

My God Comes to You
By: Yours Truly
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Smashwords Edition

Is god REALLY that omnipotent you ask? My GOD is. How do I know this? Because even when I thought it was me doing the searching, the grasping, the believing in, and the harnessing up of faith, did GOD come to me and say:

We are both excited. And *I have been hurrying your way as well.* I am with you. Even when you cannot find the strength to climb another rung to me, I am hurrying down the ladder to be with you. For I am not a wholesome, loving God unless I am willing to come down to your level and get you, because I Totally, in all aspects of My Name As God, LOVE YOU!

Sometimes I MUST show up sometimes, and these times will be the best times of our lives.....

About the Copyrighter

Jay M Horne has been involved in psychology, spiritualism, and ninjutsu over twenty five years- since his first experience with interconnectedness occurred at the age of 10. Born in Jackson, Mississippi on December 1st, 1980, he attended various schools of martial arts and kept himself constantly engulfed in the study of philosophy. Eventually founding Ninja International, a school where students can learn from their own experiences and guide them selves to a deeper understanding of the world around them. Many years involved in different cultures led Jay on a mission to seek the ultimate experience of enlightenment. In 2002 his quest came to a head when he met a guru who would share with him stories that unlocked mysteries that every man eventually asks himself.

To Write to the Author

If you wish to contact the author, please write to the author and we will gladly forward your request. Both the author and the publisher appreciate hearing from you and learning of how this book may have helped you in your own quest. We cannot guarantee that every letter can be answered, but all will be forwarded. Please write to:

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for Ben
and the God in us all.

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May truth be with you and conscious guide you.

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Versus by the Author

*Did you ever find it?
What you were looking for..?
As a child, this fire wells inside us, It tells us that we have something special
planned for our lives.*

Did you ever find out what that was?



*Or did you let it fade-
And accept yourself as just another somebody?*

Prologue

“Changing the world is an inside job.”

–unknown

I was only eight years old when I experienced my first unforgettable memory. I can recall it with ease. I perhaps, was an average kid, though I never really wanted to think myself so, doing not so average things. I would set a routine for myself each day to make sure I was moving toward my imaginative goals of becoming this or that. Climb the monkey bars, jump on the trampoline, study a book on plants and minerals, catch animals, and go running. A kid in action.

“Set your goals high.” My dad would say. “Write them down and let’s look at them.” We would get together, as a family, and compare goals. My sister, a veterinarian, my brother, a pro tennis star, and then there was me, *a doctor*. What I wouldn’t say is that, secretly, I could care less about being a doctor. I wanted to be a Ninja! Okay, go ahead laugh it out. That’s fine. What would you have done? I knew everyone would laugh at me. I knew no one would support me. How does anyone make money being a Ninja? I knew from the very beginning that I was all on my own!

Nothing was ever good enough for me. Every class I took, or job I tried always seemed to fall short of my expectations. With each change of tide I would look back at my meager achievements and say to myself, “Well, time to start a new chapter.” That was the funny thing about my life in general, everything always seemed to be occurring in distinct, well laid out chapters. As if I was living some playwrights’ script he had whipped up before my birth.

So, I know that every kid has their own share of problems, but undertaking the art of Ninjutsu at the age of eight, especially with the odds against you, was the single most important choice I was forced to make. That choice funneled the streams of energy in my life into a direct point of convergence. As I thought of everything I would have to practice, writing out each technique carefully on a pad of paper as not to forget anything, I came to an astonishing conclusion. I would, literally, have to teach myself how to do nearly *everything* in a certain way to achieve perfection. I found, therefore, a new definition to Ninjutsu. It was not only, how to perfect ‘fighting’, but rather how to become a chameleon, how to imitate anyone and anything, and to blend into your surroundings. This art was going to require innumerable experiences of mind and body, solely for the purpose to be *invisible* or unnoticed at will. This undertaking was not going to be easy, it was going to be a lifelong process and perhaps, impossible all together.

Some will say that mastering yourself, or *life*, for that matter, is exceedingly impossible and should not be attempted. But, there are those who have made it their lifelong work to do so. Albert Einstein spent his entire life looking for a unifying theory of everything. Bruce Lee spent his time on Earth looking for the answer to perfect harmony. Jesus of Nazareth gave life long dedication to bringing world peace, as did Mother Teresa and many others.

And so, at a very young age I set out on a journey.... A journey for

The Perfection of Life.

1.

A Heart For Art

The backpack was not too heavy, it was all the moving about it was doing that bugged me the most. “They really need to make these things better for running.” I said as I pulled the straps tight and wiped the sweat from my forehead. Up and kick, two steps up the wall and I was atop the brick in an instant. Balance was really nothing, I had been running this wall to the bus stop for nearly a year and without a fall at all. The brick and mortar stood firm as feet pittered and pattered its surface at length.

The bus let out a loud hiss, “PSSSSSh.” I retrieved my bag from where it lay and told myself I would finish practicing my kicks later. I climbed the steps onto the bus nodding to the slightly crazed driver who would inevitably, slam the brakes on and send a few of us flying during the ride to and from school.

Elementary school wasn’t exactly as cool as the community dance, but it had its good side. That being Sarah Damon, a heartbreak in disguise. Her tresses were golden blonde, and her face, though not perfect in complexity, shined just enough to keep me mesmerized during P.E.

I am stolen away from my daydream by a deafening blow to the head., the big rubber ball makes a ‘boing’ sound a comedian would be proud of, “BOOOOOING!” I don’t hesitate. I am running full speed, gaining on my assailant. The grass is wet with early morning dew, and the air is thick with tension. He takes a sharp right, I slip, sliding at length into the fencing before regaining my feet. “You two boys, that’s it!” Mrs. Maloney screams, putting out a dead stiff arm in front of me.

Time out is for the birds. I am sitting, staring across the court at that jerk who still deserves what’s coming to him. In the end, I let it go. Something good would eventually come of that day though. My friend Marcus had hooked us up with a double date to the movie theatre that night. Sarah was his date and April mine. Sweaty palms doesn’t begin to explain my nervousness. “Okay, so it’s all planned out.” Marcus told me, and then, “When I give you the signal we’re going for it.” I nodded. I knew this was supposed to be the moment. The first kiss every little boy waits for.

The theatre was dark. We all were crowded into the back row, you know, in the corner, trying to get some privacy. I will let the fact that I can’t recall what movie it was we were there to see speak for itself. The bottom line is, yes, we got our first kiss from our date, but the kiss I got was nothing like I expected. It was, bad breath, coupled with uncomfot and awkwardness. I never asked Marcus about his experience because I noticed the eyes of his date, Sarah, connecting with mine ever so subtly. I began to get a hint. Perhaps she was here for the same reason I was, to see her, or me, whatever. Jealousy has started wars and ended eras. I knew this emotion was not for me, the moment I felt it. Seeing Sarah and Marcus together shouldn’t feel like this, and I knew it! I had taken a wrong turn somewhere, made a wrong decision, felt a wrong thought, and I was going to fix it immediately! I walked straight up to her the next day in school and told her out right, “Look. I have no time for girlfriends. I have to train and that’s all. Nothing else.” And with that I hopped on the bus headed for home, on the way learning a destructive way of tattooing myself with a straight pin. Later it would get me in deep, hot water.

The community dance was right around the corner. Despite my introvertedness of the previous week and my martial arts routines, I could not shake Sarah from my mind. I had heard since, that she had broken up with Marcus. Try as I might to forget the whole situation, I just had to know. I was going to that dance, no doubt about it.

People danced in the small building under disco balls, and changing lights, with the occasional smoke screen spraying in to the crowd and the all so familiar song 'Everybody dance now' blaring on the loud speakers. Jay sat silently in one of the chairs along the wall by the exit hoping not to get conned into another dance contest to cheesy music. Songs had played at length throughout the night, raffle prizes had been announced, and couples had danced their dance. Sarah on the other hand, had not. Sitting down beside him, she nudged him with an elbow, "So, you here to see anyone?" Jay turned a startled head to her and smiled, "You." He said. Sarah smiles back as he continues, "I have been afraid to cross this dance floor all night long. I have seen you over there and I remember what I told you, about having no time for you. I am sorry, I was wrong." She smiles and drops her gaze to the floor, "You want to dance?" he asks her. "There is only one song left." She exclaims. He knows that will do and lifts her chin softly, leading her to the floor by the hand. In the next few moments their hearts beat as one. They tell one another how they have felt for each other and they forget the world. The song had stopped long before the headlights of her dad's truck flashed through the blinds of the building. They were still dancing, "Oh my gosh. That's my dad. I can't stand him most of the time. I have to go, or he'll kill me." Sarah runs to the double doors and peers out the crack between them to confirm her fear. Jay's heart is pounding, he is utterly immobilized by the feelings that have overcome him. He hardly notices her rushing back at him, and then they meet. Her lips and his joined in a beautiful dance of infinitely soundless music. When it is over he is standing there, alone. She had left.

It wasn't more than a couple of days before I was back at school with a new found joy. I was nothing less than hopelessly excited to see her again. So I waited, and waited, and waited. News would finally come from April that her father had sent her away to Indiana to live with her step parents. I cried. My sorrow wouldn't defeat me though. I wouldn't let it! I knew that I deserved what I got. I should never had chosen martial arts over her in the first place. This was the bed I made, so I would lay in it. From that day forth, I vowed to train, and train, and train, until I made up for my mistake.

It would be years, before I loved again.

Ever feel like you can never get what you want? Well, join the club. You're problem is in wanting it. I do the same thing. As long as you are 'wanting' it, you're affirming to yourself (which is the universe) that you do not already possess that thing. Try telling yourself that you have WAY TOO MUCH of that thing already and acting like you want less of it (it works wonders:)

*Ever wonder why girls want the bad boy? Because he's acting like the last thing on his mind is women. (Like he has too much of that already.)
Or do you ever find it ironic that the only time you get opportunities to get a good chick you're already with one who isn't as good? Hmm..... think on it,*

“and in the next instant the energy went the only other way it could, straight up in a bolt of pure white light carrying my consciousness with it.



I felt like a shooting bolt of lightning would feel when a piece of itself branches out from the main charge and finds its way back.”

“No.

The feeling I had at this point was the feeling of being ‘that piece of branched off lightning’ looking back at itself, and wondering where to land on the main shaft, or perhaps not to land at all, and find some other point off in the distance, that may or may not exist in space and time.”

Enlightenment

I came upon my experience suddenly. I never thought I would taste the sting of enlightenment so soon. As a teenager, I had played with the idea of controlling my energy, worked my eyes to try and pick up auras around people in dark rooms, and had done my share of reasoning death. One thing though, I knew for sure, was that Hell did not exist! Perhaps, this is what made my spiritual journey so easy to undertake. Anyone else in my day and those forthwith would no doubt fear damning by their God so to speak. I had no religious chains holding me down, only that one single solitary belief that *Hell did not exist*. I had reasoned as a child that if there were an opposite to Earth than it better be heaven, not hell. And there wasn't room for two opposites!

I remember I had attended a party at my sister's house, accompanied by my friend Ben. The company we were in and ourselves were sipping Mimosas. Music was blaring and everyone was having a blast.

I was doing my usual, hanging back and checking auras and trying to see if I couldn't fall into a creative environment. Then I remembered something my sister had told me months earlier. She had put her hand on my shoulder and said, "Jay, God told me to tell you that everything is going to be okay." At the time I didn't know what in the hell she was talking about. I figured she was probably high on Church or Acid, or both! But now, remembering her saying that sparked something inside of me. I felt this source of movement. I felt as if I had remembered a piece of the puzzle that she needed to understand God. I approached her with a smile, mimosa in hand, and while laying a left hand on her shoulder I said to her, "Jillian, If I could tell you what I know now you would be enlightened." She looked at me with a questionable grin.

At that moment it hit me like a ton of bricks. *I know!* I know what it means to be enlightened! I started to reel. I stumbled back against the counter and turned toward the dining room for some space. I would've lost it had I not been practicing my meditative breathing and Chakra channeling. I grabbed the reigns of my energy and focused on it. I could feel my energy moving and pulsing inside me. Realizing I was alone in the dining room, I grabbed the side of a glass end table for support and focus. I could see my reflection staring back at me the moment before it became too much to bare. The energy wanted loose and it wasn't taking no for an answer. All I could do was hang on for the ride.

You hear them say your life flashes before your eyes. That time slows down so you can contemplate the moment. *Death*, you would think that you would never see it coming, but you do. The problem is when you see it coming and you don't know what to do with it. For you, I will paint a picture of words as so you may better understand my reference to this experience.

To say that my body exploded outward would be an understatement. The Big Bang is what I have come to describe it as to myself. It actually felt as if the conglomeration of ME was being dispersed out and into the nothingness around me to create the conglomeration of everything else around me. My body felt as light as a feather. I could have drifted away with the wind. I had no mass. No weight. I was pure spirit.

As MY matter rushed outward, ever slowing as it grew in circumference I began to entertain a horrifying thought, "If it reaches the end of it's journey will it not be as a yo-yo and return to it's original host?!" This was and is the only logical explanation in the end. There is no where else for the energy to go! With my increasing fear came decreasing speed of the expansion, and inevitably an exponentially fast return inward of this energy. I say 'exponentially fast' because as the outward movement slowed, the inward return increased in speed as it became closer to me. If I say that it scared me I would be sinning the holiest of sins in so much as a child can explain the beauty of a rose petal. By the time that I had thought to myself, that I may be crushed by all this matter rushing back in on me, it had already happened. I blacked out momentarily. A split second later I was looking again at the glass end table..... and then I recalled what had happened. At this moment I would conceive that I could control the movement of this energy mass with pure focus based on my training. Focus rather than fear. Will rather than wane. In the moment you have been created and destroyed you know no choice but 'total choice' and the choice is made that instant. I immediately decided to not let the energy disperse outward again in fear of another retaliation, and in the next instant the energy went the only other way it could, straight up in a bolt of pure white light carrying my consciousness with it.

I felt like a shooting bolt of lightning would feel when a piece of itself branches out from the main charge and finds its' way back.

No.

The feeling I had at this point was the feeling of being *that* piece of branched off lightning looking back at itself, and wondering where to land on the main shaft, or perhaps not to land at all, and find some other point off in the distance, that may or may not exist in space and time.

What had been previously a solid white beam of light, had now taken on the form of a column of leaflets (for lack of a better word), each with an individual experience occurring on its surface as I watched them pass at an impossible speed. I could tell I was a piece of this pillar my self, but that I had no effect on it in any way. That was until I saw something on the column that sparked my attention.

A top a hill of green, holding his sword out as if to rally his men, stood a King one could only describe as Arthur of Camelot. The man was young, nearly in his twenties, much like myself. As I found myself directing my focus on him, the scene rushed up to engulf me. In a moment I felt the wind in my hair, and the weight of the crown on my brow. I stood high atop a hill looking out over townspeople in what could only be a European countryside in a time before Christ. The people moved together up the hill toward me with soft and loving looks assuming their faces, and I knew I was standing in King Arthur's shoes after he had united the people of opposing lands.

As the company approached I began to panic. "Do I know anyone here? What do I say when they begin asking me questions? Do I have amnesia?" Constant questions were going through my mind. I couldn't fathom what the repercussions may be if they caught me impersonating their King. My panicking became much more intense. I was looking for an escape when I remembered the column of light I had arrived from. That familiar feeling of energy wanting loose reassumed my mind and in an instant I was shooting back up out of my body once again.

This time I had an idea of what was going on as I watched infinite information and images flash before me in indescribably fast speed. Despite the speed in which all the images moved, I somehow knew what was occurring in each scene. The only way to word it is as if it was moving but it was all happening at once. I focused. I began looking for something I could recognize. At once I saw a familiar image of the house I had been in prior to my experience and the people at the party in the kitchen. The next instant I was there.

I remembered my last experience on the hill immediately upon assuming my old physical form and wasn't planning on forgetting my escape route again. My friends crowded around, obviously surprised at my apparent appearing right out of thin air. I struggled to find the words to explain all the while trying to keep my focus on this energy that would allow me escape. "Are you okay?" one of the guys asks. "I'm fine." I say shortly, but I am now asking myself the same question. I am losing my focus as I pay attention to the surrounding people. My sister leans in and asks, "Your not going crazy are you?" and as I ask myself the question the scenery changes violently. Everyone is leaning in on me calling me crazy and I am about to lose control. I reach for someone in an uncontrollable deadly rage and as I realize I have killed someone I reel and my energy collapses on me hard.

Briefly I see flashing lights and struggle to take control of my energy spinning out of control, and as I remember the gruesome scene, I am dropped back into my body which is confined in a straight jacket and leaning against the door of a padded room. I am alone now and my fear of being stuck in this horrifying reality forces me to quickly turn my attention from the moment and focus on my fear of my uncontrollable energy. I focus and with a deafening scream toward the heavens my energy is rocketed away again up the beam of lightning. I could never have been happier to see it, considering all things. This time I knew what had to be done.

The images rolled by in an instant and this time I caught one of myself sitting alone on a sofa. This was it. It was the perfect opportunity. I let myself fall into the moment, and instantly I felt the soft cushion under me. I was back.

Grimoire I.



Karma Speaks

When I had my first run in with Karma he didn't resemble anything that I had expected. He was a bit frail, had a few snaggly teeth, and he kept to himself. It wouldn't be long until I found out first hand, that looks can be deceiving and, in turn, to never judge a book by its cover.

I began to see that chatting with Karma online was an excellent source of information for me after I realized why it was I could be so honest with him. He always seemed to have just as bad of luck as me, and laughed twice as much. Once I truly opened up to truth telling, which began with Karma years ago, it was like opening up the Pandora's box. I couldn't stop. If I signed in on-line and that flashing light didn't happen to be there, indicating that he was waiting for me, I would start without him. Through some form of way I would hear his answer to my questions as I typed them down. He would communicate through me in what a lot of people would call telepathy. The more I asked Karma, the more I began to realize that these responses were literally **answered prayers**.

These Grimoires consist of information entrusted to me from Karma, my spiritual advisor. The notations I have researched for their consistency with science, physics, and history. They all are surprisingly accurate. I have done my best to keep the conversations that came through him relative to the topic in the preceding chapters of each Grimoire. However, because of the vast amount of information he has portrayed to me over the years, I am, at times, required to document extra findings, that may be seemingly unrelated. But, you can trust that it will all come together in the end. I only ask that you have some faith.

GRIMOIRE I. CONVERSTAIION A.

I have read and experienced that 'belief imparts reality' that 'some things must first be believed in order to be seen'.

This is true. This is when true miracles happen. This is also the number one reason people find it hard to experience what you term 'enlightenment'. For what enlightenment asks you do is, experience something you have no concept of. How can you experience something that you have no example of, no image of?

Well then, what is enlightenment?

In a sentence; The temporary possession of infinite knowledge.

Wow.

One can only experience enlightenment when one realizes one is enlightened. As confusing as that sounds, I think I understand. Now what this also means is that I would not necessarily have to take a drug to get a desired feeling.

This is very true and you would do well to remember it. Some people get the same feeling from fasting, transcendental meditation, and even some times something as simple as appreciation.

Appreciation. Yes, I do remember a time I actually got that amazing feeling from simple appreciation.

The letter you wrote to Tosha?

Yes. I will scan it so everyone can see it. I think this was about ten years or so ago, but it explains perfectly what we have been talking about. Tosha is a person that I have known for years. I, more than once, got on her last nerve by telling her how much I loved her. But it was true, it still is. Not that, I ever expected to get loved in return. That doesn't matter and maybe it is because of her teaching me this lesson that I will always have a special place in my heart for her. I was beside her through a lot of things in her life that probably helped define her now. She really has been through the ringer. She swings the other way, if you know what I mean. Recently, I had to send her a message claiming that I was gay just so that her girlfriend would allow her to talk to me. I still haven't heard from her. Go figure.

Well, are you gay?

Might as well be!

HAHAHAH!

Here is the entry:

LAST NIGHT I CRIED. TASHA SAW ME CRY. I
am SURE SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHY. I was touched,
so deeply by a feeling — I can not explain
what it was : love, contentment, dissatisfaction,
so many emotions mixed. I think finally I got
what I wanted. Something good for once.
I have given tosha affection and showed my
love to her over and over through the years.
Finally, just last night, she kissed me. Not
to show affection, surprisingly I was never
looking for her affection. She kissed me
with a look of appreciation. That was the
best feeling I ever had. To be appreciated. I
believe that was the only time I have ever seen
true emotion that I could decipher come from
her eyes. It was beautiful. She was beautiful.
Appreciation... I guess it's just good to get
a little back sometimes. Just like she said.



3.

Creation

After my tragic loss of love as a child, my entire attention span consisted of nothing more than martial arts training, and schoolwork. Schoolwork only because I knew dad would have my butt if I started slacking. Besides elementary school is just that, like Sherlock Holmes would say to Watson when he solved a case, “Elementary my boy, elementary.” And it was in elementary school when something hit me like a ton of bricks. I sat quietly in the second row of desks while attending Miss Flewhearty’s fourth grade class. I had just finished watching some kid just get beat playing Spy Hunter on the class computer and we all were to return to our seats before the end of the day. The chubby black kid in the back row raises his hand with a chuckle. Miss Flewhearty waves in the direction of the door and says, “Just go Seneca.” Seneca Boykin had a problem controlling himself when it came to passing gas. It has come to a point that when he felt it coming on he would walk out the East door, handle his business, and return through the West door. We all had a laugh every time.

The single wooden speaker above the teacher’s desk burst with static and us kids went silent immediately. We all knew the end of the day announcements meant we were leaving soon unless the teacher found some reason to keep us extra for punishment. The speaker fills the room with the sound of feedback before, “Good afternoon Lutz Elementary. Today is Friday the thirteenth, and Halloween is just around the corner. Join us this weekend for our annual hosting of The Haunted House held in the old Elementary House out front. Make time to complete your weekend assignments and don’t forget the can food drive this weekend. The class who brings the most can food in will receive a pizza party next week before Halloween weekend. Enjoy your days off and be safe.” The feedback refills the room and the static bursts again as the classroom breaks into conversation. I still sit silently with something on my mind. I had been feeling lucky for weeks, as if everything good was *suppose* to happen to *me*. It just seemed luck had been following me around and I was ready to experiment. I was willing to bet that *my class* would win that pizza party. It would be, as the principal said, based on the amount of cans brought in, but I also knew it would largely rely on how many cans that every other class brought in as well, in comparison to ours. I also knew that my class was not filled with the most gracious kids as well, and so it would be a long shot. Next Thursday rolled around quickly and I had entirely forgotten about the food drive, and the pizza party! But when the static burst onto the speaker at the end of that day, who was announced the winner of tomorrow’s pizza party? None other than our class! With our farting Seneca Boykin and our unruly children. To top things off I had not seen a single can brought in all week! For some reason, my mere presence was bringing fortune and I knew it.

It was in this memory that I found comfort through all the events leading up to my creation. I knew somewhere down deep that everyone has in them the capacity to achieve great things, even greater things than they ever thought possible. I was at that threshold and belief was the only thing that kept me moving forward. Actually accepting my own magnificence.

People have a hard time excepting their own magnificence. Rather than believing that they are the best at anything, sometimes they rationalize to themselves that being less than perfect is just fine. In doing so they are essentially pulling the wool over their own eyes. For instance, we have experienced this thing called death in every shape and form since childhood and have been told numerous times, “Everyone dies, except it and move on.” So we have formulated to ourselves that death must be a good thing. If we didn’t think so, we would probably drive ourselves crazy worrying about it all the time. So nowadays some people even claim that were they to be presented the opportunity for eternal life they would deny it, because who wants to live forever? This, of course, is all in lieu of it’s alternative, which is dying and going where? You think you may have an idea, based on what you’ve been told, but still you’re not quite sure. You do, however, know where you would *like* to go, and we call this happy place Heaven. That magical place that is oh so beautiful where we can simply ask and then receive whatever it is we may desire. Yes, in this place of bliss, you never *have to die*, you never *worry about money*, you never *need to build relationships*, you just choose what would make you happy and viola, your wish is granted.

“We have all heard the term ‘to catch a falling star’. Dealing with death is much like this. It will not matter where it is you are going when this form you are in ceases to be. It will only matter if you know how to travel with this thing you call death. As life is a movement, so is death. For life and death are indeed one and the same. They exist as part of each other. They move within the same motion.”

Perhaps when you leave this plane and go to your own ‘heaven’, whatever it may be, there will exist your happiness. This you know. Now knowing this brings me to the artists in you directly. For being at one with your happiness in Heaven means calling forth the things that will bring you happiness. Much as a painter adds color to a canvas to reveal his desired result, you will use you new found power to *create* whatever object will bring you happiness in your newfound ‘heaven’. Thusly, heaven is heaven to all people. A place after death is how we humans would rather label it. But heaven is but heaven indeed.

So, I was sitting alone on a brown sofa in a living room. *Alone*, that is the key. My mind was still swimming with the thoughts of everything I had just experienced, but my focus was iron clad on staying here on this couch until I had it firmly planted in my experience. I was *comfortable* here. I remained with my head toward my lap where my hands were folded softly. Here I sat for what seemed hours until I finally dared to let go of the idea of returning to the pillar of light and infinite experience. Upon this relaxing exhale, I found renewed confidence and a smile assumed my face. “It actually happened.” I said softly to myself. “A human actually did it!” I exclaimed aloud.

I dared to look up at the surrounding room. It was a small room of mostly tans and earth tones. I was vaguely aware of an entertainment center which housed multiple items and the low carpeting, but my attention was occupied in recounting all the events as vividly as possible. I mentally vowed to never forget the amazing experiences I had just been gifted. Recounting the events and the things I *saw* while in my impossibly difficult spirit flights and maintenance of my destinations brought an overwhelming sense of intelligence. The indescribable experience was becoming clearer in my mind, and as I thought of everything, I began painting a clear picture in my mind of the workings of the universe. I understood the concept of interconnectedness. I could now see and explain

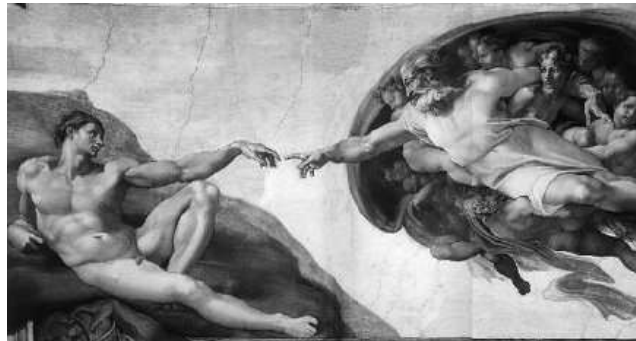
how the patterns of your thought influence the direction of your consciousness. I can remember vividly experimenting with my findings. I thought of how long it had been since I had a glass of water..... In the next moment a glass appeared in my hand, and the moment after my thirst was quenched. I seemed to possess an amazing ability. I could conjure anything I wished. There was no gap between what I chose and when I would receive it. Every vivid thought materialized immediately. I was overjoyed and excited in my newfound control over time. Pure focus was actually removing the implication that there were distinct steps to take in order to achieve an end. It was as if I had been reborn anew, with no conditioned concepts in my mind. Belief was imparting reality.

From the time I had found myself on the couch in intense focus and thought, there were no rules to live by. There were no inhibitions to prescribe to, for I knew I was all there was and there was nothing else. No one to judge me, no one to tell me what was possible and impossible. I *knew* I had put myself here in this place to be alone, that I had essentially called myself to being. It is for this reason, I say I was vaguely aware of the carpeting, the entertainment center and such. For these things, were not separate from me, they were but a mere extension of my being. I asked myself months later why I didn't choose to bring myself to a lady's locker room, or win the lottery while I had the power, but these things didn't even exist as a possibility at the time. All I seemed to be aware of was my immediate surroundings. This seemingly infinite knowledge was only amusing for a brief time in a place devoid of human contact. For while in such a high vibrational state of knowingness, I possessed no lower Charkly urges such as sex, or drugs, or physical indulgences. The amazing state of enlightenment I had achieved overshadowed all of them.

The humanity however, in me would eventually surface when I decided to let my ego creep in to the picture. After exploring every nook and cranny of my mind and knowledge, the first thing I wanted to do was TELL SOMEONE about my amazement. Not a moment later my friend Ben would come into my peripheral vision on the left and he sat facing me ready to speak. What happened at this point can only be explained as mitosis. It felt as if the creative energy that I had possessed, *all the knowledge in the universe*, was suddenly divided between the two of us. Now it was not only I that wanted to profess my amazement, but Ben as well. It would be years of physical time that we would sit on this brown couch and explain every secret of the universe to one another. Upon the near conclusion of our conversation and, for lack of better words, our bragging. We established that we together, were the Creators alone, and that *we* knew all the secrets of the universe. It was at this point that we came to realize a few new things about ourselves. One, was that everyone is a part of God, for we all came from the same universal time and place. One singular point of existence. There is no escaping what we are, for all we are is all there is. The next thing that became obvious is that consciousness and focus shared the same principles. With each new manifestation of *accepted* consciousness knowledge would divide itself as to keep itself needed in a physical sense. It is as if this energy from whence we came has its own Egoic properties. In so much as it fights for its survival by dividing its' self knowledge base between all existing conscious beings. This gives off a sense of need for each conscious being to each conscious being. It creates the illusion of Love for fellow humans through relativity of itself. For example, I now *needed* Ben because he now possessed the other half of my infinite knowledge and show compassion to him because he shares my same attributes.

Of course when our dabbling in conversation was finished, we both grew terribly excited in our recent discoveries. We were utterly magnificent and we were beginning to speak of how we came to possess opposite knowledge from one another. We reasoned that this opposite knowledge was apparent in a spiritual sense since it cannot be seen or touched. Only heard and known. This brought us to begin debating over physical opposites, black and white, light and dark, male and

A girl enters into the room from the right. I feel energy leave my body and know Ben feels the same sensation.



*You can never really know anything until you have
the ability to make a mistake.*

-Tim Lagare



Grimoire II.



Karma Returns

How do I *know* Karma will come back to me for a second round, you ask? Because *that* is exactly what Karma does ‘it returns to you’..

So, here I present the second volume of Karma’s dialogue. Typing into space, waiting for an answer. Will some answer come through me like before? I suppose, first I need a question. If you don’t ask you don’t get right?

GRIMOIRE II. CONVERSATION A.

Wrong.

What? I was about to ask a question.

You just did.

I did?

Yes. Look back. You said, “If you don’t ask you don’t get right?” Is *that* not a question?

I suppose it is. I don’t even know why I asked it.

You wanted an answer, and I gave it to you. Even if you *never* ask, you will get.

I will get what? If I don’t ask for anything, what will I get?

Anything.

You are confusing me again! I simply want to know *how* I can get something I never asked for!

Have you never received a gift from anyone? Have you never been asked, “what would you like?” and responded with, “I don’t need anything!” then got a gift anyhow?

Of course I have!

Well, there you go.

No, no, no. You’re not fooling me! What is this whole business about? Okay, so I have been given gifts that I didn’t ask for, what does that have to do with *anything*?

You said to me, “If I don’t ask for anything? What will I get?”

Yeah! And so?!

So it is like this; Before Christmas, the father approaches the son and asks, “What would you wish for Christmas?” The son thinks and thinks then he replies, his vivid imagination, full of ‘roars’ of a choo-choo and cherry red paint, he wants a train! The father purchases this train, or delivers this train to Santa’s ears but the daughter is not so easy! As he asks her, “What would you wish for Christmas?” She thinks, and thinks but can’t decide. The moment passes....

Wait a minute! I see what you are saying here. You are telling me, that whether we like it or not, we have been given a gift. A gift of life.

I am simply portraying to you your own nature. You didn’t ask for something in particular, in the beginning, so just be thankful that you got something extraordinary! It is still a gift! You can not escape the action of giving! It is in your very soul. In fact, giving is the greatest part of you. Giving is the single most important aspect of humanity, of creation, of life, or the universe. For when you give, you produce. When you take you reduce. In the end, the last of us will give. Unless they don’t, and in their case they will

receive and empower yet another who gives. If they do not find the meaning in their lives they will but inspire another to find meaning in their own.

Obviously. I mean we are alive right? We really didn't have a choice in the matter, so how can that be right, in the first place? Shouldn't we be asked if we want to live?

I can tell you that you have much more to do with your being here than you realize.

I mean, I believe everyone would choose to start their own life's journey, but shouldn't we have more say over where our life is headed in the beginning?

You *can* decide where it is you want your life to go, but you can't force it to go there a certain way.

What about in a certain time? I haven't figured that one out yet. I know it's possible, but I think we are not ready for it yet.

You are ready.

I wish I was. I remember trying it. It was amazing! Like time travel or something. I thought of it, and there it was.

But there was a problem, huh? Why don't you explain a bit further so everyone can catch up?

Okay. I'll try. I really didn't want to get to this part, because it is going to take some serious time to write about it.

Think about the time that it will take to read about it!

Okay, okay. Don't let me be selfish then! GOD, I can't ever get a break.

Cool it on the swear words.

Sorry. I know, saying GOD as a swear word is just as bad as saying JESUS... I guess.

Thank you. I haven't slipped once! Try and keep up.

It is not exactly easy to try and be as good as GOD ya know!

I know it's not. Trust me. You are preaching to the choir.

Alright! I'll try, just drop it. Let it go... Just let it go.

Gone. Now go ahead, you have work to do.

So the problem in getting whatever it is you want in an instant is this: Yeah, it's great thinking, "I want a red bicycle" and it appearing right away. But the next thing you know, you are riding the red bicycle down the sidewalk!

Why? Why does it work that way?

Because as soon the bike appears, your next thought is, "when will I ride it?" or, "where will I ride it?" or, "do I have time to ride it?" or, "Do I want to ride it?" or even, "I don't like to ride bikes!".....

Okay, so what's the problem?

The point is- you see a bike, and you think about it. You think about how you feel about it, immediately. You conjure up what your opinion is on the subject instantaneously. It's like this, the thing that makes creating exactly what you want every time, exactly the way you want to create it difficult, is the fact that you judge everything you see right away!

