the mid-1980s, while living in Doraville, GA., I decided to greatly increase the amount of time I spent in meditation. For several weeks I meditated for two and half hours at a time and did so two and occasionally three times a day. The energy really cranked up! I could “feel” energy in the house and around other people; I could see energy as light sparkles lying all over everything and filling the air. Also there were specific moving spots of light—like fireflies on a summer’s night—but usually only one and within 2 to 6 feet from me, but inside the house and during the day with no insects around. Seeing the lights was confirming to me that something was really happening—I could perhaps make up feelings and possibly the messages from my guide, but I KNEW I was not making up the lights!

On one occasion, while trying to poke a wire through a wall from the darkened room to the room next door, I momentarily forgot about so many lights and energy sparkles being around. I was working on my knees down in the corner. Mind you, I was intent on the task and not mindful that I was being frequently graced by an abundance of lights and energy sparkles following me around. My vision kept being interrupted by all these crazy little lights moving about! So, I did the normal thing, I tried to shoo them away, as if they were material objects like little bugs or something, but to no avail! My hand passed right through them and I was powerless to move them. Of course, I then realized I was not swatting a bright bugs, but lights from the heavenly realm. No amount of effort was going to shoo them away...and I was glad about that when I remembered their true nature. I finally got the wire through the wall...and over the years have often laughed at how I was trying to shoo heavenly lights out of the way!

I still see the “lights” in various shapes and intensities, but since I seem to be blessed with higher frequencies most of the time now they don’t come so often. But they definitely are remind me of and helped pull me to,

MADE A CLOUD

It blew my mind! I “made” a cloud. Here’s what happened. I was driving in rural Texas, very little traffic, and listening to a taped lecture by Dr. Fred Allen Wolfe on quantum physics. He was explaining how beyond the atom there is a field of energetic nothingness. It’s charged energy—which can be shaped by mental concepts.

At some point in listening to him, it happened. I got it! The “reality” of his theories took over me...and I, just sitting there in my car riding across Texas, knew that the physical world around us is malleable—we can change it by thought! It was a mega moment! I felt like I had just “seen through” the physical world.

Just then, through my windshield, I saw a huge area of blue sky—cloudless blue sky! I had a sudden desire—I wanted to put a white cloud in that blue sky. I wanted to build a cloud! I was so full of belief from listening to Dr. Wolf, I didn’t bother to doubt the possibility of building a cloud—I just did it!

I am not saying how I did it is “right” or will work for others, or even will work for me again. But it is what I did that day. I looked intently at a certain spot in the sky. I started “sending” it energy. I admit, I was “trying”...I pushed hard. I felt the intensity in the pit of my stomach. I directed it skyward...I was w-i-l-l-i-n-g a cloud into existence! I was intently murmuring, “Come on! Come on!” I was urging with everything I had in me. That cloud had to come in!

And it did. Just the size I had willed it to be...right where I wanted it to be. I went into emotional shock!

A roadside rest stop was up ahead and on my side of the road. I glided in, still feeling like ... just overwhelmed. I was adjusting to now being party to the Universe’s secrets of creation! I got out of the car and walked to the picnic shelter and leaned against it. I looked back at my car. I remember

saying to it aloud, “You are not real ... you are just looking like a car...you are energy acting like a car. But I know better now!” And I could almost see the invisible energy that was my car. One second, I’d see/feel it as energy. The next second the metal, paint, tires, windshield, etc. all seemed solid and real—then, for lack of a better word, it would “morph” back into a sub-atomic mode so I could see the energy “just back of” the metal, paint, tires, windshield, etc.

I had, up to that point, seen the physical world around me was solid, unchangeable—certainly not re-shapeable by my thoughts! Reality had just shifted on me. The formerly sturdy, unbendable, world had just bent...and I had done the bending...and was overwhelmed that it could be so.

ANNIVERSARY WITH ANGELS

The following is a story that I was inspired to write and I decided to include it in this book.

Mary Ann Forsyth didn't have time to stop and smell the roses, not today! If this anniversary was going to be special things had to get done! They had been married 25 years, a miracle in itself. Hurrying out the door, she didn't really hear the special news alert, "Serious crash on I 285".

She was proud they had made it these last 25 years. Steve was a wonderful man and together they had opened to levels of trust and deep intimacy she had never dreamed she could get to. For some time now she was feeling like this anniversary would be very special. It seemed almost like ... kind of a graduation...like she was whole now, and this anniversary would celebrate that the broken her had become whole.

