

HOW I HELPED 33 LIGHTWORKERS DESTROY SECULAR HUMANISM AND SAVE THE WORLD

MEMOIR OF A MISSION



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“The day science begins to study non-physical phenomena, it will make more progress in one decade than in all the previous centuries of its existence.”

— Nikola Tesla
[Born 1856, died 1943]

Foreword

Everyone, including you, is on a mission, but most people don't know it. That's because we go through what metaphysicians call "the veil of forgetting" when we enter this four dimensional reality (height, width, depth, and time) from the non-dual realm of mind, which some call spirit. Until I was in my mid-twenties, like most people I thought the purpose of life was to make as much money as possible and to have a good time. Then something happened, which I'll tell you about, that caused me to realize that maybe that wasn't correct. Following what took place, it took some time, but I finally figured out what the mission is that I came here to accomplish. As of this moment, I believe I have done what I was called to do, and finally, the objective of my mission is on the verge of being accomplished.

This book is intended to document how that took place. I'm fully aware that pride goeth before a fall, but nonetheless, when historians look back, I wouldn't mind getting just a teeny-weenie bit of credit. But the truth is, I couldn't have done it all by myself—no way. I've simply been a conduit. It's the LightWorkers whose tireless efforts, research findings and wisdom I've done my best to publicize in my books who deserve the credit. In the last chapter of this one, you'll find their names listed along

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with their deeds and brief summaries of their work. They are the men and women who have made what I consider significant contributions to bringing to light the nonsense of Secular Humanism, also known as Scientific Materialism and Physicalism. Together with them, I've been working to replace it with a worldview that makes sense.

I realize I've probably left out a lot of people who also made or are making significant contributions. Those I've put on my list are individuals I've come in contact with, either personally or through their work, who had a positive and impactful influence on me and my thinking. You'll find information that came from them scattered through the books I've written.

It has been a journey, and as the end of 2023 approached, I decided to document it because I will turn eighty on May 17, 2024. I'm extraordinarily healthy for someone my age, but who knows how much longer I'll be here on planet Earth. That being the case, I decided the time had come to put it down on paper and to give credit where credit is due—so that a century or so from now, when the true nature of reality and humanity's place in it is common knowledge, people will know how that came to be.

Stephen Hawley Martin

Chapter One

A Prelude to Remember

As stated above in the Foreword, every human being alive today is on a mission. It may be to learn and to internalize some specific knowledge or wisdom, it may be to discover something new or to teach others knowledge or wisdom they have to share. Perhaps it's to overcome or settle a karmic debt, or maybe it's in some small or big way to help save the world. Whatever it may be, the underlying goal is to experience what cannot be experienced in any reality other than this one, and in so doing, to grow one's personal consciousness, and thereby, the collective consciousness of humankind. It's natural, therefore, to wonder why we don't bring the memory of our mission with us when we enter this physical reality via our mother's birth canal. Wouldn't that make it easier to get done what we came here to do?

Of course it would, but it would also be counterproductive to the basic reason you and I are here. As just stated, the fundamental purpose of life on Earth is to raise your personal level of consciousness and by doing so the consciousness level of humankind as a whole. A sage once said, "We forget who we are in order to remember who we are."

Think about it. Not recalling past lives or the mission or purpose we agreed to prior to this incarnation allows each of us to make authentic, unbiased choices based on

who we are at the core. If we remembered what we are here to do, it would be like having the answers to a test before we sit down to take it. Life would be no more challenging than copying answers from a cheat sheet, and how meaningful would that be?

If we're going to learn and grow, we need to make choices based on who we are deep down. Then, if our choices don't work out, the consequences we experience as a result can prompt us to change who we are for the better. When we make bad choices, they eventually come back to bite us, and we learn from that bite on the butt. In other words, touch a hot stove and you won't do that again. As Albert Einstein supposedly said, "Insanity is doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results."

When we make good choices, and things work out, it reinforces and encourages the part of us that made that good decision. So you might say life on Earth is a kind of school that employs the carrot and stick approach.

If you've read other books of mine, this may not be news to you, so let me give you fair warning. Depending on how many of my books you've read, you will likely come across episodes, happenings, and information in this one that I've written about before. I apologize for that, but I'm writing this book to document how I came to know what I know, how I put that knowledge to work to help destroy the doctrine of Secular Humanism, and to give credit to those who provided the information and the inspiration I required. You see, helping to deep six Scientific Materialism

was the assignment I was given before I arrived on Earth this time on May 17, 1944, at about 4:30 in the afternoon.

To get this tale down on paper, I'm going to start at the end of my previous incarnation. You may wonder how that's possible since, like most people, I passed through the veil of forgetting. A flashback of that incarnation came to me when I was in my early thirties. It happened when I was in France, up in the air in an airplane. The owner of the plane, a two-seater, was a friend of my father-in-law, and the friend was flying it. I was sitting in the seat beside him.

I can feel some readers thinking I'm making this up, so let me say this episode and the flashback really did happen. He'd been telling me about the controls and showing me how they worked. He looked at me and said, "Here, take over," and pointed to the joystick.

At the time, I thought I'd never flown a plane before, and I was surprised when he wanted me to take the controls. I had not gone up with him for a flying lesson. He was a Frenchman who spoke a little English, a fairly old guy who was friendly. He seemed to like me, and to have an intuitive sense that I could fly that bird. Anyway, he wanted me to give it a try.

I thought, "Oh well, what the heck." I wrapped my hands around the stick. Instinctively, I put the plane into a banking turn.

The plane obeyed my command, and circled around 180 degrees. When we came in line with the runway, I straightened her out and started down for a touch and go. That's when I had the *déjà vu* moment, and it came flood-

ing back to me, “I’m a pilot, I’ve done this hundreds of times.”

Fast forward to one night when I was half asleep—or maybe, all the way asleep—and a full blown memory came back to me. I have to say, though, that I’m not sure it was actually a memory. Maybe it was simply a dream—in other words, I might have imagined it. I say this because I don’t want to cast doubt on other episodes I will describe in this book. Except for the life-between-life scene recounted in Chapter Two, which came to me during a trance like meditation, there’s no doubt everything else I will describe really did happen. Whether or not what comes next actually took place, when I reflected on it later in life, it made perfect sense and felt real.

Here it is:

I was gazing through the canopy of the cockpit at puffy clouds that eased past below the belly of the B-17 Flying Fortress. My plane and the rest of the squadron were now over land, northern France, on our way to bomb a munitions factory near Metz, the capital of Alsace. We’d been told the underground had warned the French workers about the raid, and they would all have left the factory on their lunch break. Lunch breaks in France, at least back then, typically were two hours long, and most workers went home. Today, all of them would have done so. Ironically, there’d be no need for them to return to work because the factory would be a smoldering wreck of twisted steel by the time they were due to punch back in.

I looked up, then side to side, and I searched the horizon. My ears were filled with the drone of engines and of

propellers beating against the air. Every time we flew one of these missions, I felt the unsettled sense of fear in my gut—butterflies.

At this point on the mission no planes were in sight other than our own. That was comforting. As I'm sure was true of every other pilot in the squadron, I was anxious to drop our bomb load and get the hell back to England. For pilots and crew, the first goal was to survive. We'd been told that after 28 missions, we'd be done—we'd be home-bound—28 missions and you've done your part—you're out of here!

To survive was the goal, all right—first one mission, then the next, and the next, and the next. I'm pretty sure I only had four or five to go, but it had become increasingly apparent the odds were not in my favor. Only about 50 percent of aircrews made it home.

My eyes were fixed on the horizon when I felt a tap on my right shoulder. I turned and my co-pilot pointed at the planes straight ahead. We had reached the outskirts of Metz. It was time to begin our descent.

I maneuvered the plane into tight formation with the other bombers. Moments seemed like hours. I held her steady, and my mind raced. When would the anti-aircraft cannons start to blast away? And the fighters. Where were the enemy fighters?

We were almost to the target now—The bombardier took over control of the plane.

An eternity passed lasting sixty seconds or so before I heard him shout, "Bombs away! Take that you friggin' Krauts!"

The plane jumped twenty feet upward when the bombs dropped. I took back the controls and put the plane into a bank—time to make a beeline for home. I was thinking it had been easy pickin's today when a terrific blast filled my ears, and the ship shook and yawed.

Someone screamed into the intercom, "We're hit!"

A waist gunner called out in a shrill voice, "I'm hit! Oh, Jesus, I'm hit!"

I looked over my shoulder, back through the long, round inside of the plane. The blast had buckled the floor, and jolted the navigator out of his chair. He jumped to his feet, and began to attach his parachute.

It was now apparent that anti-aircraft batteries were making up for lost time. Flak exploded above, below—on all sides.

I looked up and saw a shrapnel hole over my head, and another big enough to jump through a little way back.

The nose of the plane had dipped. Flak had knocked out two engines—the inboard on the left wing and the outboard on the right. The plane was writhing now. I fought with the wheel and the flaps to maintain control and could see the fuselage was peppered with holes. Most of the cockpit instruments had gone haywire, or had quit working altogether—but the altimeter was still working. The plane was losing altitude at about 1,500 feet per minute.

It was clear to me that the flak holes had altered the aerodynamics, causing considerable extra drag. Two engines weren't enough. If we kept descending at this rate, we had less than twenty minutes before we'd crash.

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I pulled back on the wheel. The nose of the plane rose, but the air speed slowed. I pulled back a little more. The nose rose hardly at all, but the plane slowed further still, and the airframe shook. The trembling metal made me shudder. If I didn't ease her back into a downward glide, she was certain to stall, and if she stalled, we'd fall from the sky like a rock.

I eased off and pointed the nose downward again. The shuddering stopped.

All at once, I realized I felt lightheaded, drowsy. I slapped my cheeks.

Wake up!

I needed air! I pushed the oxygen mask tighter to my face, and sucked in hard with my mouth wide open. It was like trying to breathe through a clogged-up soda fountain straw.

"Cap'n," a voice came over the intercom. "The oxygen line! The damn thing's cut!"

I looked at my copilot—his lips were blue. So were his fingernails. He was struggling to stay conscious.

Flak exploded just off to the left—a near miss that shook the plane.

The navigator suddenly appeared and pointed to an oxygen bottle. He gave it to me and disappeared. Seconds later, he returned with two more, gave one to the copilot, and kept the other for himself. I knew that these bottles only contained ten to 15 minutes of air, and the thought almost made me laugh out loud. Of course we were in a dive, we needed to be in a dive to get to thicker air.

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As my head began to clear, it dawned on me that we were going to hit the ground if I didn't find a way to pull out. I looked down. Ten minutes or less to crack up. I looked up. The other B-17s were high above, far ahead in the distance, speeding toward England. My crew and I were on our own, except for the flak. Those air-aircraft batteries had zeroed in. Flak continued to burst around us.

The navigator seemed to come alive now that we were in breathable air, and he swung into action. He began barking instructions through the intercom, steering me on a zigzag pattern through the flak field. The engines strained to keep the plane aloft. The gas gauge was dropping precipitously. Two engines were doing the work of four, burning gas at a furious rate.

The plane continued on a downward glide.

The navigator frantically sent out SOS messages on the radio.

I yelled into the intercom, "Listen up, you guys, if you haven't done so already, get your parachutes ready. I'm not sure how long we can keep this baby up."

That's when German fighters arrived out of the sun, buzzing toward us like hornets on a mission. Nose gunner, tail gunner, ball-turret gunner, the waist gunner who hadn't been hit, every able-bodied gunner on board opened fire. Box after box of fifty caliber bullets on canvas belts rocketed through the machine guns, 200 rounds to a box, creating a deafening sound. Focke-Wolf-190s dove, twisted, and buzzed by.

One screamed directly overhead, not twenty yards up. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a tracer bullet smack the canopy of the Focke-Wolf. Plexiglas splintered, and the plane went into a roll. More bullets found their mark. The German fighter turned upward into a steep climb, then stalled. For a second it seemed motionless. Then it leaned over, and tumbled nose first from the sky.

A cheer went up from the crew.

After what seemed an eternity, but in reality was less than three minutes, the fighters were gone. I looked down and saw blue. The B-17 was over the Channel, now. The water seemed to be rising up to meet us.

“Listen up, everybody,” I yelled into the mic, “I want you to throw everything overboard that isn’t nailed down. We gotta lighten the load.” I turned to my co-pilot. “Take over for a minute.”

I raced back through the plane. Midway, I came upon two crewmen who were trying to bandage Joe, the gunner who’d been injured by the flak.

One of Joe’s hands seemed stuck to his side. He lifted the other. “Okay, okay, thanks you guys, but that’s enough for now. You gotta help the Cap’n keep this baby outta the drink.”

The able-bodied guys grabbed cushions, jackets, helmets, everything they could get their hands on, and tossed them through the open hatches. Ammo, machine guns, three of the navigator’s four radios, log books, a briefcase, spare harnesses, boxes, canisters, the 150-pound bomb-sight—anything that would move.

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One man grabbed one end of the toolbox. Another took the other end. They looked at me. I gave them the sign to chuck it, and in an instant, it was out the side door.

The plane was still losing altitude, but not as fast. The load had been lightened, and, miraculously, the co-pilot had managed to get a third engine going.

I headed back to the cockpit, and tapped my copilot on the shoulder.

He looked up. "We're still losin' altitude, Cap'n. But we're down to 700 feet a minute."

I made a quick calculation. Not good enough. No way this buggy was going to make it back. Nothing to do but set her down on the water. If the crash didn't kill us, we might have a chance—provided the plane stayed afloat long enough for us to get out with a lifeboat and inflated it.

I looked around and saw holes everywhere.

It was clear to me this baby wouldn't hold water. It was a flying sieve.

I looked below. The Channel looked calm. We were almost too low now to bail out, and if we did, we'd be scattered for miles. Besides that, the water was cold. We'd probably die of hypothermia in a matter of hours if not minutes. It'd be almost impossible for a scout plane to find us in the vast eternity of open water.

I returned control of the plane to my copilot, and got up. What else? There must be something else we could jettison. My eyes came to rest on the ball turret gun bolted to the floor in the middle of the plane.

I looked at the gunner, and pointed to it. “How much does this thing weigh?”

“Twelve hundred pounds, Cap’n.”

“Heck, it’s just bolted to the floor,” I said.

“But Cap’n,” he said. “We threw out the tool kit.”

I felt the bottom of my stomach drop out, but a smile broke on the gunner’s face. He reached into his pocket, and held up an adjustable wrench. Then he practically dove to the floor.

He adjusted the wrench to fit the bolts and turned the first one.

I smiled and said, “Where’d you get that wrench?”

“Always carry it, Cap’n, for when a bolt gets loose. You run enough rounds through this baby, some of them always get loose.”

The gunner removed the first three bolts without a problem.

The plane was now only about a few thousand feet off the water.

The gunner was struggling. The last bolt wouldn’t budge. I watched the wrench seem to slip. Wouldn’t you know? The corners had been stripped off the head of the bolt.

I looked around for something, anything that might help. “Guys, those rods that are part of the tail wheel mechanism. Pry ’em lose, will ya? And bring ’em here.”

A minute passed, and the waist gunner had one of the rods.

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I said, "See if you can get it under the side where the bolts are already out."

He shoved the rod under. The other two gunners pushed on the turret.

"No luck, Cap'n."

I could see that the bolts had been removed from the side facing the front of the plane. I bent down for a closer look, then stood.

"Listen, guys," I said over the roar of wind and the engines. "Brace yourselves, okay? I'm going to put this baby into a dive, and then pull out fast. I'm going to try to rip that turret loose. See if you can wedge that bar in, and help it along."

I hurried into the cockpit, and into my seat. I sent the plane into a dive, then pulled up, suddenly.

No luck. The crew still couldn't wedge in the bar.

I tried again.

Again, no luck.

Time and altitude had almost run out. "Okay, everybody," I shouted into the intercom. "Get your life vests ready, and unstrap the lifeboat 'cause we're gonna need it. I'm gonna try this one last time. If it doesn't work, I'm gonna put her down—easy as I can. Get ready to abandon ship—you're gonna need to get out fast, but make sure to bring the lifeboat."

The three gunners put the steel rod in place and all three of them leaned on it, and I put the plane in a dive.

Abruptly, I pulled up.

The turret popped loose. It skidded across the floor,

wobbled, tumbled out of the waist-gunner door, and fell into the sea.

The B-17 leveled off.

A cheer went up.

Two gunners carried Joe, the injured man, to the nose of the plane, peeled off his leather flight jacket, and bandaged his wounds.

I surveyed the instruments that still worked. The ground speed indicator said the plane was traveling at 110 mph, barely fast enough to stay in the air, but at least the plane was no longer losing altitude. I sure hoped those German fighters had had enough for one day. Now that the likelihood of crash-landing had passed, it seemed like we were crawling, rather than flying.

At last, after what seemed an eternity, the White Cliffs of Dover came into view. The navigator radioed the tower as we glided over them and across the countryside. After what seemed an eternity the end of the runway came into view.

The navigator spoke in a loud voice into his radio mic telling control to send out an ambulance and the fire brigade. I pulled back on the wheel. My copilot cranked down the landing gear. The nose eased up, the plane shuddered. I let the nose down; eased her back, my eyes fixed on the runway.

I let her down; pulled back on the wheel, again. The plane shuddered. Then I felt the wheels touch. A flood of relief swept over me, and I pushed the wheel forward.

How sweet it was to be back on terra firma.

The B-17 wobbled to a halt. I leaned back in my seat;

wiped sweat from my brow. I glanced to my right and watched an engine fall off. Flames engulfed the carburetors.

I spoke into the intercom, "For all those crew members who may have noticed our number four engine take a dive into the dirt, you can relax, gentlemen. This kite is not going to explode. I can assure you of this because we are totally, one hundred percent out of gas."

A cheer went up.

I climbed out of my seat, and made my way to the exit door. An ambulance and a fire truck screamed toward the plane as I waited for the others to descend. Two crewmembers helped the injured airman, Joe, to the ground.

A couple of medics eased him onto a stretcher as I came down the steps.

As the injured man was being lifted into the ambulance, I said, "Joe, I'll be over to see you, shortly, ol' buddy. There's a nurse I want you to meet. I guarantee she's gonna take good care of you."

I turned toward the compound, and the remaining crew fell in with me.

One of the men said, "Did you ever think we weren't gonna make it, Cap'n?"

I said, "It was definitely touch and go, no doubt about it, but I thought we'd make it, one way or the other. I have to admit, though, for a few minutes, I was afraid we might have to swim part of the way."

They laughed.

As we approached the canteen, I peeled off from the group and walked straight for the big tent with the red cross.

Air-raid sirens began to blare, and I looked up. Stukas were coming in across the plain. The battery of machine guns at the far end of the base started up.

Rattatatat.

It was chaos as everyone ran for cover. I broke into a run and made it to the hospital tent. I saw Joe being wheeled into the operating theater. Just then the nurse I'd been hoping to see came to me. Her name was Carol.

I looked her in the eyes, took her hands and said, "Carol, I wanted to let you know I'm alright." I was sure every other plane had made it back long before ours, and she might have thought we'd been shot down. I continued, "It was touch and go today, but we made, thank God, we made it."

She smiled and said, "That's what I understand. Listen, I've got to go into the operating room—the injured airman from your crew. But I'll see you tonight as we planned."