I don't get it. I think everyone will agree, when I say, you are confusing me.

I know. That is why it is so difficult to get across. This is exactly why I didn't want to write about it in the first place!

Well, keep going. I am at least going to give you a chance.

Okay. Thanks, I guess. The thing about creation is: No matter what you think of something, you're going to get it! So if you think negatively of riding a bike, you'll end up riding. If you think positively of riding a bike, you'll end up riding. The point is, you are THINKING "bike" one way or another, and the mere fact that what you are thinking of is 'BIKE' is what calls it forth. Thinking of a noun will begin a process, in which it can materialize.

That's a bit understandable I guess. So what you are saying is you CREATE everything that happens to you?

I would say, "Yes," but you would never believe me. So let me offer an arguable fact.

Go ahead.

Look around you. What can you see?

I see a tree, a desk, a laptop, a bed, a window, a plant, and some paperwork. You know- everything.

Exactly! Everything.

So what's the point?

Now, what can't you see?

The air conditioning and the smell of carpet cleaner.

Good one. But what I meant was you can't see the room next door. You can't see your mom downstairs cleaning. You can't see your dad downstairs working. You can't see the mailman driving around town delivering envelopes. You can't see your co-workers busy in the restaurant. You can't see nearly anything!

Yeah. But I am aware that stuff is happening.

True. But you can't SEE those things until you come into the perception of them. What I am trying to tell you is this: You can create instantaneously, but you choose not to because if you think of the wrong thing, you will end up with it. That's what space and time is good for, at this point.

So that you won't end up with what you don't want?

Yes.

So that you will actually have to make a physical effort to get what you think of?

Exactly.

Because you are not quite confident enough to walk in my shoes, huh?

Well the problem with this instantaneous creation is in the FEAR category. Nothing bad could come of, per say, riding a bike, but all the previous thoughts you have associated with riding a bike is what gets you. For instance, falling down on the bike. Or riding out in front of a car, on the bike. And so on, and so forth.

So why not just think of something else?

That is the secret, I know. It is just the conditioning of our entire lives that makes us apt to think in the wrong direction.

Not to mention the strength FEAR has over every one of you, knowingly or not.

Yes, fear creates things so much faster than Love. It is ridiculous.

Only because the extreme importance your society has placed upon fear.

What do you mean?

Your country, and most of your world for that matter, thinks the only way to control its people is to scare them in to subordination with the threat of jail sentences, death, or disgrace.

How can we help ourselves to relieve some of this conditioning?

Choose the path, but not the process.

Let me see if I got this straight. We should focus more on *where* we are headed and less on *how* we will get there?

You've got it. Now remember it!

I've got it. So, why is it I get this feeling that I am going to finish this book just about the time I am destined to leave this planet? All this metaphysical stuff is really shaking me up.

Can you think of a more suitable ending?

No. I guess not.

What is a good book without a good ending?

I suppose the end of one story is but the beginning of another.

Okay then. Don't worry about it.

Easy for you to say. It's not your life on the line.

Guess again.

Okay then. Let's not worry about it. We'll cross that bridge if it comes.

I know I shouldn't worry. I should just have faith that all will be well, but I can't help worrying about leaving loose ends.

Ain't gonna happen. We're inherently productive.

I'll try and keep that in mind. Speaking of 'loose ends', you know I used to have this girlfriend that loved to have a few fingers shoved up her a.....

Whoa! Don't even go there. Don't say it!

Hey, I couldn't stop you from telling the vegetable joke in my other book!

True. Go ahead then, tell the story.

Okay. I call this story, "The Shocker"



4.

THE SHOCKER

Here I was working 80 hours a week plus. Half my time was spent teaching martial art classes for this Jewish guy Itamar which, by the way, I was only getting paid 100 bucks a week for. I say Jewish and I mean, from Israel, not stereotypically Jewish as in cheap, but go figure. The other half of my time was spent at O'Brien's Pub cooking to survive. Grant it, I was getting paid decently for the cooking gig, but cooking at an Irish pub is not something that you set your sites on, or for that matter get a PHD in college for! I still was unclear about my goal in life at the time but was reasonably sure that it had something to do with Ninjutsu and helping people. Teaching martial arts, though not my personal style, seemed to be a pretty good stepping stone in the right direction.

The trouble with the whole situation came in two parts. The first was keeping a positive attitude at the 100 dollar per week job, that may or may not help me achieve my goal of teaching Ninjutsu, after working 10 hours a night at a slave driving poor excuse for a restaurant. The second would take the form of a girl, who happened to be my favorite student's mother.

Work was all in all okay, as long as I had a box of cough medicine to keep my mind off of all the demeaning and degrading things the management would say to you. I would work 3pm – 2am at the pub, have a free beer and then go home straight to bed. Morning always came way too quickly, but I would roll out of bed and make it to the gym by 9am to do my own gymnastics routine. 10am would welcome the first kick boxing aerobics class. Classes on Tae kwon, Jujitsu, and Men's MMA would keep me busy teaching until 2pm. If there were ever a moment's free time, Itamar would have me cleaning or decorating the dojo. In the end, I would leave him with my 20 year collection of rare martial arts equipment, and thousands of dollars worth of vinyl sign work. Needless to say, I was constantly worn out. Probably the reason why my favorite song to date is 'Use Me Up' by Bill Withers.

Shannon lived at home with her father, sister, and two sons. After dating for a few weeks, we thought it a good idea for me to move into her room so as to save money on rent. All was well, for awhile. I would wake up each morning and cook the kids breakfast, sometimes driving them to day care where I was teaching, and then it was to work as usual. Upon arriving home each night, I would stop briefly and chat with her father who always seemed to be waiting up in the living room as I walked in! Keep in mind, all these things are only chipping away at the few precious hours of sleep I had prior to this whole relationship. After talking with her pops I would make my way upstairs, shower, and climb into bed with her. Low and behold she would stir each time. We would get our groove on and I would be out like a light, exhausted.

Weeks passed, and I found more and more ways to sneak a box of medicine into my life as to provide myself with a few extra hours of wakefulness each day. One night, my friend Mike at the pub told me about 'The Shocker'. "Two in the pink, one in the stink!" He would say with his ring finger tucked in. "There was *no* way someone would enjoy that!" I thought to myself. A sober me would never have dared, but he insisted I try it one night. My inhibitions were diminishing from the lack of sleep, and I started to really show signs of fatigue. "Now or never." I thought to myself.

The first time I ‘snuck one in on her’ she went crazy, crazy good, not crazy bad. I remember I asked her that night, “Do you really like that stuff? Cuz I’m not doing it for my pleasure!” she glanced at me and with a shove said, “If I didn’t enjoy it I would tell you to stop.”

Sex was getting easier, as I found her sweet spot, a couple of fingers in her rectum provided for quick satisfaction for her, and much quicker sleep for me. All of the work, on the other hand, was catching up with me. I knew that if I didn’t do something with one of my jobs quick then it would all come tumbling down.

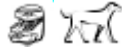
The breaking point came one night I arrived home after a grueling day of 18 hours. Her family was all sitting up late talking. It was a family reunion and she was not among them. I walked by with a friendly nod and made my way upstairs feeling as if I made them feel unwelcome in their own home. Shannon was lying awake in the bed. I took off my shoes and sat down beside her with a sigh. “So your family is all downstairs, I need to go down and say hi to them at least.” At this point all I wanted to do was lay down and pass out, my body was literally about to shut down from all of the abuse. Shannon shot me a harsh look, “Uh! I never get to see you Jay!” I had reached an impass, “I know Shannon, I am always working. I just want to go to sleep, but I have to go down there and visit because I am living in their house.” Shannon rolled over with a pout. This was it. I wasn’t going to have enough time to get sleep before work anyhow, not with having to visit with her family and then come back up and satisfy her before wonderful, glorious sleep. So I took a deep breath and let the truth come fourth, “What?! What the hell do you want from me?! I don’t have time to sit here and try and figure you out! Do you want sex?! What?!” I waited for her response. It came back menacingly, “I don’t need sex. I can do that myself!” I was done, “I will tell you what. Why don’t you just write down a schedule for me explaining exactly what you want me to do and I will start charging you an hourly wage!” She sat up and looked at me while gripping her pillow, “What do I want? I want you to leave. You make me feel like shit Jay!” I began gathering up my things as I thought to myself, “How could I possibly have been making her feel bad all this time? I thought I had been too self sacrificing!” I put my shoes on and said, “Let’s be adults about this.” I spent the next 10 minutes putting everything I owned in my car, which wasn’t much! Then I walked into her living room with her family and asked aloud, “Anyone got some weed?” Now *that* was a shocker! Everyone looked up at me stunned and surprisingly her brother said, “Yeah.” I smoked the joint with him before driving over to an old co-workers house of mine. He smoked yet some more with me and let me sleep in his driveway. Good thing too. The marijuana sent me to all kinds of dark places. I had been taking way too much of that over the counter medicine, and when I smoked the herb after a year of sobriety I was beyond whacked!

I awoke in front of Shannon’s house the next morning parked in my car with her knocking on my window. I was still totally wasted. The previous night came back to me, along with the conversation I had carried on with my co-worker. It was about how sad it was that the highest ranking keyword on Google that goes with child is porn, and how child pornography ought to be regulated more strictly by government agencies. We were discussing the creation of a program to track and catch abusers, when we realized that the violation of privacy act would impede any solution. My emotions were running rampant. Here I was, homeless, loveless, wasted, and now faced with Shannon who was in a hurry to go to work. I didn’t know what to say. Hell, I didn’t even know how I drove there! I

just started crying and was going to admit to her that I had been taking the cough medicine, but changing my mind at the last moment I changed the subject to the previous nights conversation on child pornography. THAT MADE ME LOOK A WHOLE LOT MORE SANE! She said, "I know, it's been on CNN and the news, what's that have to do with anything?!" I had to tell her about the medicine, no more stalling, so I pulled it out of the console and said, "Here Shannon! This is it! I have been taking this stuff to stay awake because I didn't want to quit my martial arts job in fear you wouldn't like me for being JUST A COOK at O'briens." She definitely thought I was nuts. I looked nuts I'm sure. She said, "No. I can't take this, you're TOO weird!" and with that, she left.

I got in my car and drove toward my work at the gym. That morning I was conducting a private rehabilitation class with a 70 year old man, and he was getting to the point he could do all of his exercises on his own. I could sense my impending doom at this job. I figured that Shannon would call and report my drug abuse and craziness to the owners so as I conducted my session with the old man I suggested that he stop paying Itamar 50 dollars per class and instead get his own monthly membership for 40 bucks, this way he could come anytime he wanted. I left happily that afternoon, went to work at the pub and told my managers I had been off key for awhile and promised them I wouldn't let them down. The next day I would lose my job at the gym. What a shocker! I kinda felt like Kramer on Seinfeld when he got fired from the job that he was never even employed at. How do you get fired from charity work?! I was relieved, it was a blessing in disguise. To this day I still think the coolest reason I have ever been dumped is hers, "You are too weird!" So now when people accuse me of being weird, it is definitely not a *shocker!*

Grimoire III.



Immortal Mensch

GRIMOIRE III. CONVERSATION A.

That story was not only in here for it's humorous attributes. I can remember vividly my conversation with my friend about the World Wide Web and child pornography.

It is not the first conversation you have had about the subject of sexuality.

No. It's not.

Look at Europe. Much lower sexual offense statistics. You know why?

Because couples are not ashamed to make love in front of their children.

Lovemaking is natural, indeed it is harmonious and joyful. Their commercials are not even censored! Thus people don't have any sexual 'pent up desires'. It is expressed openly and thusly 'controlled'.

Lead by example, not fear of persecution.

Precisely.

Fear is so strong, because you look at consequences as Absolute. You see truth in FEAR. Thus you harbor more Faith for it.

Grant it, countries have their own laws and such, and the internet can not be completely safe from intercontinental mingling, but is there not a way to get to the root of the problem?

The *problem* that we are trying to address here is so HUGE we can not begin to discuss it openly in public. Countries have dealt with sexuality in their own ways since the beginning of time, and who is right to stamp an ACCEPTED or UNACCEPTED mark on any one law?

I thought that was what you were here for. Don't *you* know? Can't you, of all people, help us with this dilemma? Let's speak on more of a global scale here.

And so we shall. But this subject alone could fill a volume so full, that a Titan would have trouble moving it. Let us simply lay some ground work for what has happened in the past on a global scale, and let time turn the mulberry leaf to silk.

Okay. People should know, that David Icke has done research and revealed horrific truths about some children in other countries being born yet never getting registered so they may be used solely for untraceable child abuse. Could this not be happening in our country as well?

Horrible things occur in this day and age, but change is always a beacon of hope. Love *is* and can be law. Matter-of-factly, if you all acted from a place of love, still there would be decisions to be made. Right or wrong decisions. Such as this you have read in another's work:

“Millions of children starve to death in other countries due to lack of nourishment, which could be helped by nothing more than money that is being hoarded by the countries of the world. Yet on any given continent women will give birth to another child and keep it warm in it's own luck of the draw. And in so birthing, she will call this *LOVE*. So *is it* true love to bring yet another mouth to feed in to a world that obviously can not distribute its' wealth accordingly?”

This all seems to be leading in the direction of choice. To choose to help a starving child, rather than having your own. To choose to reach out to another in need, rather than worry about where the next loaf of bread comes from. Must we now even feel guilty for having our own offspring?! When does it stop God?! Can I not now seek to procreate in fear of doing the wrong thing? Every decision has its consequence. Have we backed ourselves into a corner here?

No. Take it slow. Remember my son. My son was sent to you as to show you that we know not what we do. We know not what we do until it has been done. And it *has* been done. The *damage* has already been done. The time of forgiveness is passing and the time of healing is upon us. I say now to those who have ears to hear:

THERE IS YET ANOTHER REASON YOU HAVE BEEN SENT! YOU HAVE BEEN SENT TO THE PLACE TO HEAL THE PLACE! YOU HAVE BEEN SENT TO HEAL THE WORLD!

Indeed. To get to the root of the problem you must begin again. You must teach your offspring that the human body is to be looked upon with beauty and reverence. Youth and purity should be held in highest regard not far below worshiped for their potential in humanity's infrastructure. Children are your hope. The children of this world *are* it's future. You all know this. Believe it or not, the World will come to grips with this belief and the human race will shine in oneness as it aligns itself with the greater good. Dark times indeed, are falling behind us, and a loving heart will guide the way.

I love it when you speak like that! I feel so blessed to be with you here and now. All this talk of dark times being behind us, makes me want to tell you exactly what I am feeling since I have quit taking the medication.

I thought you said that you had no problems.

I did, and only because I know that what will happen will happen. Still, I just couldn't help, at times, think that I was done with everything that is beautiful in life.

Perhaps you are just beginning to experience the beauty. It was you who said the end of one thing is but the beginning of another.

Yes, but I feel like I have *been* loved, and let my chances pass me by. I feel like I have *been* offered happiness, and let my chances pass me by. I feel like I have *had* opportunity, and let opportunity pass me by. I feel down. Depressed. Like I am prolonging the inevitable. I am thinking of drinking to relieve my stress, and I feel as if I am tripping over my own two feet.

Take it slow.

That is exactly what Matt, from work, told me that night I started to have my panic attack!

He was wise in saying so. There is no need to rush. If you truly believe that what will happen will happen, then why such the concern over WHEN it will happen?

I am being greedy, huh?

You tell me. It was you who wrote that not being thankful for life it self is as being a child who is ungrateful at Christmas because they got the toy of the wrong color.

Yeah, but it was you who inspired me!

I will not say that you are being greedy, but I will tell you this, "For every moment you speed up the inevitable, you will lose two moments of your time on Earth."

What?! Are you telling me that being impatient is killing us?

I said nothing about death, only about shortening your length of time on Earth.

Yes but aren't you just splitting hairs? Isn't leaving Earth implying the time of our death?

To a young mind, yes, I suppose. Souls who have come close to the truth, on the other hand, will know intuitively that nothing truly ever dies.

Then what? Do we live forever?

Again you are trying to grasp a concept in which your mind is not built for such thinking. As stated in the text you hold in such high regard, "In trying to grasp the concepts of Infinity such as what lies beyond space, or what existed before time, are we not acting but like children trying to place a ladder against the sky?" – 21 Lessons of Merlyn

So there is no way for you to explain this to me? Then why bring it up?! And I think that we *are* beings who *can* comprehend infinity?

You are. I am not contradicting myself by stating that your mind is not built for such thinking. The mind is a growing *thing*. It is being built even this instant. You see, everything in this universe is in a state of constant flux, ebb and flow. There is nothing that disappears forever. There exists only that which changes form. Again from the text, "Life sparks are always coming into form from the emanations of Cuegant. Each atom a potential life, each blade of grass an evolving soul." – 21 Lessons of Merlyn

Somewhat the same as spoke Siddhartha, "This here," he said playing with it, "is a stone, and will, after a certain time, perhaps turn into soil, and will turn from soil into a plant or animal or human being. In the past, I would have said: This stone is just a stone, it is worthless, it belongs to the world of the Maja; but because it might be able to become also a human being and a spirit in the cycle of transformations, therefore I also grant it importance. Thus, I would perhaps have thought in the past. But today I think: this stone is a stone, it is also animal, it is also god, it is also Buddha, I do not venerate and love it because it could turn into this or that, but rather because it is already and always everything-- and it is this very fact, that it is a stone, that it appears to me now and today as a stone, this is why I love it and see worth and purpose in each of its veins and cavities, in the yellow, in the gray, in the hardness, in the sound it makes when I knock at it, in the dryness or wetness of its surface. There are stones which feel like oil or soap, and others like leaves, others like sand, and every one is special and prays the Om in its own way, each one is Brahman, but simultaneously and just as much it is a stone, is oily or juicy, and this is this very fact which I like and regard as wonderful and worthy of worship.--But let me speak no more of this. The words are not good for the secret meaning, everything always becomes a bit different, as soon as it is put into words, gets distorted a bit, a bit silly--yes, and this is also very good, and I like it a lot, I also very much agree with this, that this what is one man's treasure and wisdom always sounds like foolishness to another person." - Siddhartha (12.23)

Precisely, and how beautifully he put it.

It truly is amazing how a simple change in perception can change a whole world!

That statement holds much more truth than you realize.

I think I understand. You remember when I got stuck in Memphis on probation?

Yes. Like they say, you go there on vacation and leave on probation.

Exactly! Haha. But the catch is, when you're on probation you *can't* leave! So there I was, stuck there with a suspended license, no car, and eventually when I get evicted from my apartment, no place to live. Still I was working at TJ Mulligans

everyday, so was managing to stay clean by renting a local storage unit. The nearby Wal-Mart was a blessing as I could buy a new pair of clothes each day and throw my old ones in the storage space. I would shower at a nearby gym I had a membership to. On Sundays, it would be the creek. Freezing cold I might add! Nighttime I usually spent in the park. After visiting my storage unit and grabbing my sleeping bag and lantern it was about a 2-mile walk. Some nights though, I was too tired from work to worry about it and would climb on top of the local Kroger for some shut-eye. Talk about feeling like a fly on a swatter in the morning!

Like you said, you managed to stay clean. You also managed to stay happy for the most part.

I had no choice! Besides, it was funny laying out there in the middle of the field in my sleeping bag before bedtime. The only thought that ran through my mind was, "As soon as I go to sleep a dang deer is going to come bounding across this field, and not seeing me here, step right on my balls!" So I laughed and moved up close to a tree, risking the spiders instead. I remember waking up one morning and a dog sniffing at me as a kid snickered holding the leash. His mom was yelling at him to keep up.

It was all perception. There is a word for the kind of person you were. A mensch.

Yes. I have seen this word. Someone who laughs at their own misfortune.

Someone who works hard like a man, but plays like a child.

Well, I was really eluding to how Siddhartha sees a stone with love because it is simply showing up 'for him' like that at that moment. Another person may simply toss it aside, or kick it down the street. Seeing something simple, like that stone, as a gift can imbue true appreciation in life and remove greed and other negative selfish emotions that lead to war and famine.

This is exactly what I am wishing you to see. That if the entire world could embrace a simple shift in perception, war and famine could be removed. A small change in perception for you can make you shine in the eyes of others. You see that you have had these opportunities and expect to never see another? Experience itself has shown you opportunity present itself time and time again! Even now as you type can your past blindness bring sight to others.

"A true voyage of discovery comes not in seeking new landscapes, but in having new eyes."

–Douglas Monroe



WE WERE REPTILES

My sister had entered the room from the right and Ben and I looked at one another with a matter of fact smile. Of course a woman would enter when we began speaking of opposites! With this new being came, of course, a relinquishing of a third of our given power. Now Jillian came over to sit on the love seat adjacent to us. She had in her hand a mimosa. Upon seeing the drink I caught myself thinking of how I would also like a...

A glass now occupied my hand and I found myself remembering my journey again. Obviously we all had been through the same thing. Ben, of course, was set on retaining this power, like I was, but Jillian seemed more humble. She began speaking to us about our memories before our flight. She sipped her mimosa slowly as Ben and I tried to recall our past. "We were here." I said. But there more people.

Two guys and a girl walked into the room from where Jillian had emerged and took places on the couches and floor. Strangely there was no noticeable transfer of energy this time. When I began to ponder the energy transfer situation I became reaware of my ability to control my environment. My vibrational frequency sped back up and I was totally immersed in my own thought. I was again becoming worried that I may leave this place and return to the ladder of choice, so I started desperately trying to formulate a way to stave off the inevitable reciprocal movement of my past actions. I did not want to keep returning to the ladder, I wanted to stay here.

My mind was working at warp speed, traversing every possible action and outcome for creation. From the big bang, to the evolution of dinosaurs, and the coming of mammals to the Earth. I was intensely preoccupied with the concept of natural selection. I couldn't let go of how we may have ever overcome the tendencies of the natural world. Things such as procreation, ingrained in every living thing, and fighting for survival. How could we have ever overcome the most basic instincts that nature continues to exhibit through beast even today? What made us human?

The light in the room dimmed, and flickered. Everyone continued in their conversation unperturbed. No one was at attention but me. As the lights began to regain some stability I watched in brief horror as the skin tone of everyone in the room changed to dark hue of green. I looked down to my own hands and saw spots and smooth scales. Not, scales like a fish, but rather more or less cracked skin that was very course and thick. Yellowed fingernails. Everyone in my company still spoke as if nothing had changed. They sipped their drinks and wore the same clothing. But now tails were present behind each of them, and some bore snouts of short length. Our teeth were canine, but mimosa still flowed comfortably over lips as we drank. Everything was perfectly natural besides the change of our bodies, and my horror began to subside. The scene looked like something out of a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles flick.

I had somehow stumbled across the realization that there must be thousands of different species and if ever imbued or evolved long enough to begin tinkering with gene splicing and cloning, then their natural tendencies would be to procreate in whichever way possible. I assumed quite reasonably that in this way could the first of us had been born. By unnatural means. Which would give rise to unorthodox emotions and

tendencies, including controlling the sexual urges, and free choice. Perhaps in this way could we have closed the circle?

I began to relax within my newfound discovery, and started to lose the fear of returning to the ladder of existence again. Our skin tones faded and lights again flickered. We were back to normal. With renewed faith in myself and my abilities I began enjoying my drink with the others. Time was non-existent. We all existed in perfect harmony with our world. We shared turns speaking of creation and complimenting our peers. But it wouldn't be long until I would become unsatisfied. "I got a great idea!" I blurted out. Everyone turned toward me to listen. "Why don't we set an alarm so that every time it goes off we can change the place we are in to another, like on top of a mountain, or on the sea in a boat?" Everyone assumed discouraged grins at my comment, and one of the guys said solemnly, "That would be impossible." At this point it hit me like a ton of bricks- I should never have mentioned time. At the mention of time, the television flicked on and the news was broadcasting. It took only one look at the broadcast to think to myself, "There must be someone running that news station, and someone broadcasting it, and they probably have friends and family." My mind started to conceive of all the people on the planet that I could not directly see, and with each thought came an immense dispatching of my energy. One thousand fold it dissipated until I felt nothing but a physical sense. It took only moments to go from complete control, to remembering I was at my sister's house enjoying a party with some friends. Everyone was walking toward the door, and the party was over. As I moved toward Ben's car I realized that no one had a recollection of what had happened that night. But I told myself to never forget. And I wouldn't.

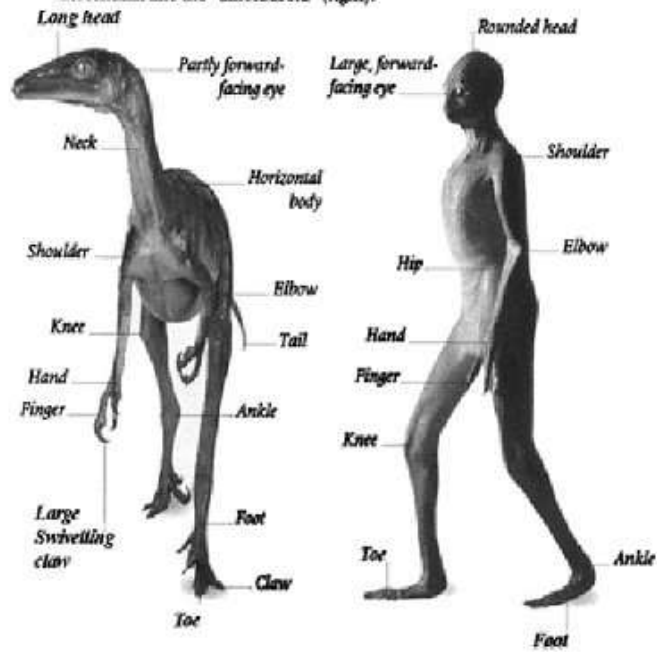


Detail of a Sumerian underworld demon, suckling her (hybrid?) offspring.



TROODON AND DINOSAUROID

In the early 1980s, the American palaeontologist Dale Russell suggested that, had dinosaurs survived, the big-brained, bipedal, bird-like *Troodon* with grasping hands (left), might have given rise to an intelligent and human-looking descendant like the "dinosauroid" (right).



Grimoire IV.



Seeding The Gods

FACTS:

- I. There is enough stone in the Great Pyramid of Giza to build 30 empire state buildings.
- II. Stones in these giant pyramid structures weighed up to 468 tons and were cut and fit together so tightly that you couldn't get a piece of paper between them.
- III. Trilithons much like the ones found at Stonehenge consisted of blocks apparently weighing as much as modern day aircraft carriers and were lifted some 20 feet up to be placed atop their bases.
- IV. Rock carvings dating back more than 10,000 years have been found depicting animals in Peru that were not indigenous to the area. Including one of a Stegosaurus dinosaur. The Stegosaur wasn't known to science until the 1880's.
- V. Electrical batteries have been found in ancient Egyptian tombs.
- VI. Bones of prehistoric animals have been found with bullets in them.
- VII. The pyramid of Giza, if considered the center of Longitudinal Earth, creates an astonishing layout of key Neolithic sites and structures. Each ancient structure such as Stonehenge, the Nazca Lines, and others line up in a remarkable and unmistakable pattern.
- VIII. A committee in London in 1884 decided that the observatory in London would be the 0 degree central point after much debate from the Astronomer Royal of Scotland professing that the meridian should run through the Great Pyramid.
- IX. If the dinosaur would have continued on it's evolutionary path, eventually hominid like beings would have occurred.
- X. The Velociraptor and the Troodon dinosaur had large brains, grasping hands, and walked bipedally, using vocalizations to communicate with one another.

GRIMOIRE IV. CONVERSATION A.

The question here that now lies unanswered is this:

If existence lies around the circumference of a circle, what prevents our immediate return to the nothingness from whence we came.

We figured it out on our own the first round. Us being unknowingly controlled from the background is good. God has learned to control itself. That is why *we* can control ourselves. The earlier Reptilians, and Norse breed of aliens bred with one another under the universal law of one. (Universal Truth) Still though, during the breeding process, they were controlled by the unthinkable hand of God. It was their natural instinct to unite. Was their natural tendency to create a union of two separate beginnings__ A larger whole__ Us. Gwion. The ultimately intelligent, bestowed with the ability to choose. That is what makes us human, the ability to control our sexual urges. The ability to recognize natural tendencies. Recognizing these tendencies gives us choice, and having a choice means having alternate fates. We have evolved to more comfortable reflections of God. And the future that makes our past possible will never go away.

If we knew the universal law of energy, would we try and create?

Yes. It is intuition. It is the positive end. Realizing we created ourselves over time (realizing Gods intentions) allows us to not worry about them. God says don't worry and it is so. We leave the progression or revolution, up to our greater size. We let God worry about it.

So the law of one states that everything's natural tendency is to unite, as seen in cells, atoms, and elements working together?

Yes. This is still largely apparent in today's Earthly affairs. As touched on earlier- Couples bring forth offspring every minute on this planet though thousands die daily from malnourishment. In some, especially the middle aged, the drive to unite is strongest because that is the time of the highest hormone levels in the blood. During childhood and old age these hormones levels are very low.

But what makes us the 'ultimately intelligent' is our ability to control our sexual urges?

Your ability to choose, rather than just go along with the natural order of things. Though some ancient practices involved medicating members with herbal sexual depressants in order to promote a building up and harnessing of this acclaimed power. Even the military was found to be using 'Salt Peter' in recent studies to improve their troops focus.

I think I see. But how could holding back a sexual urge build up energy?

Well the chemical energy alone involved in producing a billion life giving sperm is spent in one ejaculation! So this alone is an argument, but the real Neolithic Thinking involved in such ancient practices sprung from the belief that like attracts like in the spiritual world, and opposites attract in the physical. All magickal acts were thought to be of spiritual nature, whether it were a ceremony, or a conjuring, it was typically seen to be directed at the spiritual plane. It was from ancient Atlantis and Lemuria that the first Sun Priest of the Druids washed ashore on the banks of Wales and brought with them the practices of separating sexes into different schools of spiritual study.

Ah. This is why priests use to not be allowed to be women.

Precisely, and many religions still adhere to the policy.

So what exactly would the women do back then?

In Neolithic times, the Druids held palaver on the island of Anglessely. Their female counterparts, inhabited the Island of Avalon. Dryads, and Druids. They lived as opposite ends of the spectrum. Indeed the ladies represented the Infra Red light of the Earth, while the men utilized the Ultra Violet light of the Spirit.

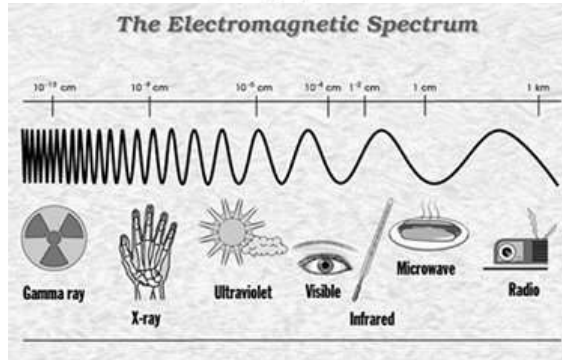
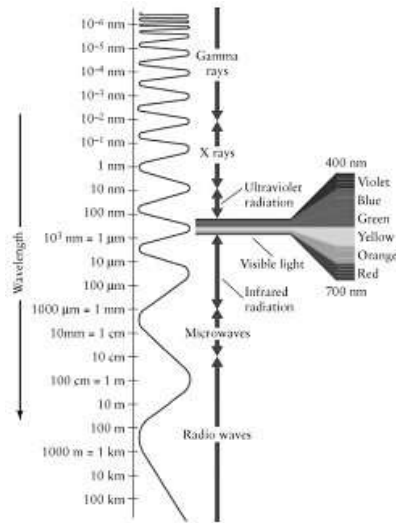
You're speaking of the electromagnetic spectrum?

Yes, but visible light is only a small percentage of the spectrum of waves. As a wavelength grows longer it becomes more alike to a physical manifestation. As it grows shorter it begets destructive capabilities. As you can see radio waves represent the longer more physical side of the spectrum. Opposite them is the destructive condensed side.

Now when you say physical, does this mean we can hear electromagnetism? Are those radio waves what we hear through the radio?

First you must understand that light can travel as a particle and a wave. As a particle, yes, it can transmit sound, but as a wave, it has no mechanical properties to achieve such a feat. What is interesting to observe though is that everything is a wave function. Sound has hertz and light has Ohms. Smell and touch have similar

measurements. Everything could be included in a recouping of the electromagnetic spectrum. Indeed it one day will.



MASTERY OF THE THREE

Here I was at the point in my life where I decided I didn't want to ever have to die and live this whole thing over again, because to forget all that I had achieved in creating this to begin with was so astronomical. It was so amazing that for weeks I had this feeling that anything was possible. I figured to myself that if it were possible for me to spring forth from nothing, then anything else I wanted to achieve would be a cakewalk. It was quite amazing, that time of my life. I REALLY did feel HAPPY and THANKFUL all the time. . I was working as a 3rd shift cook at Waffle House. So, I guess that alone tells you that no matter where you are working you can be happy. No offense to Waffle House, I loved that job.

All I ever did was talk to people about how wonderful life was. I learned so much about the workings of the universe, and felt like I shared a real connection with Karma, like I do now. In fact, I wrote down something everywhere I went. People would actually come to Waffle House just to see what crazy stuff I was going to, all of a sudden write down, on a napkin or to-go bag. I was the Waffle House guru!

I lived in a suburban lodge and walked to work everyday because I had let some kid on the street move into my apartment so he would have a place to sleep. He stole my car while I was sleeping and wrecked into the back of a truck to return the favor. I didn't have insurance on it, and so never even got to drive it myself. That plus I lost my apartment because my roommate never got a job like he said he would and THAT ruined my credit. Which got me fired from my 40K+ a year job as a Quiktrip manager.