Standing outside Sears, she noticed it was 6:10 PM. OK, she thought, I have been to the market, ordered all the flowers and greenery, all the invitations have been sent. I have new shoes for Steve, and for me. I think I am done and it didn't take as long as she had feared it would. If she hurried she could catch Steve before he left for his meeting.

Traffic was fairly cooperative and she made it home easily. Darn! His car was already gone—she had missed him!

But a little smile unconsciously formed on her lips as she reached the door. The sounds of classical music reached her ear. He was home! She hadn't turned the music on at all that morning and he loved classic music...it had to be him! She hoped he would actually like the new shoes she had for him.

Passing through the dining room and entering the living room she extended her arm to show the shoes. When he saw them he did an unusual little smile, not his regular smile.

"Do you like them?" she queried.

"Well, you know me", he responded. "Never had your good sense of grooming or of what's in and what's out".

Ah, so she'd done alright in choosing shoes for her man. And then she noticed he seemed a bit thinner, or something. And he wasn't moving around as much as usual—seemed almost rooted to that spot by the dining table.

"Are you feeling ok?" she asked. "You seem different somehow." And for a moment there she almost thought she saw little rays of light coming out of his chest. "Well, after you stuff yourself with all the goodies I have planned for the reception, you'll pick up a few more pounds—that is if you want to."

"Mary Ann, there is something I need to tell you". And this time he moved, not toward her but a kind of a side step that put him in front of the corner of the fireplace—but it didn't really obstruct her view. She knew that fireplace so well that his body blocking the view certainly couldn't prevent her from still seeing it. It did seem that he had probably lost some weight though.

And she realized that he was speaking again..."did you hear about the serious crash on I285 this afternoon?" No, she hadn't. "Well", he continued, "I was in it."

"Steve, you are starting to worry me. Don't talk like that. Come here and give me a hug, I've had a hectic day." But the always-ready-to-hug Steve didn't walk to her.

"I need to tell you something...before you try...try to...touch me."

Sweet crisp tension filled the air. The room was vividly alive and she could feel it—almost smell and taste it. His body seemed iridescent. My

God! He was shimmering!

“Steve, what’s happening, what’s going on here?”

“I wanted to come to visit you and they said I could. See, I am wearing the jacket you got for me last Christmas...and...my dear Mary Ann...I wasn’t wearing it when I left the house this morning.”

But there he stood, so real, so alive...but the part she couldn’t explain was...she could see right through him and he was still shimmering. It WAS him, and that almost reassured her. But she could see right through him.

She was starting to let herself know—know what she had been holding back from her awareness for a few minutes now.

Everything was hushed silence for about 35 or 40 seconds. Tender heart bonds of their 25 years together passed back and forth between them. The five feet of space between where the two of them stood became a highly charged iridescent bridge.

His smile was radiant, but concerned. She was taking it all in.

“I am not going to be able to touch you...am I?”

“But I hope you know how much I love you” came his reply. “And I thank you for all the work to make our anniversary special—I hope what you will remember out of this is not the car wreck—and by the way, it didn’t hurt—but that I came to visit you. I wanted to see you and for you to get to see me one more time. That, out of love, I came to say good bye...”

She was sitting now. And his shimmering body was starting to fade. But for an instant she had a supreme knowing—it was his body image that was fading and not their love—it would always be. Their love was a never fading kind of love...And then it seemed like she heard angels, just faintly,

but angels. Yes, she was sure of it...angels were near. They were so very near.

MYSTERIOUS CO-THERAPIST

While I was a therapist at Western Missouri Mental Health Center in Kansas City, Missouri, I had an unusual experience. In the late morning I had gone with colleagues to Kansas University Medical School to hear a talk by the famous Elizabeth Kubler Ross, M.D. She was a strong voice in the emerging death and dying movement. I was touched by her presentation.

After lunch I returned to my office to see a new client who had recently been seen in the screening clinic and was assigned to me for counseling. At our first meeting I introduced myself to Mildred (not real name). Soon she started to open up and told me some rather unusual things. She explained that she often heard from her deceased brother, Dean (not real name) who brought her guidance. Most mental health professionals automatically would have considered her to be suffering from auditory hallucinations. They would have gotten her on medication to reduce the likelihood that she would continue to “hear voices” and to actually think (have a delusion) that her dead brother was helping her.