Just then, I was aware of a whistling sound, and a brilliant flash of light.

After a moment, I opened my eyes and looked around. The hospital was gone. The air base was gone. England was gone. I stood in mist up to my ankles. A dreamlike quality pervaded what I saw, a glow radiated from above, below, and all sides. Everything was white—brilliant white.

"Oh, no," I said.

The nurse, Carol, who was to be my date that night, said, "What's wrong?"

"You're—you may not believe this. I'm not sure I believe it." I paused and studied the surroundings. "I'm afraid

it's true. I don't know exactly how to say this—but, we're dead."

"What?" She said.

"That whistling sound, didn't you hear it? And the flash?"

"No."

I said, "We must have been standing under a direct bomb hit. We're dead. I know it. I know this place. I've been here—the white room. What a shame. Maybe we'll meet again and go on that date then—in the next life."

Chapter Two

I'm Given an Assignment

Note: As mentioned in Chapter One, the following episode is a dream-like memory that came to me during deep meditation, but it rings true to me. You are welcome to believe it or not:

Carol's eyes widened and then her brow furrowed. "Whatta ya mean, we're dead?" she said.

"Sorry, Carol. Neither of us was expecting it, but it's true."

Just then I felt a tug and looked in what seemed to be the direction I was being urged to go. That's when I saw the entrance to the dark tunnel and a spec of light in the distance about the size of Venus just after nightfall. Memories of previous lives and previous deaths came flooding back to me. The last time I took this trip I'd been a Russian army officer, and I'd just been killed by a cannon I was trying to get to work that exploded during a battle with Napoleon's invading army.

I looked at Carol, and with a shrug, I said, "Time to move along. Follow me."

We entered what seemed like a current, a river of air that pulled us along. A hum surrounded us that I knew to be the thoughts of others. Hundreds, perhaps thousands were swept up in this flow, no doubt casualties of the battles and the bombing going on nonstop all around the

world. All were moving at the same pace, gliding effortlessly, drawn by an invisible force. Souls stretched out in front of us like cars on a highway at night, except that they didn't have red tail lights and the surroundings weren't black, but rather, a luminous, infinite, dark shade of gray.

At this stage of the journey, the souls around me no longer appeared to be in human form. Instead, they were flickering, luminous orbs, what I would later come to think of in my current life as whirlpools of energy. A few were yellow. Now and then a sky blue one could be seen, but most resembled dirty white snowballs that glowed brighter than their surroundings. I glanced down at what I thought to be myself and saw that I was light blue—a blue gossamer with tiny flecks of yellow. I glanced at Carol. She was white with thousands of flecks of yellow-gold.

The two of us were drawn into a sea of souls that converged from all directions, what seemed like a giant mixing bowl, where we and the others swirled around in a great circle.

After a time I felt myself pulled into an offshoot I'll describe as a small tributary, while Carol kept going in a great circle with the others. I knew this route I'd taken was my way home, and she and the others would be headed to their homes, which were somewhere else in this vast realm of mind that some call spirit.

I, alone, was on my route, and so it became very quiet inside this translucent, filmy and frosted corridor. It was composed of a fabric made of energy that bulged in places, with tributaries stretching off where clusters of lights could be seen that resembled bunches of fireflies that did

not blink. I knew they were colonies of souls with similar vibrations that clustered together—souls that knew each other well and banded together between incarnations.

At last, I felt a familiar pulling of minds reaching out to me, and I had the familiar and pleasant sensation of being home. No longer surrounded by the infinite, luminous gray, blue sky was above me with puffy white clouds. I was back in my body, which I knew to be my ethereal body—more aura than material—standing in a field of tall grass. That’s when I saw Otto, my teacher and my guide coming toward me with his hand extended.

Telepathically, since all communication in the spirit realm is telepathic, he said, “Congratulations, Steve, congratulations. Congratulations on a life well lived. You made tremendous progress. It was much more productive than the last two or three of your lives.”

I felt love coming from him but couldn’t help what was on my mind. As kindly as possible I said, “I’m surprised you think so, Otto, since it was such a short one. I was only twenty-two—only two years older than the last time I was killed—by that cannon. Why did that life end just as it was beginning?”

Otto seemed to shrug off my question. “You’ll get a long life next time,” he said. “I guarantee it—you’re going to need it. You’ve been selected for a big assignment and will need to return to Earth pronto because the right parents are available now. There’s no time to lose. We’ve got a meeting scheduled with the Council of Elders, including The Leader.”

“Really? Now? Don’t I get a life review? And what about my soul group?”

“You’ll get to spend some time with your group before you have to go, and the life review won’t be necessary. It was a short life, and you made just about all the right choices—except the one when you were two years old and left a poop-filled diaper on the stairs to the basement.” Otto smiled, shook his head, and rolled his eyes. “Your father stepped in it when he was on his way to shovel coal into the furnace.”

I felt myself blush and wondered if it showed since all I had on was my ethereal body.

Otto tilted his head in a gesture that indicated it was time to go.

I followed him into the Great Hall, a structure that looked a lot like a Roman or Greek temple, and we entered a large room where the Elders sat on a dais, the leader in the middle seat. Behind them was a large screen. A sergeant at arms type directed Otto and me to sit in two chairs facing the dais.

The leader stood. “Welcome, Stephen. You are to be congratulated on a successful life lived.”

I didn’t say it, but I thought. Yeah, well, not really much of a life—only twenty-two years.

The Leader read my mind. “I know it was cut short, but we needed you back here for a crucial assignment. You need to return to Earth as an infant right away so that you will be old and mature enough to take action to save the world before humanity self-destructs.”

Save the world? Whoa!

The Leader held me with his eyes. “You possess an ability that is essential if you are to accomplish your mission—the ability called, ‘omni-perception.’ It is the ability to see the whole picture and assemble the truth in your mind when only a small part of the whole is visible. This is how you will overcome your education and conditioning, conditioning and groupthink that will lead you and others in the second half of the twentieth century to buy into what will be a growing nonsensical belief in Secular Humanism—a doctrine that could lead to an apocalyptic end to civilization and a new Dark Age.

Secular Humanism? “What is Secular Humanism?” I said.

“Secular Humanism is the worldview that will increasingly be taught in schools in the western world following World War Two. By the time in your next life that you venture into the world as an adult, it will be the predominant worldview taught in all the great universities, even though it does not stand up to scrutiny or to reason. The vast majority who consider themselves well educated will buy into it wholeheartedly, which can and will lead to the decline of civilization, and if left unchecked, to the fall of civilization and anarchy. You, Stephen, will buy into it as well, but eventually you will wake up to the truth—you will wake up because you possess the ability to do so—and you will use that ability to come to the understanding that the all is contained within and part of the One Mind, and that each living thing, including each human being, is an extension of the One Mind that is the Source.”

I sat there thinking, *Now I get it. I'll pass through the veil of forgetting and I'll buy into what everyone else buys into, but The Leader thinks I'll eventually see through the ruse.*

The Leader continued. “Secular Humanism is based on Scientific Materialism, a nineteenth century theory, the basic premise of which is that material substance—matter—is all that exists. It is based on Newtonian physics and Darwinian theory, and it rejects the emerging new science of quantum mechanics. As such, it is also a philosophy that also rejects the idea of a higher power than humans, which will cause prideful airhead intellectuals to believe they have all the answers and that there is no such thing as right and wrong. This will lead to the widespread belief among its proponents that the end justifies the means, a doctrine that cannot help but produce disastrous consequences. Secular Humanism rejects any notion of spirituality or religion, espousing that God or Source does not exist, that everything came from nothing—which is totally illogical—that there’s nothing beyond the physical realm, that there is no life after death, and beings such as angels or demons do not exist.

“Concerning ethics, rather than integrity, righteousness, and decency—qualities that can be dispensed with under the doctrine that the end justifies the means—happiness and social justice are the major goals. These goals sound appealing to a lot of people, and so political parties will arise in the United States and other Western Democracies that hold to this doctrine. This will lead to communism in some instances and socialism in others, which will

result in a permanent underclass that's dependent on government for subsistence, and inevitably to societal decline. Eventually, humankind may blow itself to bits if you, my dear Stephen, do not successfully complete your mission."

I sat there, stunned. Talk about putting on the pressure.

I said, "With all due respect, Leader, how am I going to do that?"

"We have it planned out." He picked up a pointer from the dais and turned to the screen. A map of the State of Virginia appeared. The leader pointed to Richmond. "You'll be born here—Richmond, Virginia—almost halfway between Charlottesville and Virginia Beach. We've decided to put you there because in twenty years or so, The University of Virginia School of Medicine in Charlottesville will begin researching reincarnation and consciousness. You will learn a great deal from this research."

The Leader moved his pointer to Virginia Beach. "Here, Edgar Cayce, the psychic known today as 'The Sleeping Prophet' has already established a nonprofit organization known as, 'The Association for Research and Enlightenment.' It houses a treasure trove of information about the meaning and the purpose of life. If all goes as planned, you will visit the A.R.E. many times."

Then, the image of a man with dark hair appeared on the screen. The Leader pointed to him. "This is Hawley Phillips Martin, your father, should you accept this mission."

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I thought, *Should I accept this mission—as if I actually had a choice.*

The Leader continued. “The son of a Methodist minister, he has his doubts about some Christian dogma that doesn’t comport with modern science nor with what he intuitively is the unconditional love of God for all of His creation. He will make sure you are not exposed to such dogma and will insist you and your family attend a Unitarian Church. Unitarians affirm the unitary nature of God as the singular and unique creator of the universe. They believe that Jesus Christ was inspired by God in his moral teachings, and that he is the savior of humankind, but he is not equal to God, nor God incarnate any more so than any other living thing.”

Interesting, I thought. I was almost certain The Leader had played the role of Jesus two thousand years ago.

The image of a woman appeared on the screen. The Leader pointed to her. “This is your mother, Evelyn Stadelman Martin, a strong, spiritually inclined woman who does not abide what she calls ‘Bible Thumpers.’ She is particularly disturbed—you might even say, disgruntled—by the fact that her husband’s, your father’s six times great grandmother, Suzannah North Martin, was tried, convicted, and hanged as a witch in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1692.”

I said, “So you’re setting me up to be exposed to spirituality without the, what did you say my future mother called it? Without the Bible thumping?”

The Leader said, “Correct. We are all part of and contained within the One Mind. The goal of having you raised

by these parents is to lay a foundation, but that by itself is not likely to be enough to break out of the groupthink of the people who will populate the schools and college you will attend, and the society you will be part of.”

He turned to the screen and a timeline appeared that began on May 17, 1944, the day I would be born. He pointed to it. “You will pass through the veil of forgetting, and of course like every other human being you will have the gift of free will, which means things may not go exactly as we’ve planned. That’s why we have arranged a number of happenings along the timeline of your life intended to wake you up. We have high hopes that you will, due to your intuitive, omni-perception ability, coupled with your innate personality, which is to question everything and to reject information that does not coincide with or support that which is demonstrably true. An example is the Secular Humanist, Scientific Materialist belief that the universe came from nothing. No one who has truly thought about that would possibly believe it because it is impossible. Nothing comes from nothing because nothing is exactly that—nothing. It doesn’t exist so how could it possibly create something? It cannot.”

I said, “What if I don’t wake up? Humanity will be thrust into a new Dark Age? It’s all on me?”

A few seconds passed before The Leader spoke. “Don’t worry, it’s not all on you. We have a number of others who will be sent on this mission. You are part of a group effort that will be coordinated from the spirit realm. Your job will be to pull together evidence others will produce into

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a cogent argument that's impossible for an open mind to refute.”

The Leader went over the timeline, which in a way I thought was probably a waste of time since I was going to forget it, anyway. But I suppose, it remained with me—buried in my subconscious mind.

After the session, Otto accompanied me to my soul group. Although time does not technically exist in the spirit realm, he said he'd be back to get me the equivalent of twenty-four hours because the conditions were such that it would be the moment for me to enter the fetus, and shortly after that, to be born.

I can tell you the responsibility The Leader had laid on me was heavy. Fortunately, the reunion with my soul mates lifted my spirits.

Chapter Three

I Am Born in Richmond, Virginia

Note: From this chapter forward, the episodes I will relate come directly from my memory bank, rather than from dreams or meditations.

I learned later that while Mom was in labor, and I was being born, my father went and got a haircut. In those days, dads weren't allowed anywhere near the birthing room.

It was my mother's third delivery and not a difficult one. From time to time I've had flashback-type memories of part of it. I recall leaving my soul mates, sort of like a GI boarding a troop ship headed off to war. I'm surrounded by my soul group, and they're wishing me bon voyage—with pats on the back and big hugs, each one giving me his or her version of a short pep talk.

"You can do it, Steve! We will be watching and rooting for you, and we'll help you in any way we can!"

When I think back, I see these souls in my mind's eye as dressed in purple robes, their faces blurry and indistinguishable, and I feel the love they felt for me—incredible, unconditional love—the sensation of which is indescribable. Even today, just thinking about it, I feel encouraged by it.

Following my departure, my next memory was lying face up in a crib positioned by a window that was open part way. A Venetian blind was being pushed by a gentle breeze so that it gently tapped the window sill—tap, tap, tap. I think that tapping woke me up and it and the blind held my attention. I recall wondering in that moment where I was and who I was—this time. I wondered where my friends had gone—the soulmates I’d just left. I longed for and missed the love I’d felt, and the encouragement they’d given me.

Before long, through blurry eyes, four people appeared—people I did not know, but would come to know—my mother and father, sister and brother. Sad to say, it was a letdown—my soulmates were nowhere to be seen. But, of course, I came to love my dad, Hawley, my mother, Evelyn, my brother David—who was fourteen years older. Of course, there was also Suzannah, Sue for short, who was five years older—named after the witch in the family, Suzannah North Martin. I heard about that witch a lot, and in 2006, I wrote and published wrote a book about her, *A Witch in the Family*, which won First Prize for Personal Stories from *Writer’s Digest* and First Prize for Nonfiction from *USA Book News*. My mother would sometimes quote the words written on a monument to Suzannah located in Amesbury, Massachusetts, “She was an honest, hardworking, Christian woman. Accused as a witch, tried and executed at Salem, July 19, 1692. A martyr of superstition.”

There's not much to report about my childhood that's germane to this story, although a couple of episodes do come to mind. The first one, I'm not sure how old I was—probably about three and a half, or maybe four and a half—took place on a Christmas morning. So it was Christmas 1947 or 1948.

My sister Sue came to wake me. She gave me a little nudge, and I sat up, thinking, *Oh yeah, it's Christmas and that means toys—new toys! Lots of them—can't wait!*

Sue said, “Did you hear the reindeer on the roof last night?”

I looked at her, like, *What are you talking about?*

Sue continued, “You know Santa delivers toys and presents to all the boys and girls on Christmas Eve. He travels in a sleigh pulled by eight reindeer. Those were reindeer hooves on the roof last night. I heard them.”

I recall thinking, *No way! No way could someone visit every house with kids in it in the entire world in one night—certainly not in a sleigh pulled by reindeer!* But I decided not to say anything to her about what I was thinking. I'd heard about this Santa fellow and knew that some kids believed he was real. I decided if that was true of Sue, I was not going to be the one to burst her balloon.

The point is that even at the age of three or four and a half, I was not about to believe something that couldn't possibly be true.

The second episode will clue you in about my mother's attitude toward what she referred to as, “Bible thumpers.” I guess she and my dad thought it would be a good idea to

send me to a nursery school. It was probably the fall of 1948 because that's when I would have been four years old.

This memory is quite vivid, even though I only went to that nursery school one time—the first day—the reason being that when I got home my mother asked me what I'd learned.

I said something to the effect of, “The teacher told us about this guy named Moses who went up a mountain and talked to God, and God gave him all these rules that he etched into two big pieces of stone. When Moses came down the mountain, he found out that his people had created a golden calf—an idol—and boy did God get mad. He wanted to destroy all the people, but Moses begged for mercy.”

You can bet that was the last time I went to that nursery school.

As mentioned, I don't know when it happened, probably long before I was born, but my father decided the family ought to go to the Unitarian Church. I recall going there as a child, but I don't remember much about that church. One thing's for sure, they didn't tell Bible stories about the wrath of God.

My father died of a heart attack when I was seven, and he was 45. I don't know if that was part of the plan, but it seems to me The Leader had to know that was going to happen. The result was that my mom had to go to work. From then on, money was always tight, and I was raised by mostly by sister and my grandmother, my mother's mother, who lived with us. My brother David went away

to college when I was four years old, but later, beginning when I was a teenager, he became a sort of father figure.

After Dad died, we didn't go to church often, but when we did—maybe at Christmas and Easter, tops—we went to an Episcopal church. The year I was a senior in high school, my brother David decided I needed some prepping so that I could get into a decent college, and so he made sure I went to confirmation classes and got baptized so that I could get into Saint Christopher's—what then and now is a top notch Episcopalian college preparatory school in Richmond. I did a post graduate year there, and it paid off in the acceptance to a good college and a scholarship to play football that took care of three quarters of my tuition, room and board.

Suffice it to say, I don't recall learning much about the Christian Church growing up, but the college I attended, Hampden-Sydney, was at the time affiliated with the Presbyterian Church. Back then, twelve hours of Bible study were required as part of the core curriculum—six Old Testament, and six New Testament. The classes were taught in an objective way, sort of as if those taking them might be non-Christians, or from Mars—in other words, outsiders looking in. The approach was, “This is what this old document's about and who probably wrote it,” rather than, “You have to believe every word is true because God dictated it to those who wrote it down.”

Concerning college and Hampden-Sydney, I have to say, I had a great time playing football, going to parties, and dating intelligent and often truly gorgeous young

women. Perhaps best of all, I made some very close friends that I still have today. I was sorry when graduation day rolled around, and I had to venture out into the real world.

Looking back now from old age, my bottom line take-away about my childhood and growing up is that The Leader had arranged things for me to know something about religion, but in such a way that I would not become in thrall to it. Perhaps that's why I didn't think anything unusual took place when I was hit by a car when I fourteen and miraculously survived without so much as a scratch.

I was with some friends, perhaps I was distracted by them, and I darted across Jefferson Davis Highway, Route One, without looking properly. At that time, probably 1958, it was the main north-south highway on the East Coast. Interstate 95 had not yet been built. The particular stretch had six lanes (three north and three south) with a grass median. A car struck me in mid-stride. At the time I thought it must have been the way the car's bumper caught my foot that tossed me into the air, but now, looking back, that doesn't make sense. I should have been pushed down and run over. Nevertheless, I was lifted up, I seemed to fly through the air. I came back down and landed on the grass median.

I'm sure anyone who saw what happened was certain I was dead. The car that hit me skidded to a stop as did all the cars behind him. It's a miracle there wasn't a pile up. A different car pulled up right beside me. The driver rolled down his window and stared at me. That's when I stood up and dusted myself off.

I didn't have a scratch.

The only evidence of the accident was the stain on my trousers where I'd slid on the grass as I came to a stop. Also, both my shoes were missing. I found them eighty or a hundred feet ahead of me where the car that hit me had screeched to a halt.