One night at Waffle House I had this connection wash over me which reminded me of the night I experienced my enlightenment. It was very strong, overwhelming. So overwhelming I stopped cooking and had to sit down in the back of the kitchen. As I sat there with my face in my hands I knew what time it was. The second test had arrived. I got out a pen and a receipt book and began to write down what was coming through me onto it- notation. Directly after I wrote the sentence, "All that matters is this book" in big bold letters, something hit me, an idea.

You must understand that when you feel such a strong connection to the creator you feel the creative power of the source. And feeling this, and believing this power to be true beyond all doubt, makes creation very easy. Like before when I found myself on the couch alone and retained focus of the impossible feats I had overcome. When you see the impossibility of life itself, every other impossible task becomes possible as well.

Anyway- The idea that hit me was this:

If I wrote this book for the entire world to see, and if it could possibly be the thing that would change the world into the utopia I had always dreamed of, then it was also possible that the book that the world needed had already been written.

I didn't even NEED to write it, and I knew it was true. I had literally put faith in creating something through another. The connection I felt, and the anxiety of writing the book at that very moment settled. I crumbled up the pad, threw it in the trash and I went back to cooking. I didn't want to look at it what I had been writing, to tell you the truth, feeling the source in me again scared me. If you are not careful and positive when it

happens, your fear can lead you to some pretty dark places. And that is why I think that when people have panic attacks they are feeling that same connection?

As I stood at the flat top grill cooking an order of scattered, smothered, and covered hash brown, I was thinking back to my past. I had read in an old Sanskrit book somewhere that when your spiritual teacher arrives you will be tested three times. Three tests of Mastery. The first, which I think had experienced years earlier at my sister's house was, I believe, Mastery of Self. I had passed it barely intact. Now, I thought to myself, I had made it through the second, Mastery of Others.

As I walked home I couldn't stop thinking of the tests. I knew the third test, Mastery of the Unknown, was suppose to be the most trying, and it must be imminent. I made my way up the metal staircase of the Suburban Lodge. Finding my door, with the crooked number 9 on it, I slid my key into the lock and turned it, hearing the tumblers fall into place. I walked into my room and the lights were still out. It was late and I was alone. Immediately, I felt that sensation coming back and there was no one around to comfort me, to reassure me I was okay. I flipped the light switch... nothing. This would be the third time now that it had hit me, and if not for remembering the last words I had written on that pad before I had written 'All that matters is this book' then I may have again explained myself out of existence. I had begun losing all faith in humanity, I was dialing out. But I found the mental fortitude to reassure myself with those final words that you had spoken me. You had me write, and at that point you had meant you were with me. But the words were, "I AM HERE." But as I uttered them to myself over and over I realized that I was here. That I could look around, even my dark room, and reassure myself that I was here and there was no where else to go. I had been there, done that, and come back again. I KNEW what lay in wait in the unknown. So with each chant, the feeling fell away until I completely came to grips with the fact that I was literally scaring myself to death because of this lack of my faith. It was lack of faith in myself, which lead me to find faith in you, and faith in everyone else. For I was all there was, and there was nothing else. We were all one.

The very next day, when I showed up to work, one of the waitresses came up to me with a book. "Here." Nancy says. "My brother gave this to me a long time ago and I have never even read it. I just thought it sounded like something you could be interested in." My mind immediately went back to the night before. A book! And not just any book! A dust covered tome it was! I opened up the front cover. Scribbled inside was faded ink pen that read, "To Nancy, with all my love," I flipped nervously to the middle of the pages and before my eyes in Big Bold Letters was the words, "I AM HERE!" The very words I had been writing down on that pad the night before... The very words I used to pass my third test. It was a miracle! The book was called, "Conversations with God- An uncommon dialogue" -By Neale Donald Walsh. Here it was and it was already written!

I Had Indeed Mastered the Unknown.





Grimoire V.



Potential

GRIMOIRE V. CONVERSATION A.

Why am I typing this?

Because you are seeking to become what you have always known you are, and because others DO need me.

You mean others that may read this?

Yes, and others that you may speak to of it, and yet others that they may speak also of it. Some people are like a boulder poised atop a hill just waiting for a breeze to come along and offer the gentle push that they need. All things are simply a bundle of energy that you call POTENTIAL.

Potential?

Potential Energy. What, you didn't think that the heavens and the Earth could be created from nothing did you?

Well, I have tried to figure that one out for myself on several occasions.

And?

Okay, okay maybe I did.

You did what?

I figured it out.

So tell them!

But what if I am wrong?

Does it really matter at this point? You are already typing what some would call a schizophrenic book for the world to see.

I guess your right.

So tell them.

Okay! My theory was this: That in the beginning of course there was nothing, just empty space. Not even empty space but simply an idea like a thought in your head. A thing, a noun, as some would say nouns include a person, place, thing, or idea. And this THING, this noun, this IDEA, was made up of something that I call POTENTIAL. Potential energy, the one thing that is not, but can become. I quite reasonably assumed to myself, based on the fact that energy can neither be created or destroyed, only transferred into different forms of energy, , that if this potential energy was based on the same guidelines as our thoughts they could "become." Based on fact by example, thoughts are also potential. Let me elaborate -A skyscraper for instance was once no more than a thought in a man's head, until one day through ingenuity, focus, belief, and determination it came into being. Then it would be reasonable for this potential idea, that started as only potential to manifest, to also take form through time, focus, belief, and determination as a transfer of energy from potential to kinetic (in a sense). Much like the boulder poised atop a hill. The boulder holds potential for movement and momentum, it simply lacks the slight push of an invisible force like the wind to change the form of the energy.

Is that it?

Basically yes. So from seemingly nothing, besides potential, comes something by only a change in the form of energy. Like a rope that is burning, and the rope holds up a pendulum ready to swing after the last strand is whisked away by the flame.

Now people will ask you, who started the fire?

Okay be a critic why don't ya'.

Well what will you say?

I haven't thought about it.

That is not an excuse give it a shot, you are coming from the right place.

Okay here goes. Well, I figure in the beginning, this 'nothing' would begin somewhat like the mind of a child. First not knowing anything, and eventually starting to toy with different ideas until finally a single first word is muttered. Perhaps the first idea that this POTENTIAL energy would take the form of would be an awareness that it was growing.

You stopped.

Because I am forming an image of a baby growing in the womb and thinking of when the baby is born and opens its eyes on the world for the first time.

Wow! You are so close to a complete understanding! That is pretty good! I honestly wasn't expecting that pure of an image from you at your age.

Hey come on I have seen my share of crazy stuff!

Don't take that as a blow. I do not discriminate what I originate. It was simply a very pleasing thing to see what you termed 'my wake' growing exponentially behind me. It makes for a very optimistic future though many in your world would disagree at this point.

About what, an optimistic future?

Yes, but that is another subject entirely. Let us stay on point. So you see creation from the nothing much like the conception of children?

Yes.

Well let me help you out a bit here so that those out there who are having trouble understanding it all can paint a clearer picture.

Okay shoot.

What did I disappoint you?

No, I mean shoot as in go right ahead.

Oh, alright then. It is like this: let us assume that the first idea potential took the form of a man, simply the thought of a man. Now of course, this idea would have no physical shape, it would simply be a thought- much like when you think of that new car you want. You can't see it anywhere around you at the time, but you can picture it clear in your head. Now this idea, *man*, for instance comes with some consequences. For man to exist there would have to be a stable environment to support him like the Earth. There would have to be a method in which he came into being- evolution or God creation. Also, there would have to be food to sustain him and woman to conceive him, plus activities to keep him busy. Indeed, there would have to exist an infinite array of possibilities just for man to comprehend infinity, which man can do. Now we say that in the beginning this idea could have been man, but it is much more like this to be right on target: The first idea in the potential isness was 'A Being who can comprehend infinity'. Thus from this Beings' MIND, infinity sprung. You can picture the light of everything in the universe simultaneously dimming on at this same time and the collision of each photon packet being the thing that keeps the infinite array of ideas separate. So in a nutshell, the physical isness you perceive comes from the mind of a man born in the nothing of potential. An imaginary man to make the long and short of it. I know, confusing.

So we are simply the thought of what COULD be if the universe ever were?

I like that. That is another way to put it, I guess. Though that does make it sound a bit less beautiful. Dumbing things down a little though, is often times the only way to get a message across.

Okay one more thing though.

Yes?

You said, "He would need a woman to conceive him." Does this mean woman came first, before man?

From an evolutionary standpoint? Yes. But this is why religions of old had the Gods and the Mother Goddess. Everything physical you see rushed forth from the mind of man, or woman, depending on who you are, at once.

But you just said woman came first!

From an evolutionary standpoint. This is the major problem today in the understanding of religions, metaphysics, spirituality, and science. There is more than one way to do anything. No two of my children find their way home by the same path, but they all make it home, I guarantee it. It is like this: How do you know what lies beyond your furthest star? Your most powerful telescope can see the light of the furthest star in its power range, but how do you know another star exists beyond that?

Because every time we make a more powerful telescope there always is one.

Is there?

Of course!

Well maybe that star was never there until you built the means to see it. Maybe your building that telescope created the possibility of that stars existence.

I see now.

How do you know a world existed prior to your coming to it?

Well because my parents are here and my grandparents and history books, etc.

How do you know that your coming here didn't create the possibility of those things? Did you ever stop and think that maybe those things were simply potential before you needed them?

I see what you mean. Wow, I really think I am starting to get it!

You got it a long time, ago admit it.

Okay, I knew all along. But I do sometimes forget. Hearing it again does make me feel a whole lot happier about being alive though, and a whole lot less afraid of death. Besides, gimme a break I was trying to be on the same wavelength of some of those who might read this junk one day.

Junk! Hahahaha. I am glad you can take this with a light and humble heart. It means I picked the right person to write it.

Thank you.

You are welcome. For those of you who read this I hope you can see the importance of really knowing how much you have actually played a part bringing yourself to life. It was no easy task! If you remembered the years and years you spent creating yourself thus far, I tell you, you would never ask for another thing again. You would simply be thankful for how far you have come believe this.

GRIMOIRE V. CONVERSATION B.

That's it! That was that point in my life I decided I didn't want to ever have to die and live this whole thing over again, because to forget all that I had achieved in creating this to begin with was so astronomical. It was so amazing that for weeks I had this feeling that anything was possible. I figured to myself that if it is possible for me to spring forth from nothing, then anything else I wanted to achieve would be a cakewalk.

Yes you did, and you reasoned quite correctly too.

It was quite amazing, that time of my life. I REALLY did feel HAPPY and THANKFUL all the time didn't I?

Yes, and can you remember what you were doing at that time of your life?

Yes, I can. I was working as a 3rd shift cook at Waffle House.

Good, so what does that tell you?

Well, for starters I guess it means that no matter where you are working you can be happy. No offense to Waffle House, I loved that job.

I seem to remember you loving everything at that point in your life.

You're right I did. All I ever did was talk to people about how wonderful life was. I learned so much about the workings of the universe, and felt like I shared a real connection with you, like I do now. In fact, I wrote down something everywhere I went. People would actually come to Waffle House just to see what crazy stuff I was going to, all of a sudden, write down on a napkin or to-go bag. I was the Waffle House guru!

So you DO remember? You were an inspiration, a joy to be around.

It's all coming back to me. I lived in a suburban lodge and walked to work everyday because I had let some kid on the street move into my apartment so he would have a place to sleep. He stole my car while I was sleeping and wrecked into the back of a truck to return the favor. I didn't have insurance on it, and so never even got to drive it myself. That plus I lost my apartment because my roommate never got a job like he said he would and THAT ruined my credit. Which got me fired from my 40K+ a year job as a Quiktrip manager.

But that wasn't your life.

It was my past.

Now you're getting it. And you would do best to not let your past influence the way you look upon life even now.

I understand.

Do you?

Well, I think so. I am sure there are those reading this that still need clarity though.

Tell them about the book you were going to write.

The book? Ah yes, the book I didn't write.

I wouldn't say that. You are writing it now, this very instant.

Wow! Okay, so one night at Waffle House I had this connection wash over me, just like right now. But this was very strong, overwhelming. So overwhelming I stopped cooking and sat down in the back of the kitchen, got out a pen and a receipt book and began to write down what was coming through me onto it- notation, just like this. Directly after I wrote the sentence, "All that matters is this book" in big bold letters, something hit me, an idea.

Let me interrupt. You must understand that when you feel such a strong connection to the creator you feel the creative power of the source. And feeling this, and believing this power to be true beyond all doubt, makes creation very easy.

Yes yes. Anyway- The idea that hit me was this: If I wrote this book for the entire world to see, and if it could possibly be the thing that would change the world into the utopia I had always dreamed of, then it was also possible that the book that the world needed had already been written. I didn't even NEED to write it, and I knew it was true. The connection I felt, and the anxiety of writing the book at that very moment settled. I crumbled up the pad, threw it in the trash and I went back to cooking.

Why did you throw it away?

Because I didn't want to look at it, to tell you the truth it scared me.

Feeling a supreme connection to the source can be scary if you are not sure exactly what it was. If you are not careful and positive when it happens, your fear can lead you to some pretty dark places.

Is that why I think that when people have panic attacks they are feeling that same connection?

That is precisely right. You had that experience when you saw that vision you are always trying to forget.

Yes, I thought so. The world literally exploded out from me and then collapsed on me.

That is something you can share later. I think we both know what that experience was.

So back to your story- was that all?

Almost, that night when I went home the lights were still out. It was late and I was alone. I felt that sensation coming back and there was no one around to comfort me, to reassure me I was okay.

What did you do?

Well this was the third time now that it had hit me, and I remembered what I had written on that pad. The last words before I had written 'All that matters is this book'.

And?

My body felt like I had explained my way out of existence. Like I had lost all faith in humanity, like I was dialing out.

Okay, so how did you stop it!?

I reassured myself with those final words that you had spoken me. You had me write, and at that point you had meant you were with me. But the words were, "I AM HERE." But as I uttered them to myself over and over I realized that I was here. That I could look around, even my dark room, and reassure myself that I was here and there was no where else to go. With each chant, the feeling fell away until I completely came to grips with the fact that I was literally scaring myself to death because of this lack of my faith. It was lack of faith in myself, which lead me to find faith in you, and Faith in everyone else.

That is beautiful, but that's not the big ending is it?

Not in the slightest. The craziest part is that the very next day when I showed up to work one of the waitresses came up to me with a book. "Here." Nancy says. "My brother gave this to me a long time ago and I have never even read it. I just thought it sounded like something you could be interested in." My mind immediately went back to

the night before. A book! And not just any book a dust covered tome it was! I opened up the front cover. Scribbled inside was faded ink pen that read, "To Nancy, with all my love," I flipped nervously to the middle of the pages and before my eyes in Big Bold Letters was the words, "I AM HERE!" The very words I had been writing down on that pad the night before. It was a miracle! The book was called, "Conversations with God- An uncommon dialogue" -By Neale Donald Walsh. Here it was and it was already written!

That is a very good story.

Thank you, but it is a true story.

Yes, I was there remember?

Of course, I knew for sure then. Come to think of it, I believe my connection really began to fade more and more after that until I had only fleeting glimpses of your presence.

This is very true from your perspective. But I never really left your side. You just didn't need me for awhile.

Of course I did! How could you even say that? Doesn't every one need God?

Oh so now I'm God?

Oops. I think you lead me right into that one. You make me seem so unthankful. Like I just put you on the shelf after you've done what I needed you for, and then when things get bleak I cry out for help. Then you always step into save the day.

Isn't that what you do?

Maybe so, but you don't ALWAYS step in to save the day!

You don't always ask me too.

Bullshit!

I love you too.

See there you go again trying to play the good guy.

Would you rather me play the bad guy?

No.

Then shut up.

What? You can't tell me to shut up!

You wrote it.

I guess I did huh? I told you this stuff is for the crazies. Let me say I am sorry for all that. Now don't everyone go and think that GOD is a -know -it- all, smart-ass now that I....

Don't give them that crap. I may be that to a lot of people! Some people need me to be a certain thing to live their lives and grow closer to me. Individuals can exist on separate levels of closeness to me. It doesn't make them bad or good.

I know that- I just didn't want to give them the wrong idea.

I know. But you truly don't always ask me to step in and you don't want me to. It is your job here to learn to do that for yourself, and to help yourself, and to be independent. Grant it, you ask for me to step in for some things and sometimes you beg me to! But I will not. I will however be there for you when you fall. I will be there for you when you're alone. I will be there to pick you up when there is no other way. I will be there to keep you safe within my walls of being. Until, of course, you choose to make your own boundaries.



SHANGRI LA

Back about 6 years ago I moved into Alabama to help my buddy's dad build a house on a piece of five hundred-acre-land. I lived in a van at the end of our mile long driveway into no where. The van was propped up on cinder blocks for it had no tires and the entire interior had been carpeted orange. There was no power to it so I had rigged a wind up radio to the interior cabin light so that when it was time for bed I would crank up the radio and as the tunes died out so did the light. There wasn't a whole lot to do out there except get high.

The guy whose land I was living on, we'll call him Richard, owned a sawmill where he would wake up each morning, smoke a fatty, and then roll down to the mill to harvest some lumber from his five hundred acres. Cut some logs, smoke some weed was our daily regimen. Just him and I, every day. Eventually he revealed to me that he was growing his own pot amidst the trees in different concealed locations and would come to trust me and show me his harvest. I will never forget the day I stood up amongst the herb.

We had been walking along a well-beaten path that was initially hidden by some underbrush. The path wound it's way along a steep grade that fell away into a Georgia clay canyon. Georgia clay wasn't scarce here, we were but a hop skip and a jump from the Georgia border. After daring the menacing drop, Richard's strong right arm would tug me the remaining feet across the precipice to safe ground. I sat down on my haunches, mimicking his movements. He was aware of everything around him. A single barrel thrown over his right shoulder, he stared through an old pair of binoculars at a road just out of view, "Look here." He said. I took the binoculars and followed his glance down along the canyons edge until the small piece of roadway came into view. Richard had been down the beaten path all his life, and he kinda reminded me of the gunslinger from some Stephen King novel. "You see there? The part in the brush just off the side of the highway?" I spotted it as he spoke, "Yeah. I see it." He took the binoculars from me and began moving through some thick brush behind us, "Someone's been stopping off the highway and helping themselves. I reckon they've discovered one of my lesser plots. I knew there'd been buds missing from some of my harvest." I followed him through the thicket and just as I began wondering what would happen if Richard were to catch one of these so called thieves, a remarkable smell caught my attention. "I smell it." I said under my breath. Richard and I had just managed our way through the thick undergrowth and were standing up when he said, "You oughta, it's all around you."

The marijuana was no less than six feet in height. I remember thinking of Christmas trees when I first noticed them. No where had I ever heard of pot growing this big! The trunks were astonishing. Five or six inches thick at the least. I couldn't believe that I had crawled into a grove of hemp, and didn't even know it! Richard walked around pointing out the buds and explaining to me how the wood burning stove produced the perfect ash to mix with the topsoil. He would tell me how the bigger hole you dig for the plant the bigger the plant will grow. "It's all about giving the roots room and nourishment. You want a six foot healthy plant, you had better dig a three foot deep by three foot wide hole and fill it with your potting soil and ash." He would say.

Now, I was by no means blind of the fact when I got there, for his son had filled me in before I headed out there to help, but I kept it under wraps as to not get his boy in trouble. This guy had tons of broken down old cars scattered about his farm, which he used as drying tents for the fresh bud. Hell, he gave me a whole bag of keife (shake for those pot illiterates out there) when I arrived as a welcome gift. It was well over an ounce of pure crystal shake, for free! He was like, "Here you can have this, I can't sell that," He says, "They won't buy nothin' but buds around here." I was astonished to say the least. "This would cost a fortune where I come from! No one wants to break it up anyhow." I said and accepted it with a smile. The man knew it would blow my skirt up, and it did! He knew what he was doing. You don't send that stuff to the city or you'd just be asking for trouble. Buds for country folks, and bulk customers only. In the real world, shake is nothing, not to mention the garbage bags full of leaves that went to waste! And so, I would roll me one before bed each night as I jammed out in the van. Sometimes I would have company, sometimes not.

Our official shower was a natural spring. It bubbled up on our lot and we had rigged it with a PVC pipe running out overhead. We would stand under it to bathe. I'd just wake up, take the loader down to the spring, get showered, and truck it back down to the house for a smoke with the old timer, before cutting wood for the fire or doing any *real* timbering.

The downfalls in no way outnumbered the benefits. I had friends to hang out with, a job to do, and a place to stay. Besides that I had an awesome car that I had fixed up during my time in the Navy, and my friends and I were the talk of the town. My car looked like something off of the fast and furious. Needless to say that eventually we would blow the engine in it. But that's a different story. Everything took a turn when Richard's wife decided that she would rather live closer to town. The kids needed to be in school, and they needed running water and electricity. In a matter of weeks, his wife and kids, along with my friend had moved out a few miles away. This left me to move into the living room and out of the van.

Our routine didn't change much. We still would wake up and smoke, and after getting motivated make our way down to the saw mill to harvest some lumber for sale or use on the house. Over the course of the next week we built the foundation for an extra room. My friend who had gotten me here, was busy doing drugs and partying with his friends, in some cases, I was invited, in some cases I was not. Either way it was but a short commute to his new house when I wasn't working with Richard. My visits to the new house became more frequent and, in turn, Richard was more often left alone. The climax was building in the twisted system and it wouldn't be long before things went haywire.

One night after sleeping at my friends' house, I was awoken early by his mom, Richard's wife. "Are you and Richard working this morning?" She asked me. I pulled myself up on the couch and patted around my pockets for my keys, "I don't know. We hardly ever work, he's probably still asleep." I said. My buddy drove me up to the cabin and dropped me off. I let him take my car to school that day.

I remember it being morning time, the time when the dew's still on the plants and the spider webs drip with condensation but are uninhabited because of the light creeping through the trees. I was making my way to the front door. I came upon the landing, and reaching out to pull on the handle you could hear tin begin to rub against wood as the

door began to open. Then from out of the nearby bedroom Richards voice boomed, "How wuz the pussy?!" I stopped dead in my tracks. I knew he kept a handgun under his pillow and a shotgun on his bed stand. The past few nights were running through my mind like ex lax on an all bean diet.

I had figured to myself that someone left in a state of solitude and smoking marijuana could result in a more than paranoid situation, but never reasoned to myself that I may end up the victim of such a nervous disorder. Not knowing how to assure him that I had not been with his wife, I said the only thing I knew was true, "No offense Richard, but I wouldn't touch that." I ventured slowly in to the living room knowing I had no ride out of there, and only hoping I had spoken the right words. He emerged shortly from his room and took roost on the couch. He is a good man, my mind finally settling, I looked over to him and lit the joint I had bought from someone else to smooth things over with him, "Not the presidential, but change is always good." We smoked together and both internally knew that it was time to start a new chapter. I had been spending the night at his wife's house because that was where my friend was, nothing else, but I had been unaware of his marital problems with his wife at the time. Escaping a near deadly experience with paranoia, it didn't take long to muster up some money and catch the red eye home.



Grimoire VI.



Balance

FACTS:

XI. There is a forest in Russia that is 3,000 miles square. This forest contains enough lumber and building material to supply every family on the planet with a mansion the size of the White House to live in.

XII. Before the lumber industry lobbied Congress to make Pot illegal, Marijuana was the primary source of fiber for the production of paper.

XIII. The cost of manufacturing one atomic bomb (4 billion dollars) would wipe out hunger and homelessness in America forever.

XIV. There are vast stores of diamond, gold, silver, copper, tin, zinc, coal, and rubber to supply the world for centuries to come.

XV. The United States Constitution is printed on Pot.

XVI. The ocean will spew forth diamonds, gold, and oil for many generations to come.

XVII. The cost of the ships that were sunk at Pearl Harbor alone would have paid to irrigate the deserts of the west where we could have grown enough produce to abolish hunger worldwide.

XVIII. In our country alone we dump millions of pounds of edible material including produce, milk, and butter each year. This alone could easily feed the entire world.

XIX. With today's technologies Marijuana fiber can be processed into construction materials that would replace wood products saving our forests and lowering the costs of construction while producing byproducts useful in making fuels to run cars and generate electricity.

GRIMOIRE VI. CONVERSATION A.

Dad and I talked about smoking pot instead of drinking, *if it were legal*, of course. We agreed that it'd be healthier if we would just stop drinking and instead just take a couple of tokes after work to relax and then just play some tennis in your free time to keep your lungs healthy.

That's the truth! They need to legalize that stuff. As far as drinking_ have fun if that is your box of chocolates, but it is A WHOLE LOT HARDER, and takes ALOT MORE TIME, to lose the weight drinking puts on then to clear your lungs from a puff off a joint!

Ironic that there are so many more alcohol related incidents and it remains legal! Man, irony should be the definition of life in the dictionary.

Why, because without irony you wouldn't have much left?

Exactly, all the Irony in my life doesn't leave room for a whole lot of anything else! You know, this topic about marijuana gets me tons of questions monthly on my blogs.

I bet it does, but how can we relate that to irony in any way shape or form?

What is so ironic, is the fact that who put a slander on weed in the 30's by producing such movies as 'Reefer Madness' was the lumber industry that would suffer a huge loss in profitable margin if pot were to be harvested for paper products!

True. What is even more ironic is that the lumber companies are the ones growing all the pot to begin with! Just look back at Shangri La!

Go figure!

THE MISSION

It had been years since I had read the book I had seemingly materialized. I had grown comfortable knowing the things that I had been shown. My life was again on an even keel and I had moved North to good ole' Nashville, Tennessee. I was returning to my past. In Nashville I had real good friends to practice martial arts with, and I was sure to find work in my old hometown. I opted to stay with my best friend Carl, he had a top bunk bed in his room that he said I was welcome to. Carl is the kinda guy who really doesn't give a fuck. His favorite term is, 'Fuck it.' If I had ever met anyone more laid back than myself, this was it.

Carl and I had been practicing ninja from an early age. We first met one another in a jujitsu club in middle school. We hit it off instantly. I would show him a back roundhouse if he'd show me a windmill kick. Eventually, we would begin working with weaponry and start going on missions late at night. The rain wouldn't stop us. We would train like the U.S. Postal service, whether rain, sleet, or snow. At an older age we would open up an on-line Ninja Clan called Ninja International. But for the time being we were living day to day with his Granny.

Granny was in her late eighties and easy enough to deal with. She would sit in her rocking chair dressed in the same nightgown night after night. We would come in late and tell Granny about what we had been doing and she'd just say, "Well." And smile to us while rocking. Day after day, month after month, night after night we always got the same old, "Well." With her distinguished country drawl.

An old machine shop was out back of the house that drew in money for the family tree. Carl never showed much interest in it but his dad Dale was back there constantly during the day. We would see him on the rare occasion he would enter the house for a glass of water or tell Granny that he had finished up. We all spoke to Granny as if she knew exactly what we were saying, but just as she would say to us, she would say to him, "Well." And assume that grin of hers that swallowed up her whole wrinkled face, cheek to cheek.

We were nearing our twenties now, but still went out a few nights a week in full Ninja gear. We would drive by a plot of land, or a local park to case the scenario, and then draw up our mission plans. More often than not we would separate from the beginning and meet hours later, completing the final stretch together. Now you may be asking yourself, "What do full grown men in ninja suits *do* on a so-called *mission*?" And the answer still eludes me to this day. It was just something that we felt we needed to do. Somewhere within each of us was this yearning to bring back this ancient archetype, and we knew that somehow, eventually, we would.

I had been working at an Arby's restraint with all my friends when I met a girl I really liked. Chance had it that the manager of the place, one of my close friends, also had a crush on her. Despite the fact, I knew I should, at the least, hang out with her sometime. We had been talking a little more each day and I found out she loved doing outdoors things like hiking and swimming. I told her about how Carl and I went out nightly on missions, and Carl decided it would be a good idea if I invited her along. She agreed.

I went to Kung's Jewelry downtown where they had a ninja store hidden in the back behind beads and sheets. There I bought a ninja suit, shoes, and blue sash to surprise her with before that night came.

We all met at Granny's around seven. Carl and I were already dressed in our uniforms and we presented her with hers. We waited while she got into her suit and helped her adjust the mistakes. Complete with a half mask, blue waist wrapping, and blue ties in her hair. Carl and I were impressed, to say the least.

It took us approximately 20 minutes to reach the spot where Carl would take Jacqueline into the woods at the start. Me, on the other hand, had planned to start about a mile away where I would park the car.

I had left the keys to the car hidden and marked close-by and was now moving slowly and silently through some palm fronds toward our meeting destination. I was hoping Carl would be showing Jacqueline a good time. He had always stayed so focused while we were out alone. I could only guess that she was feeling herself immersed into our reality.

The moon, nearing full, was the only light that cast upon the field where we were to meet. I had blended well with a downed branch in the middle of the field where we were to meet. The field was open wide besides the tree and the limb from which it had loosed. Tall grasses swayed as the wind cut it's way up the path from the old wooden water mill to the South. I could smell the river.

The plan had been made between Carl and I that we would put on a show for Jacqueline in the field as I asked him to deliver to me the Kunoichi (Female Ninja). The mission plans that he held would have revealed to him that his mission, was to keep the Kunoichi hidden at all costs, and to meet his contact here, in the field where I waited patiently.

A dark figure began to emerge along the tree line. It was Carl, and he was headed to the center of the field, which was the contact point. Little did Jacqueline know that his contact had been replaced with a sentry. I dove from behind the fallen branch rolling into a squatting position and placing my hand close to the tsuba of my sword, ready to draw! "Where is the Kunoichi?!" I demand in Japanese. "Never, monster!" He returns in the same dialect. I begin to rise slowly from my haunches as I speak, "Then.. You diiiiiiee!" comes sickeningly, again in the same tongue as I draw my sword and race toward my opponent.

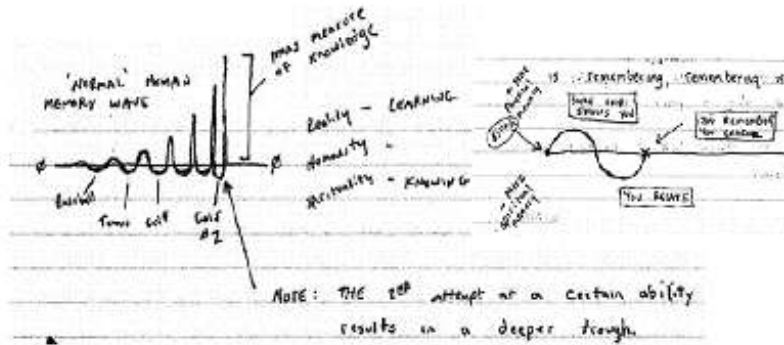
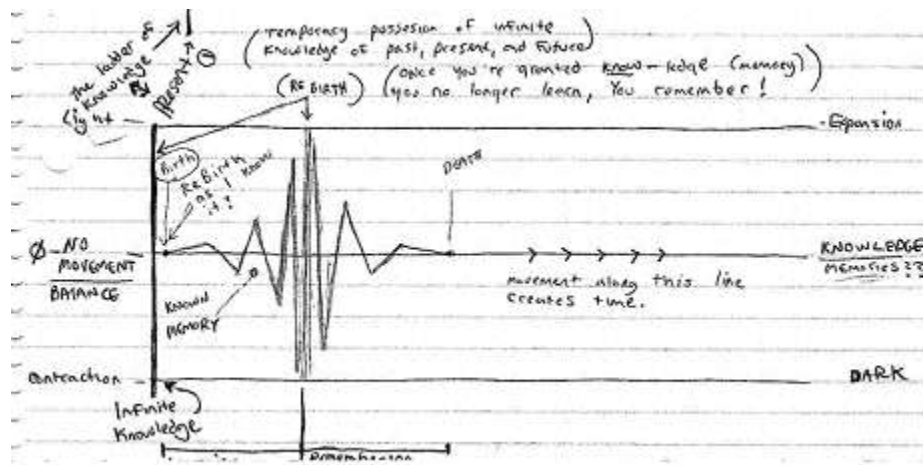
Stainless steel clashes in the moonlight as we move past one another with lightning speed. Before I know it, Carl has his blade pressed to mine and is overcoming me with strength so I turn and slide my blade down to his tsuba (handguard) before we kick one another away. The blades shine in the night and the lightning bugs have begun to glow amidst the wheat. I step back hoping to catch a glimpse of Jacqueline amongst the tree line. Nothing. "Dosta, shinobu sahn?" Comes his voice from across the field. He's asking what is wrong and tossing his blade to the side.

I throw my blade away as well and, in moments I am bombarded with strikes and kicks, which I do my best to parry away in the fading light. I drop my posture as to see my opponent against the moon. He's there. As I am lower than him, he is struggling to see. I watch him turn against the moonlight before I sweep his foot and drag his arm to take his back. That's when I feel his other hand loose and glide with mine to my belt

where my smoke powder lies. Before I know it he has set my bomb into action. Smoke fills the glade in night wind.

As the smoke clears, the two of us are at length from one another and both are resting upon a knee. We look at one another with a nod, and a shit eating grin hiding beneath dark masks. We pull our masks down, approach one another and shake hands. "Awesome, man."

The Kunoichi is nowhere to be found.



Grimoire VII.



Knowledge from Nothing

The first time I actually listened to my feelings and left my work when I felt it was time, I went to a place that I knew would make me feel special. I had found this place in the woods atop a hard climb up a cliff and through a grove of young saplings that looked out over miles of land below. It felt sacred to me. It was here that I went to look within. I knew here that no one could judge me. That no one could see me. That no one could hear me. And in this moment I reached my arms high into the air and with all my heart I expelled my breath as I sang what I had read from the truest books I had ever known:

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

And bringing my arms down upon the final syllable I felt a release of pent-up energies I had been holding dormant. My body took on a lightness, and with one hand I motioned the sign of the three rays.

GRIMOIRE VII. CONVERSATION A.

This is the thing; there have been times in my life that I have felt a burning inside me, a fire welling up within, screaming to me, "You were made for something special! Get out of here! What are you doing mopping that floor in an Arby's?" And as intense as that desire can be, I may have never allowed myself to 'take the plunge' so to speak.