Mildred was convinced that Dean was helping her. He came to her with guidance in her dreams. That is what Mildred thought, but what did I think!? I felt honored that she felt comfortable enough with me to trust me with her secret, but I had to decide if I thought she was psychotic or psychic! I decided to go with the latter. This was not an easy decision for me to make—it was a moment of real struggle for me. I was really torn. My heart knew she was having a natural and healthy experience with her brother from beyond the grave. But I also knew that if word got out that I was supporting the delusional system, with psychotic symptoms, of patients, I could be in trouble. The decision NOT to ask the team psychiatrist for medication for Mildred was a big decision. I was going against protocol. But it turned out to be a decision both Mildred and Dean appreciated.

Upon reflection I was glad her case was assigned to me; I don't think other

therapists would have taken her seriously. We had several sessions over the coming months. Her brother would come to her in dreams and support the various therapeutic directions I took with her in therapy. I started thinking of Dean as my co-therapist. He always knew what to tell her to support my suggestions in a way that she could accept. Sometimes I would give her questions to ask Dean—I had come to trust him.

After several months the time came to release her from therapy. Her life was working, and I felt she would do well on her own. She came with a report of one last visit from Dean. Before when he had counseled her, he would just fade away in her visuals—he had not “gone” anywhere. But this time, he told her she was ready to be on her own, that he had to go on to other things, and that she should do a few more sessions with Dr. Epps (me) and could always come back to see me if new needs arose. For the first time, he turned and walked away from her “up into the clouds,” as if there was a bridge there that you couldn't see. Mildred said she tried to follow him, but he turned and stopped her, saying she could not come where he was going. He told her to stay and live out her life on earth. Then he turned away from her and walked away for good.

We had a few more sessions to transition to discharge. She missed her brother, but was accepting of his being gone. I felt pleased that I could help Mildred, and honored that I had handled the case with the help of my mysterious co-therapist, Dean.

NIGHT DOWN AT THE RIVER

At one of the family church camps my family used to attend I had one of my first special experiences. I think I was in my mid teen years. I was deeply moved by the worship service that night and afterwards went walking down by the river in the valley below the camp. Something overcame me and of a sudden everything around me was different—it was intense, unusually clear, and an aroused hush fell over it all. I felt like I was vibrating back and forth to the stars, the moon and even the river. Everything had an energy signature and I could feel it, and each could feel mine. I could feel us all being held “magnetically” in what I now might call “a friendly force field.” Everything was in its right place and in right relationship to the others. This “living hush” that surrounded me, almost pulsating, was awesome, but I was not afraid of it. I felt like I was Its “young friend” and It had invited me to be in Its company for a while.

I was thrilled! I wanted to tell others what I had experienced. I would tell them that there is...well...uh...I mean...and that is just it! It is beyond words. How do you say it! Perhaps you might say, “The world is not what it seems—there is a magnetic blanket of God underlying everything” or, “You can tune in to anything God created and feel it’s heartbeat—and it will feel yours.”

While I did not know what to share about my experience, I did feel uplifted and energized. I think there was an underlying sense that anything was possible—I had just been touched by the Infinite. I was in a state of awe for days following the experience.

ROY DAVIS

I knew that the spiritual life was for me. I wanted a teacher to help guide me. That is when I decided to go to Roy Davis' retreat center in the North Georgia Mountains on the shores of Lake Rabun. It was about two hours and fifteen minutes from my house to the retreat center. I felt very fortunate indeed to have a tried and true spiritual teacher so close to where I lived. Roy had actually lived around Yogananda before the latter's death in 1952. He had been ordained by Yogananda to spread the word. It was always obvious to me that Roy was "divinely connected" (with God) and not one who merely had a lot of information about things spiritual. Roy gave me good direction and I always got a spiritual boost when I visited the grounds of his retreat center or sat through a meditation lead by him. Quietly, without fanfare, no efforts to aggrandize himself, the spiritual energy would flow out to others around him. I respect him so much that I continue to speak well of him and send a small donation each year to support his work of showing others the way to enlightenment.

SHUT OFF CAR ALARM

I had been learning about the light spectrum, including the bands of light not visible to the human eye. One of the invisible bands is infra-red and of course there are many others. At the time I was living with a group of generally like-minded individuals in a huge upscale house in Dunwoody, Georgia. We enjoyed a lot of spiritual and social camaraderie.