If the laws of Newtonian physics had been working that day, I wouldn't be here to put this down on paper. Really. How, physically, could I have been lifted into the air? Were angels responsible? That certainly seems possible to me now. Maybe my soul group got together, slipped into physical reality, and did the job. Whatever happened, the phenomenon called grace came to my aid, and I lived to be an adult. As a result, I grew and studied and learned enough to enable me to write this book. And you know what? If this book didn't exist, at least some who would have read it, perhaps including you, would die never knowing who and what they actually are—that they are eternal spiritual beings having a temporary physical experience. They'd check out of this life before accomplishing the objectives set out for them before they were born. So the angels, or maybe it was my soulmates that lifted me up, did them a favor as well as me.

In the next chapter, I'll explain how I came to realize that I'm not my body.

Chapter Four

How I Woke Up

When I was born, my father ran the Richmond office of an advertising agency that was headquartered in Philadelphia. When he died, my mother went to work and soon became the office manager of an ad agency called Liller Neal Battle & Lindsey. When my brother graduated from college in 1952, his first job was as the ad manager of a weekly newspaper in Berlin, Maryland. Soon after, he got a job with an ad agency in Baltimore. Then, after a few years, he took a job with Cargill Wilson & Acree, an ad agency in Richmond.

By the time I graduated college in June 1967, David had his own agency, which he and a partner had started in 1965. It was called Martin & Woltz. With all that advertising business and talk at the dinner table surrounding me, I guess it was natural for me to go in that direction as well, and so I made a conscious effort to gear my extracurricular activities in college—those other than football—toward communications. I worked on the yearbook and eventually became the editor-in-chief. I drew a weekly cartoon for the college newspaper. During two summers, I worked in the advertising department of the Richmond Newspapers, publishers of the morning paper, *The Richmond Times-Dispatch*, and the afternoon paper, *The Richmond News Leader*. I spent the summer of 1966 before my senior year working at Martin & Woltz.

During that same summer, Bryce Jewett, a fraternity brother and friend since childhood and I cooked up, created, and had printed two dating guides to colleges in Virginia. One was for men and the other for women. They were sold on college campuses across the state. You see, back then, most colleges and universities in Virginia were either all male or all female. These dating guides told the reader about schools for the opposite sex, what the students that went there were like, and what there was to do in the town or area around the campus. We called the one for men, *The Boys' Scouting Manual*, and the one for women, *The Girls' Scouting Manual*. They sold quite well and financed our trip to Nassau in the Bahamas during spring break.

During Christmas holidays my senior year, I went looking for a job with an advertising agency. I started in New York and worked my way down to Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The result was that I had two offers, one in the media department of a big New York agency, Ted Bates, and the other as an assistant account executive with the agency my brother had worked for in Baltimore, VanSant Dugdale.

I took the one in Baltimore because I thought the job title had a nice ring to it, and I started working there on June 19, 1967.

I made a few friends at work, but I did not know anyone in Baltimore. After about six months, however, I got a call from Russ Parker, a fraternity brother at Hampden-Sydney who had also been a classmate at Saint Christopher's. He and other friends of mine had joined the Coast

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Guard in order to avoid the VietNam war. His ship had just docked at Curtis Bay in south Baltimore.

I drove down there, and we had a few beers in a bar not far from where his ship had docked. It was 1967 and the cost of a twelve ounce draft of Arrow 77 was 15¢. It is still hard for me to believe that price, which is why I mention it. In the part of Baltimore where I lived and worked, you couldn't get a full size draft beer for less than 20¢.

We sat at the bar, sipped our beers and did some catching up. Russ told me his six months active duty were just about up, and he was being discharged in a week or two. I asked him what he was going to do. He said didn't know. I said I had room for a roommate. Long story short, Russ moved in with me and found a job at a bank in Baltimore. He also got a part time job as a bartender where he met a recent graduate of Baltimore's Loyola University. Russ and I met and became friends with several of his friends, who were also recent Loyola graduates.

Later, when Russ left town to enroll at the University of Virginia, where he got an MBA, I moved into an apartment in the Bolton Hill neighborhood of Baltimore with two of those Loyola grads.

Looking back, I have to say, those were halcyon days. I had a good job—I was jetting around the USA on the company's dime—company policy allowed me to go first class on any flight of over two hours duration. I had friends and an active social life. Life was good. I certainly wasn't thinking about the assignment The Leader had given me. The spiritual realm was far from my mind. I probably had-

n't come close to thinking about it since I took that New Testament class my sophomore year, and even when I was taking that class, I didn't think about if I didn't have to.

But that was soon to change.

Like many men at that age—about 25—death and the afterlife were far from my mind. As far as I was concerned, I was immortal. I was a bachelor living in an apartment in a charming old townhouse with two other young men whose main interest was chasing women and having a good time. But one Saturday evening, I had a really bad case of the flu—and I mean a really, really bad case.

I was upstairs in my bedroom, feeling awful, trying to concentrate enough to read a book. Ironically, it was *Metamorphosis* by Franz Kafka. Now that I think about it, I have to say that my guide Otto and The Leader must have a keen sense of humor. Why so? My personal metamorphosis was about to begin.

The main character in that book was transforming into a cockroach when I heard people downstairs come into the apartment. Before long, there was a party going on. Well, nursing the flu in my bed was not what or where I wanted to be on a Saturday night. At that age, one is not about to miss out on a party no matter how sick one might be. So, even though I felt woozy, I climbed out of bed, put on some clothes and went downstairs to join in.

I took a couple of drags on funny looking cigarette that was being passed around, I drank some scotch whisky, and I tried to carry on a conversation. But, before long, I realized I could hardly stand up. Soon it was apparent that I

better get back to my bed, and so I practically knee-walked upstairs and flopped down on it. Instantly, the bed seemed to spin like a helicopter's propeller at liftoff. I felt nauseous, the spinning continued—I was about to throw up—but I didn't think I could possibly stand up and get to the john.

Lying there, feeling awful, I felt my body rise up and come back down with every breath. A sort of pressure was building up inside me, and it felt like I was going to burst. It kept building, and after a few moments, I had the sensation that I—my body—popped like a champagne cork.

Everything seemed to shift, and for a moment I panicked—had I exploded? The next thing I knew, I realized I was up near the ceiling looking down at my body, lying on the bed.

I thought, "What am I doing up here?"

I kept looking down at myself all sprawled out like roadkill, and I thought, *Oh my God, am I dead?*

With that thought, my awareness shifted. I could think, but it was a different type of thought—much clearer than normal. I realized I was up near the ceiling, which was puzzling. It occurred to me, *Wait a minute, I'm up here—not down there. How can I be up here?*

Suddenly it dawned on me that I identified with whatever part of me was up there bumping against the ceiling, and that meant it wasn't actually me on the bed—even though I was sure that was my body down there.

I had an epiphany, *Wow! I'm not my body—I'm not my body—people aren't bodies.*

With that, I flipped upside down and was inches away from the ceiling. I recall that I saw all the texture of the ceiling as though it were under a microscope—all the little dents and grooves of it because it was so close to me. Then I swiveled and looked down at my body again. It looked very pale. I stared at it for a while, until everything went black, and the next thing I knew it was Sunday morning. I was awake, back in my body, feeling much better than when I'd crashed on the bed the night before.

Although at the time I didn't know such things existed, apparently I had a brief near death experience [NDE] and somehow spontaneously revived.

You may wonder why I did not enter a tunnel and go toward the light—have a past life review and all that. Research I've done since indicates that what happened to me is often the case when people die not realizing that life after death is a fact—in other words, people who don't know there's no such thing as the death of consciousness. Like the thousands—perhaps millions—of entities that haunt houses, or castles, or graveyards and other places—many of whom also obsess or try to possess the living—I likely would have remained on Earth—what I now think of the astral level—and I'd probably still be in that old townhouse in Baltimore, haunting the place.

Who wants to go through eternity doing that?

But I digress. That episode—that out of body experience—was what I think of as “a call to adventure,” or the wake up call that launched me on a quest to learn the true nature of reality. I returned to my body knowing for sure

that the premise of Scientific Materialism, aka Secular Humanism or Physicalism, cannot possibly be true. Matter is not all there is. As a result, I spent the next fifty years since then pursuing the truth. I joined the Rosicrucian Order, a community of mystics who study and practice the metaphysical laws governing the universe, and I can tell you they know what's going on, that everything is connected—All-Is-One—and all that actually exists is energy that's conscious. I recall reading a poem John Donne, who was born in 1571 or 1572 and died in 1631, in one of the Rosicrucian lessons. Here's part of it:

*No man is an island,
Entire of itself,
Every man is a piece of the continent,
A part of the main.*

What eventually became clear to me is that you and I are conscious energy—the whirlpools of energy I mentioned earlier—that are part of the vast field of energy that constitutes the whole.

I took all the courses offered by the Rosicrucian Order back then, and I rose from Novice to Adept. I read everything I could get my hands on that might shed light on the subject. When *Life After Life* by Raymond Moody came out in 1975, I got a copy and read it from start to finish in one sitting.

Raymond Moody coined the phrase, “Near Death Experience.” In the early 1970s, he was a resident at The Uni-

versity of Virginia Medical School who went around interviewing people who had died and been resuscitated and wrote a book about it. I also read *Twenty Cases Suggestive of Reincarnation*, a 1966 book written by psychiatrist Ian Stevenson and head of that department at the University of Virginia School of Medicine. It was based on claims of spontaneous recall of information about previous lives by young children. Dr Stevenson went on to become the Director of the Division of Perceptual Studies [DOPS], founded in 1967 to study children's memories of past lives as well as near death experiences and other phenomena to do with consciousness. DOPS is still active today and has collected more than 2500 cases of children's memories of past lives, 1700 or more of which have been "solved," i.e., someone fitting the child's recollection of names, locations, occupations, family members and so forth has been identified.

Another book I read that pried open my eyes at least a bit, also published in 1966, was entitled *The Book on the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are*. It was written by Alan Watts, born 1915 and died 1973, a British philosopher, writer, and speaker, and interpreter of eastern religions to western audiences. Watts apparently understood that All-Is-One and that we are each part of and remain connected to the Source, which in reality is conscious energy—the One Mind.

What brought it into focus for me was a parable about God playing "hide and seek" that Watt used to answer children's questions about why they were here, where the universe came from, where people go when they die and so

forth. He told them that God enjoys the game but has no one outside himself to play with since he is All-That-Is, and so God overcomes the problem of not having any playmates by pretending he is not himself. Instead he pretends that he is me and you and all the other people and the animals and rocks and stars and planets and plants and in doing so has wonderful and wondrous adventures. These adventures are like dreams because when he awakens, they disappear. Here is some of what Watts wrote:

Now when God plays hide and pretends that he is you and I, he does it so well that it takes him a long time to remember where and how he hid himself. But that's the whole fun of it—just what he wanted to do. He doesn't want to find himself too quickly, for that would spoil the game. That is why it is so difficult for you and me to find out that we are God in disguise, pretending not to be himself. But when the game has gone on long enough, all of us will wake up, stop pretending, and remember that we are all one single Self—the God who is all that there is and who lives forever and ever.

Another author that had a big effect on me was Scott Peck, a psychiatrist who was born in 1936 and died in 2005. I read all his books, including *People of the Lie*, but the one that I found most powerful was his 1978 bestseller, *The Road Less Traveled: A New Psychology of Love, Traditional Values and Spiritual Growth*. The idea that life is difficult for a reason, that we are in this reality to face and overcome ob-

stacles and thereby grow as a result rang true to me. I read that book twice and found the part on grace particularly enlightening. It started to dawn on me that grace was what had saved me when I was hit by that car.

Nevertheless, perhaps because I was surrounded by Secular Humanists, i.e., confirmed skeptics, I remained somewhat doubtful for the next ten years or so. Some events took place in France, however, which I'll tell you about in the next chapter, that pushed me toward fully accepting the truth. But the biggest single thing that clued me into what life and reality are all about happened one afternoon ten or twelve years after my near death experience. I had what is often referred to as "a mystical experience," and it did more than any single thing to open my eyes. It's coming up in the next chapter.

Chapter Five

The Path to Understanding

Another time I was up in my room in that townhouse apartment, and heard people come in and a party starting up, I was also reading on a Saturday night. This time I wasn't sick, but it nevertheless marked a turning point in my life.

I cannot remember why I was up there that evening, but I know I wasn't reading *Metamorphosis*. I never finished that book, and for all I know, it found a permanent home under the bed in that room in the townhouse on Bolton Hill. Maybe it's still there gathering dust.

Anyhow, it wasn't unusual for a party to happen spontaneously during those years in that apartment. I heard the party start up, I went downstairs, and boy, was I glad I'd stayed home that Saturday evening. My roommates had been out bar-hopping, and they'd had brought home a half a dozen or so people, two of whom turned out to be very attractive early-twenty-something French women.

French women? How could that be?

They were Au Pairs.

What's an Au Pair? An Au Pair is a young person between 17 and 30 years old who stays with a local host family, babysits and pitches in to take care of the children, and learns the language and culture in exchange for accommodations and pocket money.

How I Help 33 LightWorkers

I found one of these women, Catherine, to be particularly smashing and engaging, and we ended up getting married. Actually, we were married twice—first in a civil ceremony in Baltimore so we could start the process of getting her a green card, which indicates permanent US resident status, and second, since she was from an upper class family—just under French aristocracy—a full blown church wedding in France with all the trappings, including a white wedding dress, friends and family, and a reception in a nearby twelfth-century castle located in the village of Châteauneuf-en-Auxois in the Côte-d’Or department of eastern France.

In France they don’t have groomsmen, or a best man and bridesmaids. What’s required are two witnesses each for the bride and the groom, a total of four people, who play similar roles. I only had one friend from Baltimore attend the wedding, Jane Bowie, and she became one of my witnesses—called “témions” in French. The other was Philippe Sirot, the significant other of Joel, one of my bride’s best friends, and one of her witnesses.

Philippe was the commandant of the Calypso, the research ship of Jacques Cousteau, the former French naval officer, and at that time an oceanographer, filmmaker and author, who invented the aqualung and created a series of programs that ran on PBS television in the 1960s and 70s. Phillippe and I became good friends. It may be helpful to keep that in mind because his name will reappear later in this story, and he will play an important role.

Catherine and I were happy together for a number of years. The two of us traveled at least once to France every year, sometimes twice, and she spent summers there, as did my daughter Sophie after she came along in 1973.

I felt a strong affinity for France and frequently experienced déjà vu sensations while there. The first time I approached the castle at Châteauneuf, for example, which sits on a bluff overlooking a valley and the canal of Burgundy, I had the feeling I was a knight returning from the crusades. Other experiences led me to believe I must have been a Druid in pre-Christian France, and of course, there was the experience of déjà vu in the two-seater airplane of my father-in-law's friend. A number of experiences in France bolstered and solidified my belief in the nonphysical and that minds are connected, including one that originated in Corsica.

As you know, Corsica is an island in the Mediterranean Sea. It is one of the 18 regions of France, but it has not always been part of France. At one time it was part of the city-state of Genoa in what is now Italy. According to Corsicans, Christopher Columbus was born and raised in the city of Calvi. I have seen what is supposed to be the ruin of the house where he lived. It sits atop the highest part of the city, and it overlooks the bay. Humidity is low in summer, and so the air is very clear. If Columbus had good eyes, he could have watched ships climb up over the horizon as they headed to port. I've seen this myself, and so it's no wonder Columbus came to the conclusion the earth must be round.

The mother of one of my Catherine's best friends from childhood had a Corsican mother and a French father. Also named Catherine, this friend and her husband, Henri, a Count, had an apartment in an ancient building located high up in the city of Calvi, also overlooking the harbor. Catherine and Henri spent part of every summer there, and my wife Catherine and I tagged along a number of times. An incident that came at the end of one visit bolstered my beliefs.

My wife's half Corsican friend Catherine was most definitely not a Scientific Materialist. I suspect this is often the case among those who feel particularly close to an almost mystical place like Corsica, which is known by her and others like her as "The Isle of Beauty." I found myself amused by what I considered to be her fantasies of spooks and fairies lurking here and there—in wildflowers called four-o'clocks, in mountain glades and in the maquis. She even believed she could tell fortunes by reading tea leaves and tarot cards.

I resisted her attempts to tell me my fortune until the last night of our visit. Even then, I limited my participation to only two tarot cards, which I pulled from the deck and handed to her.

She studied them. "You will soon be going on a journey," she said, folding them together and handing them to me. "On this journey you will meet a young man. You will know him because he is blond. He will be in need of your help. Whether you come to his assistance is your decision."

She was half right, I thought. I was going on a journey. We were leaving the next morning, as she well knew. That didn't prove a thing.

Before I returned the cards to the deck, I looked at them. One pictured a young man—blond as a Nordic god. He did look in need of help.

I forgot about this until something happened after we landed at the airport in Marseille. We had to catch a cab. I was afraid I didn't have enough French money, and so I took a place in line at an airport bank to change some dollars into francs.

The man directly ahead of me reached the teller window, unfolded an enormous bill, and slipped it through. The teller looked at it, and turned it over.

“Ooh, la, la,” he muttered. He looked up, shook his head, and handed back the bill.

The man's face fell as he took it.

“What's wrong?” he said in English with a Norwegian accent.

The bank teller spoke in rapid French. He gestured with his hands, his head, his eyes. My glance shifted to the man with the big bill.

He was young and blond.

“I've just arrived from Oslo,” he said in English. “I have no French money. What will I do?”

The teller waved his hands as if to dismiss the subject. He obviously did not speak English. He leaned forward, and spoke slowly and loudly in French.

“What? I do not understand.” The young man shook his head. “Please repeat. Oh, no, what am I to do?”

“Excuse me,” I said. “Maybe I can help.” I leaned forward to hear the teller, who explained in French that the bill was too large. He didn’t have the authority to change that many kroner. The man would have to go to the main branch of the bank in downtown Marseille and change the bill there.

I turned to the blond young man, and translated. “Don’t you have something smaller?” I said.

He shook his head. “I’ll take a taxi,” he said. “The driver will have to wait to be paid until I’ve changed this.” He looked me in the eye. “Thank you, thank you very much. You’ve been most helpful.”

I’d assisted him all right, a blond young man, just as my wife’s friend had predicted.

This “coincidence” got me thinking again, and it wasn’t long, only a matter of hours, before I had a second incident to chew on.

It happened that night.

Marseille is not a stop I’d recommend if you have the choice of going elsewhere in the south of France but even that filthy port city has at least one neighborhood with charm—the one where Joel lived, the friend who’d been one of my wife’s témoins at our wedding. That day’s final destination was her home, which was situated on a steep, curved lane where walls hid quiet gardens, on the southern side of the hill below the statue of Notre Dame.

This icon of the mother of Jesus looks down from atop the highest point in Marseille. She has a magnificent view of the burning bright, azure harbor and the island fortress of Count of Monte Cristo fame. Joel's house could be found a hundred feet or so directly below Mary's statue, behind an iron gate, recessed into the side of the hill. The stucco covered stone house had three levels, the bottom of which was an English basement at grade with a terrace in front. Joel lived there with her widowed mother. Neither of them worked outside the home, and I imagine money was short. Perhaps as a result, they had turned the ground floor into a separate apartment and had rented it out. The first tenant had turned out to be a dashing young man who worked with Jacques Cousteau. This young Frenchman named Philippe, the man I mentioned earlier who had been one of my *témions* at the wedding. Philippe gallivanted around the world on a converted minesweeper called the *Calypso* along with Cousteau and his motley ban of adventurers and marine biologists.