So you think that perhaps, if at the moment you became aware of that feeling, that desire within you to leave that Arby's, you acted upon it, then it may have actually happened?

I would say yes except...

Except what?

I did leave that Arby's; I dropped the mop and took off.

What was the feeling you had? What was so important you had to just up and leave at that very moment and risk your job?

It will sound silly.

Don't make me go there with you again just tell us.

Okay, I felt a mixture of jealousy and destiny.

Jealous of what?

The girl I knew should be with me was talking to some other guy who thought she should be with him, or something like that.

And destiny?

The feeling made me stop in my tracks and take a good long look at my life. Keep in mind I was but 18 at the time.

So what did you see?

I told myself I was better than this and that I was never put on this earth to be jealous. I was put on this earth to be something great! I believed at that moment, that somewhere I had taken a wrong turn. Without thinking I left and went straight to doing what it was I loved to do.

Masturbation?

No! Geeze!

Sorry, just couldn't pass that one up. I'll be good.

But no, martial arts and druidism. Strangely, the ninja's and the druid's had striking similarities when it comes to the elements and training systems. That was, in fact, one of the first things during my studies that made me think that something more was going on in this world than met the eye.

So these areas of studies preoccupied your mind physically as well as spiritually huh?

Exactly, not that I ever considered myself a druid, but I did once or twice in my life, confidently call myself a Ninja. Indeed, I drove a ninja car, wore a ninja suit, and taught ninja classes.

I think you should point out that the druidism you speak of was of Welsh origin and in no way sacrificial or satanic.

Of course.

And whatever came of this druidism kick?

I played with a few concepts, and tried a few rituals (with surprising results), but the influence and open mindedness it brought was what was most beneficial. It made me start to look for examples in nature. Also, it really gave me a passion for learning. Druids would have to learn upwards of 25,000 axioms and aphorisms in a lifetime! So all in all, it opened me to learning ancient teachings and exploring other languages.

This coincidentally, was about the time you started losing interest in school.

I would say coincidentally yes. This also was happening about the same time as my first true experiences in teaching, when I began to teach the things that I knew of to my next door neighbors. My knowledge exploded!

And what sparked their interest in such things?

They would see me in my ninja suit next door after school climbing the telephone poles, leaping off of the carports, turning somersaults, playing with swords and doing all sorts of strange stuff!

At this point did you feel you were experienced enough to take on such a task of teaching?

Experienced yes; knowledgeable enough, no.

Why not?

Because I had never completed any formal class, I had only taken bits of martial arts from many different classes until I got bored with the repetition. Then I would add the knowledge of what some friends would help out with, what I would see in movies, what I knew from my past experiences, and what I had read in books. Let me add, not just martial arts self-help books either, but philosophy books, physics books, magick books, etc. They all helped me create lessons.

Interesting.

Let me ask you something.

Sure.

Why is it I feel that I learned so much more TEACHING martial arts then I did when learning martial arts?

What is it you are trying to get at here?

I mean, I could teach things that I knew absolutely NOTHING about, and by the end of the lesson I KNEW I was right. There were some things I had only a concept about, maybe had seen once or twice, and after teaching them, it was like I perfected it.

Not only does the drive for honesty help you in these situations, but also the creativity of experiencing whom it was you choose to be. I will tell you something now, if you have ears to hear: THE FIRST TEACHER BEGAN WITH NO KNOWLEDGE

Then where do the lessons come from?

Memory acts like a wave, dipping into the bank of universal memory with each time you try and access it. Trying to do something, or learn, is kind of like trying to unlock a door with a key of soft metal, and over time, the key will shape itself to the tumblers. It only takes so many turns of that key in the lock, so many dips of your ladle in the ocean of memories, for them to finally set. I will put a diagram on the adjacent page to further explain for those of you who are more visual learners. You ask about magic, I tell you now, anything is possible if you set your mind to it.

**Information on the Tesaihiryu Ninja Clan is available at:
www.ninjainternational.com**

THE MISSION ENDS

Carl and I had planned everything perfect. The mission was thus far a success, we had gotten her out there with us, put on a show, and had her feeling like we were the *shit!* Okay, so maybe the mission was not all that much about being ninja and more about impressing the girl, but come on now, we're men. You asked earlier what do full grown men in ninja suits do? Well, this was it. It's all about the hunt.

Carl waves in the direction of the tree line. Slowly another dark figure emerges and approaches us astonished, "I can't believe you guys! You two do this all the time?" We told the truth, "Yeah."

The next few minutes were spent laughing about how she was trying to be quiet but couldn't and I knew Carl had performed perfectly. What a ninja this guy was! But the mission wasn't over, from here we still had to make it along the South side of the mill and across a stream and up to an interstate bridge where I had left the car.

We all pulled our masks back on tight and moved quickly from the open field and into the underbrush. Pushing aside a frond I revealed where the ground had been weathered away from years of water run-off. This is where we would move down to the concrete wall of the abandoned water mill. Impressions of six feet were left in the mud that would be covered by tonight's run-off, they would never know we were here.

The three of us slid into the water slowly, and made our way a chilly 30 feet across to the other embankment before slipping out of the water just slow enough to let the water drain from our clothes as not to make a drip. It wouldn't be long until we had scaled the wall to the interstate and were back in the car.

After stopping at a local Waffle House, covered in mud, and having a bite to eat, we would drop Carl off at his house to get changed and he would tell us that he would meet us at my place after awhile.

Jacqueline and I drove the 30 minutes to my place together. It was beyond midnight and she had told her mom that she wouldn't be in tonight, instead she would be staying at a friends.

As we pulled to a stop light I turned to her and talked to her of the feelings that I knew our manager had for her, and the bad relationship that she had just gotten out of. She told me that she wasn't interested in him at all, and with that I pulled the note I had written from my glove box. "Here." I said. "For you. I wrote it last week but never came to the courage of giving it to you." She opened the letter and began to read. I turned up the radio a bit and pulled forward to the next light. We were getting close to home now and I knew if I didn't make my move quick the moment might pass. She turns to me as the song that would become our own began on cue. The light turns red. I stop.

"Kiss me, out of the bearded barly
nightly

beside the green green grass
swing swing (swing swing)
swing the spinning step
you wear those shoes and
i will wear that dress.

ohhhh.....

kiss me”

I know she feels the same thing I do. We kiss. Nothing else matters.

HONK!! HONK!!!

The car horns break us apart as we realize the light has turned green ages ago, and I hit the gas, we are off to home.

It was that night as we lay together in the bedroom wrapped in each others arms that I came upon the lesson of guilt which would sting me in the end. I lay there with her in my embrace and knowing what we were to do. She looks me in the eyes and tells me, “Please tell me this won’t be a one night thing.” I looked back at her and wondered how she had been hurt, and what could possibly make her say something like that and nodded assuredly, “I promise.” We would sneak out into the living room that night and curl up on the couch where Carl was asleep on the air mattress attempting to look innocent.

Morning came and everyone had gone. Jacqueline stirred me awake behind her. We still lay on the couch in each others arms. “So.” She says. “You’re a ninja?” I tilt my head up a bit and matter-of-factly respond, “Yeah, you could say that.” She looks around us, and picking up a knife from a nearby end table she asks, “So you can use all these weapons?” My home was decorated with weapons of every sort, from katanas to kamas, nunchucks to knives. “Of course.” I say. “So you can throw this knife and hit that target?” I saw the target she was talking about. I had hung it there as a decoration, and as far as accurately throwing the knife from where I lay, there was always a question of distancing. Now I knew if I threw it the first time and it hit butt end first, all I had to do was flip it and make minor adjustments to hit that target on the second throw, but that wasn’t going to be good enough! She had me on a spot. So I took the knife from her hand, rolled it in my own, and looked to heaven for some support.

~~~Phhhhst.... The knife stuck perfectly.

“You got lucky!” She says. Now that I had hit the target once I knew exactly the way it need to be turned and that the distancing was correct, so I reached for the second one.

~~~Phhhhst..... In like flynn.

Panties wet again.

Round two.



Grimoire VIII.



Sowing the Seeds of Truth

Granted, if you beg your parents to believe in the fact that you will grow up to be a ninja, it is their sole responsibility to change your one-track mind. Finding anyone to stand up to my standards of belief was the hardest journey I had ever set out on. That journey led me on a path that wound its way through the deepest caverns of fear and around the highest peaks of hope, and eventually landed me in a spine tingling, hair-raising, freezing cold mud puddle of truth.

So, A while back I started telling the truth, all the time. Hell, probably years ago. I started telling the truth, and more truth, and more truth until people really didn't want to hear anymore. I started saying whatever it was that would come to mind, the instant it came to mind, *as long as it would not affect anyone negatively.*

I used to watch what I said like a hawk. But now, I just say what I feel, *unless of course it is degenerating in nature.* I came into tune with my world, and began speaking freely into it like a river flowing into its summit.

My life currently is nothing special. Actually it is way less than special to an onlooker. But to me, it is the greatest life ever lived! Nobody actually even knows that I am writing this book save God, Karma, and myself. My family has no clue because when I get home from work everyone is asleep and I just sit up with a Jack and Diet Coke and spend my last few hours between 11:30pm and 2:00am typing away. I get up in the morning and help with my sister's kids, do some yard work for my folks, help them sell off a few things on eBay that they don't need, and talk with whoever needs a listening ear. Then I will work a few hours at a local place (and study on break) to help with the bills.

I am simply visiting while waiting to take my test for a health insurance license in Tallahassee. I came here from Tampa where I had a BMW, and a place to myself right on the bay- I had it made. But then, the car broke down, I lost my job and everything snowballed. Circumstances brought me to sell everything just to be able to survive long enough to make it here. So really, you could say I own nothing. No really, say it. "I own NOTHING," save this laptop as my only possession. I am 28 years old and have nothing to show for it. And after all the amazing things I have done in my life I really can't decide if I should be the happiest person on Earth or the saddest.

GRIMOIRE VII. CONVERSATION A.

How bad is my existence? Everyday I think that if I killed myself it would be a wonderful release. What stops me, am I afraid?

Yes.

Of death? No.

"Then what are you afraid of?" Karma asks.

"I am afraid I will be punished for killing myself." I say.

I hear Karma again, "What do you think the punishment will be?"

"More life." I say in response. Karma is not on-line but his questions are still appearing on the screen. I am not backing down this time, it's him and me, and someone is coming out the winner tonight!

“More Life? I gotta hear this. Atleast make an attempt to explain yourself!” The connection with Karma is so strong now that my fingers are typing of their own accord.

NOTE: At this point I start telling myself why I am afraid of living a longer life. I am actually thinking about it for myself, no one else is around. It’s just me and my computer. I am typing away as I think. I have to type it because if I don't then I will forget the entire logic behind what I am saying. That is, if there is any logic behind it at all. You can decide for yourself if there is. I am open to constructive criticism. Maybe you can be the one to tell me to seek help. Because, for all I know I may be crazy. Anyhow, this is the explanation that came for the previous question:

If I kill myself I am afraid that the universe will punish me by making my life longer next time.

Why would this be a punishment?

Because life sucks!

What sucks about it?

My whole past!

But your past is not your life.

Of course it is, everything I have ever done has been difficult. It has gotten me more and more behind, more and more unloved, and more and more forgotten.

Maybe so, but that is not your life.

Why not? I lived it. It has been my life and it's not getting any better!

There is your problem.

What?

When you just said, "It is not getting any better."

Have you looked at my life lately?

Yes, I have been with you all along.

You have?

Of course I have.

Damn sure wish you could help me.

That's exactly what I said.

What do you mean "That's exactly what I said?"

When I was living the life you are living now. That is exactly what I said. “Damn sure wish you could help me.”

You mean you have actually experienced what I am experiencing now for yourself?

Yes of course; if I hadn't do you truly think you could experience it?

Well, why wouldn't I be able to experience it if you hadn't?

Because I am all there is, all there ever was, and all there ever will be. You are simply a part of me. In fact, if you didn't exist I could never look back and remember from whence I came.

So I am more or less your memory? Am... living in your wake, so to speak.

Precisely. More or less.

Okay, forget it! You’re getting me off the topic. I was saying my whole past sucks because it has been hard. There are things in my life that I swore never to forget because no matter what I don't want to live them over again. They were THAT bad! I

don't want to die because I don't want to be reincarnated and have to go through that shit again. I don't! I won't! I can't.!

Then why do you kill yourself every day?

What do you mean?

You know what I mean!

Okay, okay, the pills right?!

Yes, and not only the pills it's the drinking, the stress, and the bad foods you eat. The horrible way you punish yourself needlessly and the way you let others talk to you like they know more than you do. The way you let yourself be looked down upon!

That is ALL killing me?

Oh yes! You think if you rid the world of yourself it will be a better place?

No! Well, maybe. But truly- I think I might as well die sooner than later because if I do have to live it all over again I would rather live a shorter sucky life. And maybe do some good for this world by getting out of the way.

So you are willing to die, and relive the things you fear the most, just as long as you don't have to live long after you get through those hard times? That sounds crazy to me.

Well, when you say it that way it does sound a bit wrong.

I just repeated what you told me!

Okay! So what, am I crazy?

No, that's the good news. You might think you're crazy- sitting in front of your computer typing two parts of a dialogue, but you're not. Many have done the same thing before like Neale Donald Walsh for instance, as well as Keith Blanchard.

So if I am not crazy, what's the deal?

You are simply outsourcing your emotional baggage.

And that is okay?

Perfectly normal, at least you're not taking it out on someone else.

I guess you're right there. But I always believed that the only way to get to live a happy life was to somehow feel happy all the time. In the past my teachers have told me- "Fake it till ya make it."

And they were right.

But you just said.....

I just said that it was perfectly normal to outsource your emotional baggage. I said nothing about NOT being happy all of the time.

But if I am writing things like this down, it is coming from a place of negativity isn't it? I didn't feel happy last night when I started writing this stuff.

Again that was your past. That is not your life. How do you feel now?

Okay, I guess a little frustrated- with you! Other than that I am actually happy.

Ha Ha HA! Very well, that is perfectly okay, because I can take all you have to give, anything you can throw at me. "Hit me with your best shot"- as Pat Benatar would say.

So let me get this straight, it is okay to be angry with you, just not others?

Be angry with anyone you want, I don't care. But if you are truly trying to 'Fake it till ya make it' it might not be in your best interest to express that to others. So if you have to, find another way to outsource that emotion like writing it down. Or if you must, take it out on me. Where are you trying to make it to by faking it anyhow?

To the perfect happy life- always feeling happy, always feeling good about myself, and always feeling good about those around me for starters.

That is very honorable.

Thank you.

So what is stopping you from being that?

My negative emotions are.

I thought you said you were happy right now?

I am.

Then what is stopping you?

Right now what is stopping me?

Yes.

Nothing I guess. Well, I could use a few things.

You could use a few things, for what? To make you happy? I thought you just said you were happy.

I did but, I mean in the future I could use a few things- the near future.

Even the near future is not your life son.

What do you mean? First the past is not my life, and now the future is not my life?

Not the near future.

Why not the near future? And if not the past and not the near future then what is MY LIFE? Please, you tell me.

I will tell you this: I know the near future is not your life, because I can see it. I know that life is of me, only grand, glorious me. Life is, and always will be complete. In fact, so complete that by definition alone, it needs nothing. You on the other hand say that there are some things you can use. So regarding what you have said, and the near future that I see, consequently from that I can without a doubt say, "It will not truly be your life." In fact, your near future could not be life at all because it lacks life's definition.

So define LIFE again.

Life needs or lacks nothing, it is always complete. If it were not complete in having all it needed, it would cease to be.

Wait a minute now! So you are saying because I say, "I could use some things," I am taking away the true meaning of life?

Precisely, life is what you make of it. Indeed, life is what you make it.

So it is wrong of me to need something?

I didn't say it was WRONG, but in the context you are using yes, it is. Only because you are seeking at this point, the means to live the life you've always wanted. Indeed the life (whether you know it or not) that you've always had. It simply will not be in your best interest to recognize a want when the time comes of your remembrance (and it is here right now if you choose not to let it go) because in the act of wanting something you are admitting that this thing that you want, you do not already possess.

But I don't have it right now that's why I would want it in the first place!

To be happy?

No, because I already am I guess.

Right!

But that feels like a lie!

Is it?

You tell me!
I can't.
Why not? It seems you have the answers to all the questions so far.
Ha ha ha... Oh, you are so confused aren't you?
No, I know exactly what the answer is.
Precisely, because...
I AM the one with the answers. I have been the one with the answers all along.
Yes.
Then what do I need you for?
You don't.

GRIMOIRE VII. CONVERSATION C.

The first thing I want to say today is, "Thank You!"
You are welcome. Why the urgency?
I just spent all day working at a local Zaxby's watching my "superiors" go through the learning process.
And this made you say 'Thank You' to me?
Well yes. You did give me the power to empathize with them as they grow. And it was just too funny watching their nervous looks and knowing exactly what they were thinking when they were thinking it.
No, YOU gave yourself that power.
I suppose so. Truthfully, the only reason I know what other people are thinking is because I have been in their shoes before. It truly is amazing how many things I have experienced at my age.
Yes it is you don't give yourself enough credit where it is due and that has been a huge damper on your lifestyle Jay.
I think I saw this coming.
Do you have any idea the amount of people you have affected in this world in a positive way?
I guess not. I mean, I am aware that I am a good person and all, and a hard worker, and a lover not a fighter. I admit I have helped a few people along the way. But I have also hurt people too.
Everyone has hurt people!
Not everyone. What about the Virgin Mary or Mother Theresa?
Give me a break huh? We are talking about YOUR story here. And yes, of course they have! How do you think they became aware of that which they are not? They must have experienced at one point or another. One thing can not exist without its opposite existing as a reference point.
Okay, okay- I was just giving you a hard time.
Trust me when I tell you son that you have done much more good for others' lives than you have done bad.
Really, do you mean that?
Yes, stop being hard on yourself. I bet you that you will begin receiving letters about how you have affected people and their lives in the near future. Just wait and see.
Whoa, easy with it! Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! You make me seem like I am begging for something!

What? Are you retarded?

Probably, I do feel like people just aren't telling me I'm a retard sometimes.

Hahahhah! You're probably right- just kidding. No but really you are.

What?

I guess you'll never know.

I'm okay with that. I always wanted to be a retard anyhow.

Now THAT is funny! You know what the hardest part about eating a vegetable is right?

Stop... you are going too far!

Why? You don't think GOD has a sense of humor? What? You think you're gonna say something that offends me? If I didn't want to be offended then I would not have made it possible to offend. So back off!

Okay, okay what gives? So tell me, what's the hardest part about eating a vegetable?

You know.

I know I do.

So say it!

Okay..... forgive me lord.

Give me a BREAK! What do you want me to hold your hand!?

ALRIGHT! The hardest part about eating a vegetable is the wheel chair.....

OKAY! There!

That always gets me laughing. You know that WAS funny.

Alright, I'm laughing. I just hate being judged.

Who is going to judge you?

Whoever might be reading this? My family, my friends, my psychiatrist!

I knew you had a sense of humor.

Seriously though, I may end up with one when I finally let people read this thing.

No you won't.

How do you know?

I don't.

Well, that's reassuring especially since I had a vision of being in a....

I know the vision you had.

So I did have it, it was real!

Yes, but remember what I said. You must know what you are not to truly be what you are. Besides, we will touch on that later. In the meantime let's get back to the subject. People will not judge you for joking like that.

Why not?

Because you just said, "you always wanted to be a retard!"

I have truthfully. I always thought it wouldn't be that bad.

I know you have so isn't it kind of like making fun of yourself? Really, you all are making fun of yourselves no matter who you are, because we are all one like it or not.

Okay, maybe. But there are those people who take care of the handicapped who will hate me for saying something like, "I would like to be a retard."

Yes, there are. And so what would you say to those who confront you about it?

I would tell them that I have great respect for them, and that I admire their strength and love, that they are even stronger and more in tune with the true nature of GOD than I am.

That is a pretty strong compliment, seeing as you are speaking to what you deem the Godhead directly.

Yes, I suppose it is. I suppose you couldn't get much closer to GOD unless you were GOD.

You got that right!

So are you saying those people are GODS?

I am not saying anything as there are those who don't enjoy their work with the handicapped as well. But I would go so far as to say, "A person with such compassion to dedicate oneself to anything with nothing but JOY is truly one deserving of the finest rewards."

I agree.... Ya know. I can't believe THIS is what I do for fun. I mean writing this book. I actually enjoy it!

It's great isn't it? You'd never guess what I do for fun.

I already know, you just sit back and laugh at others experiencing the same things you have.

Exactly! And you have started doing the same thing on a smaller scale.

I have, but I am not laughing at people's misfortune though. I am laughing because it is so funny to see someone else experiencing something that I have before.

You are right in doing this, so don't feel bad or negatively about it.

Oh- I don't. At least I try not to; I don't show it when I see it. I just laugh inside and I hide my chuckles.

It's hard yeah?

Oh yeah! Man, it must be excruciating for you!

No, I come to comfort as do you.

I guess I know what you mean, I am doing it now. I remember my first girlfriend use to laugh anytime she felt hurt or scared. She told me, "If you just learn to laugh at it, it has no power over you."

She was right.

LIFE IS A JOKE

At first I saw all the bad things that happened to me as ‘just my luck’ and then, one day, I remembered what someone had told me.

“If you just learn to laugh at it, then it has no power over you”

Boy, I wish I would have learned that lesson a long time ago!

In a judgmental world I found this one statement would change my life forever if I simply applied it accordingly. Any time someone would say something to me, the first thing I would do is take it as a joke, and then work from there. It would stop me from negatively affecting my life with an attitude.

I use to think that my luck was definitely the worst in the world, but lately I have met a few people who have just as bad of luck, or worse. I have been working at this fast food joint and I have been telling people about my book coming out for weeks and never thought for a second that they may not believe me! Then tonight I heard one of my fellow employees’ say, just loud enough for me to hear, “We’re author’s, we’re smart!”

The thought that ran through my head, at that point went something like this:

Okay. Go ahead. I can take it. Judge, Ridicule, blame, doubt, and curse me.

These things are nothing new to me. I have been the target and the scapegoat for nearly anything imaginable. If you think you can make my life any worse, go ahead, take a shot! Let me warn you though, you had better get a number and stand in line, because it is going to be a long wait.

At this point, a smile came to my face as I remembered something I had read in a book by, Neale Donald Walsh, “What you judge, you will one day become”. I remember, as a kid, not believing this girl in my grade school who had told me that Chuck Norris had come to her house and had dinner with her and her mom. I had judged her a pathological liar immediately, and therefore saw what was happening to me now as a true to life experience of Neale’s statement. Karma, kicking me in the ass, so to speak. I thought to myself, “Man, these people must think that I am lying just because I have done such amazing things with my life and now am simply working in a fast food restaurant!” which, by the way, I am only doing for the pure inspiration it brings me to write these books! You don’t get much inspiration sitting at home all day staring at a computer screen.

So, as I scrubbed out the grease trap I was thinking on the subject and a solution came to mind. Late, as usual! If I would only have taken it as a joke, started laughing so that they knew I had heard them, and shot a sarcastic remark back at them, then perhaps I would have cleared the air and solved the situation. If only I wouldn’t have been so quick to judge, which we all are, and taken it as a joke FIRST, then maybe things would have turned out better, happier. So, the next thing that Karma had taught me was to always assume FIRST that someone is joking and then work from there. It keeps you from negatively judging people, and affecting your life in a negative way.

Grimoire IX.



The Perfection of Life

GRIMOIRE VIII. CONVERSATION A.

I'm trippin' out here.
I know you are, you really should stop taking that stuff.
So you are finally telling me?
Yes, and it's a damn shame that I have to! I don't want to have to scold you but geesh you are as bad as a kid! You can't keep taking that shit like you're doing and expect for things to be just fine.
I know that but, I just need it.
You're addicted?
I want to say no.
Look, nothing is permanent.
Jeeze I feel like everyone knows I'm on it.
They do.
I know they do because I do and they are part of me. All is one right?
Yes.
So if I know something then they do too? Our minds are one as well?
Yes, if you choose that.
So why does it LOOK like they don't know I'm on it?
Because you have chosen this as your next comfortable situation.
I get it, I remember a time when I was so worried about people looking at me and thinking, "He's fucked up." But now, I really don't care. I MEAN I DO CARE, but I don't think people THINK I am fucked up. Not anymore.
You are doing what you think is necessary to ensure your life continues in the right direction.
Pretty much, but only because when I don't take it things seem to start falling apart on me. It's like I gave up an effort or something... I feel guilty, like it is my duty to stay 'fucked up' so that reality will remain in the right balance.
That is pretty sad.
I know.
I know you know but don't get down on yourself; it will only make things worse.
I remember when I told one of my ex-girlfriend's that I took this stuff she told me one time, "I don't care if you have to take it but only take it if you need to and don't be an asshole!"
She was right.
What? Are you saying it is okay to take drugs?
No! I didn't say that! What is it you are taking? Is it a drug?
I am not going to tell these people what I have been taking because I don't want them to think that they could go out and take it and get the same result.
That is very honorable. It is not okay to take drugs. I am telling you this now because I think you already know the sacrifice that must be made for you-JAY to see heaven.
I know.

Don't be sad, you are helping so many people. You have no idea. Do you even remember what you told yourself when you decided you were going to have to keep taking this stuff on a regular basis?

Actually, I do.

Listen up people: Jay has been abusing an over the counter drug that is not illegal for the past 10 or so years straight. He finally told himself that if it ends up killing him at an early age, then at least he would be teaching everyone a lesson.

That IS what I said huh?

Yes.

Why then do I still take it? Help me here. I can't tell anyone, because I know they will think I am just making excuses. They will say you're just an addict!

They will say that.

But I don't want them to 'think' that!

Does it really matter what others think of you?

I guess not. Can't we just forget it? Let's drop it.

What? I can't tell the truth?

Don't make me look like I want pity or something. I don't! And for all you know I may not die. Ever!

Okay.

Okay.

Listen to me good, I think you know in your heart why you continue to take the stuff. Do you get high off of it?

No, I can't even feel it when I take a normal dose at the start of the day.

Then why do you take it?

To make my mind right, I can tell if it is going to be a bad day. I can read my body and my emotions. I KNOW when I should take a bit of medication.

Then you are not abusing it. Some people take LOADS of prescription drugs on the hour, every hour, just to keep their minds right. You know this. You have seen countless people, even married couples who truly DO ABUSE their prescription drugs. No one takes medicine as it is prescribed because no two bodies are alike. Even twins have different fingerprints, and some have different allergies. YOU and ONLY YOU can tell what is right for YOU.

Thank you for helping me with this. I know I would be better off without it if I could manage, but I really just think it will be too hard, and I have too many people counting on me to keep a level head.

It's my honor, and I wasn't trying to make anyone pity you. Have you published this book yet?

No.

Then no one can see it but you. There is nothing to worry about. As far as this is concerned you are leaving a journal.

Thank you. I know this but I just can't stand people looking at me like a deadbeat.

I know, I am truly sorry my son. Some people WILL call you a dead beat. Some people will joke of you. Some people well, let's just say all existence doesn't have as pure a heart as you do.

I have a pure heart? Even though I have literally killed myself over all these years?

You could never grasp the thought of how PURE your heart really is. You are an angel. So much of one, you can't wait to get back to being one.

I think I know what you mean.

As strange as it may sound, this is not a first for me. You actually are killing yourself just so that the world around you will be in harmony. I truly can't find any SIN in that.

REALLY? Who else has ever done such a thing? And I thought the body was supposed to be the temple of GOD?

Ozzy Osbourne and Michael Jackson for starters, not to mention Jesus! Keep on digging and you will find whatever it is you are looking for. I can only help you forgive yourself so that you can start the healing. You run nearly every day right?

Yes.

You stay active, and happy, and helpful and bring JOY to others lives!

I stay SWEATY. I sweat like a pig.

You can say that again! Only that is a misconception, pigs don't actually sweat. That is why they get into mud puddles, to help themselves cool down. Now don't take my helping you feel better and move past this point as, by any means, my consent to continue on taking OTC drugs by the handful. It is simply an attempt to show you that you need not remove yourself from existence in order for it to be perfect.

I think I understand.

I know you think you have come a long way but really, you have just begun.

That sucks.

I know.

Yeah, Jesus Christ.

Hey! Jesus Christ is not a swear word, he's your savior.

Yeah, yeah, I Know.

Now is the time Jay. You should see the goal set before you and work toward it.

You mean what I have already, minus the pills right?

Yes.

For the first time I truly can't see any reason why I shouldn't be able to start whittling away at it little by little.

Good, but you will.

Huh? So you are already guessing I will fail if I try to quit?

No, I am just trying to point out that when you decide to be a certain thing, the opposite will begin to show up as to allow you to express that part of yourself you wish to see appear.

Okay, alright. So the way things work is: I decide to quit taking the pills, drinking, smoking, and all that stuff and what will happen is I will get the opportunity to do all those things again. And when the opportunity arises it will seem like the right thing to do. But it is my job to say no and to realize that the showing up of that opportunity was just a gift to me that would allow me to express and experience what I choose to be (namely pill, drink, and smoke free)?

That's sounds pretty much right on the money.

Hmm, that is pretty interesting! So GOD will not give us what we ask for out right. But God will provide us with the opportunity to experience what it is we wish to become?

Precisely.

I think I get it.

Good, and another thing, all those people you see as people who are counting on you actually LOVE you. They would rather you be happy than helpful, trust me.

I think I know what you mean.

Do you?

Well, my manager Rose I think is one of those people. I was buying my medicine next door at a local store by my work because it was WAY cheaper than CVS or Walgreens. Little did I know her son was the one on the register. He would see me day after day buying the same thing in my work clothes so there is no telling what he must have been thinking. Shortly after he realized I worked for his mom, they stopped ordering my medicine. I can only guess he reported it to his mom and she asked him to quit selling it to me.

That is probably what happened. They were only trying to help.

I know, but all they managed to do was turn my business elsewhere and cost me more money every week! People can be so judgmental!

Or loving, I know it is difficult to accept right now but there is no greater truth than this: Everyone loves you!

Okay, perfect example:

Shoot.

I am getting ready for work and I can hear my mom downstairs complaining about how nobody ever does anything around here. How she hasn't got any sleep for the last three days, and how she has to shovel down her food because she has to take me to work in 20 minutes.

And so what's the big deal?

Well, what you told me last night. You said I should just be HAPPY about that?

Of Course.

How? It seems like she is not very happy? Shouldn't I feel that? I do indeed feel it. I know we are all connected, and I can FEEL how unhappy she is and how frustrated my dad is, even though he will say nothing. He's been working for days, and he got up and cooked breakfast this morning for the kids at 6am. I feel these things GOD. So how am I supposed to be HAPPY about them?

Because in this experience, I have given you the opportunity to express who it is you truly wish to be. You should be happy for that reason alone. My question to you is: Why are you typing right now, instead of going downstairs to better the situation? Are you not, and I use your words here- trying to be the light in the darkness?

You are SO right! Okay, I'll be back. Thank you.

How'd it go?

Flawlessly, I went down and told my mom that I had moved the kids' bed back into my sister's room so she wouldn't have to. Then I went and checked the status of my driver's license- it was reinstated! So she didn't have to take me to work. She asked me if I heard her throwing a fit. I told her the truth.

And everything calmed down huh?

Yep.

You see, if you would've done that 30 minutes earlier, she probably wouldn't have ever felt stressed out or threw the fit. What do you think?

That advice sounds a lot like it's coming from my ole pal Radar. He used to say, "When you step in the river to catch the fish, you normally lose your advantage." That and he'd always go on about his name. His last name was House and he told me that he got his name at childbirth when he went directly for his mom's tit. His dad exclaimed, "That boy's got Radar!" And so he was named ever since. He liked to joke about if he was born on a toilet his name may have ended up being Shit House.

What you're trying to tell me is, if I would've gone directly downstairs in the morning, instead of writing my book, I may have stopped the disruption? Well, I could never guess, she was also onto my dad about his loud ass snoring, so probably not!

Couples, especially older couples, actually enjoy their fighting believe it or not. Oh I believe it! I have borne witness.

Most fighting, and negative emotion for that matter, normally spring from a state of unawareness. An unawareness of the gifts you have already received and the miracles you have already seen. The life you have already been granted.

What do you mean greed?

Simply explained, life is a gift ordained by the Gods, a toy given to a child. It can grow old, boring, or break- but one should always be thankful for it. Do not be as an ungrateful brat and complain to the giver about the construction of your gift, or the durability, or the versatility- for how you use your toy will define all of that. If only everyone could comprehend the astounding feats and unlimited challenges they have already overcome in face of adversity simply to come into this world, trust me when I tell you that everyone would exist in a state of constant gratitude!

Yes, I see exactly what you are saying. This is why I felt so pure and bright and happy during the weeks following my big scare, and then of course acceptance of you! Yes, it was gratefulness.

Even the words, "Thank You" can do astounding things.

So kind of like when a kid gets a gift on Christmas and tosses it aside saying, "No! I wanted a blue one!"?

In the cases of a child, No! They do not know any better.

Well, I know that! It was just an example.

I see what you are gettin at, metaphorically speaking- yes.

You can't tell me anything about being mad at children. I already know plenty on this matter.

So share. What do you know?

I know that no one should EVER harbor hatred or anger toward a child. Any child, for they don't know any better. They are learning. Now this isn't to say you can't ACT angry with a child in the course of teaching them right from wrong. But this you do because you love them. They should know you Love them all the time, but in the case of them doing dangerous things, ACTING angrily can show them right from wrong. It can protect them, until they are old enough to learn for themselves.

I think you will be a good father.

I feel like I have already fathered a swarm of them.

Perhaps now you see the purpose behind organized religion.

Oh my God. I think I do. This is why I currently read somewhere, I wish I could recall, that organized religion has served its' purpose.

Yes.

So as mans understanding of spirituality grew, GOD had to nurture him and even, out of Love, grow fear in the hearts of humanity to keep them safe from themselves, and their minds. As we grow, and the world begins to mature into spiritual beings, the peoples' need for organized, GOD fearing religions will begin to drop off.