One of the men living there was Robert (not real name) and he drove a work van. With all the equipment inside, he kept the van locked and armed the alarm at night before going to bed. I knew it was activated on and off by a small key chain control device. He had showed it to me. Robert got up early to go to work so he could be asleep by 10:00 PM whereas I would often go to bed well after midnight.

The alarm on his van was so sensitive that if a bird flew too close or a cat climbed on it just right, the alarm would activate! It made a terrible noise, especially in the dead of night. It would continue to sound until shut off by the control device on his key chain, which was of course in the bedroom where he slept.

One night I was walking around outdoors. It was perhaps 1:30 or 2:00 in the morning and something (not a person) set off Robert's van alarm! It was in clear sight about 60 feet from where I stood. It seemed to me that if it did not stop very soon the entire neighborhood would be awake. I thought of waking him up to get the control device. But more or less without rationale process, I recalled that the alarm was infra-red controlled and that I knew infra-red was at a certain location of the spectrum of light. "Why don't I just use infra-red energy and shut it off?" shot through my mind.

I spread my feet in a warrior like stance, reached my left hand to the infra-red band of the light spectrum that was, in my imagination, at my left side, extended my right arm and pointed my fingers toward the offending sound coming from the van, and mentally sent a beam of infra-red light toward it. Just like that, the alarm shut off!

I was amazed that it had worked, but in my limited knowledge on the subject, it kind of made sense to me. It was infra-red controlled; I had sent infra-red, and so on. When I told Robert about it the next evening, it became clear that I had gotten more help than I had thought. He explained that it is not just infra-red only, but that you have to get, within the infra-red band itself, the right code in order to control the alarm. In other words, not just anyone with an infra-red controller on his keychain can shut off the infra-red controlled alarm on someone else's car. To shut off an alarm you have to have the correct infra-red code to match the code in that specific alarm.

I was amazed once again. I had thought to "use" infra-red, but had no idea about needing a matching code. Thank God for providing what was needed even when I did not know I needed it!

SOGYAL RINPOCHE

I attended a workshop on spiritual healing in North Carolina. Many big name healers were there. One was Sogyal Rinpoche. I liked him and got in line to shake his hand after he had finished his speech. When I got to him, he held my hand; I think I clasped his, and a noticeable energy was passing from him to me. The atmosphere surrounding us was charged and I felt “warm and good” like “something special” was taking place. This transfer of spiritual energy experience was profound for me. It was so profound that I later went to a week-long workshop with him in California. I was living in Atlanta and the cost of the plane ticket and the workshop fee was not easy to come by. But my desire was strong and I arranged it. I wanted to get more of what I had gotten when I stood in line and shook his hand. I wanted the spiritual juice.

I believe the workshop was Monday through Saturday or Sunday. By Thursday I was ready to leave the workshop, and did so—flew back to Atlanta a few days early. I experienced the workshop as a place to learn basic Buddhist teachings and to practice meditation. Neither of those were what I had come for! I was disappointed. I waited until I had my private session with him—every participant got one—before I left. It again felt warm and good to be so physically close to him, but the path he offered did not call to me. I could see that my simply being in a workshop with him had not turned on the magic switch that would allow me to feel God forever. Bummer! Just as I did not want to become a Catholic or a Jew, I did not want to become a Buddhist—I wanted the spiritual juice! I was immature in wanting him to give it to me, I know that now. At the time I was not ready to do the work of rigorous prayer and meditation to get the juice on my own. I was looking for a short cut.

WALKING WITH SNAKES

Snakes sent terror through me when I was a kid. I was raised that way. Snakes (I am sorry to say) were to be feared! They were the enemy. Seemed like all the people we knew felt the same way. It was “common knowledge.” If you see a snake, kill it! That was simply what had to be done. It seems foolish now, even sad, but that was the way it was back then. In the minds of the people I grew up with, “Get rid of the evil monsters” was the only sensible thing to do.

When I became an adult I worked on not being so afraid of snakes. Over time I was able to at least act calm around little snakes. One day in a large natural park north of Marietta, Georgia, I was enjoying nature. Without actually being aware of it, I slipped into a sweet ecstatic spiritual state. I was wandering in a section of the park where there were no other people—the wild section. Being near the creek, I had seen several water moccasins in the water. For some reason, likely because I was in such a heightened spiritual state, I had no fear of them.