The apartment in the quiet Marseille neighborhood was where he lived when he wasn't gallivanting. As luck and love would have it, he and Joel fell for each other and got engaged. The four of us had chummed around before my wife and I were married and afterward as well. That had been in happier times. The mood was somber when we arrived at the house in Marseille that year. Only a few months prior, the dashing young man had died a tragic death.

Philippe had been possessed of a fascination about death. He sincerely believed that it did not represent the

end. Rather, he hypothesized that we enter another dimension, that we “cross over” into what I now realize is the mental world of spirit that in many respects mirrors the physical side of existence. Looking back with the perspective that time and increased knowledge give, I believe his preoccupation, his burning curiosity, may have led him to harbor an unconscious death wish. I recall vividly how he would barrel down a narrow Marseille city street on a 750 cc Triumph motorcycle at 120 miles an hour. He did this once with me hanging on in back, praying as no Scientific Materialist had ever prayed before. He also flew small planes, once taking a Piper Cub to Corsica across open water at night with no instruments. Skydiving was another hobby, and deep sea diving was part of his job. You can still catch sight of him in reruns of Cousteau, playing ring around the rosy with a bunch of hungry sharks.

In the time leading up to our visit to Marseille that year, Philippe had fallen into despair, and his death was thought to have been the result of suicide.

Several things had gone wrong for him. First, by that time—the mid to late 1970s—Cousteau and the Calypso were no longer taking voyages to exotic locations. Replacing a job as a seafaring adventurer isn’t easy. But he needed one, and he’d taken a position as captain of a boat that tended offshore oil rigs somewhere in the North Sea. The result was that he was bored to death, perhaps almost literally. Second, his romance with Joel was on the rocks. From what I could determine, they’d broken up after a couple of silly arguments. She was still mad about him, but

was playing a game some people play—hard to get. She refused to see him, no matter how he tried. Who knows what else had gone wrong. Other factors may have come into play that I cannot recall or of which I was unaware. But the bottom line was, he was found dead one day in his cabin at sea.

On several occasions Philippe had told friends, his ex-fiancée and me included, that he would communicate with them after he died if it were possible. The fiancée, Joel, was all-aflutter when we arrived. She was bursting to unload a lot of pent up stuff on my wife. For starters, her wristwatch had stopped when his funeral had begun, and had not resumed until the moment the funeral ended. I had to agree that was pretty unusual—who knew, maybe he really was attempting to communicate with her. Anyway, I didn't have much opportunity to think about that because Joel was jabbering on and on about black cats and bumps in the night.

We had a late dinner that evening, and I decided to turn in. My head was starting to ache from trying to keep up with the conversation, which was in French. It looked as though Joel and my wife were well on the way to staying up all night talking, so I suggested that I put our daughter Sophie to bed, she was about three years old at the time, and then turn in myself.

Sophie was in another room, playing with her dolls. We said goodnight to her mom and Joel, descended a dark, circular staircase, and walked hand in hand through a dimly

lit storage room. As in past years, we'd be sleeping in Philippe's old apartment.

My hand closed around the knob, and I pushed the door open. Nothing had changed. Every piece of furniture, every wall hanging was exactly as he'd left it.

The most bizarre sensation overwhelmed me. I felt that Philippe was there in the room, present among his belongings: the American Indian blanket on the bed, the primitive masks and spears on the walls, the little statues and knickknacks from all over the world, including local deities and fertility gods. His presence was palpable, and it grew more so each second, seeming to close in on me, as if he had moved close to examine my face. I could almost feel his breath.

I did not want to upset my daughter, so I helped her into her pajamas, and went through the usual bedtime routine of a story. At last, I put her down in a child's bed, which had been positioned at the foot of Philippe's and turned out the lights, except for one by the bed I'd use to read by. Then I crawled under the covers.

All was silent. I opened a book but could not concentrate. Philippe's presence was strong, particularly when I looked at the primitive wall hanging of a sunburst. The hand-woven image reminded me of the rising sun of Japan. My eyes were drawn to the center until the circle filled my vision.

Out of the blue, what seemed a disembodied voice said, "Don't think about ghosts. It doesn't do any good to think about ghosts."

It was Sophie. I'd thought she was asleep but along with every hair on my body, she was sitting up.

I had no idea she even knew what a ghost was, or rather what a ghost was supposed to be. We'd never talked about them. At that point, I still wasn't certain they even existed.

In retrospect I should have asked, "Why do you say that, dear?" But I wasn't thinking clearly. Instead, I said, "That's correct, dear. It doesn't do any good to think about ghosts." She lay down, and I didn't hear from her again that night.

What do you suppose caused her to sit up and make that rather interesting observation? I believe that three possibilities exist. First, although I don't recall that we'd ever talked about it, and neither did my wife when I told her about it later, Sophie may have been aware that Philippe was dead and that we were spending the night in a dead man's apartment. This unsettling idea may have played on her mind, as it obviously played on mine. She simply may have been reassuring herself—"There's no need to be afraid of the dark. There aren't really any goblins under the bed." Only, my experience as a father of four is that young children believe there are goblins under the bed no matter how emphatically one assures them that they're not. Anyway, she didn't say that ghosts aren't real. She said I ought not to think about them.

Second, she may have picked up on my thoughts through mental telepathy. People who believe in such things think those who are closely related such as a mother

and son or father and daughter or sister and brother are particularly susceptible to this sort of telepathy. I was indeed thinking about a ghost. Maybe she tuned in on this and decided to give me a piece of worldly, three-year-old daughter advice. I must say, however, that she refrained from dishing it out again until she was approximately nineteen. As every parent of a nineteen-year-old can verify, at that age the child knows everything and the parent knows nothing, encumbered as parents are by the stupidity that comes from having reached one's forties.

The third possibility is that Philippe was using Sophie's three-year-old, half-asleep mind to communicate as he'd promised he would. As indicated by DOPS research into children's memories of past lives, young children may be closer to the other side, the spiritual world, than are we adults. If so, the message he chose is particularly significant in light of his former preoccupation with death and his reported suicide. "Don't think about ghosts. It doesn't do any good." I've taken that to mean, live life while you can. Death will come soon enough.

Those events gave me a lot to think about. Combined with my Rosicrucian lessons, Dr Ian Stevenson's book about reincarnation, and the one by Alan Watts about being sparks of God, I was on the cusp of becoming a full-fledged believer in the nonphysical realm and the continuation of consciousness after death. What pushed me over the edge, however, was something I experience in the early 1980s.

I was happily married to Catherine, had a good job, and a healthy child, Sophie. Life was good. I was in my

backyard on a beautiful late spring or early summer day. It was probably 75 degrees Fahrenheit (24 Celsius)—blue sky, sunny, with white, puffy clouds—a perfect day. I was relaxing, enjoying the weather and meditating. That’s right. Meditation caused me to connect with the cosmic mind, and thereby, it changed my life.

I was laid back on a lounge chair, meditating, when something inexplicable happened for no particular reason I can put my finger on. My mind and my thoughts somehow changed. It was like a lens in a camera when it clicks. I blinked, opened and shut my eyes, and when I opened them again, everything around me was different. I could see an aura around the trees and the shrubs, and the grass and the flowers, and I felt an indescribable connection to it all. I realized that I was seeing the outside of something much bigger that was on the inside—that everything—All-That-Is—is a manifestation of a great and powerful consciousness—what I often now refer to as the “Cosmic Mind.” The sensation was that of bliss, all-encompassing love, a sense of oneness—a feeling of completion, and yet, it was as though I did not have a body. As I lay there, everything seemed to fall away—the trees, the shrubs, the grass, the sky—all gone. I was everything—the whole of everything, but on the inside of it all. That’s how I can best describe it now, but while I was there in that state, I would not have been able to describe it. It was as if nothing was lacking—I was totally complete.

I call this place where I was when my body seemed to disappear, “the void.” It was a void because there wasn’t

anything there that was physical. And while that may sound intimidating or scary, the feeling was anything but that. It was one of comfort, serenity, and peace—unlike anything one can experience while in a physical body. I think of it now as a rich, buttery, comforting blanket. Even though it was a void, it was a void of anything that wasn't complete, and most incredible of all, I had this awareness that I had access to all knowledge—everything it is possible to know.

Something else that's interesting is that in this place there is no time. Everything was happening in my awareness at once, which I realize makes no sense here in 3-D reality. Here, I have to describe things linearly—like this happened and then that happened—but in that experience, it was all happening at the same time. And as I settled in, as mentioned above, I realized that everything there is to know in the entire universe was available to me. It was as though I could download all the knowledge into my memory bank—everything that had ever happened from the beginning to the end of time—and I could access it instantly.

I also developed what I will describe as a 360-degree vision. I was able to see through the eyes of every single living thing in every single moment from the beginning throughout eternity, and I say “beginning” as a figure of speech because there was just no time in this place. I could see through every point of time, every single experience, every single entity or soul—every single living thing—all were part of me, and I was part of them all.

The oneness I experienced is not something I believe it's possible to experience fully here in this reality, although we can to a very limited degree. We connect with friends and family, and we can have really close relationships. We might meet someone that seems very familiar to us, and we might have the sense that we've known the individual before because in a way we feel like we're a part of that person. That's a light version of this experience. When I was in the heavy version, it was as though there was no difference between me and others—no difference between me and my child or my dog or the plants or the planets or the solar system, or the entire universe, or all the universes.

Based on what I experienced, I can say that our understanding of what is beyond the physical is miniscule. We haven't scratched the surface. What I felt in this all-knowing state was that there are no questions without answers. Here, in a physical body in three-dimensional reality, I have questions. We all have questions. We want to figure things out. We want answers to everything. But there in that state, I could not ask a question because there was no need to ask. All I had to do was be curious about something, and by being curious, my awareness would shift to the understanding or the knowledge of what I was curious about.

Here in the physical, it is clear to me that our brains slow us down, or maybe it's that they dumb us down. When we are in a physical body, we have to process thought, and it takes time for us to learn something. It takes time for us to understand, but there, that was not the case. I knew whatever I wanted to know instantly. No

thought process was involved, no weighing of options or reflecting on something based on my background or history or what might possibly happen in the future. It was just pure and simple knowing. Doubt did not exist.

In that place, I understood in a way I cannot explain that there is no good or bad—that there is no right or wrong. There are no lessons to learn. The reason our souls were born into this physical reality was to experience what there is to experience here in a physical body. Quite likely it was curiosity that brought us here the first time, but this is a low vibration level of reality, and now that we are here, many of us have become stranded because experiencing the difficulties of physical life has lowered our vibration levels. We keep coming back again and again with the goal of raising our vibration in order to access our personal cosmic mind and thereby return to the Source, and now I can see why. Being back with the Source is what I experienced that day in my backyard, and it was nothing less than fantastic.

Now, having had that experience, I can compare this physical life to what it was like there. But what I find very interesting is this. If I were to have reflected on what life is like in a physical body while I was there—the pains, the trauma, the worries, even some of the less than positive memories—I would have a hard time explaining any of that to someone there. In other words, if I were to sit down with another soul in the void and say, this is what my physical life that I just came from was like, it would be very difficult because there was nothing to compare it to. What was available were good feelings—all of them—

every good feeling I had ever had and that everyone had ever had. Although we experience a lot of pain and trauma here in the physical, what's available to us in the oneness void is love that is so unbelievable, so complete, that any trauma or pain we may have experienced in our physical life is just not accessible. I would not want to say that it didn't exist because I know it did exist here, but I didn't carry that trauma or pain with me into that place.

Back to what I experienced—as my awareness grew, it seemed to accelerate. As I became aware of one thing, and understood whatever it was, I became more and more curious. It was like rapid-fire curiosity that kept bringing additional information into my awareness. I cannot tell you if I was gone for a second, or if it was 30 minutes, or an hour. Honestly, it's impossible for me to say because there wasn't such a thing as time. It felt like infinity—like there was no end to who I was, and no end to the oneness. The oneness expands continuously and endlessly, and all of us are a part of it. Our connection is at the subconscious-mind level. That's where we connect to the cosmic mind in each of us, because that mind, that consciousness, is the ground of being from which everything comes, including you and me.

Here's what's important. We can have a mini version of that experience here by getting our ego out of the way and living from the “I AM” part of us, and I believe we can have the full-blown experience when we pass over, as long as we know we can and prepare for it. You don't have to go to Hell, and you don't have to haunt a house. You may

have to have the past life review many near death survivors have described, but you won't be judged. No one judges you, no matter what. You judge yourself. And so I think it makes sense to have that review while you are still here. Take some time, review your life, and make amends with everyone you can and feel you should make amends with, so that you don't have to experience that unpleasantness when you cross over to the other side.

Here's what is clear to me. Our minds create our reality here, and our minds create our reality there. Here, in physical reality, it takes time. You are who you are today because of the decisions you've made over the years, which were based on what you thought of yourself—who you thought you were and what you thought you deserved. Here, it takes time for your reality to form. There, in the nonphysical realm of mind and spirit, your reality forms instantly. Think you are going to hell, and you will go to the hell you think you deserve. Believe you will meet Jesus, and you will meet Jesus. Think you will be a facet of the Cosmic Mind, and that will be your experience.

If you are very fortunate, and you believe you can, you will connect with your cosmic mind and know you are part of it even now while you are here in a physical body. When I emerged from that experience, the veil between here and there remained slightly open—as though a piece of me remained on the other side—and I can assure you, it has changed my life for the better in multiple and incredible ways.

Which raises the question, “How did I come back?”

I began to awaken to the realization I was in a physical

body. I opened my eyes part way, and I thought, “No, no—I don’t want to come back.” I wanted the connection to absolute knowing and love to continue. But I felt it slipping away. I tried to grasp it, but it was sand that ran through my fingers—I couldn’t hold on. I wanted so much to bring back everything I’d learned—all that knowledge and the access to it was so big—all the knowledge of this universe, of all the universes. But most of it slipped away.

But not every bit of it. As I said, part of me remained connected, and a few things are clear as a result. I now know we are all part of an enormous, magnificent, Infinite Mind. Most people do not realize that, but take my word for it. Our brains dumb us down and slow things down while we are here in this reality. As we grow from infants to adulthood, we develop egos that tell us we are separate from the whole. But that is a reason we come here—perhaps why we came here in the first place. Quite possibly we came here originally for the purpose of developing egos. Without an ego we would not have been able to develop conscious, objective awareness, i.e., the ability to step outside ourselves—figuratively speaking—and consider our own existence. In other words, if the cosmic mind were to continue to be a singular unit—one self-contained mind all alone and by itself—it would not know that it exists. Why? Because there would be nothing for it to reflect upon. Being all, it would not be able to step outside itself, precisely because it was all. That’s why it was necessary for humans and other creatures to evolve physical bodies. Our bodies and the bodies of other living things

are sensory tools the Infinite Mind now has that allow it to reflect upon itself. This is why the physical world and physical bodies animated by bubbles of consciousness exist. In other words, it is the reason you and I, the birds and the bees, and all living things, came to be. As I mentioned above, after having that experience of oneness, it is as though the door remains open to my portion of the Infinite Mind, which is my personal cosmic mind—not wide open, but enough to get glimpses of why you and I exist and what the future might be for you and me.

Here is what I think. Everything evolved from what might be described as “primordial consciousness,” a sort of energy that quantum physicists refer to as the “Unified Field.” As I have written in other books, I believe that “The Urge to Become” is the secret of life. It’s a fundamental aspect of life, and as such, it’s in all of us. At some point that desire arose in the field—it was the urge to evolve, to grow, and to become more by expanding in whatever way possible. For it to do that, it had to become aware, and to become aware, it needed to produce two or more separate concentrations of itself, i.e., distinct units or bubbles of consciousness, and allow them to interact. Somehow this primordial consciousness was able to isolate pieces of itself, and it granted the units boundaries so that each could be separate, distinguishable, and self-contained. This made interaction possible, and it was interaction that created awareness because awareness in its simplest form is that which arises from the reaction of one entity to the action of another entity. An example of the simplest pos-

sible awareness I can think of would be that of an earthworm, which doesn't even have a brain. Polk one, and it will react by curling up.

Here's a metaphor I'll use to illustrate what I'm trying to communicate. It comes from a book entitled *My Big TOE (Theory of Everything)* by an astrophysicist, Thomas Campbell. Picture the Unified Field—primordial consciousness—as a bed sheet. A couple of children make puppets in the sheet by forming it around their hands and placing rubber bands around their wrists to keep the bubbles in the sheet in place and around their hands. It's still all one sheet, but the children now have puppets they can use to interact with one another. Voilà, the field has created awareness, i.e., a unit of cosmic mind.

What this means, of course, is that we are all connected to each other and to everything else because at the ground-being level we are the same sheet, i.e., the same consciousness. We think we are separate because boundaries seem to surround us—in your case and my case, egos and memories that have been built up since birth. That we are all part of and extensions of the same mind explains what quantum physicists call the “spooky action at a distance” phenomenon—that objects separated by great distance can instantaneously affect each other's behavior. It happens because, when it comes to mind, distance is not a factor. It explains how what a researcher in the field of quantum mechanics knows or doesn't know changes the outcome of the Double Slit experiment I've written about in other books. It happens because our individual minds

are all part of and contained within a single mind—the Infinite Mind.

We are and we remain fully integrated pieces of the larger system, and potentially, each of us has access to the capabilities and capacities of that system. This being the case, our individual potential is the potential of the entire Infinite Mind, and when we cross over, we can access that potential, assuming we know about it, expect it to happen, and are able to elevate our vibration levels to the point at which they need to be.

To what extent we actualize or achieve our potential while we remain in physical bodies is up to us. I believe that once created, individuated units of consciousness like you and me persist within the Infinite Mind indefinitely. Having evolved to the point we now have, we each have the opportunity to continue to evolve and in effect to become the Infinite Mind or individual universe ourselves. That may sound fantastic, but it is an understanding that I brought back with me. If we upgrade the quality of our being sufficiently, we will eventually return to the Source and in effect become the Source. The Infinite Mind will not swallow us up, but rather, we will become fully integrated and aware parts of it—as I did for a short time.

The fantastic experience I've done my best to describe was a preview of where you and I are headed. It's what we are evolving toward, and what you and I have to look forward to.

Chapter Six

My Life Takes a Turn

Something else that reinforced and cemented my belief in a spiritual realm and continuation of consciousness after death came in France a few years later during a visit with my wife's friend Catherine and her husband, Henri. It happened in the summer of 1985, the last year I visited France while still married to Catherine. Although they live in Paris most of the time, Henri and Catherine have a castle in Lorraine, which serves as a weekend retreat. My wife Catherine and I spent several days with them at that castle that summer, and while we were there, Henri told me this story, perhaps because he knew I was interested this sort of thing.

Henri had inherited this castle and the land and the village around it along with his title—long after the castle itself had fallen into disrepair. The castle had not been lived in since before World War Two.

Having done well in business, Henri decided to restore the old place. He and his wife spent quite a bit of time there as it was undergoing renovation, I believe around 1982 or 1983, during which time they were frequently disturbed when they were trying to sleep by what seemed to be someone down in the basement banging and clanging and screaming for help. This would occur when they were drifting off to sleep, or if one of them was to wake up in

the middle of the night and try to get back to sleep. Finally, they became so annoyed by it, Henri had the workmen tear out a wall that seemed to him might be where the nocturnal uproar was coming from.