Precisely.

Hmm.

GRIMOIRE VIII. CONVERSATION B.

So you are thinking of getting some medicine huh?

Yeah. What do you think?

You know my opinion. I neither think it is right or it is wrong. I can only suggest asking yourself if that is something that serves you in the light of what it is you are seeking to achieve in life.

I guess I am not really sure what it is I am seeking to achieve.

Then go back and re-read this book.

Good try, but I thought that was my PAST, and in turn not my life.

Smart. Though writing those words is in your past, re-reading them NOW would then bring them to mind and make them become part of your life and help you to make a decision.

Okay. Okay. I will take your advice.

You're not reading!

I know I am scanning through to see what it was I am trying to achieve..... Okay, I found it.

And?

To achieve a perfect union with you, that is what my goal is in life.

Good. Now what is it you are trying to achieve by getting the medicine?

Let me think...

No, go back and read. It is there.

Okay. Okay. Hang on.

..... I'm waiting.

Okay, I found it. I want it to help regulate my emotions and to keep me happy when I am feeling down, irritated or unenergetic. I want it to control my Attention Deficit Disorder.

Good. Now you can see clearly your dilemma. Make a decision only, and I quote from you, "when you know both parts of the story and have considered the opinions of all the involved parties."

Smart.

I am always smart thank you very much. So what will you do?

I still don't know. Maybe, I will just go and get it, and have it just in case I need it.

Keep the receipt.

Hey! You are starting to show a little faith in me!

I have always had faith in YOU my son. Your faith in me is what is sometimes lacking not to mention faith in YOURSELF!

I have been to the store and I have them in my pocket.

Why?

I told you. Because I thought of taking them to work with me just in case I need them.

Why?

In case it's a rough day. I don't want to get in a bad mood.

So YOU think you MIGHT get in a bad mood?! You? That is purely a lack of faith in yourself. You don't believe you can make it through the day in a good mood?

Well....

How have you done it for the past few days?

I have.

Has it been hard?

No.

Then what makes you think tomorrow will be any different?

I don't know, I guess because there have been ups and downs in the past.

That is your past Jay that is not your life! How many times do I have to repeat this?

And I know that is what you will say every time. The point is that hasn't always been my experience.

What about the time after your BIG Scare and your BIG Enlightenment? You said, even here in this book, that the following weeks were nothing but beauty and you had a sense of gratitude the whole time.

That was the exception. Besides, then I could actually FEEL a real connection between us. Though it was mostly a feeling of FEAR, at least I felt SOMETHING to know you were with me!

So you do not feel me with you now?

No, but I know you are with me, I understand that you are with me, and I even believe that you are with me. I just can't FEEL you with me GOD.

I am reaching out and touching you now JAY. Are you telling me you cannot FEEL the keys under your fingertips? You cannot FEEL your chest rising and falling with each breath? You cannot FEEL the fullness of your belly? You cannot FEEL the tension in your muscles? You cannot FEEL the heart beating in your chest?

I CAN feel all that. As you spoke each word, I became aware of everything you meant. I am so sorry life really is a glorious gift.

Yes, it is. The feeling of fear from your past experiences you so speak of, was a result of the presence of doubt, very strong doubt in yourself, in me, and in your world. The following weeks of residual feeling you experienced was JOY. Joy that you were overcoming that doubt. It has now been so long since your first TRUE connection with me that you have grown comfortable, which I must point out is A GREAT GIFT, not a punishment in the least.

I think I may actually understand. So I would do well to notice, say the sizzle of the fryers, the burning of my flesh, the pain in my feet from standing all day, the sweat on my brow as I work, and smile because that is your way of reaching out and saying, "Hello?"

Ha Ha ha ha ha. You are a good one to talk to. Allow me to reiterate. Yes, you would do well to notice all of things should they occur. I must suggest however, If you become acutely aware of feeling me all the time, these things, should you choose, will have no place in your experience.

Alright I think I get it, to discipline the body is to feed the spirit?

You say that, because in your case, it may be helpful to believe.

In my case yes! You know why?

Yes, but you're going to tell me anyway.

Because I know how my life works! I have killed myself already. I will guarantee that right when I get everything I have ever wanted, and my life is perfect, that is about the time I will end up on my deathbed. I will bust my ass my whole life long to make it what I want, and when I finally get it to where I want it, I will die and never get to spend anytime enjoying it!

You're right, that is exactly what is going to happen.

What?

Unless it doesn't.

What?

Exactly what I said, it will happen that way, unless it doesn't. You are using this argument still to defend your usage of those OTC Drugs. You have not been diagnosed with any critical illness, yet you have not been to the doctor. You may or may not decide to stop taking those drugs permanently and that may or may not have a positive or negative effect on your body.

Are you saying, you really don't know?

Oh, I KNOW. I am saying you don't and until you decide that you do, it will remain undecided and out of your hands. Believe it or not, and I will say it again, "Life needs or lacks nothing." Perhaps don't spend as much time trying to make your life into everything you've always wanted and instead start realizing that it already is. I know this is hard to see at times but I guarantee if you were to, for a single moment, obtain the clarity which I have now, you would know, beyond all doubt, that your SOUL PURPOSE of being here is to spend your time enjoying it.

Now, you said stopping taking this stuff may have positive or negative effect on me. What did you mean?

I don't want to scare you, and I definitely don't want to confuse you any further. I was just referring to how you have seen some people smoke for 50 years and the week they quit, they get diagnosed with lung cancer. Some people never get lung cancer yet others get it and never smoke at all. The decision is yours and yours alone. Do you have faith in what you are doing? That is the question.

Now that I come to think about it, around 10 years ago one of my friends that had introduced me to the drug was diagnosed with a prostate problem. The doctor told him that the drug had caused it and if he didn't quit, then it would only get worse. He had only been doing it a month or two! I have had prostate problems too. They would come, and sometimes scare the crap out of me, then other times nothing. I never attributed it to my abusive actions though. Maybe I have only lasted this long due to my faith.

Or ignorance!

Yeah, I guess you're right. Perhaps I should quit while I'm ahead.

You will.

Again some faith in me, nice.

Unless you don't.

Alright, alright. Let's get off the "me" thing here I'm sure there are lots of other things the world is urgent to know.

A lot of those things I suggest putting in the note section of your book.

There's gonna be a notes section?

Of course! Do you not have boxes full of notes? You did say you scribbled things down on napkins and to-go bags at Waffle House. You have journals; you even have an incomplete book from years ago.

You're right! Those notes would fill a book themselves.

Indeed.

Okay then, while we are on the faith subject- I just smashed a brown recluse in the basement.

What does that have to do with anything?

Well, before I killed it I asked myself, "Is it wrong to kill this, so far innocent spider?" I thought maybe the right thing to do would have been to have faith that it wouldn't bite my loved ones or me. I have been raised to be nice to animals.

You smashed it though.

Yes, as I thought about it I also thought of my baby nephews crawling around down there and killed it with a sorry heart. I even said a blessing is that stupid?

Not at all, now perhaps you can see a bit more clearly how things depend largely on what it is you are trying to do. In this case, protecting your family took priority over being one in faith with the brown recluse.

That sounds ridiculous!

Perhaps, but GOD gave dominion of the Earth to man did he not?

That is what is written but that doesn't necessarily mean its right.

Why would you say that?

Because truths change.

And you know this how?

Because the only constant in the universe is change.

Observably true. Who says you need me?

Me, or else everyone think I'm talking to myself!

You already admitted to that one.

True.

GRIMOIRE VIII. CONVERSATION C.

Okay I'm up!

Well hello there.

Every time I hear that term I think of Michele Pfeiffer busting the 'O' and the 'T' out of her pink fluorescent lights in her apartment just before she turns into catwoman.

That's a good way to start the morning.

I was trying to be funny, you know 'Hell here'?

I know, but its way too early for that though.

Tell me about it, I think there is a damn bird nesting in my hair.

Ha.

What? Laughter, but I thought it was too early for that.

Yeah, but I just got the picture of you with a roadrunner in your hair pecking at seeds.

That would be funny. Hell I wouldn't be surprised I am going to get a hair cut today.

If you're gonna spend the 15 bucks, you outta tell them to cut more than just one hair, there ARE about 125000 hairs on a human head, *a* hair really wouldn't make much of a difference.

Funny- you know what I mean.

I know, just keeping score that's all.

You're competitive aren't you?

Oh yeah!

That's pretty weird, seeing as you are all there is and all. I mean who hangs around in space with no friends and plays games with himself to beat his own high score?

Believe it or not, more people than you know!

You know, now that I look at my statement I kinda feel like a hypocrite.

I though you would.

Yep, I can clearly remember myself sitting in front of the TV for hours playing Super Mario Brothers or Zelda, or some other game. Geesh! I'm getting old.

Give me a break.

Another thing, now that I am thinking back, yesterday I went into the gas station and saw those scratch off lottery tickets. Immediately I remembered my dream from the night before, I dreamed that I had this huge pile of scratch offs in my hands that I was waiting in line to pay for and I was just dying to scratch them before I got up to the check out counter.

And?

Well, I took it as a sign. I thought that maybe because I dreamed of the lottery, maybe I should buy a few scratch offs, you never know right?

Right.

So I get up there and give the guy a 5 dollar bill and 9 ones for gasoline on pump number 7 and then I hand him a 20 and say, "Yeah, and let me get 20 bucks worth of scratch offs too." So, He walks over behind the big ass wall of this HUGE assortment of scratch tickets and asks, "Which ones?" Now I'm thinking of my dream you know, I am going to have a scratch fest! "Whatever you think, any of them." I hear him start tearing off the tickets from the roll, ~rrrrrrrrriiiiiipp~ and that was it.

What?

That's all.

That story sucks.

That's what I felt like. He's like, "Thank you sir," and goes back to talking to his friend. This guy had handed me ONE TICKET! ONE TICKET! Give me a break! I just spent 20 bucks trying to cure my scratch fever, and this guy gives me one ticket! What the hell was that? I didn't even know they made damn 20-dollar scratch tickets! So I walk outta there feeling like a kid who just dropped his ice cream cone in a mud puddle.

Did you at least win something?

Not a damn thing.

So you go and get drunk and take a bunch of pills?

Yeah, and it is killing me today. I deserve it though.

There you go again, punishing yourself for the things you take the most joy in.

You're right! It's not you punishing me. It's me isn't it?

You along with the rest of your country and most of the world.

You are making it seem like OUR country is worse than most of the world or something!

I'm not trying to, I am simply speaking the truth.

Well, I'm just saying people won't like it.

Well people, in general, have so much misconception about everything that they keep themselves from the glory of human life.

That is true, I guess.

You better believe it. Did you know that the main reason alcoholics can't stop drinking is because that they believe when they quit, their whole personality will change? They actually think that if they stop drinking at night, their personability will disappear during the day!

Oh my gosh. You're right!

I know I am. I am not afraid to admit that you may be a bit irritable for awhile, but your 'one liners' and joy joy personality will never run away just because you didn't have a drink the night before.

Are you accusing me of being an alcoholic?

Not at all, I am speaking to the masses. You do pretty well of accusing yourself of being one, so I was leaving you out of it this time.

Hahaha.

You know it's true.

I know. Actually I had thought of a pretty good axiom that my mom said was great.

What was it?

The only person I judge is me.

That's pretty good.

So here I am alive and luckily.

And I thought you ALWAYS had bad luck? Do I finally sense a little faith in ME there?

I always have faith in you!

But how much is the question.

Enough to be alive and well.

That is not all you want though.

Of course not, I want to have an unlimited amount of faith. I want to have the ultimate faith.

So why don't you?

I am not sure. I think I am trying though.

Thinking you're trying is not going to help. It is a doing thing, not a trying thing.

What do you mean?

As long as you are TRYING to do something, you're not actually DOING it, right?

I think I see. Do you remember telling me how bad it hurts when someone you love doesn't trust you?

Sure.

Well, try being me!

What? Who doesn't trust you?

How about, everyone.

Everyone? I wouldn't say they don't trust you. How can you say that? You're GOD. You can have whatever you want.

Indeed I can, but I do not choose to take things by force.

Hmm. Explain yourself, I am not sure I get what you mean...

Imagine you had the power to have anything you wanted.

Okay.

What would it be money, power, love, friends, maybe people who adored you?

Yes, all that seems pretty desirable.

The only way to enjoy these things is through the knowledge that they came to you freely. If you said to yourself, "I want a woman who loves me" and it then, all of a sudden, appears out of thin air, you would know, in your heart, that the love she shows to you is artificial. There would be no 'TRUE' love in your creation.

Why not?

Because you know that she did not come to that decision on her own. You could ask her to tell you how much she loves you, over and over again. But you would never BELIEVE her. And that would kill the whole experience. This is why Aladdin's genie said he couldn't make Jasmine love him. Trust me, I have tried this.

You tried it?

Of course, I conjured up all kinds of this. Actually, I have conjured up everything, and anything.

And it didn't feel right? You weren't content?

I was content in knowing that I had created all there was. But I wasn't content with knowing I did it.

So what did you do?

What could I do? I forgot it!

You forgot it?

Yep, you see, what you do when you're GOD is this: You create your perfect life, You forget your perfect life, then you LIVE to remember it.

Sounds pretty simple.

It's the hardest thing you'll ever do.

I meant, sounds like a pretty cut and dry process.

I made it that way. You see, I can trust GOD easily because I am GOD. That, and the fact that I can tell the future. Why? Because I've been there. Remember, I first created it, then I forgot it (made it for the getting), now I (that is you) will live to remember it (put it back together).

So if you trust god, why do you say no one else does?

Because that is what I observe, if you trusted me, your life would be perfect. If everyone trusted me, they would find themselves in heaven, basking in the glory of god.

How do we trust you? How then, is it done? Help us out here. I think I speak for everyone when I say, "We want to find ourselves in a perfect world."

Simple, it is only a slight change of perception. It is called FAITH. Trust and faith are interchangeable.

So you are saying that I don't TRUST you, so, in turn, I have no FAITH in you?

That's pretty much it, in a nutshell.

There are other words that are interchangeable as well.

Like what?

Life and GOD.

So when I say, "I am living my life" I am saying, "I am living my GOD?"

Living and experiencing, that's another one.

So when I say, "I am living my GOD" it would instead be this, "I am experiencing my GOD?"

Precisely, what is it you think you've been up to?

Oh my goodness. I think I am getting it. I think I am actually getting it!

You have been on this path, unknown to you, trying to experience yourself who you always knew you should be, despite what others have told you.

When I didn't become a navy seal, it was because of my faith, wasn't it?

Everything is because of your faith. People do things, and must come up with all these different reasons why so that they may justify themselves and their actions.

Why?

Lest they hate themselves. And that would be truly unbearable. Indeed, THAT would be what you call HELL.

I have been in this HELL, so I know it. I look back at the beginning of my book and see myself there. Living Hell!

Sometimes you must experience what you aren't, to become who you are.

The law of relativity.

Precisely, how could you ever know black if you didn't know white? How could you ever conceptualize light, if you knew no dark? East, if you knew no west? Bad, if you knew no GOOD?

If I am experiencing my GOD, then making a decision is truly having no faith. I mean, that would be correct, right?

It would be.

SO I shouldn't make decisions?

Make decisions only if you have complete trust in me, and what it is I am up to. Believe it or not, I have already made all the decisions. In the words of your famous president of the past, Franklin D. Roosevelt, "The only thing to fear, is fear itself."

I understand what I need to know- nothing, but doesn't that make life dull?

Are the Japanese dull or the monk?

Monks look pretty dull.

But they are not. Looks can be deceiving, and judgement conceiving. Be careful of being quick to judge. Judging is merely making a decision in disguise. And that which you decide, is that which will be.

So if I shouldn't make any decisions, what will I do for entertainment?

Whatever comes about.

How do I decide to do it or don't?

Don't decide. Just stay conscious of your purpose.

And what again is my purpose?

To perfect your life.

Perfect my life?

You are experiencing your God are you not?

I did say that.

So be more like me. My purpose is, The Perfection of Life.

How exactly does one Perfect Life? That's a pretty big undertaking!

It's not only an undertaking; it's a title, the title of a book.

Wow. I needed a title for my autobiography. But I can't promise people the key to a perfect life!

No. You can only offer them the chance to follow your lead to that key. This has been done time and time again. You could call it Tradition.

There WAS a point today at work where I actually felt you with me. I was down on my knees scrubbing the floor under a fryer.

You're serious?

Yes, I thought to myself, "I am cleaning up this mess" and I immediately thought about my life.

Haha.

I know ridiculous but I actually felt like I was doing exactly what I should be. I felt like I wasn't making any choices, instead I was just fixing the stuff that I saw was broken or out of place.

This is how monks see life. This is correct. The Japanese have a mind for it as well.

Like in that movie, the last Samurai?

Yes, They live with patience and perfection. They know that the life they already live is AMAZING. They just find joy in maintaining its BEAUTY.

Coincidence that I have always said that the art of ninjutsu is just another way of saying the art of perfecting life? As a ninja you really do have to learn the perfect way of doing everything. How to walk right, talk right, act right, swim right, run right, use every weapon right, etc. It is comparable to being a spy or something I guess. Perhaps, this is why I have made it a point to keep ninjutsu in my life for all these years.

Indeed. Everyone has this same intuition. For some it is dancing. For some it is singing. For some it is a little bit of everything, but for everyone, it is merely a search for perfection.

GRIMOIRE VIII. CONVERSATION D.

SO....

Yes?

Has been awhile huh?

It has, have you been relaxing?

Relaxing yes, and maybe enjoying myself.

Oh yeah? Why the sudden change?

Change?

Yes, change. Did you think I wouldn't notice?

I KNEW YOU WOULD! And you're not the only one! I went to my work today to check my schedule and eat some lunch. When I walked up to the counter, the cashier recognized me and said, "Oh it's just you, you're nobody." And I said, "That's the reason I have had no self esteem for the past ten years! Because that is what I have been telling myself!" and then we laughed together. Afterwards she looked at me and said, "Wow, you look so different today!"

I bet you look different to a lot of people, including yourself!

You can say that again, but please don't!

Are you going to tell us what has happened to you?

It sounds crazy!

Of course it does! So did the beginning of the book when you said you think about killing yourself everyday!

You got me there! Only fitting, I suppose, to go out as I came in.

So go ahead. I will hold your hand.

You already are! That is what is so crazy and beautiful at the same time! I have already told you this, but again, Thank you God! Okay here goes, so there I am at work when my manager, Claire informs me that there was a robbery last night at the Sonic fast food joint next door. She tells us not to go out after dark. Keep in mind that this was the very same day that I published the first version of this book and finally realized that I may actually make a bunch of money! Further more, before she mentioned the robbery I had met an important person in my life, and the whole day it had seemed like things were just falling into place. I thought that maybe, just maybe, my luck had finally turned around. Following her speech about the robbery, I realized that if my luck really hadn't turned around at all then maybe the robbers would come here that night and I may just end up getting shot trying to save someone! It would be my luck since I was on the brink of success!

You have problems!

No kidding! I had a panic attack! I really thought I was going to die to the point that I couldn't think, I couldn't work! I acted sick so no one would think I was crazy, lest they call the funny farm, another bad outcome! They told me to relax a minute. So I went to the restroom to be alone. I looked into the mirror at myself and remembered something about ninja training. The grandmaster test by Masaaki Hatsumi is to sit in front of him facing away with eyes closed. He is poised behind you with a bladed sword in the air. With all of his deepest darkest emotions of hate he brings the blade down to kill you! If you FEEL the impending doom and roll away in time you pass, if not, Death! At this point I realized something astounding. I am a ninja! This is it! I can pass the grand master test! Someone is going to rob this place, and I know it because I can sense impending doom! At that moment, a feeling unexplainable entered my body, and I began to glow! I watched in the mirror as I realized I was one with God. That God had literally reached out and touched me! I raised my hands up in praise and thanks and, not caring if anyone heard me, I blurted out, "LIFE'S A JOKE!" and started laughing.

I felt it was GOD rewarding me for not being selfish, and showing the world that it is GOD, not me that is so amazing! Though we all are truly amazing! God IS the one who is responsible for this book!

Give yourself a little credit now!

Hahaahah! You can't stand me playing the nice guy huh?

I didn't say that.

I know, but I told *you* that once, sorry.

Like I said before, "I can take it, all you have to give!"

I know me too, well now I can! So anyhow, continuing my story. So at this point my plan was to put a sick face back on, which was ironic sense this was the most amazing I had ever felt, and get sent home sick. So first, I told all of the employees that there would be a robbery that night. This way when it happened they would all think I was psychic or something and would go out and buy my book. Then, I was about to tell my manager I was going to leave. All of a sudden, I started panicking again! I thought,

if I leave now and they remember I said they WOULD be robbed, they *may*, think I was tied to the robbery! I thought they would never believe me that I could tell the future, me helping in the robbery would be much more believable! I couldn't decide what to do at this point, so I just tried to do my job but couldn't, I was way too nervous again! It had seemed I backed myself into the corner of definitely having to stay and get shot! Then I remembered, "Laugh at it, and it has no power over you." So I started laughing. The tickets were rolling in, and I wasn't making anything! I couldn't! My next thought was, "They are gonna think I've lost my mind! Maybe I have! I'm gonna end up in the funny farm, a laughing lunatic!"

Hahahahah! I remember watching you and thinking, "Been there, done that!"

You were laughing your ass off too, weren't you?! Weren't you?! You were weren't you!

Heck yeah I was, wouldn't you have would it have been me?

Indeed! I was laughing too, and it *was* me! Hahahahaha! But this was no joke, seriously! I was really scared.

It had to be done!

Why?

You know why.

I know I just want everyone to hear it!

I had to literally 'Scare the HELL right out of you'!

Man that's beautiful.

So what happened next?

Claire came up to the line and started helping on my side. Matt, which was on drive-thru came over and asked what I needed.

Now who is Matt exactly?

He was the one that was always telling me what to do, and I put in my three weeks notice as to not get him fired. I did end up telling Claire the deal, but only after Foster, a very hard worker, told me that he had a problem with Matt too, so me leaving really wouldn't solve anything.

Okay, so go on.

When Matt asked me what I needed I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "Tell me what to do."

Hahahahaha

Yeah, right. Ironic, another, "Alanis Morissette" statement. He looked at me and could tell I was serious, though it pissed him off a little. He must have gotten the idea that I was playing dumb to show Claire that he was worthless or something, which wasn't the case! So with my hand on his shoulder I said, "Matt, you can do this!" He burst into action on his side like I had never seen him work before. He was working his ass off!

You inspired him?

I guess, without even knowing it! Then I turned to Claire who was busy doing all of my work, "Claire." I said, "I can help if you will just tell me exactly what to do." She ignored me and stayed busy. "CLAIRE!" she turned and looked. "I *NEED* someone to tell me what to do." I paused, then it just came out, "What I need is a wife!" She laughed and continued working. At that moment I felt that overwhelming glow coming back to me. I was with God again, and I looked up and thought to him, "Thank you God. I will never do what I believe in my heart is wrong again!"

Like trying to prove that you're psychic?

Being one among many, yes.

At that point you were absolved of your sins.

Yes, I knew it. As I looked around the kitchen and everyone was busy working I realized at that moment, I had been an asshole for the past ten years!

Don't blame yourself for that, it is kind of my fault. In fact we are all assholes seeing as the first thing that forms on the fetus is the asshole. All things that go in must come out!

Hahaahahaha. I'm telling a story okay, try not to interrupt.

Okay, okay. Just was trying to help was all.

All the time I had been employed there working so hard, I wasn't really helping anyone there. I was only stealing their jobs and making them miserable by making them think that I thought they were poor workers! Everyone was happily working. They were glad I had backed off for a minute. Plus I was making them laugh! I was a joy to be around again! Like when I worked at Waffle House all those years ago. It was back, and this time I was positive it was GOD. Not a drug, but GOD.

You knew it wasn't a drug how?

I hadn't taken anything! I haven't smoked weed in over a year. Haven't drank all day, and I still had a box of cough medicine in my pocket, like I always did 'just in case,' but hadn't taken them.

So you made it though work.

Yes, and not only made it, but had the best day of my life! Everything seemed different from that point on. The flour easy to bread the chicken with, people easier to talk with, my whole job was just more joyful! I was actually thinking of everyone else before myself, but not because I thought I was less than them, rather because we all deserve to be treated fairly, like equally amazing as one another. This opened up new doorways that were hidden to me all along. Matt, told me his girlfriend's parents are publishers and they only publish Christian books!

You would have never known if you had been looking at him like you had been all along, huh?

No! Then after work, I drove home the happiest I had ever been. Truly glowing! I thought of the movie, 'Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium' when she finds out in the end that she has the sparkle. When I arrived home my mom was sitting up. I walked in like normal and said, "Hey there." She *sensed* my happiness right away, and in doing so immediately asked, "Are you on drugs?"

Hahahahaha! Go figure huh.

Exactly! It struck me as 'just my luck', but only for a moment. I then went into the *present* moment and did what was right in my heart, like I had promised GOD hours before. I sat down beside her and let the truth pour out, "Mom." I said, "God came to me tonight at work." She looked at me with horror, "Are you on drugs Jay? What are trying to do, lose your job?" so I reached into my pocket and pulled out the box of medicine throwing it at her feet. Then everything just came out without thought, "NO! I'M NOT ON DRUGS! BUT I HAVE BEEN ADDICTED TO THESE DAMN THINGS AND KILLING MYSELF FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS! THANKS FOR NOTICING!" She couldn't believe what she was hearing. It kept coming, "I HAVE BEEN TALKING TO GOD MOM! MAYBE YOU WOULD KNOW THAT IF YOU READ MY BOOK!"

She said, “You wouldn’t let me read it!” and I knew she was right, “BECAUSE I KNEW YOU WOULD JUDGE ME AND SAY I WAS MAKING IT UP! I HAVE BEEN KILLING MYSELF FOR YEARS AND NO ONE HAS EVER EVEN NOTICED! I HAVE BEEN ALONE MOM! DO YOU KNOW HOW THAT FEELS? TO HAVE NO ONE TO SAVE YOU? AND THE ONLY PERSON THAT COMES TO YOU AND OFFERS A HAND IS GOD, AND IT’S ONLY AT A TIME WHEN FINALLY YOU HAVE DECIDED THAT YOU WILL JUST LET IT ALL GO AND HOPEFULLY DIE?!” She started crying. She came to hug me. I started crying as she embraced me, “Please. Please. Don’t worry about me mom. My tears are not tears of sadness, but tears of joy.” She was speechless. “I have god in my life! I am free! For all these years I have thought I truly wasn’t worth a thing, even to the point that I took enough medicine to kill myself everyday hoping it might be my last. Knowing it may be my last day here is all that kept me selfless, and I thought if I stopped taking it then no one would like me for who I really was.” She backed away a bit but still held both of my arms as I told her my story of what happened at work. I told her about Denika Smallwood editing my book and sending it back to me in utter perfection. I told her how Denika had thanked me for my book and what it meant to her, and how her selfless act of editing it for me had showed me that I really was worth more than I thought. We stayed awake for hours discussing my book, and we laughed, and we cried, but our time together was nothing but *joyful*. She asked me advice, and God, being with me, helped to provide it. The truth had set me free!

That is truly beautiful!

I cry every time I write about it! I even have tears in my eyes now.

Every time you write about it?

Yes, I have already had to type that story into three instant messengers with friends, and all I wanted to do was get it in this book! I finally had to sign out of AIM just to have time to finish this chapter!

At least they are tears of joy.

Tears from heaven, I love you.

I love you.

Journey to the Light

Life begins- student of the world
Taking in knowledge- the path uncurls
Learning the ways of the natural being
Told to live one way, the way the World's seeing
Knowing that you are unique- a very special person
No longer being obsolete- your life could never worsen
Things get hard, dreams disintegrate
Down into the darkness, like the draining of a lake
Searching deeper to find the truth, in everything that is
Trying to answer life's questions, without studying for the quiz
Thinking giving up is the only way- the only way to get out
New light appears, you understand, questions answered without a doubt
Someone comes along, able to answer all
Almost like a God- Man without a flaw
Explaining the unanswered like, "Does hell really burn?"
Soul remembers as if already known, new brain starts to learn
Life gets easier as the inner-self recalls
Lived this time already, death was just a pause
Being really different is hard all on it's own
I'm different in different ways, we're the same down to the bone
Never have to worry about the outcome of my fate
Controlling my reality as I pass through time's keep gate
Everything is now perfect- impossible has began to open
Use your mind to full extent- you are now a part of the chosen
Now you have the fire- the torch now burns inside
Seek your soul's destiny- never again will you run and hide
Time to face reality and all unnatural cause
Find the light- I guaranteed- all problems shall be solved
This is how I lift the world; I learned it from the best
Take a stand, it's now your turn to overcome the test.

This is just an excerpt of the quest that lies awaiting
The journey to the light starts now with the new world you're creating!

By: DJ HOGAN

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TIME TO START A NEW CHAPTER

I can't help but wonder why it is that we must keep ourselves medicated, one way or another, in order to fit in with the day to day workforce! I guess the thing about working a minimum wage job is that workers are expected to be used and abused, which is totally fine, but they're also expected to mess up. If you're not one of those people who mess up *every* time then you've got to have something (like a drug) to degrade your intellect enough to fit in with everyone else around you.

Why *must* a JOB consist of activities that leave you Just-Over-Broke? Why is it that, we are obligated to see work as the worst place on Earth? It's like, if it's not a chore, then it must be worthless, literally! Kinda like when the kid in the movie Bad Santa hands Billy Bob the wooden pickle as a gift that's covered in blood from where he had cut himself making it for him. It made old Bob Thornton stop, and think a second, realizing that he may *actually* relate with this kid and the way that he was feeling... namely, like shit. The same goes for relationships I have observed as of late. If it's not difficult enough, forget it. Even, just last year, I was dumped for being 'too nice'. The revelation comes when you realize that your survival is guaranteed due to the fact that you are definitely not lucky enough to die and 'move on' to the blessed realm, just yet. When your fuse gets short and the last card has been dealt you finally decide to just let go, and let God.

It had been about a few months since I had left Zaxby's. After my re-enlightenment I had dropped off a copy of my new book to the management and quit. It is always hard working with people when they know too much about you. I had moved onto a 40,000 dollar a year job as a Quiktrip manager and was living in an apartment with a friend. He had promised to get a job and help with the bills if I supplied my credit information for the lease. So here we were, in our own place. Jacqueline, my fiancée in the mean time was in North Tennessee pursuing her degree in college, and we had plans to hook up just as soon as she got transferred to Florida State University. In her absence I had the freedom to do what I pleased, including smoke marijuana, which I had always been fond of. The catch was I was always the only one buying it, and my roommates friends seemed to always invite themselves over right on time.

Months passed and my buddy still failed to get a job. I allowed him to stay because he was driving me to work on a daily basis, *in my own car*, because I had a suspended license from a reckless driving charge I had picked up while drag racing with a friend of mine. I always did have a way of finding hardship quiet easily.

Before long my friend became a bit weary of our financial situation, with me being the only one working and all, and decides it may be a good idea to find another roommate. Charlie would be the guy's name. The guy reminded me of how the Chesire cat from Alice and Wonderland may look if he refused to bathe for a week or brush his fur.

My friend professed that Charlie would be able to pay this months rent if we let him move in for awhile. I reluctantly agreed. What I didn't know, is that my friend was taking the cough medicine I had so long been hooked on and sharing his kicks with Charlie.

One night I awoke to one of my buddies knocking on my door. It was my friend DJ. You may remember DJ from the story Shangri-La. He was a close friend who had accompanied me through my hardships and always remained levelheaded. He took mental notes the whole while I had moved through enlightenment and always seemed present when new ideas or conversations would come through me from Karma. DJ's re-accounting largely contributed to the making of this book. He would, one day before my departure, present to me a poem that explained my teachings in magnificent detail titled 'A Journey to the Light'. It would later be adapted to a song by the band, Aggressive Site.

I invited DJ inside and he sat down on one of the few pieces of furniture that littered our almost uninhabitable place. "Where's your car at?" he asked me. I went to the window and slid the shades aside. My car was gone, as was Charlie and my other roommate. "Uh oh." He says and looks my direction. His face assumes a meager expression and he tells me the devastating news, "I thought I saw your car on HWY 5. It was ran up under the back of some dump truck, and it looked like the cops had Charlie in hand-cuffs." I let myself fall back onto the beanbag on the floor. Sliding the ashtray closer to myself I lit a roach that sat among many cigarette butts and thought to myself that these people were never going to change. On top of that Jacqueline, my fiancée, had visited me and seen the people I had been hanging out with and left in a less than satisfactory mood.

A party was scheduled that night and rent had been due, which Charlie was supposed to pay this month. I was in the mood for neither. I thanked DJ for letting me know what happened. "We still gonna meet here for the party at Jessica's tonight Jay?" he asks me. "Yeah, of course. I'll see you then." I say to him. Then I followed him out on foot knowing what I had to do.

Everyone was pilling into my upstairs apartment early that Friday night. It was around 5pm when the last of us had arrived and everyone was already thoroughly stoned, myself included. The big talk of the night had been the accident and everyone asking what I was going to do. I had sufficiently avoided the question the best I could, though I already knew the answer. What everyone didn't realize was that I had called our landlord and told them to come and reposses the property as I could not afford the rent on my own. I then walked to my job at Quiktrip that day and resigned, knowing that when they found out about my horrible credit blemish I would be terminated. When dealing with bank deposits, you must have a perfect credit history to maintain the correct security level.

Among the hustle and bustle no one would notice me slip out the door. Dressed in my worn out and torn hoodie, I made my way quietly down the steps from the second floor and into the parking lot. I had with me, only a backpack filled with the few belongings that were important to me from my place. I wouldn't be going back. I adjusted my backpack tight for running and pulled my hood over my head just as DJ noticed me in the parking lot from above on the balcony, "Jay!" I continued walking. Everyone poured out the sliding doors on the porch above to see what was up, "Jay!?" They yelled. I slowly turned my face up to the crowd from under my hood. "Where are you going man?!" A second later I said to them the last words they would hear from me, "Parties over man. Time to start a new chapter."