I realized they were water moccasins (venomous—possibly deadly). A thought seized me. I should wade in the creek with them! Oh no! That would be too much! But I knew, from deeper within me, it would be ok, I would not be harmed. I was obviously deeper into ecstasy and farther from my normal state than I was aware of being—because I took off my shoes and socks, rolled up my pant legs, and steeped un-hesitantly into the water. I was thrilled and also surrounded by calm. A palatable energy was gently pressing all around me. I noticed I was walking. Then I was wading along in the creek easily.

I was just one of God’s creatures being in nature. I don’t really know how many snakes I walked past—was it 5, was it 8—I really don’t know. In that lovely state my ordinary labeling/counting mind was not active. I was all right brain. I was being the experience. I was me walking and they were themselves being still, or moving, in the water. We were each a part of a greater harmonious whole—and it would have seemed unnatural for

either of us to hurt the other. While I did not hear a physical sound, it was as if we were each a part of a humming, warm, supportive yet unseen web of something very special. Bigger than just physical nature, it was the web of creation Itself—spiritual as well as physical. We were merely individual extensions of the eternal and grand mix of Life. Like bumps on a log are merely different parts of the whole log, so it was with me and the venomous snakes—individual extensions born right out of the heart of our Creator.

In such a state, in such rarefied awareness, we saw each other and were respectful of each other. I could feel, or is “sense” a better word, the spiritual and nurturing unseen level of energy from which we were each birthed. We were brothers come from the same Divine Mother. Just beyond physical form, I could taste the unseen matrix of life that had spawned us—we were the same. It is just that we looked different. We had showed up on the material plane in different shapes and organ patterns.

I got out of the creek and put on my shoes and socks. I sat there marveling at how strongly I sensed the wonderful oneness that is ordinarily unseen and yet is so close—lying back of everything. Needless to say, I don’t kill snakes—and even in ordinary consciousness, I can hold and pet the non-venomous ones. “Reverence for life” is an apt and sacred phrase for me.

TRIBUTE TO THE DIVINE

How would you ever begin to describe the indescribable? And yet, the urge to express something, anything, from this pulsing profundity in the core of all formed and unformed existence is so strong. I must try. I am crying...it is so beautiful, so eternal...of the very beginning of everything, Mother of our very essence, and also Mother of our Mothers.

Its beauty is not a “because of” beauty, not a, “see there, how the red flows into the yellow” or something like that. No, this is Essence beauty...it just IS—underlying and giving birth to the level of 3 dimensional living that can be described. It has no form...it’s an unseen radiance.

This is beguiling mystical magic! It is the highest of the Most High—so “high” it has no need to rise above—it just keeps on doing itself right here, and, right over there, and everywhere! Some might say, it is hiding in the simple. And those whose souls equip them with the correct “3-D glasses” will readily see it...but to most it will be invisible.

It “calls” me. “Hey, you there...” And I melt. Now, all I want to do is follow It. How can I be open enough to take it in? It is so throbbing-ly present everywhere! I stretch and thin myself, like wrapping paper trying to make it to the ends of the package, so I can cover, no not cover,...be

with...and touch...have it caressing all the cells of me. I am driven from the soul level to have complete and total intercourse with this.

So I be quiet. Nothing will do but to speak in hushed tones in Its presence. Dare I say this? Truth be told, I want to be a mirroring agent of this. Like a walking peep show—folks would get a peep at the eternal/cosmic essence...the stuff of God...when they experience me! Is that a daring desire?! Yes! It is! But now that She visits me more frequently, the Divine Mother Mistress, how can I not yearn for Her. How can I live without blood in my veins, how can flowers grow without sunlight?! Only Her, that is all I want...But only by Her Grace will this be so. Ordinary I could never qualify—how can yesterday’s crumpled newspaper be a conduit for the flow of pure and molten gold? The only way, the only way, for this miracle to occur is for Her, the Divine Is-ness, not to be reflected by me, but to simply pour through and out from me...to caress the phenomenal world.

May my ego die as gracefully as egos can die; die of dominating my life - and let’s get on with resurrecting my eternal soul to making decisions and choices my ego had been used to making; Soul satisfying living as opposed to personality satisfying living. Yes, that is what I want. Then the unspeakable, the Divine Mystery, will flow directly through.