A skeleton was behind it.

Henri and his wife had no idea who the skeleton belonged to, but they gave it a Christian burial. Afterward, they were never bothered again by the nocturnal uproar.

Here's what Henri thought about this. It seemed obvious to him that a man had been bopped on the head and bricked up behind the wall while he was still alive—someone must not have liked the guy and had attempted to murder him. No doubt the man regained consciousness after being bricked up behind the wall. He screamed for help, but no one came to his aid, and eventually, he died there. Apparently, however, he did not realize that he'd died, which I've since learned is a frequent occurrence.

The spirit of this dead man could easily have passed through the bricks, but the fellow didn't know this and had been calling for help ever since. Of course, these were psychic screams, since the ghost had no vocal cords. The only times the screams for help penetrated the minds of Henri and his wife were when all else was quiet, and they were nearly asleep and in the process of drifting off into the mental realm.

By the way, as previously mentioned, time is apparently non-existent, or experienced differently in the spirit dimension of mind or thought. So even though the spirit of the dead man had likely been bricked up for sixty years or

more, he didn't experience the passing of those years the way he would have if he'd been alive.

After that visit to Lorraine, Catherine and I returned to the village of Créancey where we had purchased a house the year prior that was our base when we were in France. We would be there a few days before returning to Richmond. Richmond was home now because in 1975 my brother David had bought out his partner Woltz and had invited me to join him as a partner in what had become The Martin Agency.

Things had not been going well between Catherine and me. It was clear she longed to return permanently to France, and I'd noticed that one of her oldest brother Yves' divorced friends, also named Yves, had taken a shine to her and was putting the moves on her. I was worried, but what could I do?

Back then, almost forty years ago, I went jogging practically every day. The Canal of Burgundy was near our house in Créancey, and I went jogging there. I liked to run along the towpath of the canal. It was flat, and it was picturesque.

The last day before our departure, I was running along and thinking about the situation with Catherine. The subject of karma came to mind. Karma, which has to do with the relationship between a person's mental or physical action and the consequences following that action, was something I'd been giving a lot of thought to. I wondered if I'd done something to get my marriage off track—could things be headed south because of karma? Well, I got a lit-

tle worked up about this, and I did something stupid—something I would not advise anyone else to do.

I stopped running, stood by the canal, and solemnly said—in effect prayed—something to this effect, “Lord, I don’t want this karma hanging over me any longer. Please make whatever is necessary happen so that I shed and go past this Karma now. I want a clean, fresh slate—I want a fresh new start.”

When we arrived home a day or two later, on Saturday of Labor Day weekend, I bought my daughter a ten speed bike for her to ride to school. She was twelve years old, and we did not live far.

Well, I decided to take that bike for a test drive. I was headed down the steep hill by our house on the bike when my foot slipped off the pedal. It hit the pavement, the serrated metal edge of the pedal cut completely through my Achilles tendon, and I went over the handlebars.

Somehow I managed to make it back up that hill, my right foot flopping around and not responding to my attempts to move it, or to push off on it. Catherine took me to the closest emergency room, and I was operated on as soon as the orthopedic surgeon on call, and the other necessary medical practitioners, could get there.

I spent the next few days in the hospital, came out with a cast on my leg that extended from my right toe to my hip. I got around on crutches for the next six weeks and had to have a second gas pedal installed in my car that I could operate with my left foot.

Catherine came to me soon after I was home from the hospital and said she had to go to France for a week or two. I don't recall the reason she gave, it had something to do with family, but my intuition told me the real reason was to see that fellow, Yves.

Should I object? What good was that going to do? Anyhow, it seemed my karma was playing out as I had requested, and so I decided it did not make sense to try to stop the inevitable.

Sure enough, a couple of weeks later when she returned, she told me she wanted a divorce. Even though I'd seen it coming, I was devastated, but I figured, at least my karmic debt had been cleared.

A few months later, I attended the wedding of a young colleague of mine at The Martin Agency. I met my current wife at the reception following the ceremony. We have three wonderful children, and have been happily married now for what will be 37 years on October 31, 2024.

Of course, there have been difficult times. I suffered significant business losses during the 2008-10 recession—and things got rough because of that. Having to scrape by created a stain on both of us. It wasn't what my bride had signed up for, and so it was particularly hard on her. Nevertheless, from my point of view, it has been a successful marriage.

If you are wondering, the answer is, "Yes." When the divorce was final, Catherine married Yves. I'm not sure exactly how long that lasted—maybe ten or fifteen years—but from what I understand, it apparently didn't end well.

Chapter Seven

Writing Books

I wrote my first book, a romantic suspense novel entitled *The Search for Nina Fletcher*, in a storage room I used for an office in the house where Catherine and I lived in West End Richmond. I got up early every weekday and wrote for an hour before leaving for work. That was in 1983. Originally published by Books-in-Motion as an audio book, it is still available both in the original audio book form, and as an updated edition in trade paperback or Kindle on Amazon.

My second book, also a novel entitled, *Out of Body, Into Mind*, was originally published in 1995, the year I founded The Oaklea Press. It's a "visionary novel," meaning that it draws upon and contains paranormal and otherworldly material—what I'd learned about the true nature of reality up to that point in time. A year or so later, it was published by Hampton Roads Publishing Company under the title, *The Mt. Pelee Redemption*. It won First Prize for Fiction from *Writer's Digest*, First Prize for Visionary Fiction from *Independent Publisher* magazine, and a Bronze medal for visionary fiction from *Readers' Favorite Book Reviews* and has since been republished by The Oaklea Press under the title, *The Secret of Life: An Adventure Out of Body, Into Mind*.

Another award-winning novel of mine came out in 1997 called *Death in Advertising*. A whodunit murder mystery set

in an advertising agency, it won First Prize for Fiction from *Writer's Digest*. A fun book to write, it drew upon my experience in advertising during the period of time my peers generally refer to as "The Golden Age of Advertising."

In 1995, I published the first of a number of titles intended to expose the fallacies inherent in Scientific Materialism. Entitled, *Beyond Skepticism: All the Way to Enlightenment*, it drew upon what I'd learned up to that point from pioneers such as Ian Stevenson, Alan Watts, J. B. Rhine and others. One I'll mention here is Joseph Campbell, born 1904 and died 1987. I'd been influenced in a positive way by the PBS TV series that ran in the mid-1980s called the *The Power of Myth*, which was a series of interviews with him conducted by Bill Moyers. Campbell had been a professor of literature and comparative religion at Sarah Lawrence College, and he possessed a wealth of knowledge about religions and the myths produced by various cultures across the globe, many of which are strikingly similar. I put a quote from Joseph Campbell on the cover of that 1995 book: "Anyone who has had an experience of mystery knows that there is a dimension of the universe that is not that which is available to his senses." I have to say that "an experience of mystery" is what I told you about earlier that happened in my backyard in the early 1980s, and it's true, it certainly convinced me.

I also included in that 1995 book information about the quantum physics double slit experiment, which I later expanded upon and used in subsequent publications. I'd read about it in *Newsweek* magazine that same year. Out-

comes of what is now thought of as the classic double slit experiment are determined by what the researcher conducting the experiment knows or doesn't know. That's why he or she is often referred to as "the participating observer." This supports what Max Planck, the founder of quantum theory believed, that consciousness is fundamental—the ground of being of reality.

Max Planck, born 1858 and died 1947, won the Nobel Prize for his work in 1918. In an article that ran in the British newspaper, *The Observer* on October 25, 1931, he is quoted as having said, "I regard consciousness as fundamental. I regard matter as derivative from consciousness. We cannot get behind consciousness. Everything that we talk about, everything that we regard as existing, postulates consciousness."

Outcomes of the double slit experiment support Planck's statement—it's the researcher's consciousness that determines what happens. In other words, knowledge a Secular Humanist would maintain is contained and confined inside a researcher's skull is what determines whether light remains potential in the form of waves, or instead becomes "matter" in the form of protons.

Of course, the truth is that knowledge is not in the researcher's head. It's in what Gregg Braden calls the "Divine Matrix," what Carl Jung called the "Universal Mind, and what I call the "Cosmic Mind," "Infinite Mind," or the "One Mind" we all share.

Beyond Skepticism was distributed widely in New Age books stores, achieved some success among New Age afi-

cionados, and it brought me to the attention of the leadership of the College of Metaphysics in Missouri. But as far as I was able to tell, it made no dent whatsoever in the institution of Secular Humanism, aka Scientific Materialism.

Later books of mine, particularly my 2009 title, *The Science of Life After Death*, would at least get Secular Humanists' backs up and have them hurling snide and insulting remarks at me in reviews they posted on Amazon. As Arthur Schopenhauer reportedly said, "All truth passes through three stages. First, it is ridiculed. Second, it is violently opposed. Third, it is accepted as being self-evident."

Based on my experience, it has taken almost fifteen years for Scientific Materialists to at least calm down and shut up. You see, I reissued *The Science of Life After Death* with updates under a new title, *Death Is Fiction, Fear an Illusion*, in July 2023 and have not received one negative review based on the book's content. As of this writing, the rating on Amazon is 4.4, the average of 70 ratings, and the rating would be higher if it were not for a one one-star review by a man in the UK who apparently didn't realize the book was a reissue. He clearly felt cheated because as he said in the review that "it's a repeat" of information from other books of mine. He was right.

I'd be curious to know how many, if any, Secular Humanists have yet accepted the truth as "self-evident." Perhaps a few, but I suspect it's more likely they've reached a stage that Arthur Schopenhauer left out. It's one at which skeptics have seen or heard enough evidence that they are wrong about something that they decide to keep quiet

rather make a public display of what has increasingly become an untenable position—in this case, the notion that all that exists is matter.

Concerning Christianity, I learned a lot about it during the late 1980s, 1990s and early 2000s, which gave me ammunition for more books intended to torpedo Secular Humanism. My wife, Hilary, is a strong and fervent Christian, and I have attended church with her and Bible studies for the past 37 years. As stated earlier, except for confirmation classes and 12 hours of Bible study at Hampden-Sydney, I didn't have much exposure to Christianity before that. Knowing what I'd learned by then about the true nature of reality, and then going to church with her and studying the Bible, it became clear to me that Jesus knew what he was talking about. The problem with the doctrine that came about as a result was that people did not fully understand what he was trying to tell them. The reason for that back then, and even now, was that most people thought and still think that God exists outside of and is separate from His creation.

Consider, for example, how the people of Jesus' day interpreted the following from Chapter Ten of the Gospel of John, when Jesus explained that it wasn't he but the "Father," i.e., God working through him that created the miracles. As part of his explanation he said, "I and the Father are one." (See John 10:30 NIV.) This got him into hot water, and he was about to be stoned by irate Jews.

Jesus replied to the angry mob by saying, "I have shown you many good works from the Father. For which of these do you stone me?" (John 10:32 NIV)

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The Jews answered, “We are not stoning you for any good work, but for blasphemy, because you, who are a man, declare yourself to be God.” (John 10:33 NIV)

Jesus then quoted Psalm 82:6: “Is it not written in your Law: ‘I have said you are gods?’” (John 10:34 NIV)

By quoting this Scripture Jesus clearly was indicating that the Jews who wanted to stone him were “gods,” as was he and every other human being. In other words, we are all part of and connected to the One Mind that Jesus referred to as, “the Father.”

Another saying by Jesus that I think shows he knew we are all part of the whole is Luke 17:20–21, “The kingdom of God does not come with observation; nor will they say, ‘See here!’ or ‘See there!’ For indeed, the kingdom of God is within you.”

A third example of Scripture that demonstrates Jesus knew that we are all one life and part of one mind is Matthew 25:40, “Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me.” In other words, whatever we do to others, good or bad, we do to ourselves because we are all one life, i.e., part of one kingdom or mind that is God’s.

The final example I’ll give comes from John 14:12, “Truly, truly, I say to you, whoever believes in me will also do the works that I do; and greater works than these will he do....”

However, what really got me to research and write books with the goal of destroying Scientific Materialism was a weekend retreat to the College of Metaphysics in

Windyville, Missouri that took place in 2001. The following is summarized from a book I wrote about that weekend called *ESP: How I Developed My Sixth Sense and So Can You*.

I arrived there at about seven o'clock on a Friday evening. The other attendees, along with officials from the School—Dr. Laurel Clark, Christine Madar, and Dr. Dan, who was then chancellor of the School, all gathered in the living room. We sat in a large circle and each of us told the others about ourselves.

Dr. Dan, who was tall and slim but with the beginnings of a tummy that made me think of the Buddha, sat in a straight back dining room chair with his legs crossed at the ankles. He announced that he would be attending the session as one of us so that he'd know firsthand what this weekend was like. Two other attendees were chiropractors, one male and the other female. Another was the owner of a music store who had just opened an audio and video recording studio. There was an equipment repairman for McDonald's restaurants, a former non commissioned officer who a few months prior had retired from the Air Force, a young man with a graphic arts background who was a partner in an ad agency, a grandmother, an office worker and manager, and myself—a novelist, marketing communications consultant, former ad agency owner and father of four. It seemed fairly certain that by the end of the weekend we'd all know a lot more about one another.

Then Dr. Laurel shared some background about Dharma. She said it was a Sanskrit word meaning "statute" or "law." Dharma is the law that orders the universe and

the essential nature or function of a person or a thing. It is what we have to give or share with others. Even though a person may be good at something, he isn't fulfilling his Dharma if he's primarily after acclaim or money. People who are using their Dharma in the most productive ways tend to be humble, which is not to say they don't or won't receive acclaim. Many do, but they're likely to feel the acclaim isn't really deserved because they so thoroughly enjoy what they do and it comes so naturally to them.

"It is your soul's urge," she continued. "When you are responding to your Dharma, you feel at peace. Someday, after you grow old and look back at life, you will regard the time you spent putting your Dharma to work as the golden years. This is because people who are using their Dharma are passionate about what they do, as though it were a flame burning in them. They lose track of time. They're in the flow. And something else. Each person applies his or her Dharma in a way that is unique as though each of us is one piece of a giant jigsaw puzzle, and we fit together to make up a whole."

"How many different Dharmas are there?" the grandmother asked.

"We don't really know," Laurel said. "We've only been doing Dharma readings for a few years, and this is only our third weekend retreat in as many years. Our students here at the School have a Dharma reading done after they complete their first year."

The retired Air Force noncom raised his hand. "How many readings have been done so far?"

“About seventy,” Christine said.

“You must have had some Dharmas repeat,” I said.

“A few but surprisingly, not many,” Christine said.

“And even those that have repeated have manifested differently in different people,” Dr. Laurel added. “It’s as though there are many shades and hues.” She opened a notebook. “Here are some of the Dharmas we’ve turned up so far:

“Vision: the ability to see probable futures and how things are connected and use this ability in a leadership capacity.

“Synthesis: in this case, identifying needs people have and seeing how to fulfill them with the resources at hand.”

“Joy: the ability to bring joy into the lives of others.

“Comprehension: in this case, the ability to see how things fit together. The person who has this was trained as a naturalist and now leads nature walks, explaining to people how nature and the ecosystem work together.

“Compassion: the ability to give comfort to others who may be going through a difficult time.

“Magnetism or charisma: the person who has this uses it to help raise money for charity.

“Others include patience, wholeness, hope, faith, and resilience.”

“What is your Dharma?” I asked.

“Mine is discernment,” she said. “It’s my nature to want to know the truth and to try to lead others to it as well. Sometimes people feel a little uneasy with me because I ask so many questions. I used to wonder why I felt com-

pelled to do so, and now I know. It's my attempt to thoroughly understand a person's situation and to help them understand it."

The male chiropractor asked, "Are there ways people can determine their Dharma without coming to one of these weekend retreats?"

"Yes," Dr. Laurel said. "One way is for a person to think back to the time before they were seven years old and to remember what they loved to do. When they do so, they need to separate what they liked from what was expected of them. They need to think of all the different activities they loved and try to look for a thread that runs through them.

"It also helps to consider the times in a person's life when they were helping others, having a positive impact, and really felt good about it. Or times when they became lost in an activity and weren't aware of the passing of time."

The conversation continued in this vein, but my thoughts wandered to my own situation. Perhaps my Dharma was discernment, too. I enjoyed searching for and uncovering the truth. Or maybe it was vision. I seemed to have a knack for seeing all sides of a situation and where it might lead. Or maybe it was comprehension—seeing how various facets and aspects and sides of an issue fit.

My attention was pulled back to Dr. Laurel. She was asking us to write in the journal we'd each been given in order to record the highlights of the weekend. "I want you to answer the question, 'when did you first realize you had a mission?'"

Good question, I thought. When did I?

Then I wrote:

It came to me, not in a flash, but over time. Between adolescence and adulthood I was under the impression life was something a person should try to get through in the most pleasurable way possible. It seemed logical that the main goal should be to make money in order to live well. Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you may die. But then I had an out-of-body experience.

This made me ponder life and death and the spiritual side of things. But answers didn't seem to be forthcoming. After a while I stopped searching because I came to believe that it was impossible to know.

Then one day I came across a book I couldn't put down. My appetite was whetted, so I took a correspondence course in metaphysics. Over time, I learned how life and the universe works. I'm here this weekend to find out my Dharma so that I can more clearly see the role I should play—my mission in this incarnation.

Next, Dr. Laurel asked us to draw a picture as she passed out crayons, color pencils and paper.

“I want you each to draw a picture of yourself fulfilling your mission.”

Wait a minute, I thought. We're here to learn what our mission is.

Hmm, I thought. Maybe that's not exactly right. We're here to learn what our Dharma is, and our Dharma is our

essential nature, our soul's urge. That's not the same as a mission—not exactly the same, anyway.

What in the world is my mission? I felt a fluttering of anxiety.

I closed my eyes. Perhaps a vision would come. I silently asked, "What is my mission?"

A sphere of light appeared in my mind's eye. A ladder rose into it. Jacob's ladder? I wondered. After a bit, I realized someone was climbing the ladder, and that the person was me. I saw myself turn and offer my hand to someone a rung or two below.

I took some crayons and drew this. I was finished before anyone else. A few minutes passed. Laurel had us sit in a circle and give the rest of the group show and tell.

I held up my drawing. "This is a ladder ascending into the light we call heaven or God—like Jacob's vision of a ladder to heaven. This is me climbing the ladder. You can see that I'm turning to help someone below climb to the next rung. So, my mission is to evolve, to ascend closer to God. But that's only part of my mission. As I make progress, it's my duty as well to help others evolve."

After everyone showed their drawings and talked about them, Christine passed out short white candles in shallow, clear-glass dishes.

Laurel turned out the lights. "I want you to light the candle and concentrate on the flame," she said. "After you've done this for a while, I'll ask you to tell us what you experienced."

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I focused on the flame. A halo surrounded it from which rays shot out. One ray appeared to go farther than the others. It landed on my chest just below my chin and remained there.

After a few seconds it seemed that this ray no longer originated from the flame. Rather, it originated in my chest and traveled to the flame as though my inner light now illuminated the flame. I fed the flame and illuminated it. Yet the flame fed my inner light and illuminated me. In a flash of insight I saw this as a metaphor for the circular nature of reality. All is connected. Only one energy exists—one life—one light of which we all are part. I could not recall who said it, but a quotation came to me that expressed the idea that at the end of our journeys we arrive back where we began, but with new and greater understanding. The journey toward God is not straight up a ladder. The path is more like a spiral staircase. When we complete a revolution, we return to the place where we began, but at a higher level than before.