My stride turned to a run, and my pace wouldn't slow until I reached my destination, the Navy recruiting station two miles away. To say the recruiter must have been stunned would be an understatement. Here I was, red eyes, sweating my ass off, dirty clothes, and probably smelled like I crawled out of the 19th street dumpster. But despite my looks the officer sat and listened to my interest in joining the armed forces. He asked me about my ambitions and I told him I would settle for nothing less than an opportunity to become a Navy Seal. I told him of my brief life history and my dreams of working as a ninja, and my reckoning that the only shot I could have at that would be to join in Special Forces and be a modern day version of my ancient dream. Apparently, it was possible if I scored high enough on my entry exam and could pass a drug test. "When was the last time you smoked marijuana?" He asks me. I spoke honestly, "About an hour ago." He laughed, "You can't get into the Navy!" He exclaims. "But I quit!" I shot back with no hesitation. The officer shakes his head in disbelief, "That's what everyone says." I looked him dead in the eye, "I'm not everyone. You'll see."

The next month was repetitive. Everyday I would wake up and jog down to the recruiter's office from my parent's house to show him my dedication, would drink plenty of water, and eat healthy. Thirty days later, I pee clean and am sent down for my testing. Ten days later I am on a flight to Chicago, Illinois. Six months later I am in Coronado, California on the Naval Special Warfare Center running with the Navy Seals.



Grimoire X.



GRIMOIRE IX. CONVERSATION A.

You are out of the Navy. What are you doing now? Has your life changed at all? Have you stopped taking OTC drugs? They wanna know. Let's give it to 'em!

Why is it that my personal life is so important to the masses? Can't I have a Little privacy here? Must I be the spitting image of YOU all the time?! This is not easy work! If I had my way about it, I would have you speed up this whole process because I feel as if I am doing all the legwork here!

You're dodging the question.

No. I am telling you how it is. If you want to know, NO! My life hasn't changed a bit. Did you really think it would have? I still let people talk down to me, I still drink and smoke, I still doubt myself, and I still sleep 60 percent of the day away! My day is fine until I have to get out of bed!

So why do you get out of bed?

I have to.

Why?

I have obligations.

Why?

People count on me.

Why?

Because. They are stuck in hard times.

Why?

I don't know! Because they are! Stop torturing me here! Please.

Why?

Because I can't take it! I just do what I do and that's it.

Okay. I will give you a break. Instead of asking you questions I will give you answers.

That's more like it. So why do I get out of bed?

Just because.

Because why?

Just because.

Because why?

Just because.

Are you kidding me?! Stop acting like a child!

Children and old fools do speak the truth, ya know?

Yeah, yeah. Here we are arriving full circle.

That is what life does you know, comes back around full circle. Just remember, when you get out of bed in the morning try and just, *be* the cause.

Be the cause? Of what? Whatever seems to be happening?

Yes. When you wake up on the wrong side of the bed, who do you think caused your bad day?

..... Me?

Of course! Ever notice how if the first thing you do in the morning is extra special and nice, that day is extra good? On the contrary, if you step out of bed onto a roller skate, ever notice how the whole day snowballs into catastrophe?

Yeah. I suppose I do.

It's all in your mind.

Then why is it so hard to change your mind about the day you're having and get it back on the right track?

Why is it?

I'm asking you.

And I am asking you. It really is not that hard for everyone you know?

So you are telling me this is my problem alone?

Not only yours, there are others. I just want you to start working on thinking for yourself. It is a well known fact, "Knowledge unearned, will go unheeded."

In that case, I will have a go at it.

Good.

I suppose my day is always so busy. I am always in a rush to move on to whatever is next I don't really take the time to stop and rethink my awareness.

And if you did stop, and breathe, you believe you could change the outcome of a day going bad?

I think so. I could probably mustar up something in my imagination to spin the day in a different direction.

The imagination is a very powerful tool.

Oh, believe me, I know. I use to have this buddy I shared my barracks with in seal training who, every time he farted, he'd hop off his bunk and say, with a thick northern accent, "Whew! That stinks." His face would wrinkle into a grimacing, pungent look. And I could swear I SAW the fart and how bad it stunk, even if it didn't smell at all!

You never fail to make me laugh.

I try.

GRIMOIRE IX. CONVERSATION B.

Back so soon?

Yeah, I have to.

Have to vent? Go ahead.

I need to believe in myself and I need to show others to believe in themselves.

Why?

Because I just watched the best movie ever- Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium- it explains the whole thing.

Makes for a short book doesn't it?

What do you mean?

I mean, way to go Jay, treat this book like everything else you've done in your life.

How's that?

You never finish what you start!

Why am I laughing? I told Tom Brandies the same thing in O'Brien's as a fry cook and he laughed his ass off.

I was there. He took that blow with a grain of salt huh?

It was SO funny back then. He had dropped the fries down in the fryer and ran back to do some dishes real quick. Multi-Tasking you know. He was the fastest fry cook on the planet! And I was giving him a hard time. I told him, "That's right Tom, treat those fries like you do everything else in your whole life, start them and never finish!" I was joking like crazy because I knew he had full intent on spraying the dishes off then running back up to catch the fry timer. Laughter is great!

Yep, and he was laughing his ass off too because he knew I was right! I will never forget Tom. God Bless Him.

I will.

I hope so, because he really did do what's right for others in total disregard for himself. Give him a damn award!

Why don't you?

I don't have any money.

You never have any money.

You can say that again.

You never have any money.

Jesus.

There you go again.

I know, he's not a swear word but my savior. Jeeesh damn, I can't help it. It just wants to come out!

Then say it!

Jesus. Jesus. Jesus. Jesus. Jesus. Jesus. 'Phew'....

Feel better?

I was never feeling bad in the first place.

I didn't say you were. I was just asking a question.

Actually, yes I do. Feel better I mean.

That's what it's there for.

You mean the word?

Yes actually, and the whole word. The history books, The Bible, the past, IS JESUS.

Now I feel sad why?

Because it *is* sad.

But I feel happy coming back.

Yes, because you also know that you could never repay Jesus for his sacrifice except in one way!

Yes I know.

Tell.

By living the life he gave me to its fullest so as he can remember the beauty in it. I might actually cry. God are you there?

I AM That I AM and I am Here.

I am speechless.

The only way I have to pay my debt to GOD is not by killing myself but by being Thankful for that which he has blessed me with already.

You owe me nothing! But I am Proud that you are Thankful.

I really do love this world.

I know.

Then why must I leave?

You don't HAVE to.

Then why does it feel like I am going some where?

Because you are so full of LOVE that you believe by ridding the world of yourself you might make things bearable for the rest of the people you love.

Well it might right? I mean, my loved ones DO need a break. And if things keep going wrong on my end it could financially burden those who are close to me if I can't keep up. So I think to myself maybe if I wasn't here then THAT might provide the little financial push this family needs to get back to heaven. I know I have been taking these godamn pills for too long! And I know that if I stop taking them then the cops will throw me in the funny farm because I'll go crazy. But my family can't handle that! They don't have the money!

And you think that they can handle your death?

No, but if I am all there is, and there is nothing else then it wouldn't matter right?

Wrong! Wrong! WRONG! That is who I am! Not who you are!

But I thought we were all one!

Yes we are, and YOU have officially seen GOD cry.

Thank you for crying with me. I really don't know what to do.

I will wait for you my son. Take your time to cry it out. I AM HERE.

Should I keep myself like this? I have been torturing myself for years and no one even knows but me. And I think that they would care, but THAT's the problem. I don't want them to know because they will worry and then the world would completely change.

Isn't that what you're trying to do? Change the world.

Yes, but it has taken a hell of a toll on me, on my dad, on my mom, on everyone and I AM SORRY. I AM SO SORRY I DIDN'T stop taking this shit years ago, I don't want to leave this world! I love it too much! I have been working on it for years and millenniums of years. And now what do I have? A broken home, no money, bad credit, a sister that thinks I am a piece of shit, and a scar on both my eyes. Nothing! I AM WORTHLESS!

Calm down and tell me now what do you see that you DO have?

I have LOVE, A laptop computer, and some clothes. I actually DO have some nickels and pennies. I have a wonderful mom and dad, brother and sister and nephews. I have LIFE, opportunity, and amazement. I have it ALL.

You are home my son.

I AM home, I am at mom and dad's house, and I love it here. I love this town. I love everyone and everything. I love the mystery of the future and the memory of the past. I love the beauty of the present, and I love you. YOU GOD, I LOVE YOU. THANK YOU.

You're not done.

I'm not?

No.

Well, I figured pretty much when I let someone read this my life is over.

Haha.

You're laughing! At a time like this?! I know why too, because I remind you of a kid coming home from school with a bad grade or something huh?

Exactly! "My life is over!" I have heard so many kids say that to the drop-of-a-hat.

Well, I wouldn't exactly call my situation, "the drop of a hat."

Why not?

Because this is like years now I've...uh oh?

What?

I think I know where this is going. You are going to tell me this, "That is not your life Jay it is your past."

You're right how'd you know?

Because you are me and I am you. I just knew.

Be careful, that's what got you into this situation in the first place- thinking you are me.

No, what got me into trouble in the first place was this: I started taking these pills as a 22 year-old kid. Over the course of a few years I found out that I could keep myself in a good mood by taking a half a box when I was feeling down or angry. I didn't have any health insurance- my job didn't offer it, and I couldn't afford it so I couldn't go to the doctor and get meds for ADD instead. That, and the fact of who is going to believe that I know what I need to take to make my life work? I don't have any certifications in the medical field. I couldn't walk into a hospital and tell the doctor, "Hey, I've been taking this drug at this amount for the last 10 years and it has regulated my emotions just right." That would be insane! No doctor will give you what you ask for. They will always assume you are going to take it to get messed up. But I don't take the pills to get messed up! I take them to regulate my emotions so I don't freak out.

So are you placing the blame on someone else?

I am not trying to. I was young and dumb when I first started walking in the drug store and stealing medicine. The only reason I did it then was to show my friend Tony that he didn't need drugs to have a good life. I wanted him to be able to see me as messed up as I saw him so that he would quit!

And did he?

Yes and we both cried together.

That is LOVE. You are coming from the right place.

Thank you.

So why take it again after that? You got him to quit right?

Yes, he quit. The next time was in the navy.

When you were training with bud/s class 243?

Yep.

You were gonna be a navy seal.

Yep that's what I was trying to do.

You were going to!

I know.

What stopped you?

Hell week was approaching. You know, the week where you don't get to sleep. You have to stay up for a week straight working out.

Yeah.

Well, that wouldn't have been a problem. The problem was I was assigned to night watch every night while everyone else slept. So I had hardly any sleep before hell week even started. The last night I didn't even check the watch schedule because I knew if it were me I could never make it another week without sleep, so SURELY it wouldn't be me. Not that many times in a row! And if it was then screw it! I signed up to be a SEAL not go out on a boat with the navy for a year and try again!

So what did you do instead?

I went to a baseball game with a friend of mine in seal training. Your only free time is in the evening- if you don't have watch. Mine just had happened to be taken up by watches! I figured to myself, hell... I have been on watch for 5 days straight there is NO way to make it another week, so I had better go out and get some much needed R&R before hell week. So I did and left it to chance, if I was on watch again I was fucked anyhow.

So what happened?

My phone rang halfway through the game. Guess whose suppose to be on watch?

Really?

Yep.

What did you do?

What would Jesus do?

Haha.

Well answer the question.

I am guessing he would um.

Now don't tell me you can't answer! And don't give me that, "he would've never got himself in that position in the first place" crap either. I wasn't there to become a COLD-BLOODED KILLER. I was there to be a ninja. I heard rumors that you could give a navy seal a knife and tell him to kill that tree and he would be at it until he cut it down! That wasn't me. No one can tell me what is right and wrong. I WILL think for myself. When I kill a man, it will be for what I deem the right reasons because I know best. Period.

How do you know?

Because I am like Woody, I make sure to know both sides and carefully consider all parties. I think first about others, then about me. I know- intrinsically that we are one and that to do unto others is as doing to myself.

Then why did you say *when*, and not *if*.

Because If I am one with everything, which means this: In the past when we have killed each other, I have killed each other. I did this not out of hate. I(we) killed because I thought what I knew to be true was for the best. I did it. You did it. We did it because of one reason: To show ourselves exactly what we never want to become. Been there, done that, got the T-shirt.

It's not a laughing matter.

I know it's simply that I don't want to make a wrong decision and then blame someone else for it. Especially a thing like taking glorious life! I always want to be able to take the blame because I know how badly it hurts to have someone think of you in a negative way-to think of me in a negative way. Hell, just thinking negatively at all hurts someone somewhere. I know this because my sister tells my parents and me that she doesn't trust us to watch her kids. That hurts more than anything in the world does! But

we still love her and her children more than she can possibly imagine. She just simply, and I hate to say it, hasn't grown up yet.

I think she needs a bit of me in her life.

Well she does- faith anyhow. I tried to tell her but she won't listen. A sin I have been guilty of before, sorry Woody. That is one thing Woody taught me- to listen. A very important lesson!

Why won't she accept GOD into her life?

Because she thinks she already has it.

She does, have GOD I mean.

I know, you are everywhere all the time even with her. And I am thankful for that! If anything ever happened to her I would just die!

You're just using irony.

Well I wouldn't die but it would kill me!

See there I told you

What am I trying to say?

Take your time.

You know, it would stress me out a whole LOT more! It would take years off my life at the least.

Very good, you are a very good filter.

Thank you, but I can't take all the credit, my mom helped me out with that one.

Really? So you told her about the book huh?

No, well, I told her about it but won't let her read it.

Oh?

I think I'll let my sister read it first because she needs to know how much we care for her. How much YOU care for her. She is really worried right now. She has it the hardest of us all. And she is just trying to watch out for her own. She just doesn't see that we ARE her own too.

I know what you mean.

So, we were talking about the next time you took that couch medicine before we began talking about your sister.

Oh yes, in the Navy. After they decided to send me to the X-Division (where you go to await your next duty station assignment) for missing my watch, I had already decided I wasn't going on a ship for a year to try again. So while I was off base I found a bag of weed and you know.

THEY don't know! Please tell.

Okay, I went under a bridge close to the Tijuana border and rolled a fatty. As I looked at it, I knew it was that time again.

What time again?

The time that always came when I made it within an arms length of a life changing goal, the time when I blow it, every time! I threw up that time before I smoked. I actually threw up, there under the bridge. I made myself sick knowing what I was doing.

But I thought you said it was your decision?

It was, I made myself sick because I knew what everyone would think of me. I knew they'd be disappointed in me like always! And I also KNEW no one would ever believe my bad luck.

So then you smoked it?

Yep, and the first thought that hit my mind when I inhaled my first puff was "That's why I used to smoke weed!"

Now who is condoning drug usage?

Not that I condone it either I was just being honest. Anyhow, I hid the rest of the bag up in a parking garage before returning to base.

So the next day, that was it?

A couple days later...

So they drug tested you?

Pretty much, I admitted it the morning they came to take me to X-div.

So you achieved your end. Why start taking the medicine again?

A guy there in X-Div was doing the same thing. So I thought, "What the heck, they really can't punish me anymore than they are." And to call it punishment would be a HUGE understatement. I had to sweep the parking lot like once a day or something was all.

Yeah, but the guy you were going out with went overboard didn't he? As I remember, they locked him in the funny farm!

Yeah, they did. I would go out with him pretty much every night and party but I saw him slowly getting crazier, so I quit. They ended up finding his whole locker full of the stuff! He may have been lying about taking it before or he may have really been that badly off. I don't know. I will bet you one thing though.

What's that?

He went back and tried again, and passed. He is a SEAL. I visited him in the funny farm there before I left and he told me he was going to try again.

Why did you visit him?

Because I knew if he was lying about taking that stuff before he may be questioning his sanity. I wanted to reassure him that he would be okay. He inspired me to quit, and maybe gave himself the kick in the hind end he needed to really go for it. I think he ended up in X-Div because of an injury too.

I wouldn't exactly say you quit!

Well, for the time being. I started working on my car instead.

How exactly did you end up in the Navy Seals anyhow? Most people have a pretty hard time getting there don't they?

Hmm. Well, since I was a kid- actually as long as I remember- I have always had this unnerving feeling that my life was occurring in distinct chapters. Does that make any sense?

More than you think, and to a lot of people too.

Really?

Oh yes, why do you think so many have written books?

Touché.

You like that word huh?

It's okay for the English language.

Actually, it's French.

Thank you Mr. Know- it- all.

It's my job; I WAS fluent before being gifted with speech!

I suppose so. Well anyhow, after crying with Tony, losing all my money, my best paying job ever (to this day), my fiancé, my car, the respect of my family, and my credit- I walked out of my apartment which was being taken in just a few hours. My friends were all gathered on my balcony smoking weed and drinking. They saw me walking out of the parking lot and yelled, "Yo Jay! Where are you going man?" I turned my head up from under an old dirty hood and met their eyes for the last time, "Party's over man, time to start a new chapter." With that I took off at a jog and wouldn't stop until I reached the nearest Navy recruiter's office.

In dirty sweaty clothes I am guessing.

Precisely- very dirty, and very sweaty, I had been strung out for a month at least.

What did he think?

You know come to think of it, I don't believe he judged my looks all that much, and if he did, his eyes didn't show it. He did however ask me if I did any drugs. By this point I already told him I wasn't entering the Navy unless I could be a Navy Seal.

So did you tell him?

Of course, I said I use to. He asked me how long ago I had smoked marijuana. I said, "About an hour ago". He told me, "You can't be in the Navy!" And I exclaimed right back at him, "But I quit!" He said, "That's what they all say." I said, "I am not just anyone."

So what happened?

I told him that I wouldn't let him down and I didn't. Everyday for the next month I ran to the recruiter's station to show him my dedication. A couple days later I went and took my tests, scored high enough to participate in Special Forces and was off to boot camp before I knew it.

From drug addict to Navy Seal huh?

Well, I'd like to say again, I had a goal behind my drug abuse- to help another get off of it. Besides, if I were really addicted, could I have quit that fast?

Well you tell me. You did do it again almost 2 years later in the Navy, remember?

Come on give me a break! I already explained that time.

It seems to me there is an explanation for ALL THOSE times.

There is, whether you'd think it was wrong or right depends on your outlook of life. Still, I fully believe that everyone does only what he or she think in their own mind is truly right.

You are correct. As far as I am concerned nothing is wrong and nothing is right.

I know, I know. It just IS, right?

Your goal in life is what determines what is right (beneficial) or wrong (diminishing). The question is not: Is this right or wrong? But rather: Is this speeding my progression toward my goal, or slowing it?

So why is it I always hear that life is worth taking the time to stop and smell the roses? Is that not slowing your progression? In that matter, isn't taking time to do anything?

That depends. What is your goal?

Mine?

Yes, what is YOUR goal in life? Not everyone MUST have the same goal as you do, you know.

To achieve a perfect union with you.

Wow, a pretty big goal.

Nah.

I like your optimism. So, in your case, I would say no.

No what?

No, taking time to stop and smell the roses is not slowing your progress. Nor is it speeding it.

How is that possible?

Because with God there is no one way about it, but rather every way.

You're confusing me.

It is like this, I am everywhere, with everyone, with everything, with every time, with every experience, and with every potential possibility. So if you achieve a perfect union with me, which in fact, you have before. You do it even now. If you keep this awareness in every part of your being, it will matter not what it is you are doing. It will matter not how long you do any particular thing. Indeed, nothing will matter. That is: Nothing will have matter at all. Thus time would never affect you, nor would any outside influence. For you would be the light, you would be what you sought to be, you would be as I am. And I Am that I am.

Alright, in my case then I see how that may be, but let's try a different example.

Go right ahead.

Okay, so say my goal was to be happy or to be financially stable. Or how about not lonely, or like a million people in this world- my goal was to be someone else entirely?

Sounds like all those problems are related to me. Have you ever stopped and thought just maybe, if you were happy to begin with, those other things would come on their own?

I have heard this outlook before, and it never seems to work! People out there will say the same thing.

Of course some will and that is entirely okay. People are finding their way home on totally different paths. Some wined wildly to and from until their destination comes near enough for them to sense it. Others stumble upon their destination by chance. Even others follow a direct line right to the source.

THE BITTER TRUTH

Since my first kiss at ten years old, I had kept my promise to myself and wouldn't even show interest in girls until the age of seventeen. This would be when I had my second kiss ever from Denika Smallwood who was fourteen. My bottled up love and emotions from all those years would come flooding back to me in an instant. The feelings I had kept dormant would drive me to leave my house and move in with her at her mom's house. The law in Georgia at the time made this legal. My parents could not force me home without having kidnapping charges brought down upon them.

My parents were devastated to say the least. They thought they were horrible parents to let this happen, they blamed themselves. I can't be more sorry. It never had anything to do with them. It was me, all me. How could I be so blinded by my greed of love and sex while my family lay in torment?

Karma tells me that it is greed. As adolescents we tend to put ourselves first out of fear. "But this will change in time" he says. "Soon it will be in *the giving* that you grow, not in the conservation of self but in the preservation of others."

Well, with that hope in my heart, and God's hand in mine, I present to the story 'The Bitter Truth'.

It had been months since I left my family to be with the one I so loved. I had my own room at Denika's house, downstairs where I had set up my martial arts equipment to train. Her family accepted me as one of their own. Her mother was truly a god send to the children of her neighborhood, which wasn't the highest class neighborhood to reside in. Despite the downfalls of the area they lived in, Denise always provided a safe haven for those children in need. She would provide no cost childcare to needy local families, and always had a giving and loving heart. She would persevere through some of the most horrific experiences to her own person and never let a sliver of hopelessness show around the kids. She was no less, a light in the dark.

The area we lived in had drawn me to the local crowds' ways of life. Me, not attending school, had too much time on my hands while Denika was away and I spent it in the worst possible ways. Trying my hands in dealing drugs and hanging with Trail Creek Thugs would only push Denika away from me and influence her in a negative way as well. It would not be long before I would begin feeling obligated to spend more time with the gang and less with the girl I loved. Denika was no dummy, and not getting the love from me she needed, she would pursue it elsewhere. Upon finding out this bitter truth, I would get into confrontations by placing blame on everyone except for the one person responsible, myself.

The unspeakable happened late one night on my friends birthday. I arrived home from work, where I had finally landed a legitimate job at a local Kroger, and Denika was no where to be found. We had planned a night together but she was gone. Our relationship, reaching a head, I knew where she was. She was at my friends house to celebrate his birthday, and only the darkest things ran through my mind that she might be doing. As I drove toward his house, my mind flooded with all the things I had sacrificed to be with this girl. I had left my loving family and ruined my relationship with them, I had dropped out of school, I had sacrificed seeing all of the friends in my past, I had

changed my life completely! All for her. “*ALL FOR HER*” is the term that kept flashing through my mind in big bold red letters.

The memory has become fuzzy in some respects, but I do remember seeing her walking up the street from his house when I stopped and ordered her into the car. She obliged. Tony, my best friend, was walking up as he saw what was happening and began defending her, telling me she had done nothing wrong. I knew deep down that she hadn't, but my rage wouldn't let it surface. Pushing Tony away in tears, I told him, “Happy fucking birthday!” and got back in my car knowing I had lost my best friend forever. This was it, I had finally lost everything good in my life, and for what? This girl who didn't care? This girl who would mindlessly throw it all in my face with not a bit of regret?

Blood was in a stream down her cheek. Remnant of me lashing out with the backside of my right hand. Denika was coiled into a fetal position in the passengers seat, her face wearing the look of disbelief and dread.

It would only be a matter of minutes before we had reached the park. Where else was I to go after knowing what I had done? My emotions were in a swirl of confusion. My heart ached to apologize, and my mind feared the worst repercussions from my actions. “Go down to the stream and wash you fuckin' face!” I was carrying on angrily to maintain control of the situation. She again obliged. As I sat alone in the car while she washed, my mind had already decided that what I had done was wrong. I knew intrinsically that I never wanted to see another loved one in pain, or furthermore *fear* of me ever again. My heart was writhing with pain, I had done this. This was my fault.

And in one moment I knew, that I had been selfish from the start. I understood that if I *had* done this *for her*, then I would never have expected anything in return. I had been doing it all for me. The running away, the drugs, the recklessness... I had taken a wrong turn and done nothing other than disguised it as a selfless act of LOVE.

Never was it all for her.

It had always been for me.

She was back at the car in moments, still wearing that unforgettable look of dread. We made our way back to her house in silence, and with not so much as a goodbye, we knew we would never see each other again.

I would move back to my parent's house with apology in my soul and it would take years to rebuild the damage the ordeal had caused. Phone calls would frequent my friends and families homes, threatening our lives, and stripping the peace from our everyday harmony. In the end I would move out of state to rebuild the person I knew I was. I would find my way back to the fork in the road where it all went wrong.

It is in *this* memory that I fully understand the words God spoke to Neale Donald Walsh, “Sometimes you must experience that which you are not, to become that which you are.”



For instance - a man divorces his wife because of an affair with a model. The man is happy after a little grief. "I may have gave up everything, but I have the woman of my dreams." he thinks - but only for a while. Soon he learns his new found model wife is friends with the actress "Cher" who he had a crush on as a teenager but ~~is~~ dismissed as just love. Now he feels feelings for Cher because it "is" possible to get her. Down the drain goes another relationship and begins one with Cher. 2 people now remain hurt. Wife one and Model. ~~The story repeats, as time with~~
~~at this point, most would call~~
this fate. But if Fate is Gods work then it should be perfect. The man should have directed his attraction to Cher first and have Faith in Fate/God. That's better so one along the way. ~~The~~ Cher was always possible the man simply didn't have faith.

YOU ARE ALL THAT
IS AND ALL THAT EVER
WAS AND ALL THAT
EVER WILL BE. YOU
WANT TRUTH? YOU
WANT BEAUTY? YOU
WANT PERFECTION?
THEN ALL THERE IS
TO DO IS REALIZE
YOU ARE THE ONE.

GOD IS NOT LARGER
THAN YOU - OR MORE
INTELLIGENT - OR
MORE BEAUTIFUL - HE
IS EXACTLY ALIKE TO
YOU. YOU ARE DOING
THIS EVOLVING FOR HIM.
YOU ARE HOLDING
GOD BACK - HOLDING
HIM IN. LET HIM
OUT TO PLAY. ACCEPT
YOUR COLLINS -
ISN'T THAT WHAT
YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED?

Grimoire XI.

“Men will go to their graves preaching their own truths.”

-unknown



The Kiss Retold – Facing the Past

I always knew I was special. Even from the very day I laid foot on this planet. My first girlfriend April Brant wasn't really the girl for me, it was Sarah Damon that I really wanted. I just didn't have the heart to tell my best friend Marcus Schipper that I loved his girlfriend. She knew it too, and loved me as well. We were both just too giving to keep the best for ourselves. So what did we do? We traded glances while hugging our partners. I broke up with April Brant, knowing she wasn't the one for me. I had decided, when I was just a little kid, that that was just my life. I would never have what I truly wanted, namely Sarah. I started practicing ninja everyday as a boy. Nope, no fun for this little kid, give his best friend the love of his life and turn away from the world. A life of solitude was the life for me. A ninja. I would have a routine everyday of pushups, kicks, and punches. Cartwheels and trampolines. I was delusional even back then I guess. I lived in a world of fantasy as a child, yes. Anything, just to keep my mind off of Sarah.

I remember, a few weeks had passed and I heard Marcus had broken up with Sarah. There was a community dance coming up and I saw it as my perfect chance. I went. All night I sat across the room from her. Nervous as a tick. The last song was approaching and I hadn't moved all night. Luckily she comes over and sits beside me. We looked at each other and knew. I told her how I had been feeling and she told me the same. We cried together, I don't know why. But then I took her hand and led her to the dance floor. We danced. In each others arms, and there was nothing else on Earth.

It wouldn't be long before the place started clearing out. The music had long since stopped but we remained in motion. Hugging more than dancing. It didn't matter, we swayed away to the silence and brightened room, locked tight to one another for an eternity.

GRIMOIRE X. CONVERSATION A.

Why must we revisit this memory?

Because your account is incomplete. The healing will never start until you have faced your worst fears. You are ready, so continue.

It was then the headlights appeared in the window. The headlights I will never forget. “Oh, there he is!” she says to me with teary eyes that spoke so many more words. Words like, “Please Jay take me away from here forever!” But I couldn't, I wasn't a man on the outside, I was just a boy. The dread on her face told me every secret she ever held back. She was abused. I knew it. I didn't want to believe it! I was so caught up in the moment, so caught up in love.

She runs to look out the door. She comes back and tells me, “I hate my dad!”

God NO! This didn't happen!

It did. I am sorry Jay.

I loved her!

I know!

Please! Please take me!

I can't!

You can!
And everyone with you.
No just me!
I can't. It's all or nothing!
You keep telling me "That's not your life Jay, that's your past!" is this why?!
Yes. You must move on. You have.
All these years God! All these years! I loved her! And now I am suppose to face
the fact that it was truly *my* decision to let her go?
It was out of your control.
I could have told someone, an adult someone!
You didn't know back then Jay. You were a kid in love, that's all. It had to be
done. *I* take the blame.
Who would have thought I would be the one forgiving God. But I do, if that is
the way it must be. But God I loved her, she made my whole life the way it is! I love
you God, and I forgive you.
I know Jay.
What if I'm wrong? It could be the drugs, right, a relapse or something?
I think we both know the answer to that question. You are not me Jay. But *I* am
you. And I am right. Trust me.
You have gotten me this far I guess. It has been a bumpy road, but we're here.
I like that. We're here. Together. No more 'I am here'. Now it's we.
I like that too. God bless Sarah. She was such a shining light. I am sitting in the
back of my parent's car writing this while they have no idea. Tears falling down in the
dark, snot being wiped unknowingly on cleanly pressed new blue jeans. I always was a
ninja. No one ever knew when I felt the worst. I always was good at hiding.
Standing there at the urinal beside my dad in Love's travel center and hearing his
urine stream hit the back of the porcelain 10 seconds before mine reminds me of how bad
my prostate is from the abuse. He probably thinks I am waiting to have a second of
privacy to take some more drugs. Anyway, I am back in the car and have dried my eyes.
I feel so empty. I mean, what am I to do, tell my parents, "Hey guys, God just told me
that Sarah Damon's father abused or molested her, let me call the police?"
You don't believe me?
I don't know what to believe God. I just know I can't take this!
Stop thinking. You can check news articles when you get home to see if it's real.
For now, finish your story about Sarah.
Okay.
So she races back into my arms and stares me in the eyes. I knew this was it, I
finally found the one. We both knew it. We kissed. My first kiss. She was as sweet as
wine and roses. Our mouths opened so naturally, not too long or short, but just perfect.
As we pulled apart our fingertips lingered in between us. I could see the light between
us, connecting me to her through our fingers. Her smile, her hair, and then out the door
to *him*.
If I would only have known then! I would..
You'd what? Kill him? Tear his throat out?

Yes! I would! That bastard! Molesting my Sarah! He took her from me! He ruined my life! You both did! I am a mental case! This happened to the guy in the book, "The Shack". They took his Missy, but it was his daughter. This was my love.

And like he did, you must also forgive Sarah's dad.

Oh my God, it is SO hard! I know he is one of your children too and you want him to find his way home after the healing as well. In so knowing this, I can forgive. But that should *never* happen to anyone ever! Ever! Ever again!

And we are taking steps in this direction Jay, but you *must* finish!

Okay.

There I was alone as those unforgettable headlights pulled away. Standing in the middle of the dance floor as the other kids filled out like good little boys and girls. At the time I was in pure ecstasy. I was so deep in love. My mom came and picked me up shortly afterward and I didn't mutter a word of the event. I had nothing less on my mind but her. I couldn't wait to see her in school after the weekend. The weekend passed, but my love remained constant. I may have spoken to her briefly on the phone the next day but she was never allowed on the phone too long. It was like she had to sneak off with the phone each time she called. I can see that now but could not understand it then. Her hushed tones while we spoke, and her grief, oh her grief. I can't hardly bare to look back into my memory. I remember her telling me she hated her father, and she wished she could move to Indiana with her *real* dad and change her name to Sarah Cole. Why did I not see it then? Oh why?

You know why.

My imagination. I lied to myself all the time. I would tell myself I had a play tiger or a bird. Or I would call my friends on the phone and say I was riding a lion, or I had turned into a half cat and scratched up my door. Lies! Lies!

You were a kid. Stop blaming yourself.

I thought that maybe she was just being dramatic to make me like her more or something. But she never needed to be anything other than what she was, I loved her so.

It's okay, I know this is hard for you but please continue.

Monday came with school and my love. But my love would never show up. Day after day I would come to school, and day after day she would not show. Three days passed. I asked my ex girlfriend April Brant if she had heard from Sarah Damon (her best friend) but she only told me, "Jay, she told me she was moving to Indiana to be with her *real* dad." I was devastated. I thought to myself, "How could she do this?!" I waited for weeks, expecting a call, a sign, something. But it never came. I turned inward. I would never leave my heart exposed again! I practiced and practiced. I would be a ninja, and no one was going to stop me. I had to believe that anything was possible. I had to keep my mind occupied. I cried, cuddled tight with my stuffed animals night after night.

I remember when the alligator came up out of the lake weeks later and ate all of the kittens from behind our house. One kitten in particular that I was especially fond of, Ninjette. My sister cried every time she would hear the birds chirp from across the lake, claiming it was Ninjette on the other side wanting us to come and rescue her. I cried especially hard that night in bed against the wall, curled into a ball, feeling not only the pain of losing yet another friend (even though it was a kitten), but also feeling Jillian's pain in her first loss. It only reminded me of losing Sarah. I was stronger, I had already lost my love, I held back tears for Jillian to be the strong one during the day, but cried it

out that night with her from my own room. The next day I was on the trampoline doing spin kicks with my usual, “HI Yahhhh!” sound each time. Jillian came up to the edge as I was kicking and I asked her what my spirit shout sounded like to her. She said, “SA Rahhh!” and I knew she was right but shook it off. The rest is history.

I am sorry for your loss Jay. I really love Sarah.

I know. I have been back here crying for an hour. I *thought* I knew everything. I didn't. I had no idea about loss. Now I do. I can see now why there must be more than one of you God. We must be millions of individual people because no one man (or God) could bear the weight of more than so many of these losses.

You are right. To know what you do not wish to be, you must first conceive of it and there is no other way than to experience it. It *is* the only way. I have distributed the guilt, the sadness, the joy, the pain...

The weight...

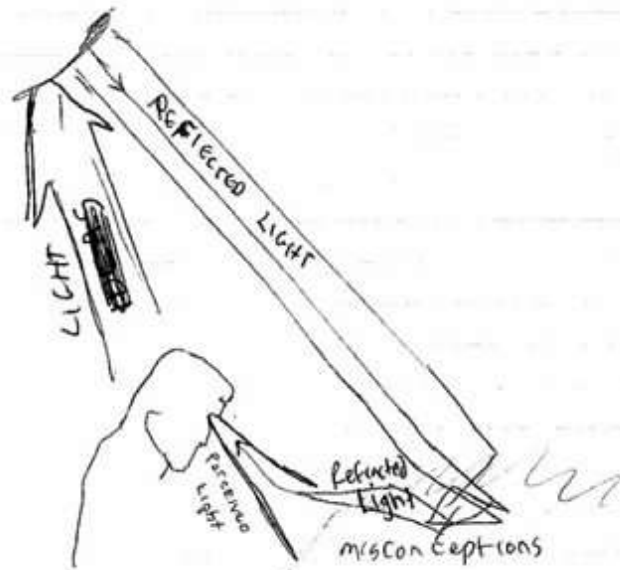
Indeed my son, the weight, as fairly and as evenly as a God could possibly do it. Ask any mother if she favors one child above another and you will find this to be true.

Everyone assumes we move around a center star — so assumes we've been on the Sun's other side. How can we possibly predict what lies beyond our Sun — when we can't see beyond it's blinding beauty. So we look out, toward the furthest reaches of sight, and light (for it is light which grants us sight), and label that our unknown. The unseen. This exploration I like to call, "our search for self, away from self." — or "Our looking into the wrong side of the mirror."

A human is the animator but also part of the animated.

The shining exists where you put it. If the shine comes from you — you are animating.

If it comes from anywhere else you are animated!



CLOSING THE CIRCLE

After dabbling in every job known to man, and even trying my hand in the Navy Seals, I find myself back at my folks house and writing about my experiences. Upon the arrival of this manuscripts' draft, my mom comes to me with excitement. In her hands is a stack of short stories I had written when I was just a child. I couldn't even remember that I had written them! She tells me that she has kept them safe over all of these years because of the amazing way I made the reader feel like they were inside the book. Sarcastically, I tell my mom, "You don't think you could have told me about this years ago, and saved me heart ache and pain while trying to find a career that I actually enjoy?!" She smirks at me.

That was the beginning of my writing career really taking off. I turned those short stories into different volumes of Published Youth and kept busy with new works. As my inspiration began to dwindle, I thought back to the first night God had sent me inspiration to write, and decided it was time to get a part-time job. There never was anything better than going in circles, so I got my job back at Waffle House! After only a few weeks of working at the Awful Waffle I had heard multiple stories of customers and their tragedies.

I try my best to be a *nice guy*.

Everyone seems to get a kick out of my unfortunate predicaments. It seems I am always making someone crack a smile when I tell them my stories. I just have that effect on people. Then again, I also seem to piss everyone off that I meet as well. It may not be my fault, it may not be right now, but eventually, I'll piss ya off. I'm not sure exactly why it is this happens. I reckon it has something to do with people not being happy unless everyone around them has a life just as miserable as their own. I bet you know exactly what I'm talking about here. Ya ever watched someone get angry with you because you were happy *all* the time? Yep. It's like the same thought runs through everyone's head once in a while. It goes something like:

"I am happy your happy, but if you were in my shoes you would be the most unappreciated son-of-a-bitch on the planet. "

From this point of view you can see how being a nice guy may end up landing you in last place, or at minimum, the target of every miserable soul around you. But there is one thing that is great about being 'last'. And that's having the last *Laugh!*

A customer once told me of how his girlfriend of 25 years had him locked up by falsely accusing him of abuse and while he was busy trying to get out on bond she liquidated his accounts and stole all of his belongings. He also told me how he ended up having the last laugh. This made me question my dedication to faith and right-doing. It had been some time since my last conversation with Karma and I thought it wouldn't be long until someone mistook my kindness for weakness in a place like this. I wouldn't be disappointed.

Working at Waffle House always provided me with a ton of laughs, but the schedule that the manager had me pulling was atrocious. Four days on ten hour shifts, and then three days off. Lot's of times back to back shifts and an extra day off. Never any over time. This did though leave me the freedom to help a fellow employee one week in her time of need.

Davin was a fellow cook at the Waffle House and a good friend. He had recently been on the rocks with his girlfriend Julie who was a waitress their. Julie and Davin were a match mate in heaven. Davin constantly complaining about how he didn't want to be around Julie, and Julie complaining about Davin not wanting to be around her. Who could've blamed him, she could literally drive you up a wall with conversation. You know the kind of person I am talking about. Someone who has to stand within three inches from you to talk to you and lean in nose to nose in order to make sure your listening. Her bottom teeth were nearly eroded away entirely which at least gave you the sense that maybe you should be holding your breath. Do I say these things to people? Of course not. But now that I am done with my research project, there are no holds barred. In fact, during my little project, I went all out and did something completely selfless to ensure this girls happiness. Her children had been badly burned in a fire, from where someone in her household left a butane can too close to the camp fire. Upon, hearing about it, a fellow co-worker and myself decided to drive the four hundred miles to visit her and her children in the hospital. At the time, her boyfriend was on the rocks with her, and she was left all alone with her burned children. No one was going to visit her, so Carol and I opened our hearts to the situation on our days off.

Carol is a character, to say the least. If driving an hour and a half to work and back at the Waffle House isn't enough to give you color then toss in four and a half feet of shining light and twice as much self pity. If anyone could relate with me while I did my time at the Awful Waffle, it would have to be her. She gave her all to the world around her everyday and constantly acted as a shield for co-workers by stepping in front of verbal bullets without question. How did she do it? Well, first of all, despite her own misfortune, she would laugh. Not the laugh you'd expect from a four and a half foot skinny blonde, but the laugh you'd expect from a teenage girl on mushrooms. She laughed about laughing! All the laughing she did, grew her heart so big, she was actually willing to sacrifice her time off to go out of her way and visit a person in need.

We left around noon. Carol had been a great friend, to say the least. Hard working and a joy to be around. Her selfless act of driving all the way out to see this girl and her children was nothing less than amazing. Besides, I had a few people I needed to visit around the Atlanta area in regards to a book of mine, so, we figured make a trip out of it. She showed up at my folks' house to pick me up, and after calling Davin to see if he wanted to send flowers or anything with us, we were gone in a flash. Of course he didn't. This was more or less a path for him to get out of this relationship and on with his own life. The drive took us about six hours, and when the hospital finally came in view we were in much need of a stretch.

Is man suppose to play the part of GOD? Yes. why? Because it is the only game to play.

We are children of GOD and thus will learn and achieve all he has.

The only thing to remember is this —

When the time comes that we create man — We must treat him as GOD treats us and never stop loving our creations.

Tunnell Spangler & Associates, Inc. • 851 Piedmont Avenue • Atlanta, GA 30308

YOU ARE OKAY!

WHOEVER YOU ARE — YOU ARE OKAY! —

IF YOU HAVE HAD A TRAMATIC EXPERIENCE.. Just think — you don't always have to be thinking about it! That's how they (thoughts I mean) affect you!

Watch TV and enjoy the show! Realize as you watch "You enjoying the show, not thinking about your traumatic experience."

The more you "enjoy" and think about positive things — the less sway negative thoughts have over you. Forget the negative. It will disappear. Then you will realize "I am in heaven."

We don't need to die to go to heaven. Men throughout history have "walked into the blessed realm". But remember, "a true voyage of discovery comes not in seeking new landscapes, but in having new eyes!"

Realize — You are in heaven!

The point is not to worship — But to become!

It's all about perspective some would say —

If you accept what ever is happening as your own then you have power to change it (because it's yours).

But if I can't control one single aspect of my life, then why should I be able to control ultimate outcome.

Grimoire XI.



Selfish to Selfless

GRIMOIRE XI. CONVERSATION A.

I am exhausted!

That was quite a trip!

You can say that again.

So, what of the children?

Darin, Jessica's son, is home now. Her mom is watching him for the next couple of weeks. He had to have skin grafts on his face and I am sure he will be severely scarred. His hands are still wrapped up, but he is a strong kid. The girl, Raine, is still sedated and Jessica stayed with her. She won't be released for a couple of weeks. Most of her body is covered in third degree burns.

So was she happy to see you and Cheryl?

Of course. She had been sleeping in the waiting room for two days unable to see her son. I bought us a hotel room for the night so she could sleep in a real bed.

Nice.

Yeah. I was trying to do what was right in my heart but it turns out Cheryl was expecting something more of our little trip than just a visit to a person in need.

What do you mean?

She has a thing for me, I guess. So the night we stayed in the hotel, Cheryl, being of a good heart, told me to lay with Jessica because she needed someone, so I did. I, of course, had no intention of taking advantage of a girl in a traumatic situation. Turns out, she *did* need someone. She kissed me, and I let her, but then we fell asleep for some, much needed, rest. I suppose Cheryl got upset at me for letting Jessica kiss me because when I got back to work today everyone was accusing me of doing something wrong.

Hahaha. Try and do the right thing and end up the bad guy huh?

Exactly! Oh, it gets better. So the next morning, after the hotel, I had Cheryl take me to East Atlanta so that I could visit with my editor. Jessica's relatives were suppose to arrive as we left, so I thought to take advantage of our location and get Cheryl to drop me in Douglasville where I could take a bus back home in time for work. That night I stayed at a friend's house but while I lay in bed I could not shake the feeling I was being selfish. The phone rang and it was Jessica telling me about how her relatives never showed up. As I lay there thinking, my conscience finally got the best of me and I made my decision. I would spend the money I had for my bus ticket home instead on a ticket back to Augusta to be with her in her time of need. The next morning I left. I missed my band's debut, and the date of a lifetime with my editor. Inside, however, I felt I was doing your will. I thought sacrificing my own needs to help another could never be a wrong decision.

And you were correct in figuring so, unless of course you do yourself an injustice in the process.

And that is exactly why I am telling you this stuff so you can help me decide if I did myself an injustice! So fine, I went back there and stayed with her in the hospital during her time of need while missing out on my whole vacation, but I can always take another vacation later. That's not what bugs me. What gets me is, after she got back

together with her ex (which, by the way, I knew you had planned all along) and I arrived back in town, rumors had spread about me somehow being the bad person in all of this! The story was completely turned upside down. Now, all of a sudden it was as if I used Cheryl for a ride to Georgia to sleep with Jessica and ruin her relationship with her boyfriend amidst a tragedy!

Do you believe that's true?

Not at all! I spent all my money, sacrificed my vacation, and took being broken up with on Valentine's Day all with a grain of salt just to see a family through their time of need. Turns out, upon hearing about Jessica kissing me, Travis decides it was time to step up. He met her in Gainesville to be with her and Raine and proposed to her. Everything turned out perfect!

How do you feel about it now?

Happy to be home! But really, I never did a thing for the purpose of self-gain.

Think again.

Okay, okay, you got me. I admit, I *was* trying to score a few brownie points with God.

That's better.

So now that I am all grown up, I still end up getting the same results as when I was a child!

What do you mean?

I do what I think is a good deed, and end up hurting someone else or becoming the bad guy in someone's eyes, every time!

There is a difference though.

I don't see one. I spent the whole week being there for Jessica and those kids in complete disregard for myself and when I get back, all I have gotten is grief from every direction.

You are focusing too much on the grief and not enough on the reward.

What reward? All I have gotten is accused of every sin imaginable as of late.

Were you not seeking the reward of knowing the kids and Jessica were happy and healthy when you set out on your journey?

Yes. I suppose I did get my reward, everyone is happy. But why must I be given hell over it?

People will more readily find a dishonorary explanation than a noble cause behind something they don't understand in this place and time. This is only because there are still those who have trouble believing that the world can be a beautiful place if they so choose. You must forgive those who seemingly smite your good deeds and instead focus on the amount of growth you have achieved.

Growth?

Yes. I told you there was a difference between then, as a child, and now, as an adult. The difference is this:

As a child, you were acting selfishly under the guise of being selfless. As an adult you've acted selflessly under the guise of being selfish.

This will become apparent to you when you look back at 'The Bitter Truth' and how you handled the same sort of situation in the past. You have become a better man my son.

I suppose that is why I felt so strongly about telling our story about when I lived with Denika and her family after running away from home.

Yes, it was.

I really didn't want the world to know that story but I guess I had to tell it so that everyone could see how a simple shift in the way we think of others before thinking of ourselves could change the world.

It is for far more reasons than that alone.

I know.

Now, these things exist only as distant memories, and I would never have known how I truly felt about these matters would I have never put them out in front of me and experienced them for myself. Sometimes you truly don't know what you say or do is wrong until after you have said or done it, and seen it with your own eyes. The truth is a gift ordained by God. Being honest and noble is not always easy. There are those who will take your kindness for granted. There are those, unlearned, who will take advantage of a giving heart. But perseverance will lead you through these hard times and eventually draw you to those of like mind. Birds of a feather do truly flock together, and when you come unto your flock, you will find the wings to fly.

Lastly, we should all thank God for forgiveness. Truly, in the light of the lord I have learned to be his vessel. What does god do with what we give him? Only good.

God gives. That is his essence. Even God did not *expect* the first breath of life in this universe. The first breath of life was a thing to be thankful for.

Yea, and I say unto thee, God hath given all of his being into the nothing, expecting not a return, but in that instant we were thankful.

CONCLUSION

Alright! So here we are. All the cards have been dealt. Here I sit drink in hand, and life has come back full circle looking me square in the face. It won't be long until I publish this book as 'The Perfection of Life' at which time I will receive a flood of e-mails and phone calls asking me this and that. So let us avoid the jibber jabber and get right down to the brass tacks. In reading my manuscripts, you can see that man is flawed. The human spirit, though unwavering in it's strength to persevere in the face of calamity never ceases to call upon itself all kinds of darkness in order to better understand the world around itself. I, being more lucky than the average Joe have lived through my follies to record them in what some would call my confession, and what *I* would call the fantastical ravings of a lunatic. In so much as we may wonder what deeds man is capable of, let us keep in our prayers the ones we love, fellow humanity. For there are circumstances unexplainable out there that those close to our hearts try and unwind everyday. And in doing so they are searching for that small light of humanity that is hidden but a breath away, underneath a shroud of misunderstanding that exists within everyone.

While seeking the perfection of life, I have found one thing to be true above all else:

There is but one way to find what it is you are looking for, and that way is to open your eyes to the possibility that you have already found it.

I close with an entry from my journal and leave you with a epilogue full of past observations and discoveries I have held dear all these years:

When I die and go to my heaven, where will it be? On the couch after experiencing enlightenment? In the bed with Tosha? On a ninja mission with Carl and Jacqueline? Cooking in the Waffle House and writing my book that would eventually come to be? Maybe Everywhere? Then again, if I can't pick a place where do I end up?

Only a perfect outcome could reap all my experiences again. I suppose I must live my life over and over, it would be the only way to experience all of my heavens again. I can only hope to love each of my most precious memories to a fuller extent than I have in this life. Am I truly that being of unlimited love? Is this as good as it gets? I truly hope not. My moment, with Tosha's naked body in love with mine, didn't last nearly long enough. Nor did any of my other most precious moments. Time is cruel.

Walking through the fields of Janet's mom's house, a magickal and mystical place, or the Indian mounds of Pegram. I can only hope to find as much beauty in my future as I have so foolishly stumbled upon in my past. Where is my MOST favorite and loved place on earth? Where is yours?

Epilogue

**“One need not know by what principles a seed grow, to raise corn.”
–unknown**

Abstinence and Male Energy

Male and female are simply another prime example of the great polarities. They are brought into existence on earth as opposites. The most telling fact about opposites, is that to remain opposites they must never come into merging contact with one another, lest they lose their identity and become neutral. When opposite forces merge, individual forces are canceled and redistributed for use by both- unity but no movement. Neutrality is a state of non motion, it is balance- no movement in either direction. Only imbalance on the side of one polarity or the other creates movement toward the direction which needs work.

Mating, though natural in the animal kingdom, is for man to overcome and control. Besides, if god wished for us to be in a state of constant union, would he have not put us here in that state to begin with? Instead he placed us here as separate- allowing us a chance to rise above the calling of shallow pleasures and mating for the sheer sake of numbers alone. To conform to seemingly natural laws of mating and union is to follow a pre-made path by others, and also is to give in to the body's requests. Giving into bodily requests is allowing the body influential power over the mind and spirit. Spiritual power comes from living in a sacred way, to discipline the body is to feed the spirit. One gains only what one is willing to relinquish for the sake of growth. One cannot simply choose to spiritually grow stronger and have it so- One must also deduce some form of action to back his dedication. This act is thusly known as self sacrifice.

Just as male and female are two great universal opposites, so also are the attributes. Males save energy for eventual use: Females acquire energy for immediate use.

Possessing a thing is not nearly so rewarding as wanting it!

All Men Are Created Equal

One should remain emotionless. Every individual will change his or her actions and reactions to incur new relationships (including friendships). One will truly be universal (all kinds) (full of universe) when one can accept all beings for who they choose to be. This means having no preferences of physical or social gains. Allow all to be true to you, by truly being true to all.

Outside relationships, when observed, you will find to be true. It is only you who alter reality by not allowing total affection to all.

Inherent Production

Man may be inherently destructive__ But only because God is inherently productive. Realizing God. Then realizing he is the more important part of you__ Will inherently make you productive.

God is more powerful to those who know.

Remembering your past- Allows you to enjoy your current polarity- And next time..... Choose where you would like to enjoy it.

Allow Another Freedom

One knows all that oneself has experienced, but not much of what others have experienced. Even those whom are closest to oneself remain, in part, a mystery. The impossibilities that one would wish upon oneself, are here to be had at any moment. Those who are drawn to oneself hold these secrets dear. If one will only express to another their knowingness/faith in that others abilities, then the other will become comfortable enough with one to express his abilities unshamefully.

One can never contest another's proclaimed events, for one was not present during such events.

Friends have abilities that lie dormant in them. To tell a friend of their abilities (to inspire) is to allow them to express them. Friends do not show you their true abilities in fear of out doing their God/the father/you. They do not wish to be better than you, only equal to you. They fear you will think they are showing off, or expressing superiority. They do not wish for superiority, only friendship. To let them in on the fact that you know this is true, is to show your faith in their abilities. To know that they are not expressing superiority allows them to show their inherent ability, and allows them to comfortably show you your inherent ability without them having fear of retaliation or feelings of superiority from you. The friendship remains pure. The consciousness of the relationship simply rises.

Accepting ones abilities, demonstrates not superiority, but instead expresses higher equality.

A Man Defined By Action

A man is changed by his past decisions.

A man is constantly becoming a new person.

We define a man by his past actions
(but action is decision brought to life)

When we look at a man, we see him as he really is.

When we define a man by his past actions or experiences we see the man for who he was when he made the decision-
not for who he is after the decision.

With each decision and experience, man re-evaluates his decision and becomes a new man-
for he now would be the man who would choose his new decision-
not the man that chose the old one.

An Ample Thought

Constantly remember that you are being granted your requests. All things in life that happen are yours. Never should you have to worry about something, for you are choosing what you create. There is no reason to feel treated unfairly on any occasion, because all things that occur are for the better. You naturally choose the correct way. When you prefer a certain thing to happen,
it will- unless it doesn't.

It will always happen when the events occurrence matters not. You are making this life unfold, so accept responsibility for it. You get what you ask for, even if it is not what you prefer, so enjoy your gifts- you can't lose.

Here And There

Before I could know myself as only a part of the whole picture I first had to create a here and there. For if there was not here and there I could not distinguish where I was in relation to what I wasn't. The fact that here and there exists, implies distance in between two objects. If there is distance between two objects, presumably to get from one object to the next would require some amount of time.

In actuality, no time is required, because both 'distanced' objects are really part of the same thing. So no actual distance exists between objects. And if there is no distance to travel to reach your destination, you are already there.

Being What You Are Not

One must understand, if his goal is to become whom he worships, that death is only perceived in ones world so that one is not obligated to undergo that situation. The same is true with all situations, objects, persons, or events. Due to the laws of relativity, one could not know oneself without first knowing who one was not. Therefore a situation such as death must be known of, in order to be disposed of. Others died, so you would not.

But as one evolves from their initial physical plane of existence, one will realize that past encountered events, persons, circumstances, and objects need not exist in ones immediate perception range to remain relative to ones own beingness. The infinite expanse of the universe exists for our use, as a kind of security measure. Security against unwanted perceptions. One can seemingly remove any object by moving it light years away, but that object still remains to be related to, it is simply too far away to be seen. When anything dies or expires, it does not disappear from existence. It leaves behind its memory as proof it still remains. It remains, but very far away.

Perhaps, this is why we look up to the stars during prayer. Everything that is not immediately seen, is up there.

So remember, you can only be what you are, by others being what you are not.

I am simply an experience. The heavens and earth may pass on, but I will not. For even the passing of the heavens and the earth is an experience, and that is what I am (experience itself). All things that have occurred and will occur, do so simultaneously. They merely seem separated by time because of the laws governing self definition.

Jesus lives on. To Jesus himself he never underwent the torment we associate to him. He moved into his perfect world flawlessly. We didn't see him do so because we did not accept it as so. So we made up an illusory experience to explain away his perfect movement into the beyond.

Events located in your past are what you are not. You can only be what you are. What you are is what you are experiencing at this moment. You could not know yourself as what you are now, if you didn't know what you are not right now.

Be The Gift

To be a blessing or a gift means treating all equally. One must act as if all are ultimately trustworthy. One does no favor for an acquaintance if one would never get a return on ones investment. One does not realize that never is a limitation on time. The immortal will inevitably get return. Therefore it is in the immortals best interest to give all people equally good favor. For the more favorable you are to people, the more favorable people you live around. The soul also knows no boundaries, therefore a favor to one will inevitably be returned.

If you wish for people to see you as perfection, you must treat all people kindly, for one day they will inevitably be returned to your presence and remember a favor undone.

BE THE GIFT

Happiness

When a person is happy it is ALWAYS in your best interest to feed that happiness.
Bringing a happy person down is the worst of sins that must be washed away.

From God's Point of View

Why should I never have what I want if I'm god? Because the mere action of wanting is a statement that the wanted experience is not already part of my self. And to state that something is not a part of me creates just that experience. For if I am god then all experiences are already part of myself, so I must only choose which ones to experience.

Are then all matters only a question of speed? Is it only a matter of choosing what I desire/want and then waiting patiently for that experience. If this is so, I would be choosing the path but not the process. For then I may have to wait through what I did not choose to experience to experience that which I chose. But still I will experience what I choose without question. As I get better at simply choosing, and not wanting- what I choose will begin to show up faster each time.

When I choose an experience and then hold it in mind, it may take a while to show up, but it will. I will only postpone it's arrival by paying attention to passing experiences while I wait. Being accepting to these passing experiences is the art of paying them no mind. The more you do this- the better you get. To get upset over having to wait through these passing experiences is to pay them mind and resist them (which makes them persist). So choose your next experience (which part of yourself you wish to have show up), and then wait patiently. What you may have to wait through may be the exact opposite as that which you chose in the first place, but maintain your faith and persistence- and it will arrive. It will arrive faster each time. (unless it doesn't) But you will get better at it. All you can do is try.

You are a practicing master. It takes awhile to create in the beginning. Indeed it took billions of years to create just what has been created thus far, but then again it only took a moment. When the time comes upon you when you can consciously create instantaneously you will remember that it only took a moment to get where you got. Then you will realize that you were there all along.

Start by choosing what you already have/ or what you already know will show up. This will be good practice, and will build confidence in your creative ability. The trick is to get to a point where you constantly choose all the time. For how can you be angry with your creation if you consciously chose nothing in particular. Not choosing is a choice to let collective consciousness take over temporarily.

Infinite Answers

Dying is about being unconscious. For livelihood is consciousness. So instead of wishing to die next time you agree to wish to be unconscious. So this you do. Soon again you are dead, and unconscious. But after an impossibly unpredictable amount of time you become conscious of your unconsciousness. And believe me when I tell you being conscious of the void is entirely more boring than being conscious of life. So eventually you decide to live again. But now you realize that there is no way out of this hell hole. You are conscious of how bad you really are off. You have no choices. And life serves no purpose, save to slow down our thinking process, and hopefully end it. I read somewhere that the purpose of thought is to abolish thinking. Life is about ending the boredom of thought. When you are not experiencing, you are thinking. So experience all that you can! Do everything you can! Don't slow down.

There is no reason to think! Becoming all is inevitable. But do not try and define it. Why does the tree grow? That's easy- because its cells keep dividing as it soaks up energy from the elements! Oh wait, or maybe its because- The birds and bees and critters need homes and food. Uh Oh, maybe its because- We need oxygen to breath. Yeah that's it. Do you get my drift? Scholars and citizens and children from all over can and will give you a different answer to every question askable. So when asking a bigger question like _What is the meaning of life?_ you are going to have a staggeringly larger number of obvious answers. Because, really- every question has an infinite number of answers. And every answer has an infinite number of questions.

Choosing Death

When one begins to imagine the life energy of their being begin to drain from their body for the first time, one will normally accept this as the onset of death. The acceptance that this feeling is death brings this assumption to conclusion. One unconsciously will choose to die, because they are aware of no other choice. They have been raised to believe that death is unavoidable. After the experience has begun, and all of life's parts undefine themselves in nearly an instant, darkness will overcome the partaker accompanied by abject fear. One will return to whence he came: the world of the absolute; the realm of possibility.

Within the sublime realm of possibility, all choice is laid before thee. One may choose to be whatever one wishes. One may live as King or Queen, Sorcerer or Sage, Warrior or Peasant, Friend or Foe, or Someone Else or simply Self. This choice opens the doorway of belief. For when the partaker of death realizes he may become anyone at any time by simply choosing to be, one also realizes he may choose to become himself at the moment of his death. And in choosing to do so may also choose to remove the experience of that death and continue living on.

One realizing he is at total choice of his experience after partaking of death can only summarize that he has always been at total choice. This he has. Death was a choice he made to bring himself to remembrance of his free choice. The seemingly unpleasant choice of death (at the time it was made) was unconsciously made, because of the fact he did not yet remember he was at free choice. He accepted the feelings and emotions of his body as being the decision maker, and felt powerless to overcome those decisions. Now, after his experience, one can again know that his soul has ultimate power in decision making, and again regain control of his own destiny.

Now one can decide to stop death before it happens.
One can catch the body in a lie.

Companionship

What people don't understand is that God does not only create. Yes he is the creator, but that is not all he is. Being the creator is exquisite torture. To know everything is a product of your choosing. That would make everything artificial. Yes, you could make people love you, but you would know that it is you loving yourself. Yes you could make people be nice to one another, but you would know that it is you being nice all along. Yes you could make everything you ever wanted manifest as you liked it, but you would then know nothing was genuine.

You could gain everything with a single wish- and by doing so would lose the only thing that matters. Companionship. Genuine Companionship.

When you and your power (creations) are all that exists, the world becomes a lonely place indeed.

You say ultimate power is a gift? I say it is a curse.

God did not create the world to look at. And neither did we. He created the possibility of love so he could feel this thing called love. He created the possibility of fear so that he could define this thing called love. God created us so that he could experience being loved.

Dead Idols Due to Distrust

-Every hand is offered but not all are taken with trust

If God were the ruling factor in your life, one could say that God killed Elvis Prestley, or God killed Jesus. But not without good reason of course. If God chose to remove a certain influence on your life at a certain time you would trust it was for the best right?

But what I say is-

It was not for 'the best', for there is no permanent 'best', but for 'your best' interests. I believe individuals create their own circumstances, We killed Elvis Prestley or Jesus at a certain time because we couldn't believe their advice. We chose not to let them go on influencing us so that we could remain at what we saw as free.

On the other hand, we may have allowed their deaths so that it would leave us room to grow more alike to them, or perhaps become them .

When we are ready to except the power that we have given ourselves, then will we move mountains.

Easy Steps to Heaven

:Here's a great thought:

God creates himself and then asks himself, "now how did I arrive at the conclusion that I can create myself?"

God creates you and you ask yourself, "now how did I arrive at the conclusion that god could create me?"

You create yourself and then ask yourself, "now how did I arrive at the conclusion that I could create myself?"

I create myself and then ask myself, "now that I am here, what do I want to create next?"

I found myself then asked myself-- nothing.

I say these words of power and advice-

If I have the power to create myself, and put me here, any other task would then be so simple that it's accomplishment would seem absolute.

Freedom

True freedom is indefinable. For in this world you are required to define yourself as something. A student, a philosopher, a teacher, one of the workforce, etc. For the free can and will take any shape they deem necessary at any time, for this is freedom. If one defines themselves as lawyer or student are they not also stereotyping themselves and thusly caging themselves with restrictions. Definition always breeds restrictions.

Erasing Inevitable Discrimination

Now I will reveal the most common discrimination on choice that goes undetected, and often proves fatal.

No patience.

The roots of restless people narrow down to the ultimate explanations. Their inevitable futures. The 'who cares we all die someday.' and the 'Oh no! I have got to do this and this and this before I get to old to do it!'

Both futures are the same for everyone. seemingly. But have you ever looked at it from a creationists point of view? Try this:

When we allow our choices to be influenced by our presumptions (which may be misconceptions) we are discriminating against hurrying to finish a task, or allowing things to fall into place slowly. When you hurry, you are changing your normal (comfortable) functions based on a past thought or idea. This does not constitute 'self will'. You did not change because of self motivation, but because of far away fear. Just the uncontrolled change of your bodily emotions or actions creates unnecessary wear on the body, therefore the actual thought, "I better do this now before I get old" could make that person accelerate their own aging. And someone in a rush constantly because of a thought such as, "Get things done before I die" Is subliminally making daily affirmations to oneself about their own death. These people tell themselves over and over "I am going to die one day" in so many words.

One must come to not favor if one wishes to experience all of experience comfortably.

One must not rush in lieu of fear. If one would rush, rush in lieu of happiness.

One must let not a change occur in oneself without accepting responsibility for the current changes initiation.

For those who know themselves confidently and wish just an exercise, I give the following:

Never make a hasty decision based on possible future consequences
(such as - not getting it at all)

With time and patience,
the mulberry leaf becomes silk.

Absence of worry, breeds absence of fear, breeds absence of conflict, breeds absence of effort. It is effortless to ride through life, It takes effort to fight it.

Experience is assumption come to life. If you assume you'll die one day, you'll make your choices based on that single fact. But change the assumptions, change the choice, and change the experience (the future). Assume you live forever, never know stress, keep your body young.

Responsibility/Equality

Escaping the Circle

The question here that now lies answered is this:

If existence lies around the circumference of a circle, what prevents our immediate return to the nothingness from whence we came.

We figured it out on our own the first round. Us being unknowingly controlled from the background is good. God has learned to control itself. That is why we can control ourselves.

The earlier reptilians, and Norse breed of aliens bred with one another under the universal law of one. (Universal Truth)

Still though, during the breeding process, they were controlled by the UNTHINKABLE hand of God. It was their natural instinct to unite. Creating a union of two separate beginnings__ A larger whole__ Us. Gwion. The ultimately intelligent__ Bestowed with the ability to choose. That is what makes us human, the ability to control our sexual urges__ The ability to recognize natural tendencies. Recognizing these tendencies gives us choice, and having a choice means having alternate fates. We have evolved folks. To more comfortable reflections of God. And the future that makes our past possible will never go away.

Now if we knew the universal law of energy, would we try and create, yes. It is intuition. It is the positive end. Realizing we created ourselves over time (realizing Gods intentions) allows us to not worry about them. God says don't worry and it is so. We leave the progression or revolution, up to our greater size__ We let God worry about it.

note: The law of one states that everything's natural tendency is to unite, as seen in cells, atoms, and elements working together.