After we each told the others of our experiences with the flame, I looked at my watch. It was almost 9:30. Dr. Laurel said we were done for the evening. At 7:30 the next morning she would lead us in a session of yoga stretching exercises.

She asked if anyone needed a wake up call. I said to please give my door a tap at seven.

I was in bed by ten, exhausted. Soon, I fell asleep. Then, at about one o'clock, a clap of thunder and a bright

flash of light awakened me. Rain had come to that dusty, drought-stricken part of Missouri.

It was still raining when the tap came on the door.

I'd lingered in bed too long because I found that the people in the next room had gotten a jump on me for our shared bathroom. It was almost 7:30 before I emerged with my hair wet and slicked back.

Our yoga exercises were to have been outside, but it was much too wet. We pushed living room furniture against the walls and twelve of us—including Dr. Laurel, Christine and Dr. Dan politely maneuvered for as much room as possible.

Yoga stretching exercises are not my cup of tea. In those days, I worked out three or more times a week, usually in the form of a long, brisk walk, but I weighed more then than I did when I was a football lineman in college. My body just would not fold itself into the contortions necessary.

Mercifully, that was over within twenty minutes or so. Then we went out the front door onto the porch for a period of guided meditation.

It was gray and cool, rain gently falling. Dr. Laurel had us sit with our backs straight, feet squarely on the floor. We took deep breaths and envisioned the light of our being, first as a glowing ball in our solar plexus. We allowed the ball to grow to encompass our entire bodies, then expand outward to fill the universe.

I felt at peace as I went inward and became aware of the sound of the rain dripping from the leaves of trees,

striking the tin roof of the porch. I was reminded of the home I grew up in. This was reinforced by insects singing. The sounds of crickets filled my ears. Birds chimed in as if they were celebrating the rain and the breaking of the drought. A cow mooed in the distance. These were the sounds of Life. A cool, gentle breeze caressed my face. The wind was Life. I was Life.

The Creator was singing through His creation.

My thoughts wandered to the third chapter of the Gospel of John where in conversation with a priest of the ruling class of the Jews, Jesus speaks of being born of “water and the Spirit.” (John 3:5) Water represents purification as in Baptism, and the Spirit, as in the Holy Spirit, is God’s presence. I was among water and the Spirit on that porch on that ranch that morning in Missouri.

In the same conversation, Jesus said, “I tell you the truth. No one can see the Kingdom of God unless he is born again.” (John 3:3) Jesus was speaking of the shift in consciousness that happens when a person realizes his or her connection to the Divine. Jesus also spoke of wind (John 3:8), which I took to mean the air that fills our lungs, meaning “life,” or better, perhaps, the Life Force. No one knows where it comes from, or where it goes. But those who are “born again” allow it and the Spirit within to guide them. It was clear to me that he meant that the Kingdom of Heaven is not a place. It is a state of mind. It seemed to me this was what he meant when he said, “The Kingdom of God does not come with your careful observation, nor will people say, ‘Here it is,’ or ‘There it is,’ because the

Kingdom of God is within you.” (Luke 17:20-21).

Listening to the rain and the insects and the birds, feeling the wind, it occurred to me that this verse might also be translated, “the Kingdom of God is among you,” since the Greek word, *entos*, means both “within” and “among.” The Kingdom was among our group on that porch that morning. Indeed, the Kingdom of God is “within and among” all of us all of the time. Unfortunately, many are blind to it—they just don’t know it’s there.

But on that morning in Missouri I could see it.

After meditation, we had breakfast. And a good farm breakfast it was. Homegrown eggs, sausage, bacon, scones and homemade butter and jam. Hash brown potatoes on the side. Milk from a real live cow. This wasn’t going to help me do the yoga exercises the next morning, but that was almost the last thing on my mind.

At ten o’clock the event I’d been waiting for arrived. We gathered in the living room. A table and chairs were set up for Dr. Dan and Dr. Barbara, who was married to Dr. Dan. It was the first time I’d seen her on that trip. Two tape recorders were cued up. Dr. Dan talked Dr. Barbara into a hypnotic trance and the Dharma readings began.

Dr. Dan called on us one at a time, and one at a time we took a seat in front of Dr. Barbara who sat in a large wing chair with her eyes closed.

Several of the attendees preceded me. The grandmother’s Dharma was “caring.” She had an ability to see what really mattered in a situation and to deliver just the right care. And there was the office manager, for whom it

was “devotion.” She could become strongly devoted to a person or a cause, but was cautioned to be sure the person or cause was worthy.

Last before me was the male chiropractor. His was synchronicity. He was able to understand how things were connected.

Then it was my turn. I felt butterflies in my stomach as I took my seat.

Dr. Dan turned to Dr. Barbara and said, “You will search the identity of the entity referred to as Stephen Hawley Martin and relate this one’s Dharma from the past and past life times in general.”

She paused as though waiting for a computer file to boot up, and then said in a kind of sing-song monotone:

“This would most easily be described as an omni-perception. There is a very strong urge within this one to interpret that which this one sees. We see that there is a great deal of reliance upon experience but it is from a more distant place rather than an involvement in it [the experience], and we see that this is in an effort to explore and to develop this perception and to answer the urge for it [perception]. We see that there have been many time periods where this one has been in position to be perceptive. There have been instances where this one has been the eyes and the ears of kings. [There was a pause here and a fumbling for words as if she could not believe what she was now seeing or receiving. Then she continued.] This one spent an entire lifetime living in a crow’s nest where the entire endeavor was to be able to hone and develop the

perception, not only physically but in an otherworldly sense as well. There have been many experiences like these that have been building a complete understanding of perception in its omniscient expression. And we see that this one has the ability to see anything from many different points of view. This one has the capacity, therefore, to be able to recognize a whole picture or a whole image where only a fragment is available. This is a very developed and sharpened intuitive sense where this one is capable of experiencing more in a metaphysical sense than what the physical experience itself would allow. Therefore, it is easy for this one to move beyond the limitations of the physical when this one is entrained with the inner mind and with his Dharma. This is all.”

Dr. Dan looked at me. Then he picked up the form I'd filled out earlier and turned it over. I'd written a question in the space provided. He turned to Dr. Barbara, “This one would like to know how he can use his Dharma in the present lifetime to serve others.”

Dr. Barbara said:

“This one is doing so in the ways this one is aware of and the ways this one finds appealing. We see that there is much more that could be done in terms of this one's ability to experience it [his Dharma] in the now rather than linking it to the physical forms of expression. The ability for the perception is keen and will be more keenly developed or directed, as this one will become more decisive in terms of the intent of the perception. To this point [in time] much of this one's experience has merely been the receiv-

ing of this [perception]. There is recognition that this one is driven to experience many different things with many different people in many different ways and forms, and a relishing of this, an appreciation of it that is very deep within this one. There is more, however, that this one can experience with the Dharma by being able to focus the mind upon one point that includes everything. And this [point] is the omnipresence of the perception that this one is capable of in the present time. Therefore, this one would be benefited by beginning to develop inwardly to a greater extent the knowledge of Self to the point of being able to convey this to others. For it is in the conveying of it to others that this one will begin to recognize what this one understands. The interchange is most important for this one, for this is where the greatest opportunity for greater awareness exists. It is in the direct interaction rather than the point of observation. This is all.”

Dr. Dan said, “What is the relevance of this one’s Dharma to the present lifetime?”

Dr. Barbara answered:

“This one has chosen in the present the conditions whereby there can be the freedom to experience any desire, and many of these have been acted upon, affording this one the availability to experience the omniscience of the perception, and this has brought this one a greater sense of wealth in its true sense. The movement forward would be in the disseminating through interaction of the perception that this one does have. This one has a pro-

found ability as a teacher and a counselor that it would serve this one well to develop.”

Dr. Dan asked, “Would it help this one to fulfill his Dharma by being a teacher?”

Dr. Barbara said:

“Yes.

“This is all. . . .”

It had gone by so quickly that I guess I was somewhat in shock.

Omni-perception?

I’d never heard of omni-perception. My thoughts were spinning.

Dr. Dan was looking at me. “Do you have any more questions?”

“Uh, yes,” I said. “What exactly is meant by omni perception?”

Dr. Dan turned to Dr. Barbara. “This one asks what is meant by omni-perception?”

She replied:

“Perception is the mental ability to see, to be able to receive what exists. The omniscience in this is to be able to receive all that exists.”

Dr. Dan looked at me. “Anything else?”

“Yes. One more thing,” I said. “Did I really spend a lifetime in a crow’s nest, or was that some kind of metaphor?”

Dr. Dan turned to her. “Was the ‘life in the crow’s nest’ meant literally? A crow’s nest on a ship?”

Dr. Barbara said:

“Yes. This one was at sea for almost the entire lifetime.”

Dr. Dan said to her, "Is this all?"

Dr. Barbara said, simply, "Yes."

Dr. Dan flipped open the two tape recorders. He handed one of the tapes to me and put the other in a stack.

I returned to my seat on the couch.

Frankly, I was stunned. I'd been aware of my ability to "connect the dots" as I'd called it many times. It was how I got through life. What Dr. Barbara described dovetailed with my speculation that "vision," "discernment" or "comprehension" might be my Dharma. But I hadn't fully realized what this ability truly was, nor had I comprehended the extent to which this, this omni-perception, had been developed. It would take a while to absorb this information and to understand the implications.

One thing was apparent from my reading as well as from the other readings I'd just heard. Dharma is not a gift. It is a skill that has been developed over lifetimes.

Imagine spending almost an entire lifetime in a crow's nest.

I became too lost in thought to concentrate fully on the readings of others' Dharmas. After they were done, we were sent off in different directions to transcribe our tapes. After lunch we'd have a group discussion.

I went to the back porch where a table and chairs had been set up. The clouds had just parted and the sun had come out. Yesterday's heat had been broken. The sky was a deep, rich blue, and it was pleasant, breezy and cool.

As I was writing out the reading in longhand and enjoying clean, dust-free air, I saw much that had gone past

me when I'd been sitting in front of Dr. Barbara and listening. Here, for example, was a phrase I needed to ponder:

“The movement forward would be in the dissemination through interaction of the perception that this one does have.”

Did that mean that I would benefit from teaching others how to develop omni-perception? Or did it mean that I would benefit from teaching others about my worldview? The words clearly stated that I should disseminate “the perception that this one does have.” The accuracy of my perception of reality presumably benefited from my ability in the area of omniscient perception. The more I looked at that phrase, the more that interpretation seemed correct. Yet I had the feeling that a person could not understand or accept my worldview if they possessed no ability in the area of omni-perception. The two went hand in hand.

And “interaction.” Obviously, that meant give and take. Dr. Barbara seemed to be saying it was the give and take that would allow me to understand better what I subconsciously already knew. Through interaction I could draw this out and make the most progress. At the same time, I'd help others advance.

I shook my head. At one time in my life I'd thought I wanted to be a teacher, but that was a long time ago. Being the head of an ad agency had resulted in burn out in the area of give and take. Also, a year prior I'd gone on the road and conducted a series of seminars to promote a book I'd written on how to follow a spiritual path to abundance. I hadn't particularly enjoyed conducting those seminars. For

better or for worse, I might as well admit that I'd become an introspective guy who enjoyed the process of creation—creating ads, creating TV commercials, creating books—but did not particularly like getting out in front of people and interacting with them.

I sat back in my chair and gazed across the yard to a grove of trees and the edge of a forest beyond. I imagined what this part of Missouri must have been like when the first European settlers arrived. Perhaps it was not so different from today. The trees were large, so I doubted they were second growth. There was still plenty of wildlife. I'd heard a sampling this morning during our group meditation and before bed last night when a coyote had howled. Probably, except for cleared areas, the land had not changed a great deal. Even so, a hundred and fifty years ago I'd be willing to bet even more wildlife had made this land home. The Indians would have done what they could to create conditions for wildlife to flourish, such as using controlled fires to clear areas so that grazing animals like deer would have places to feed. The Indians felt they were part of nature and held a special reverence for life. They wouldn't have over-hunted as the white man did.

I snapped out of my thoughts. Had I just been connecting the dots? Seeing the full picture where only part of it existed?

How did this omni-perception work?

I thought about the crow's nest and was reminded of someone I'd met a few months before. A California-based magazine had commissioned me to interview a University

of Virginia professor, Jeffrey Hopkins, who was head of the Western world's largest Tibetan and Buddhist studies program. Dr. Hopkins, who'd just had a book published, had been on the staff of the Dalai Lama and had been an English interpreter for him when he traveled abroad.

I'd started by asking Dr. Hopkins what had gotten him interested in Eastern studies and Buddhism. He said he'd taken some time off between his junior and senior years in college and signed on with the crew of a freighter bound for Tahiti. The freighter had taken 45 days to get there.

I recalled that Dr. Hopkins had shifted in his chair. "Most of the time there was nothing to do, and so I began meditating on the sky. I really got into it. I ended up spending a year and a half away from college between my junior and senior years, plus half of a summer on a lake in Southern Quebec Province, and the other half on a river in Oklahoma. Frankly, I was getting a little too far out and needed help. One of my friends had heard about the Mongolian Tibetan Monks in New Jersey. So at the end of 1962 we paid them a visit."

Maybe spending a lifetime in a crow's nest was not so bizarre. Not if meditating on the sky was addictive as professor Hopkins seemed to indicate.

AFTER A HEARTY, HOMETOWN, down on the farm lunch, we gathered in the living room. Laurel and Christine had each taken notes on each person's Dharma. We had each transcribed our readings and studied them. It was time for discussion.

People had a lot of questions. Most had to do with how an individual could put his or her Dharma to use in daily life.

Dr. Laurel said, “Your Dharma is the essence of who you are. It is part of you and you will almost certainly use it in whatever activity you choose. Of course, some activities will be better than others in terms of giving you an opportunity to serve humanity and feel fulfilled.”

Dr. Laurel went on to say, “A good way to analyze any situation you may face is to divide it into three parts. First, what is the goal? In other words, what do you want to have happen? Obviously, in establishing a goal you need to clearly visualize the end result.

“Second, what is the purpose of the goal? In other words, why do you want it? Ultimately, the purpose of everything we do and experience on the physical plane is to become more like our Creator. So, when all is said and done, the purpose of the goal is the journey you take and the person you become in the process.

“Third, what activity is required? What can you spend your time doing that will create the journey that allows you to become more like your Creator and ultimately will lead you to your goal?” She paused and looked from one of us to the other. “So, look at your situation. If something doesn’t seem to be working, chances are one of the three parts of the model is missing.”

I was taking notes in my journal. I drew a line across the page and wrote:

How I Help 33 LightWorkers

My goal: Raise the level of awareness of mankind a notch.

Purpose: Know myself more deeply. Understand the big picture more thoroughly. Enjoy the act of creating. Become more like my Creator. Accomplish my mission/assignment.

Activity: Write books and teach the how of omni-perception and the true construct of reality.

Dr. Laurel said, “What I’d like you to do now is spend a few minutes thinking of how you’ve seen your Dharma manifest itself in your life. Then we’ll go around the room and tell the others.”

How had I seen my Dharma? Better yet, how hadn’t I?

When my turn came I said, “I’ve been aware for a long time that I had a knack for seeing how things relate together in the big picture. What can and can’t be. How if you change one thing, it can change everything. What is, and what probably isn’t true. Of course, when I was young I didn’t think this was unusual.”

I told them the story I wrote about early on when my sister talked about Santa Claus and reindeer on the roof. I said I wasn’t sure back then if she was serious, or if she was telling this little story about the reindeer for my benefit.

I continued by saying, “I kept up the pretense about Santa with all my classmates and everyone around me until they all finally caught on. That must have been when I was seven or eight—some were probably even older. I didn’t want to spoil their fun.”

I looked at notes I'd made in my journal. "How has my Dharma, omni-perception, manifested in my life? Well, for starters it comes through in the type of novels I enjoy writing.

I've had some success with what at that time was a new genre called 'visionary fiction,' a category recently established back at that time by the Library of Congress. The word 'visionary' was being used in the sense that the author or the characters have an ability to see beyond the veil. Rather than being set only in physical reality as 99.99 percent of novels are, mine take into account the existence of a non-physical realm and the impact this realm has on people and events.

"To my way of thinking, a novel that doesn't factor in a person's soul purpose, or their karma from previous lives, or the fact that we are spiritual beings here on earth in physical bodies to learn, is only dealing with a small part of a much larger story. And something else. Life is a continuum. To have a story end at the end of a life may be to end the story in the middle. Or at the beginning. At least that's the way I see it, and when I tell a story I want to tell it all.

"Another way my ability for omni-perception manifests is kind of funny, really. In the case of many books and movies I'm able after about five minutes to see how the whole story is going to unfold. A point comes, often very early on, where everything just sort of clicks into place for me. What comes afterwards is so predictable that it's boring. There's no way the story can play out any differently unless the writer breaks all the rules. And writers who've

made it to the level where they're writing for the movies or popular fiction don't break those kinds of rules. If I'm watching TV, for example, I'll switch to another channel or turn it off and go to bed."

I took a breath and looked around. Mainly I saw blank stares. "Up until today," I said, "I thought this ability to connect the dots, as I called it in the past, was a talent I was born with. Now I realize that it's a skill that's been developed."

After we finished going around the room and everyone had spoken, Dr. Laurel said, "What I'd like you to do now is draw a picture of your Dharma."

She passed around a book on something called Mind Mapping.

"You might want to use the technique explained in this book. You put the main idea in the middle, in this case your Dharma. And then the various ramifications that spread out from it."

I'd used Mind Mapping before to outline books. So I grabbed a large piece of paper and some crayons. First, I stopped by my room and found my wallet. I pulled out a dollar bill and studied the pyramid with the eye on top radiating light. Then I went to the dining room and sat down at the table. In the middle of the paper I drew a triangle with an eye inside. On the sides of the triangle I wrote "Body, mind, spirit." Then I drew rays of light shooting out from this to form a large circle, around which I wrote "all that is." Inside this circle I wrote "understanding what, why, how," and the words, "manifest" and "knowable." I di-

vided the outside of the circle into a dark section and a light section. On one I wrote “yin.” On the other, “yang.” On one side starting in the dark section and continuing into the light, I wrote “unknowable.” I did the same on the other side with the words “not manifest.”

I studied my creation. Something wasn't quite right.

I went to the living room, found a pair of scissors on the coffee table and trimmed the corners until it was a circle.

It took the others a while longer to finish their mind maps, so show and tell came after dinner. When it got to me, I held up my drawing and said, “We're all part of the One Life. Each of us is a sliver of the energy and intelligence that in the western world calls God. We're like pieces of a hologram in the sense that each piece contains the whole picture. As such, every one of us is at the center of Creation looking out at our world, our reality, our creation—with both a small ‘c’ and a capital ‘C.’ The best way I know to get a sense of this is to stand on a mountain top. I have a home on a mountain in Virginia, and the summit is only a ten-minute walk. I go there to meditate whenever I can. Try it and you'll realize you are the center of everything.”

I pointed to the middle of my drawing. “This triangle with an eye is me. Like you, I am both the creator and the creation. From my vantage point at the center I view my creation. I've labeled the sides of the triangle ‘body, mind and spirit.’ You see, anything physical such as a human body is like a triangle. Two sides must be in place before you have a third. The first side is spirit, which is life, the second is mind, which is the builder, and the third, the body, is the result.”

I took a breath and thought about Rupert Sheldrake, the English biochemist whose theory of morphogenetic fields fit perfectly with this explanation while it filled in the holes that currently exist in the theory of genetics and evolution. But this wasn't the time to get into that.

I continued by saying, "The circle of light around the triangle is all that is manifest, all that has come into being. This is what can be known and what I seek to know. Outside the circle of light is all that is, as of now, not yet manifest, and therefore, is unknowable. I represent this with yin and yang that have not yet come together. They're only potential at this point."

I looked around. From the furrowed brows, I wasn't sure anyone understood a thing I'd said. No questions were asked.

After everyone had their turn at show and tell Laurel said, "I'd like you each to take a piece of paper and write down on it whatever might possibly keep you from expressing your Dharma, or whatever could keep you from accomplishing your life mission. These obstacles were mentioned in some of your reports. You might think of this potential blockage as a demon. You can draw a picture of it if you like."

Christine passed out sheets of paper. I took one and wrote, "Laziness."

After a couple of minutes later Laurel said, "In a minute we're going out on the front porch to have a ceremony. We are going to light a fire, and then we are going to burn those demons. I'll lead the ceremony but you are

welcome to prepare a few words or a prayer to say before you burn your demon.”

Night had come, and the rain had returned. It was cool and damp outside. The sounds of insects closed in on me. Beyond the porch was inky black forest.

A large metal trash can had been placed at the far end of the porch. Dr. Dan balled up some paper, lit it, and threw it in. Laurel said a prayer beseeching God to help us accomplish our missions, overcome our demons and practice our Dharmas. One after the other each of us went to the can and tossed in our paper. When my turn came, I stopped before the blaze and said, “Lord of the universe, Higher Self, I know that only laziness can keep me from a full understanding of You and of my Dharma, omni-perception. Therefore, having no need for laziness, I offer this demon to you in flame. I burn it, and in so doing convert it into energy that I convey to you as an offering.”

That night when I went to bed, I told my Higher Self that I wanted to know just how this omni-perception works so that I could explain it to others.

I WOKE UP EARLY ON SUNDAY MORNING. It was a good morning to stay in bed and think. Rain was still gently falling, and I felt cozy and warm under the covers. A lot had gone on the day before and there was much to think about. The question that really had me stumped was, how could I teach others about how omni-perception works when I didn't know myself? I'd thought it was a gift. I hadn't tried to analyze how it worked.

The UVa professor popped into my mind, the man I'd interviewed for the California-based magazine. As I lay in bed in Windyville, Missouri listening to the rain gently falling, I recalled how I'd misjudged how long it would take to drive from my office in Richmond to Charlottesville that day. His office was in one of the buildings that lines the "Lawn" at the University.

I'd parked my car across the street, and made a beeline in the direction of the Rotunda, a historic building designed by and built under the supervision of Thomas Jefferson. I hurried past students who strolled red brick walkways and sat on steps reading or talking. I stopped one to ask directions, and found my way a down flight of steps and into the office of Jeffrey Hopkins.

We exchanged pleasantries. I pulled a tape recorder from my briefcase. "I hope you don't mind if I use this," I said. "Keeps me from having to take notes."

"No problem."

"I understand that the Dalai Lama is coming to Northern California," I said.

"Yes, he's coming to the West Coast and briefly to the East Coast, to Washington."

"What's his mission?" I asked.

Professor Hopkins said, "I assume it is to spread his message of compassion, of not accepting the way things appear, and the need to develop the wisdom to penetrate appearances."

Penetrate appearances. Now I knew why that interview came to mind.

I asked the professor if he would tell me about the Dalai Lama. Among other things he said, “I’d say that he worked very hard to develop a message that would be suitable not just for Buddhists, not just for religious people, but for the whole world.”

“Can you distill that message?”

“It is to recognize that everyone wants happiness, and doesn’t want suffering. That everybody is like oneself in that very important respect, and that we need to act from within that recognition. It’s very easy for us each just to say, ‘Oh right,’ and then go on being selfish. But to recognize that and to see that other people have a right to get rid of suffering, and that we shouldn’t use them to try to gain our happiness, and to make the kindness that results from this realization the very basis for society. The Dalai Lama once said, and it’s in my book, that ‘society is kindness.’ I thought, well, that’s his broken English. But now I realize it wasn’t broken English. In fact, what he said has a real wallop to it.”

I said, “So the idea is that someone you might consider your enemy, or totally unscrupulous, is striving for the same thing you want through their own methods?”

Professor Hopkins said, “Yes, and we cannot fail to notice that some people’s methods for gaining happiness and getting rid of suffering are really weird and wrong. We need to help them learn how to stop those methods. But nevertheless, their goal is happiness, just as ours is.”

I felt my brow furrow. “Isn’t that the purpose of karma? To teach us what works and what doesn’t?”

Hopkins said, “I don’t know if it’s the purpose of karma. Karma just is. So often we suffer and don’t learn a thing.”

“But if the boomerang keeps coming back at us, when what goes around eventually comes around, after a few times shouldn’t we say, ‘What a minute, how come this keeps coming back at me?’”

Hopkins said, “Thus is the purpose of teaching—to alert one to what’s possibly going on. To encourage people to reflect.’

I asked the professor about his new book.

He smiled. “The principle is the one the Dalai Lama keeps repeating, which is, ‘Just as I want to alleviate my suffering, so does this person.’ It tells how to cultivate this attitude in meditation by reflecting on individual persons one after another, starting with friends and working to less strong friends, then working to people whom you know but haven’t paid much attention. Then you progress to difficult people, then to the least of your enemies, and one by one proceed hopefully to some of your worst enemies.”

I popped out of my reverie and back to Missouri. Seeing things from another’s point of view. Meditating so that you get inside another’s skin. Pretty basic, I thought. But nevertheless it could be a key. Maybe for a lot of people it’s not something they do very often—not something they have even thought about.

I decided to think about that at a later time. For the moment I wanted to return to that conversation in Virginia. I could still picture the professor. He had the most pleasant smile.

I said to the professor, “Isn’t that what Jesus said? To pray for your enemies?”

“Yes, and to hate the sin not the sinner. Don’t make the person the object of your problem. Make the attitude the problem. Christianity is well known for its care and compassion for others,” he said.

“Jesus also said that God makes his rain to fall and his sun to shine on the wicked and the good.”

Hopkins nodded. “Yes, and there is also a lot of emphasis on helping the poor and the downtrodden.”

“If someone reads your book, *Cultivating Compassion*, and they strive to do just that, what is the end goal to be achieved?”

Hopkins gave a little shrug. “The goal in this system is to get to an increasingly more developed level where one can help others more and more. It’s not to disappear in Nirvana or anything like that.”

“So helping others through service is the path?”

Hopkins said, “It is both the path and the goal. The perfection of mind and body is for the sake of enabling one to provide service.”

“What else do you want people to know about your book?”

“It lays out the steps for developing compassion and provides techniques for getting around problems that arise in trying to do this. The exercises given are very clear.”

I asked, “Would you classify your book as a work-book?”

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“It certainly is a workbook. The meditative exercises are in bold type and in between are descriptions of how to do it. It’s designed to help lead the person towards the development of compassion. At minimum, one gets an idea of what some other people are doing. At maximum, one does it oneself and improves a little. What more can one ask?”

My mind drifted back to the present. Being able to put oneself in another’s shoes was only part of what was necessary in developing omni-perception. But the reality behind what the professor had said opened a door in my mind.

I pulled back the covers and got out of bed. Thoughts swirled. I reached for a pen and my journal and began to write furiously. When I got back home, I’d start a new book. This weekend would be part of it.

Chapter Eight

My Work Shifts Toward Books

I worked at VanSant Dugdale Advertising in Baltimore from 1967 to 1973, and in 1973, I was hired away by my brother David to become the manager of the Washington D.C. office of Martin & Woltz. I mentioned earlier that my brother David bought out George Woltz in 1975, and I returned to Richmond as a principal of what became The Martin Agency. Our firm was quite successful, and it was acquired by a large New York based firm in the late 1980s. Without going into a lot of detail about how my next job change came about, I'll simply say I became the CEO of a spinoff of The Martin Agency called Hawley Martin Partners around 1990. That firm was named for David's and my dad, Hawley Martin. We were the partners. That firm was acquired by an ad agency holding company around the mid 1990s. When that happened, I decided to go off on my own. Essentially, I freelanced after that, and in 1995, I founded The Oaklea Press.

Although I continued to derive most of my income from advertising and marketing, as the years went by, I put more and more effort into books. In 2007 I founded what then was called an Internet radio talk show, and today would be called a podcast, the underlying purpose of which was to promote my books. It was quite successful and before long I was averaging 30,000 downloads a week.

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The name of the show was “The Truth about Life,” and it provided a wealth of material for me to use later in books written with the objective of creating a new and accurate worldview. During the three years it ran, from 2007 through 2009, I interviewed well more than a hundred individuals engaged in research into the true nature of reality, from physicists to researchers into different aspects of the paranormal, to near death survivors. I’ll list some of them shortly along with others I consider LightWorkers who have incarnated on Earth to help bring about the new worldview I also came to Earth this time to usher in.

As previously mentioned, in 2009, I wrote and published *The Science of Life After Death*, which generated a great deal of wrath from Secular Humanists. Here are some of the books I wrote and published after that with the same objective:

Is Science in Denial

How Science Reveals God

Proof Mind Creates Matter

Afterlife, The Whole Truth

The Secret of Life

The Truth about Life

A New Cosmology

Proof We’re All One

Your Guide to Fourth Density

Edgar Cayce, The Meaning of Life and What to Do About It

You Are Eternal

Death Is Fiction, Fear an Illusion

How I Help 33 LightWorkers

Fast Track to Higher Consciousness: What They Don't Teach in School about Who and What You Are and Where You're Headed

If you haven't read any of my books intended to help create a new worldview, let me say the last two will probably tell you just about everything you need to know.

Chapter Nine

A Who's Who of Light Workers

Rupert Sheldrake

In my opinion, Rupert Sheldrake, PhD, author of *The Science Delusion* and at least a half dozen or so other books that point out the absurdity of beliefs held dear by perhaps the majority of supposedly highly educated folk today, is one of my biggest heroes in the effort to wake up humanity to the fallacies of Physicalism, aka Scientific Materialism. In the aforementioned book, he names the ten dogmas that are the default worldview, he says, of most educated people all over the world, the number one being that the universe is a machine-like structure as are animals and plants. We're taught in school that people are machines with brains that essentially are genetically programmed computers.

Dogma Number Two, which is closely related to Dogma Number One, is that matter is unconscious, which, as you now know, is contrary to statements made by Max Planck, the scientist responsible for quantum theory, who said that consciousness is fundamental.

Dogma Number Three is that the laws of nature are fixed, that they are the same now as they were at the time of the big bang, and they'll be the same forever. Sheldrake provides evidence from the historical record that this is

not so, that so-called constants, such as the speed of light and the strength of gravity, fluctuate over time. In other words they are not constant, but that the scientists who measure such things use fudge factors to make it appear they are.

The Fourth Dogma that he torpedoed is that the total amount of matter and energy in the universe is always the same, that it never changes in total quantity except at the moment of the big bang when it all sprang into existence from nowhere and nothing in a single instant.

The Fifth Dogma is that nature is purposeless, that the evolutionary process has no purpose or direction. As you know from having read Chapter One of this book, Idealists like me argue that the purpose of evolution is the evolution of consciousness to ever-higher states.

Dogma Number Six is that biological heredity is material, that we inherit everything in our genes or in epigenetic modifications of the genes. Sheldrake has written an entire book, *A New Science of Life*, arguing that genes work together with morphogenetic fields to form and shape living organisms as they develop and grow in a mother's womb. A morphogenetic field acts as the blueprint and the genes determine what proteins are made and when. In other words, having genes without a field would be like delivering building materials to a job site without a blueprint or a plan that indicates how to put them together.

Dogma Seven is that memories are stored inside the brain as material traces, that somehow everything we remember is in the brain in modified nerve endings and

phosphorylated proteins. No one knows how this works but nevertheless almost everyone in the scientific world believes it.

Dogma Number Eight, which logically follows Seven, is that your mind is inside your head. All your consciousness is the activity of your brain and nothing more. Several facts pop to mind that clearly indicate that Seven and Eight simply are not so. First is the double slit experiment, which has been conducted laboratories all over the world, the outcome of which changes predictably based on what the researcher knows or doesn't know. How, if what the researcher knows is strictly confined to the inside of his or her head, could that be possible? Second, at least for me, is the fact that thousands, if not millions of people have come back from being clinically dead with clear and accurate memories of what doctors and nurses were saying in the operating room during the time that their brains were not functioning at all. Third are the 1700 "solved" cases of children accurately recalling past lives by researchers at the University of Virginia. On average, these children were born about 15 months after their death in the previous life. Obviously, during at least six of those 15 months, they had no brain.

Dogma Nine, which flows from Dogma Number Eight, is that psychic phenomena such as telepathy are impossible. Your thoughts and intentions cannot have any effect at a distance because your mind is inside, and stays inside, your skull. Therefore, all the apparent evidence for telepathy and other psychic phenomena is illusory despite thirty

years of research conducted at Duke University by J. B. Rhine that demonstrated that ESP can and does happen.

Dogma Number Ten is that mechanistic medicine is the only kind that really works. Sheldrake says this is why governments only fund research into mechanistic medicine and ignore complementary and alternative therapies. Those can't possibly really work because they're not mechanistic; they may appear to work because people would have gotten better anyway or because of the placebo effect, when in fact the placebo effect clearly demonstrates that the mind—belief—can make a person well. As any pharmacologist will tell you, in many cases a sugar pill will outperform the medicine it's up against in a double blind test.

Rupert Sheldrake tops my list of LightWorkers because of his exhaustive work to get the truth out about the absurdity of Physicalism, but he is only one of many. Here are the other 32 LightWorkers whose work has had a positive influence on me and my work, which I think may have helped destroy, or at the very least is in the process of destroying Scientific Materialism:

Albert Einstein

In 1905, Albert Einstein, born 1879 and died 1955, a German-born theoretical physicist, published a paper proving that light behaves both as a wave and as particles. This, as well as Einstein's famous formula, $E = MC^2$, indicates reality and matter are not what they seem. Matter or mass as it is referred to in this formula is equivalent to energy and vice versa. He is often quoted as having said, "Reality is merely an illusion, albeit a very persistent one."

Max Planck

Max Planck, born 1858 and died 1947, was the founder of quantum theory for which he won the Nobel Prize in 1918. As previously stated, he believed that consciousness is the ground of being of physical reality and that matter does not exist as we typically think of it.

Carl Jung

In 1912 Swiss psychiatrist Carl Jung, born 1875 and died 1961, published a book known in English as *The Psychology of the Unconscious* that postulated a collective unconscious, sometimes known as collective subconscious. According to Jung there is an unconscious mind shared by a society, a people, or all humanity, that is the product of ancestral experience and contains such concepts as the classic archetypes, science, religion, and morality.

J. B. Rhine

In the early 1930s a man named J. B. (Joseph Banks) Rhine moved from Harvard University to Duke to set up a parapsychology laboratory. Rhine not only founded the parapsychology lab at Duke, he also founded the *Journal of Parapsychology* and the Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man. His double blind studies conducted largely between 1930 and 1960 established that ESP exists and is real.

Eugen Herrigel

In 1953, Eugen Herrigel, born 1884 and died in 1955, a German philosopher who taught philosophy at Tohoku Imperial University in Sendai, Japan, from 1924 through

1929 published the book, *Zen and the Art of Archery* (Vintage Books, 1999). This introduced Zen Buddhism to the West and the concept that “All Is One,” i.e., everything is connected rather than made up of separate parts. How else could Zen masters shoot arrows while blindfolded and consistently hit the bull’s-eyes of targets many yards away?

Ian Stevenson

In 1962 Ian Stevenson, a psychiatrist, published a book called *Twenty Cases Suggestive of Reincarnation* based on children’s memories of past lives. He became the director of the Division of Perceptual Studies [DOPS] at the University of Virginia School of Medicine and subsequently published a shelf full of books about different aspects of reincarnation based on his research.

Alan Watts

In 1966 a British philosopher named Alan Watts, born 1915 and died 1973, published a book called *The Book: On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are*. Known as an interpreter and popularizer of Asian philosophies for a Western audience, Watts wrote more than 25 books and numerous articles on subjects such as personal identity, the true nature of reality, higher consciousness and the meaning of life.

Cleve Backster

In 1966 a polygraph expert named Cleve Backster, born 1924 and died 2013, began research that demonstrated living plants tune into the thoughts and intentions of humans as well as other aspects of their environments,

thus indicating some sort of hidden mental connection between living things. His findings were ridiculed, but have since been confirmed by other researchers.

Ernest Lester Smith

If matter is all that is as many scientists believe, consciousness could not have existed until evolution produced a brain. A book that argued this does not make sense entitled *Intelligence Came First* was published in 1975. It was compiled and edited by Ernest Lester Smith, born 1904, died 1992, a Fellow of the Royal Society—the prestigious scientific academy of the United Kingdom, dedicated to promoting excellence in science. Smith’s book caused quite a bit of controversy when it came out. The premise is that, throughout the eons of evolution, needs have preceded the organs through which they are fulfilled—eyes, ears, taste buds, hearts, kidneys, and so forth. Could all of them have come about by chance, i.e., random mutations followed by natural selection? Who that’s taken the time and effort to really think about the complexity of an eye, a liver, or a kidney could possibly think it could have happened by accident? And yet it appears that back in 1975, the scientific community did just that.

Raymond Moody

In 1978 a young man with a B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. from the University of Virginia and an M.D. from Georgia Medical School named Raymond Moody (born 1944) published a book called *Life After Life*, in which he detailed the experiences of people who had been clinically dead and resuscitated.

Scott Peck

Also in 1978, a psychiatrist named M. Scott Peck, born 1936 and died 2005, published a book that became a huge bestseller called, *The Road Less Traveled: A New Psychology Of Love, Traditional Values And Spiritual Growth*. Among other things, Peck's book dealt with the phenomenon of grace. He said grace was both common and to a certain extent, predictable. He also wrote that, "grace will remain unexplainable within the conceptual framework of conventional science and 'natural law' as we understand it."

Gary Zukav

In 1979, Gary Zukav, a former Green Beret during the war in Vietnam, published a book called *The Dancing Wu Li Masters: An Overview of the New Physics*. Targeted for laymen, it explained the basics of quantum physics in everyday language, i.e., without the use of complicated mathematics. Zukav concluded that, "the philosophical implication of quantum mechanics is that all of the things in our universe (including us) that appear to exist independently are actually parts of one all-encompassing organic pattern, and that no parts of that pattern are ever really separate from it or from each other."

Joseph Campbell

In the mid 1980s a television series appeared on PBS called *The Power of Myth*, featuring author and Sarah Lawrence College Comparative Religion Professor, Joseph Campbell, born 1904 and died 1987. These programs made

an impact on a significant segment of the public and opened their eyes to the possibility of the existence of what might be termed “a spiritual dimension.”

Brian Weiss

Also in the mid 1980s, Brian L. Weiss, MD, a psychiatrist, put a patient into a hypnotic trance and directed her to go back to the time when her problem originated. She then began to describe a life that took place 3500 years prior. One result that came about was the best selling book, *Many Lives, Many Masters*.

A graduate of Columbia University and Yale Medical School, Dr Weiss is Chairman Emeritus of Psychiatry at the Mount Sinai Medical Center in Miami. He is also the author of many books and maintains a private practice in Miami.

Randolph Byrd

In July 1988, Dr. Randolph Byrd, a cardiologist, published an article in the *Southern Medical Journal* about the effects of prayer on cardiac patients. Over a ten-month period, he used a computer to assign 393 patients admitted to the coronary care unit at San Francisco General Hospital either to a group that was prayed for by home prayer groups (192 patients), or to a group that was not prayed for (201). A double blind test, neither the patients, doctors, nor the nurses knew which group a patient was in.

The patients who were remembered in prayer had remarkably, and a statistically significant number of better experiences and outcomes than those who were not prayed for.

Raymond Chiao

Raymond Chiao, a Hong Cong native and quantum physicist then teaching at the University of California at Berkeley, published a paper in 1995 about a series of experiments. The paper, reported upon in a July 1995 issue of *Newsweek* magazine, said that what researchers knew or did not know about certain aspects of each experiment had a predictable determination on their outcomes. In other words, what was in the researchers' minds—i.e. thought—apparently determined the result.

F. Holmes Atwater

In 2001, F. Holmes (“Skip”) Atwater published a book detailing how in 1979 he set up and managed—until his retirement from the Army in 1988—a remote viewing unit of U. S. Army intelligence that successfully spied on Eastern Bloc nations. The book was entitled, *Captain of My Ship, Master of My Soul: Living With Guidance* (Hampton Roads Publishing Company, 2001).

Stephan Schwartz

Stephan A. Schwartz is a Distinguished Consulting Faculty of Saybrook University, a BIAL fellow and columnist for the journal *Explore*, and editor of the daily web publication Schwartzreport.net. For 50 years he has been studying the nature of consciousness. An accomplished remote viewer, he was on my radio show in the summer of 2008. One of the amazing stories he told was about the predictions made by a college seminar class about the cap-

ture of Saddam Hussein. On November 2, 2003, after being taught the basic skills of remote viewing, 47 of those who'd attended the seminar agreed to "Describe the location of Saddam Hussein at the time of this capture or discovery by U.S. or coalition forces." The students' data was collected and analyzed, including points of consensus concerning the physical location, as well as things that were not likely to be predictable—such as Hussein's appearance on the day of his capture. The data were photocopied and distributed to a number of people, and then turned over to a third party, Herk Stokeley, Director of Atlantic University. Stokeley placed the data in an envelope, which he sealed in front of a notary, who affixed her seal across the envelope's flap. The envelope was then placed in a vault.

Hussein was captured about six weeks later, on December 13, 2003. The remote viewing documents in the safe said he would be beneath an ordinary looking house on the outskirts of a small village near the city of Tikrit, and that the house would be part of a small compound that's bordered on one side by a dirt road and, on the other by a nearby river. Two large palm trees would mark the ends of the house. All this turned out to be true.

Remote viewing also predicted Hussein would be found crouching in a subterranean room or cave reached by a tunnel. This was true.

Remote viewing said Hussein would look like a homeless person with dirty rough clothing, long ratty hair and a substantial and equally ratty salt and pepper beard. This was true.

Remote viewing said he would have only two or three supporters with him at the time of his discovery. He had two.

Remote viewing said he'd have a gun with him. He had a pistol.

Remote viewing said he would have a quantity of money. He had \$750,000 in cash.

Remote viewing said he would be defiant, but would not put up any resistance and would be tired and dispirited. This was true.

What's the take-away from all this? The one mind we all share contains all—past, present and probable future.

Henry Stapp

Henry Pierce Stapp is an American mathematical physicist, known for his work in quantum mechanics, particularly the development of axiomatic S-matrix theory. When he was on my radio show in summer 2008, I asked him about the idea that consciousness is the ground of being of physical reality. He confirmed the widely held view by quantum physicists that the universe resembles a giant thinker.

Rogerio Lobo

Also in 2001, a study published in the September issue of the *Journal of Reproductive Medicine* showed that prayer was able to double the success rate of in vitro fertilization procedures that lead to pregnancy. The findings revealed that a group of women who had people praying for them had a 50 percent pregnancy rate compared to a 26 percent

rate in the group of women who did not have anyone praying for them. In the study—led by Rogerio Lobo, chairman of obstetrics and gynecology at Columbia University’s College of Physicians & Surgeons—none of the women undergoing the IVF procedures knew about the prayers on their behalf. Nor did their doctors. In fact, the 199 women were in Cha General Hospital in Seoul, Korea, thousands of miles from those praying for them in the U.S., Canada and Australia. This collaborates with other studies and quantum physics theory that distance is not a factor at the subatomic level of mind.

Lynne McTaggart

In 2002, Lynne McTaggart’s book, *THE FIELD: The Quest for the Secret Force of the Universe* was published, and in 2008 another of her books was released, *The INTENTION EXPERIMENT: Using Your Thoughts to Change Your Life and the World*. When she was on my show in early 2008, she described some of these experiments and the terrific success she and her colleagues have had.

Kevin J Todeschi

Kevin Todeschi was the Executive Director of Edgar Cayce’s Association for Research and Enlightenment when I interviewed him for my Internet radio show in 2007. An authority on the readings of Edgar Cayce, he supplied much of the information for my book, *Edgar Cayce, The Meaning of Life and What to Do About It*.

Peter Woodbury

Peter Woodbury is also an authority on the Edgar Cayce readings whom I interviewed in 2007 for my radio show. He also provided much of the material for my book, *Edgar Cayce, The Meaning of Life and What to Do About It*. A clinical psychologist, Peter is an accomplished past life regression therapist.

Stephen E. Braude

In 2007, Stephen E. Braude published the book, *The Gold Leaf Lady and Other Parapsychological Investigations*. The book tells the story of Katie, a woman who demonstrated that the mind can produce matter—in this case brass: 80% copper and 20% zinc with its huge implications for quantum physics and the origins of the physical universe.

Jim B Tucker

At the time I interviewed him in 2008, Jim B Tucker, M.D., was a child psychiatrist at the University of Virginia School of Medicine who had taken up the study of children's memories of past lives from Ian Stevenson, who died in 2007. He is currently the Director of DOPS. Dr Tucker has written several books on reincarnation based on his research at the university.

Julie Beischel

Also in 2008, Julie Beischel, Ph.D., published a paper in *The Journal of Parapsychology* in which she concluded that “certain mediums can report accurate and specific information about the deceased loved ones (termed discar-

nates) of living people (termed sitters) even without any prior knowledge about the sitters or the discarnates and in the complete absence of any sensory sitter feedback. Moreover, the information reported by these mediums cannot be explained as a result of fraud or ‘cold reading’ (a set of techniques in which visual and auditory cues from the sitter are used to fabricate ‘accurate’ readings) on the part of the mediums or bias on the part of the sitters.”

Bruce Greyson

In 2011 Bruce Greyson, M.D. who is now Professor Emeritus of Psychiatry and Neurobehavioral Sciences at the University of Virginia School of Medicine gave a lecture that was recorded for YouTube that provided compelling evidence that the brain does not create consciousness, but rather acts as a receiver that integrates consciousness with the body. He has recently published a book called *After: A Doctor Explores What Near-Death Experiences Reveal about Life and Beyond*.

Stephen Meyer

In 2020, Stephen Meyer’s book, *The Return of the God Hypothesis: Compelling Scientific Evidence for the Existence of God* was published by HarperOne. It presents what the publisher calls “groundbreaking scientific evidence of the existence of God, based on breakthroughs in physics, cosmology, and biology.”

Aaron Abke

Aaron Abke is a paradigm-shifting spiritual teacher that delivers a fresh, new perspective on Metaphysics and

Ontology through his teachings on the *Law of One, A Course In Miracles* and Spiritual Intelligence. Aaron aims to provide humanity with the tools, knowledge, and practices needed to aid our collective ascension to Enlightenment, or “4th Density Consciousness.” His passion and purpose is to awaken this planet to the awareness of our oneness and collective destiny as an Enlightened civilization.

Thomas Warren Campbell

Thomas Warren Campbell is a physicist, lecturer, and author of the *My Big T.O.E. (Theory of Everything)* trilogy, a work that claims to unify general relativity, quantum mechanics, and metaphysics along with the origins of consciousness.

Jeffrey Mishlove

New Thinking Allowed host, Jeffrey Mishlove, PhD, is author of *The Roots of Consciousness, Psi Development Systems,* and *The PK Man*. He is the recipient of the only doctoral diploma in the world from an accredited university that says, “Parapsychology.”

Rupert Spira

Rupert Spira is an international author, speaker and teacher of non-duality. In clips taken from conversations at meetings or retreats, he discuss all aspects of the non-dual understanding — from the initial investigation into our essential nature of pure Awareness, to the deeper exploration of consciousness and the separate ‘me-feeling’ in the body, to the realignment of the mind, body and world with this new understanding.

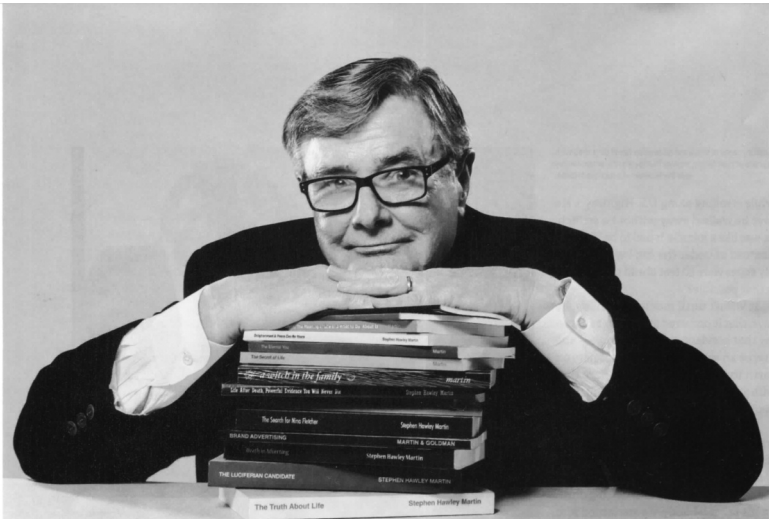
How I Help 33 LightWorkers

I have had the privilege of interviewing a number of the individuals listed above, and I have read books by or am otherwise familiar with the work of those I have not interviewed. I can honestly say that without them, I would have had nothing but speculation and personal experiences to contribute to the cause of elevating humanity out of ignorance of Secular Humanism/Physicalism/Scientific Materialism. What most of them provided were hard facts and research findings.

These individuals each deserve a special place in “The New Worldview Hall of Fame” if one is ever established. I suggest you put the names of those you don’t know into Google and check them out. Read their books and watch their YouTube videos. Each one influenced me in a positive way, and I’m sure they will do the same for you.

That’s about it, folks. Thank you for taking this journey with me.

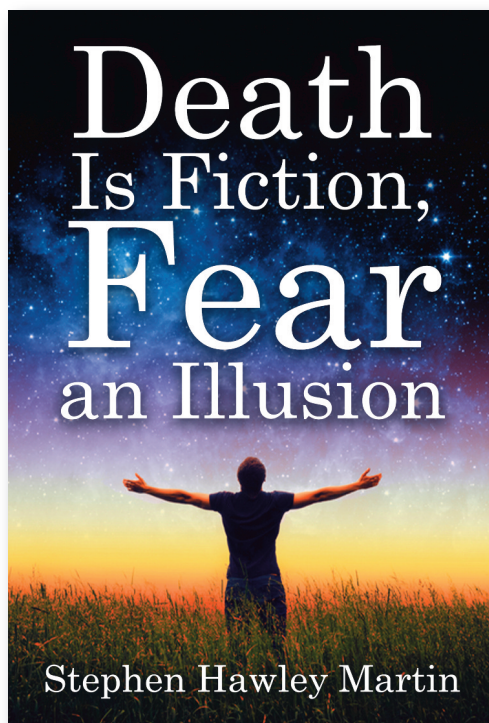
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Stephen Hawley Martin the author of more than three-dozen books, including five published novels, half a dozen business management titles, and quite a few self-help books and metaphysical investigations. He is a former principal of the world-renowned advertising agency, The Martin Agency, the firm that created the GEICO Gecko and “Virginia is for lovers.” Today, Stephen is editor and publisher of The Oaklea Press. Listed in *Who’s Who in America*, and best known as an award-winning author, Steve is the only three-time winner of the *Writer’s Digest* Book Award, having won twice for fiction and once for nonfiction. He has also won First Prize for Visionary Fiction from *Independent Publisher*, First Prize for Nonfiction from *USA Book News*, and a Bronze Metal for Visionary fiction from *Readers’ Choice Book Reviews*. He is actively looking for other authors’ manuscripts to edit and publish via The Oaklea Press. To get in touch with Stephen, visit his website and send him an email via the contact form:

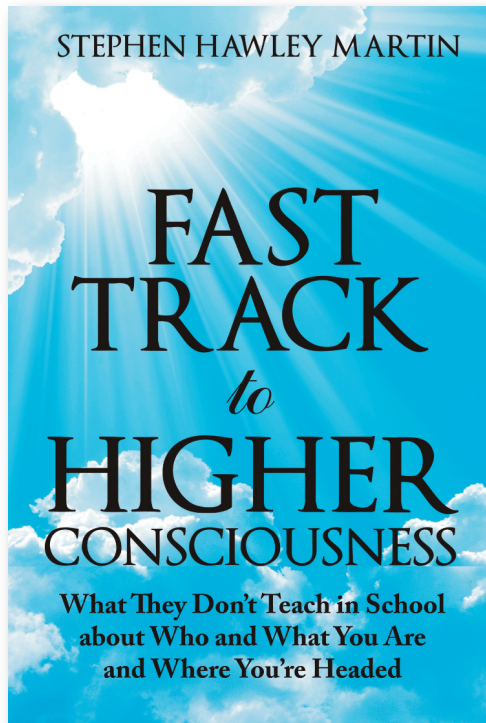
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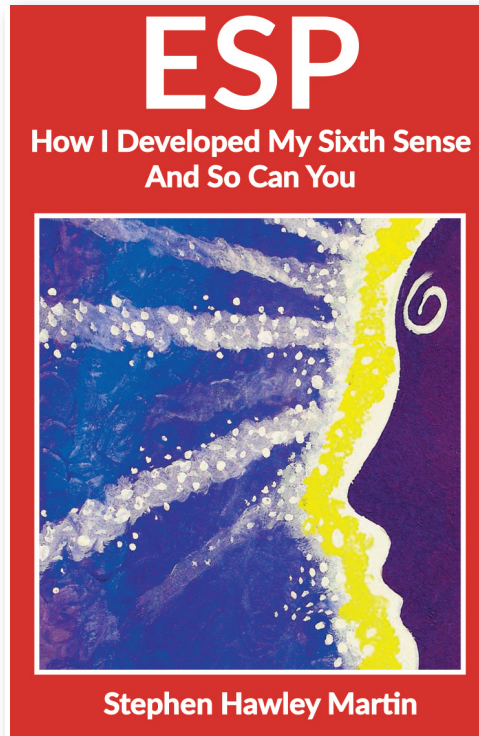
The author interviewed more than 100 experts in fields from quantum physics to consciousness research to develop an airtight case for the continuation of human consciousness after bodily death—a case he believes an open-minded individual will find impossible to refute. If you have any doubts about life after death, this is absolutely a must read.

Kindle: ASIN: B0CBS3PNZ8
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The author writes that no worldview prevalent today is correct. He lays out mind-blowing information backed by credible research that perhaps for the first time clearly reveals the truth about reality and our place in it. Read this new book and the author says you will be among the first to attain the high state of consciousness it's sure to bring.

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All the knowledge of the universe resides within you because at a deep level all minds, past and present, are connected. Everything that has ever happened, every thought, every idea is there. The trick is to draw out information when you need it. In this book Stephen explains how he learned to do so and how you can, too.

Kindle: ASIN: B07HHFFWP8
Paperback: ISBN-10: 1723835250

Edgar Cayce,

**The Meaning
of Life
and What to
Do about It**

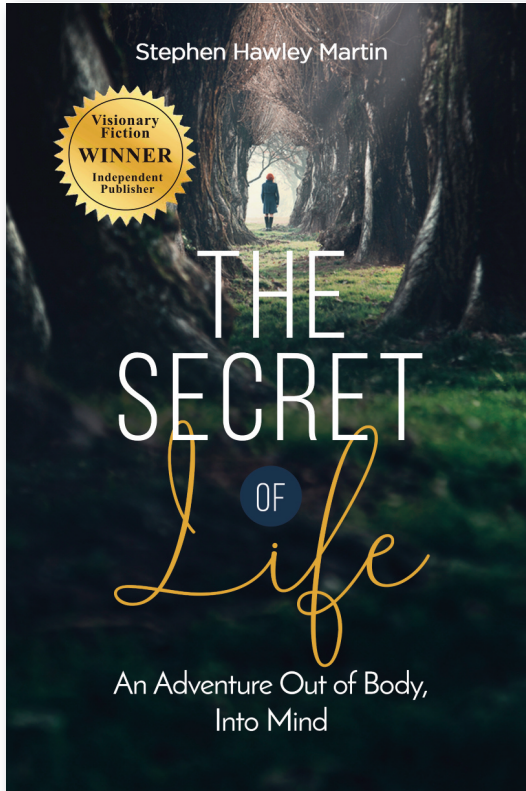


Stephen Hawley Martin

You may believe humans are spiritual beings having a physical experience, but are you sure why we're here and what we ought to do about it? This book will tell this you this and much, much more because, as the record shows, the accuracy of information revealed by Edgar Cayce's more than 14,000 psychic readings was nothing less than extraordinary.

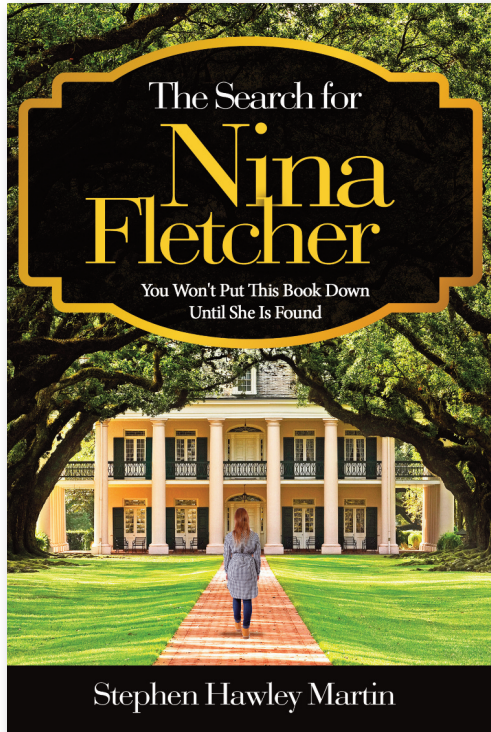
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