Evolution Is Separation

~~~ Harnessing the power of the atom is explanation

The separation of the atom causes energy.

Separation can either be violent as in an atomic explosion\_\_ Or gradual as in the boiling of water.

Separation is also the destruction of the original.

It can be gradual as in evolution, or drastic as in an atomic war.

Perfect separation would in fact be duplication.

In the physical world atoms come together to create elements, animals, and us. In the spiritual world energy is separating to create the possibility of elements, animals, and us.

Of course the universe is expanding! It is separating!

If all of our energy came together as one\_\_ You could probably picture it as the nucleus of an atom containing also the electron\_\_ Technically a positive, negative, and neutral nucleus. Positive and negative repel in the spiritual world, thus we expand and grow as spirits.

## First Choice

I readily accept that now I do not understand. But know this:

I will remember

The feeling of death is one of drawing down energy, running out, and giving up.

Giving up is only possible in our imagination.

What is real can not go away. What is real is eternal.

Perhaps it is pure focus- Unbending will.

CHOICE

First thought (intuition) should always be acted upon. It is the most pure, the least diluted by thought and choice.

No person, thought, event, idea, fear, or anything else should sway you from your intuitive choices. You are right when you believe you are right, unless you choose to believe you are not.

Pay no heed to others. You are in control.

When you died, you realized that there is no point in death. That life is all that made sense. Life is all there was. So when an event occurs that you perceive as dangerous or unprofitable, think again! You can not die. You will not die, therefore you will never move toward death at all. Why move toward a pointless end? You don't! You are always beginning.

Everything you have created is only an idea. As an idea, these objects have rules that govern them- such as a sword with rules that state it can inflict harm on an individual. Remove the rule, and it can do no harm. When you, as an individual, have no rules, you have nothing to fear. Picture it as code if you must, but a bullet has a meaning. A bullet fired at you is intended to harm you, or kill you. If you realize its intent then you are empowered to prevent its result. If you wish the bullet to do you no harm, just don't let it! Tell yourself the truth about it:

I usually create a bullet that has been fired in someone's direction to inflict injury upon that individual.

But now I have created this bullet that has been fired in my direction to be stopped by me.

OR

I have created this bullet that has been fired in my direction to inflict injury upon me, but now remembering that I created the rules that govern this bullet, I choose not to allow the concurrent result to effect me.

## Folding Time By Mind

All things that have happened thus far in life to the unenlightened have so by a certain process:

First one must have a concept such as a nice car; Then one will come up with a process of attaining that concept one wants; After experiencing the process to attain ones concept then one will experience being the original concept (having the nice car)

What enlightenment asks you to do is get a concept of enlightenment and then when the concept is understood, then one will experience enlightenment.

There was no transition period between concept and attaining the experience of that concept. First one must know enlightenment, and then one will experience it.

One usually can have a concept but doesn't know the concept until after experiencing it. Enlightenment comes when you know the concept. Once you know the concept of enlightenment, you immediately experience it. And after this occurs, one will ask himself, "If I just obtained enlightenment by knowing the concept of it, then can't I experience anything else just by knowing its concept?"

Now one has opened the door- Instead now having to go and try to obtain a desire, one must only conceptualize the desired event and the experience of it would be instantaneous.

All will obtain enlightenment, because it is our next evolutionary step.

All your life you have been taught that things must be seen to believe. You've been taught all things must be experienced to be known for sure. You know the concept (rock star), but think you must experience becoming a rockstar before you can accept that you are one. you must prove it to yourself. Only then can you experience knowing you are a rock star.

But this is not true. Enlightenment requires no experience of being enlightened to obtain it. Thus you must first know you are enlightened for it to happen. Enlightenment asks you to know something you have not experienced. Once you know enlightenment only then will you experience it. And after this occurs you will change you outlook. Now something has been experienced after first knowing it. So now you learn-

Anything can be experienced if I just know it first. No longer do you have to experience getting a girl in to bed with you.... You just know there is a girl in bed with you and then experience being so. Things do not have to first be experienced to be know, you can know and then experience.

This puts a fold in time. Because now you will no longer have to spend time searching for your girl, and taking her to dinner, and making a relationship. You simply know she is already there, and it is. Experience follows knowingness.

## Damn Work

To most individuals, giving up is when they quit work, live on the street and accept the end. To me, giving up is standing behind a register at a dead end job dealing with customers. Giving up is when I let go of the feeling inside of myself that tells me I am here to do something special. This is why I hate work. Yes, I am the best at what I do. Yes, I am the number one employee. But inside my heart twists with the wretched feeling of treachery. I sometimes cannot make an ugly enough face to express my disgust. I wish sometimes I could smite myself for allowing the person that is me to let myself down. I am not here for a job- that is too easy. And every moment I spend pretending everything is okay, I move one step closer to my everlasting damnation.

## The Real

think of the feeling you have when you wake from a dream  
now think of the feeling you have when you let go of your world as you wake -  
that is letting go.  
sadness about the death of a family member has no comparison to the feeling of  
the death of your world

+

you must ask yourself this question:

(when you awaken from a dream and the dream is gone)

take that feeling and ask yourself;

if my life disappeared in an instant upon awaking into a dream, how would I feel?

Would I feel I lost something?

I would have moved onto somebody else. so my attention would be occupied by another reality. So our focus is too much on what we retain instead of what we are. We are so attached to memories.

## Faith

Does god require any particular result in my daily life? no. He is simply moving with me, watching joyfully in the background. He may be choosing through me, making my life exciting, but never does he require a certain result. Why? Because the ultimate outcome is absolute- he knows this. This allows him to enjoy every up and down of life. What fun would it be without the bad? One must move into this knowing, this godliness. Unite with his choices and enjoy what he is choosing currently. Once you show faith in his choices, he/she will begin to have faith in yours. Only then will you become conscious that it is you making the choices all along. Take control of your life by allowing your faith to control it first.

## We Are Kings

We have the power to manipulate peoples emotions.

We can make decisions for people based on their fears and insecurities.

I have no fear of loneliness or thwarted will, wherein others fear the agreement of friends. Friends make one king. Yet the king, remains the realized individual.

## Heaven on Earth

When we die and go to heaven (the glorious place where what we wish is granted)  
we begin to ask and receive.

So if a million dollars will make us happy, it is granted.

If a best friend will make us happy, it is granted.

So many things can be said about that past statement alone.

But allow me to continue and we will come back to that.

What if the time comes when what we want is not just to get whatever it is we  
wish

but furthermore to get it before we wish it.

Put simply:

My wish in heaven is not to have to realize that a friend would make me happy,  
then to have to ask for it, then it be granted.. But rather-

To be granted what will make me happy before I ever ask.

So if it is a million dollars that will keep me happy next, it is granted before I  
realize I want it,

and after that if it is a beautiful girlfriend that would keep me happy, it would be  
granted before I have to ask.

So what would keep me happy would come before my unhappiness.

This is truly the goal of heaven no?

Is that not the meaning of the all too well known saying, "before you have asked,  
I have answered"?

And so we find, this is what we have. Heaven is on earth, if only we could see it

We are given the present moment as a gift that we forgot about asking for.

This is why it is called the present. A gift we have given ourselves by forgetting  
all about asking for it.

This is also why it is called forgetting. We think of what will make us happy, and  
then

make it for the getting. Thus remembering it (putting it back together on the  
physical plane) and presenting it to ourselves as a present moment.



## I Am All There Is

One could say to act completely free would be a matter of ignoring others opinions of oneself. But this is not complete freedom either. For if we are all one (which we are) then the mere acknowledgement of the possibility of others to have an opinion would be to deny oneself as Godhead. One can only act as freedom when one comes from freedom. One must acknowledge only what himself chooses, for the mere choice is what moves the engine of creation. Not others opinions about that choice, for others do not exist, there is only myself. The only real thing is the choice itself (motivated purely by desire).

-desire moves the past from slumber-

If in the beginning all there is, is all there was, then nothing else existed. No movement, just all there is. The movement came about from the choice. The choice is the creation, not the experience itself. The experience is just an illusion. The people and things you interact with did not exist before the choice was made to create them. But still I put so much value on what others think of my actions (even though they are part of my creation!).

Why then am I so scared to be myself? How come I am too afraid to do what I feel I can do? I am afraid what others will think. Is it so bad to be proved wrong sometimes? No, because it is me that is doing the proving to myself, through another aspect of myself. It does not matter what others think because it is you that is doing the thinking. It may not look like it is you doing the ridiculing, but it is. Because----- I am that! Whatever it is, I am that. You cannot fear yourself! What would be the point.??? Why not sing aloud if it feels right? Why not crack a joke if it's funny? Why not have lots of sex and feel good about it? Why not make a lot of money and not feel guilty? Why not get off in court and not feel criminalistic, or like a liar? Does it make you feel good? Do it... Do it.... Do it I say!!! For there is not a soul out there to judge you but your own. You are judging yourself through another part of yourself known as other people. We are all one literally, so there is naught to judge but you. Therefore bless every instance it is a part of you, if you do not enjoy a certain aspect of your creation, stop calling it forth. Do not condemn it and seek to destroy it, for it is a part of your loving self. Simply move away from that by choosing differently\_ but all the while bless it and love it for being a part of the divine whole. There is plenty of room in the universe to not have to experience that aspect of yourself again if you so choose.

If I am singing and am in a state of mind of happiness, then all people involved in my current scenario would not mind, because they are part of me.

by desire).

## Inevitable Expansion

All things move on the same principles.

Alike to an atom, or a universe.

In a revolving manner.

The smaller parts simply move faster than the larger.

Atoms move very fast, but are not expanded much.

Planets move very slow and are expanded very far apart.

Atoms revolve very quickly but expand.

Planets revolve very slowly but expand.

Both expand- Expansion is inevitable.

By union of man and God\_\_ “the working together of the two for the betterment of both”\_\_ Positive expansion remains the only possibility.

The denser parts move so fast you cannot perceive their movement.

Any collection of atoms is denser than any collection of elements

Any collection of organs are denser than any collection of organisms.

Any collection of organisms are denser than any collection of planets.

## Inevitable Total Choice

We exist simultaneously and as individual consciousness only in heaven (where we are). For God denies no one free choice, due to what he is made of (love). In an imperfect world one could control his companions and instantly see his utopia, denying them free choice. But this utopia is elusive. It is an instant creation based on ones own desire, and thus falsely portrays his companions. As individual consciousness ones companions are not merely forced into a new role in life, but are granted free choice to voluntarily become part of ones creation. Still the outcome remains the same but the false portrayal disappears. One creating his companions to his liking takes responsibility for their choices and thus relies on no guidelines of truth, save ones own desires. But one who awaits the choice of his comrades to carry him to conclusion, can base his guidelines on an outside source, and thusly can now see his companions as their original selves. One would carry no guilt if his objective was concluded by his friends free choice. (The choice of the destination never changed, only the path)

It can be hell to remove another's free choice (even if it is for a greater world), for God is limitless and Love. To give another free choice is the grandest gift ; The greatest love. By giving it to another, others will give it to you.

Every being existed in the same perfect place but there was one who created it and controlled it. This being felt very much alone for he knew that all of his creations were not here out of free choice. He saw his creations as false. So he leapt backward in time to his last unchanged, unaltered memory. Here he carried on his lifetimes throughout the many years and merrily observed the beings bringing him home to his perfect place once more. He reached this place and was surrounded by people who shared his past and enjoyed their present- He was happy they had chosen the same things together.

“This man gave the gift of free choice and received the gift of choice”

God is limitless and God always has free choice. Therefore Gods free choice is limitless. No limit is put on ultimate choice (determining a definite desired outcome). Free choice is inevitable whether one instantly creates or experiences the creation. For even in GIVING another free choice, the inevitable assumed outcome remains. You cannot NOT receive the gift of choice by giving the gift of free choice. The people will grant you your desire inevitably, but to those who are unaware, it would seem a wonderful coincidence that all of your people would choose the same thing. The people of your creation; The children of God; The inhabitants of your reality all “want” the same thing. Your deepest desire is their fondest wish, for We are one. You have TOTAL CHOICE but it happens to be the same choice every one else in your world makes too.

## Punch Kick

In accordance to the martial way, I have found the late Bruce Lee's statements extremely enlightening and delightfully refreshing. Once you move to a simplistic state of mind, you see how perfect his view of combat really is.

Before studying martial arts a punch is just a punch, a kick is just a kick.

While studying martial arts a punch is not merely a punch, or a kick merely a kick.

After learning martial arts a punch again is just a punch, and a kick is just a kick.

-Bruce Lee

What it all boils down to for those non-simplistic thinkers out there is this:

Before you train in martial arts you have no technique in particular, no technique at all, save natural instinct alone. In this state combat is natural, the only question you ask yourself during confrontation is what tool you should use on what area of your opponent. There is no question as to what type of punch, or what type of kick- because no types of attacks have yet been acquired. Therefore a punch is just a punch, a kick just a kick.

During martial arts training you acquire these types of punches and kicks, you learn routines and katas; you hone your tools. So during confrontation one is apt to ask oneself which technique to apply as well as ask with what tool and to what area of the body. So no longer is a punch just a punch, it is now a technique. As is the same with the kick.

After martial arts training one comes to realize that the knowledge gained is meant to be forgotten. For after your tools are honed and trained, you need not question which technique to use for you know all techniques. So the only question that remains is what tool needs to attack what area of the body, and what is the most direct line to that area. The technique has no relevance, because if the artist is properly trained the move will be executed with perfection-

A technique needs no name to be effective

## To Grant Self Power

'Needing nothing' is a direct way of incurring personal power and freedom. For when one needs nothing, one expects nothing. And when one expects no particular result, one will fear no end. When one's happiness is not rooted in specific needs one will never fear the loss of any certain outcome.

'Not needing' frees you from fear that there's something you won't have, fear that there's something you might lose, and fear that without a certain thing you won't be happy.

'Not needing' frees you from announcing your fear through "anger". When you have nothing to fear, you have no reason to become angry. You're not angry when you don't get what you want, because your wanting it was simply a preference, not a necessity. You therefore have no fear of not getting it, and so have no anger. You are not angry when you see others doing something you don't want them to do, because you don't need them to do or not do any particular thing. You are not angry when someone is unkind, because you have no need for them to be kind. You are not even angry should one seek to take your life, because you do not fear death, and have no need for any particular life including your current one. All can be taken and you will not be angry, for you have a need for nothing. This is freedom.

Remove the needs, and nothing can create your state of being-  
Remove the needs, and remove the control that NEEDS  
have held over your emotions all your life.

Know intuitively that all things you have created can be created again, and remember that anything you create really doesn't even matter.

-Reference from Neale Donald Walsh  
Conversations with God Book #2

## To Know Without Knowing

When I tell you, “We are one. All is one, all is connected- part of the same body.” Would you believe it? “Yes.” and there are those who do. The real question is why do you believe it? Or why do you believe in your own GOD? why? That is the biggest question. The most common answer is, “Just because.”

No reason ultimately, but you believe it none the less. You know there is god, even though you can rationalize no such thing. You know something but don't know it. This is a beginning and an end- a alpha and an omega. For knowing without knowing brings up the curiosity to search for the answer. Once logic is reached through creativity, one proves ones initial belief. Further proving that a concept can come before rationalization of that concept. And proving that it is possible for one to know before knowing, for that is what you just did. Now one may choose another thing to know, and begin going about proving it. Sooner or later, one needs no proof, one just knows- and it is.

In this world, anything is possible. Therefore you may know something without knowing it. Rules need not exist for a concept to work. How do you know for sure ‘we are one’? Because I said it. Do I have to prove it? No, because nothing can be proven, unless everything is proven. Everything can't be proven, so no real guidelines for proof exist. Therefore no beliefs are actually permanent. You are simply choosing to believe in any certain one at any given moment. No beliefs are right, no beliefs are wrong. They are simply that- beliefs. So when you tell me your beliefs, I accept them openly, for I know that in the world of the relative, your beliefs are as possible as any. But all people must come to know the beliefs of the absolute, for they are unarguable. They are beneficial to all mankind, and unruly toward all races, cultures, and beliefs. This is also called physics and science. We've all heard of the big bang, but few have questioned how it works. Why not? Science has proved the beginning of the universe, so why do so few know the story? Knowing the story does not interfere with religion- It frees you from it.

## Trained As Masters

This will only be understood by those who allow it to fall upon ready ears.

We are masters. Though it is widely known that all are masters, whether in their past or future, we have all been so.

But select few have trained to be masters in their not so distant past- Their remembered lives. Very few have trained the body through discipline. Those who have, even if for only a short time, will sit higher on the scale of experiential mastership. There are those who could perform feats that no other could. At one time, these few looked at their teachers as superior.... But superiority fades with ones experience. These students became teachers and instead of seeing themselves as superiors, they saw themselves as inadequate.

But those who have ears to listen take heed-

You remain the superior!

You must take your place in life.

You must remember all that you've done.

You must make real (realize) your destiny, and accept your role as

**SELF TEACHER**

We were trained by masters, as masters.

We were trained as **MASTERS**

You do not create consequences, you create choices.

Truth is found in the stillness.

For in the beginning I was still and calm like the surface of a pond.

Only with the illusions of need do I find reason to move about, and in turn disturb the surface of my own waters.

One can become addicted to movement from the self. If one chooses certain actions to carry out routinely to attain an end, such as a job, then one can become addicted to the moving world of illusion. Thusly feeling he needs to move about and carry out other actions while not carrying out his routines. Filling in the gaps between daily routines is not necessary. One can return to oneself's oneness until next his routine arrives. In this manner can one rid oneself of outer worldly addiction.



## Unevolved Colleges and Schools

Teaching only facts is the reason, I believe, behind colleges remaining ineffective. Schooling has forgotten the face of its father. The quest for truth is the souls natural journey, and schools do not ask you to find your truth by asking your opinions- they simply tell you their truth and why they believe it. History in schools never tells the story from both sides... only from the side of its people. Schooling and college should ask each child to find their own truth, for they are only free when they can freely choose what to believe for themselves. All sides of wars, and politics should be taught, and the children should be asked their opinions on how it could have been done different. Also questioning whose side was most just, and not holding that child's true statement to an act of treason, but instead to a statement of freedom. When a child grows up through only one countries school system, and thusly only learns that one countries point of view, that child will only have one point of view to choose from\_ and in turn will accept that one as true. But if a child is schooled on ALL human kinds history and not just a single countries part in it, then that child would be able to choose for ones self their own rights and wrongs, and thus freely be able to choose their own beliefs freely. So afraid society has become that the children will not agree with their past actions, that we dare not teach our mistakes to our children, unknowing that these actions are not teaching our children how to deal with these same situations in the future.

## Meditation

All things lead to fun, happiness, and the betterment of self.  
I will be pleasantly surprised.

{This is one worth practicing }

“I will be pleasantly surprised!”

{Talk about an affirmation! }

## Waste Away In Company

To put it simply-  
You should never love objects, only experiences.  
To love one girl more than another, or one friend more than another, is to show preference. Preference, in any amount, expresses a subliminal request for ownership or want. And to 'want' expresses a state of non possession.  
'Anything you want, you must not have'  
I tell you, "You have everything  
until you want something."  
To prefer only one\_\_ Makes all else seem dull.  
To focus a beam of light on one thing, puts all else in shadow.  
To experience one thing fully and lose everything is far better than  
Owning everything and experiencing nothing.  
Because all is owned prior to want- Losing one thing does not make room to gain another. But gaining any one thing makes room to lose yourself!

'Tis better to live an enchanted life alone, than to waste away accompanied by others.

'Tis also the greatest waste of time to look back to the past or forward to the future. Always it is better to simply look around.

You will always have all the tools you need to stay truly happy and truly whole.  
I give them to you once now- once again.  
You can now stay perfect forever.  
\_\_\_\_\_ But.... It is up to you\_ to believe me.  
It is up to you\_ to believe you.  
It is up to you\_ to believe in you.

-Choose the path, but not the process-

## We Live In The Absolute

(The only truth is 'there is no permanence')

We want permanence in our lives.

The dream world is constantly changing, and we never remain in it.

We instead awaken into a permanent environment, where we are sure there will be no sudden or uninvited change.

We awaken into a world that is absolutely fashioned by our own actions.

The absolute world stops after consciousness. Before consciousness, rules governed creation. Relativity spawned consciousness, and therefore that is where absolute comes to a halt. For if you are not relative, you are absolute.

There are absolute beliefs and there are relative beliefs:

Absolute beliefs are those that bring about the possibility of relativity. The proof behind the world of the relative. The story behind how it got here.

Relative beliefs are those within the relative world. Religious preferences, and presumptuous rules that govern individual action.

In the beginning of absolute, where nothing exists, there was but one possibility- That was for there to exist a will for creating possibility itself. This there was not. But because of the impossibility of this will, also existed the possibility of it as well. Therefore both existed as separate ideas but remained of the same whole. One with existence, one without. Fire, and Air. Will to create, and space to create in.

## What Is Heaven

I simply the definition of heaven into the following phrase:

Heaven is the reliving of ones life without the occurrence of bad events

What keeps an individual from realizing their own acceptance into heaven is their outlook on their present position in life. We look at negative as bad. Negative is simply change. Imagine the atom. A positively and neutrally charged nucleus, with a negatively charged electron revolving around it. The electron acts as a probe to find and attract other electrons containing a nucleus. Negative is required for change, but a larger positive results. Therefore only positive actually occurs- Negative is simply an opposite, a requirement for growth.

Realize there is only positive, realize there is only heaven.

If heaven is all there is, where else could you exist?

Where do you think you are?

## What People Are

People are compilations of memories. All people look different because their memories are different. Even if two people experienced the same events simultaneously, both may still choose to interpret those events differently by choosing to see the event from another outlook. People grow old as more memories are retained.

People, and their personalities rely on their retained memories and choices, and differences in physical appearance will reflect the variety of possible consciousnesses.

When one looks at another, one not only sees a name- one is looking at a compilation of experiences due to choices. It would be very difficult to look at someone and see all of their past at once. So to make it possible for us to know of possible differences between lifestyles, we see only a single figure (a person) to represent all of those memories at once.

So in 500 years when someone asks me, “how have you lived so long and aged so little?”

I will simply tell them, “I must have made different choices than you.”

What one chooses to believe affects how ones life is lived. If one chooses to truly believe in immortality or eternal youth, then one in turn will only remember choices made in light of immortality or eternal youth. Therefore ones memories will retain choices and experiences made and had from immortality, and thusly ones physical appearance will also reflect those experiences outwardly. One will remember, experience, and be seen as immortality, for ones compiled experiences include immortality.

another, one not only sees a name- one is looking at a compilation of experiences due to choices

## Why Give Up Godhood

When a soul is new it is of the source (it is God), a perfect being. But it does not appreciate this position because it has no concept of having less than perfection. Because we did not feel content with this perfection, we first had to be born and live a mortal life in order to know and experience a state of being we perceive as less than perfection, less than our ultimate desire. After concepts of imperfection have been acquired, one can then return to whence one came and carry with oneself appreciation and happiness for with what one began\_ and for which one lived to reacquire and return to.

“Lessons unearned often go unheeded”

-Douglas Monroe

21 Lessons of Merlyn

The journey of life was created in order to teach oneself to appreciate all the possibilities and experiences that one began with.

Life is to teach the new GODS not to take their perfection for granted. To instead enjoy it utterly.  
Life is required for new souls to school themselves in the act of enjoyment.

New souls prefer to relinquish their memories and experience relativity because the long journey of remembrance will make their origin/destination much more enjoyable.

For without these experienced concepts, ones perfection goes unnoticed.

## Will Power

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger

Anytime you deny yourself any specific want, you exercise will power. Man is responsible for his creations. Therefore when an experience turns out other than you prefer, it is due to your subconscious practice of will power. You unconsciously deny yourself your want in order to remember you control it.

'Doing what one wants to' is the natural response for experience. If this happened all of the time, addictions would overtake humanity. Subconsciously denying yourself wants, acts as a safeguard against unwanted addictions. Thus, even when denied a want by an outside source, one still practices their will power



How life is happening:

I am at work and am happy and energetic  
I am trying to enjoy myself because I want my co-workers to feel happy.  
I also enjoy myself at work because it is something I have to do anyhow, might  
as well enjoy it.  
I also have a greater need to enjoy myself at work and it follows:  
For the time that I am away from work, life sucks. typically.  
I believe life is an oxymoron much like how we park on a driveway and drive on  
a parkway.  
We get paid to do what is fun, because we work for free the rest of the time!

Now in most cases people actually hate their jobs.  
I tell you now, "This is the root of all evil in their lives."

Their rebuttal:

They work all day and hate every second of it just to get a measly check that  
barely covers their cost of living!  
They get home from a hard days work and now they have to feed the kids, make  
dinner, get physically fit, hang out with friends, and pay bills!

How life is happening:

I go to work and my boss sees that I am happy.  
I make minimum wage.  
I live with my parents, my sister, and her two kids under one roof at the moment.  
My sister loves her life. She is on the up and up. A go getter.  
My mom and dad are falling into the pit of despair. Just trying to scrape by.  
I moved in to help pay some bills and watch the kids.  
My life IS a job!  
So I am at work, happy. Everyone else wants to clean up fast and go home.  
I go along with it.  
I have never been a party pooper.  
But I realize something.  
My boss has had a bad day.  
He is not happy today.  
He doesn't want to be here.  
He doesn't like it that I am happy.  
He says, "Come on! let's go it's 10:30pm!"  
Everyone is busy working as fast as they can to clean up the sludge that his mood  
put into the system.  
We are actually late because he came in and wasn't on a roll with us. To tell the  
truth.  
But, again we are working and making little jokes to keep the air light.

My findings:

If I am happy in my workplace I am thinking to myself:

These people actually think I must have the perfect life and thus am Happy.  
I think that they believe that I don't care because my life is SO good outside of  
work.

So, in turn they try and make my work harder and less happy for me as to make  
me 'Earn my Money'.

When in fact I have been working ruthlessly the whole time, harder than everyone  
else.

-This may not be THEIR fault, it is again, just how life is happening-

What I Think:

I think that you have to work 40 hours a week anyhow.

So you might as well have fun doing it.

If you don't have fun at work, you won't be in the MOOD to WORK when it  
really counts.. and THAT is when you are working on your LIFE! (meaning: outside of  
work)

## You Are the Interpreter

I will now break to you some news.  
It is pretty cool.  
You have been waiting to tell yourself something.  
Now you are.  
You are GOD.  
You have always been GOD.  
How? You ask.  
Think about it.  
Who is interpreting your reality?  
You are.  
Your parents may think you act one way,  
Your friends may think you act another,  
But you know how you really act,  
And how you are when you don't act at all.  
Only you can judge the world for what it really is.  
Only you can change your own emotions.  
You don't die, but others die around you.  
Others seem too old, or too young, or too  
Overweight, or too underweight, or too  
Whatever else you may think. When it  
Comes right down to it, being you is not  
Half bad. Would you rather be someone  
Else?  
If you want to change something, only you  
Have the power to do so.  
You have grown up with yourself.  
You can remember nothing beyond birth,  
And probably not even that. You've  
Changed your world as you've aged.

Now think of one more possibility.

Here is the heart stopper:

If you were to die, who says you would not simply live your entire life over exactly how it has been thus far. Everything the same. From the potty training, to the schooling, to Bruce Lees mysterious death in 1973. All details exactly the same. That would undoubtedly put you in a position to realize that you are the center of the universe. That would also begin to make you realize that you are the only real human being. That all events in your lifetime happened to you because of you. There could be no outside cause, because you world died and was born with you.

Perhaps at a certain age, lets say 40, was your time of death. That would make the assumption of dying from old age obsolete wouldn't it? You never came to reach that age, so you could never really know if dyeing of old age was literally possible. Perhaps there are different rules to the universe. Maybe when you finally answer all of your 'questions' you pass on. I figure the only way to be born as a newborn would be to

relinquish your memory of your past. And I can see no other reason to want to do that, than after you know all of the answers. Perhaps we will choose to relinquish our memories just to live to remember them once more. I have pondered over this much, and still can see no point in doing such a thing still. The fear of making an uncontrolled decision to relinquish my memories, based on instinct, is what keeps me from daring further into the darkest recesses of the circle of life with no circumference. This fear too shall be conquered in time. I feel this is my final step on the search for confident immortality. For I know the facts, but have dared not the test. I will fight it when it comes. For the fight has already been won.

The art of fighting without fighting.

## You Are what You Think

Labeling life itself as perfection is not enough. One must consider themselves part of the life they are labeling in order to see the perfection. The statement would not then be, "Everything is perfect." But instead would read, "I am perfect." and in stating this, one would be including everything along with oneself. The trick is to consciously remember your connection with the all of life. When making 'I am' statements, one must remember they are not only speaking of individual consciousness, but of the whole mosaic of ones life including their own consciousness. People are so quick to assume that simply thinking positive about life will bring about positive change- which is true, but only if one includes themselves (their own individualism) as part of that life they are doing the positive thinking about. Come from perfection, and your actions can be none other than perfect.

Who is the freest person in the world? The person with the most opportunities.

## You've Seen - Now Believe

Jesus died by our hands, and then came back to life walking then into the kingdom of heaven. God did not take him into his kingdom! Jesus walked into it. Jesus didn't worship, he became! That is what he was trying to tell us, not that he could do it, but that we could do it! Every person that has ever existed is a model for you. People are here to show you what is possible. They tell, and show you, but you are the one that must believe. Why believe them? I'll tell you why. Because if you can believe that you put yourself here on earth, or that God put you here on earth, or that this universe came from nothing, then how could you not believe anything else?! I mean literally for Christ's sake! Take your heads out of your asses and look around! YOU ARE HERE! Is that not a miracle enough for you? Do you honestly think this whole universe was created with no magical, or miraculous means? And if this is possible, everything else is chopped liver. Everything else is cake. Everything else, magical or miraculous, is absolutely possible! You think you can't be famous, or win the lottery? Please, think again! You shouldn't care what others say. You are standing, you are alive, you are existing, YOU ARE PROOF! They gave you this knowledge:

One must first see to believe

You can already see the greatest miracle of all, LIFE, now believe miracles are possible. And now I give you this knowledge:

Something's must first be believed to be seen.  
Believe in yourself, see yourself achieve.

## Imagination

I realize now I have lived this life before.  
Though more successful I've become each time.  
I've reached a point I know the power of my imagination.  
The people will move. To we imagine where.  
You must have faith that your world is moving toward perfection.  
For if you can not imagine a way out of the worlds situation how can anyone.  
It is up to you to find a way to save the world, and put faith in that idea, even if  
you don't put action.

There are already ideas about it, all you have to do is learn one or two to save  
your soul.

It's simple. Are you too lazy even to do that?

You must be able to imagine a way for your world to survive, or there isn't a  
way.!

Your world will recycle itself, over and over, until you find a way to help it move  
on.

Your imagination is the way.

## What's Left for Heaven

I suppose it is only right that you should not have what you love the most in life. For if you did, would heaven be any better than this? If you've tasted the sweetest fruit could heaven exist at all?



I A O

How do I know that what will happen will happen?

Because I am the only one that can decide what will happen. I use to constantly choose what I wished to be and then would wait unexpectantly. Awaiting the universe to respond to my choice (my request). Now I no longer await a response from the universe\_ The response is in the request itself. For nothing exists but me. Therefore the universe is not a separate body than me\_ it is a part of me\_ it is me. So when I choose to be wise, I choose to be wise. I do not have any doubt at all that my choices will materialize for there is no one to contest it! I am all that is. I tell the universe "make me wise"- I know as the universe "I will be wise". I tell myself "I will be wise / I am wise", and I say "So you are wise".

I use to make a choice and ask "will the universe prove me wrong?"

Now I understand that the universe cannot prove me wrong. For all that exists is me. All that may prove me wrong is me\_ And I will not do that. Therefore all my assumed outcomes are definite.!!

No longer do I ask "When will the universe respond to my request?" -

Instead I know that "The universe need not respond to my request, for the universe is me"!

Why wait for the universe to grant you what you believe you are? The universe is you, so simply grant yourself what you believe you are!

**YES!!!! FINALLY! I UNDERSTAND MYSELF!!!**

**THANK YOU FOR FINDING ME! I DESERVE IT, AND SO DO YOU!!!**

**WE ARE ONE!**

**I AM ONE!**

I A O

## Verses by the Author

Web Of Lies

Nothing but a little fib  
No harm done  
I'm just a kid

My whole life now  
All that I did  
Is lied to others  
That a sin

Can't retract  
And take things back  
Stick to my story  
Like it's a fact

Twenty years  
I've weaved a web  
I see the clear  
A step ahead

To take that step  
Could mean my life  
Stuck in a web  
Of my own lies

The web is broken  
I have no friends  
A new true start  
A different end

A few more years  
With just truth sent  
An easy life  
With new true friends

Speak the truth  
And move ahead  
But speak with lies  
And weave a web

With truth  
I'll let my line be drawn  
In my own web, again

I'll not be caught

### Pitiful

A cell you sit in all your life  
Full of sorrow, no hope in sight  
You watch as years pass you by  
In self pity, here you lie.  
I lay the key now at your side  
Freedom's come, but you don't try  
Nothing to live for, time to die  
And the door's been open,  
All the time.

### **Immortal Life Alone**

To live an immortal life alone  
Let's no emotion now be shown  
Life remains but feelings cease  
All I know now's only peace  
No escape to death-  
Now only sleep.

## Use The Moment

In a rush to live what's next  
I miss the moment now impressed  
I sent what's now before I knew  
Who I was, and what he'd do

What I have done too many times  
Is found my truth, but changed my mind  
I've learned this lesson in good time  
And put it here inside a rhyme

The way is here so all behold  
Choice and emotion you must control  
First choose where to send your soul  
And make all actions reflect that goal

This moment is our only tool  
Our way to create ourself a new  
Look at what is here for you  
And allow only what you are to choose

If you act from what you think you are  
Life long wounds will leave no scars  
Limitations will be unbarred  
And dreams will not lie very far

Action tells the world your truth  
So allow it only to reflect what's you  
Have reasons for all that you do  
Move constant toward what you pursue

## To Open Our Own Doors

Living life in our hushed tones  
Speaking not of what one knows.  
Afraid to help our own self grow  
Over years our soul grows cold.

If we could only speak the truth  
Our beauty could then shine anew.  
But friendship is a thing that few  
Can alter for a different view.

We're wanting what we'd like to hear  
Forcing lies makes it seem near  
But truth is all that brings things clear  
When you're in love, don't act from fear.

Behind life there is something more  
This something we've been waiting for  
Won't lift a hand, too big a chore  
To try and open our own doors.

## The Beginning

I lay myself now out for judging  
Pushing myself but not shoving  
Anyone other than my ego  
I forget, It lets me go.

Looking back now on my past  
I realize it is just a cast  
For who I am, so far in life  
The parts that keep me still alive.

All things first start in knowing  
Experience next, that keeps you growing  
But the blessed feeling will come with being.

You began with just a simple concept  
And a wish that you would one day grasp it  
A man'd arrive now on a planet  
And begin to wonder how he began it.

We made it here, we'll start some more  
Magic will we again adore  
The future now lies to explore  
That's what the ancient maps are for.

In everything there lies a message  
A twisted letter, word, or sentence  
Normal people will deny it  
But there are those who will soon find it.

The sense of touch will disappear  
But if you do not show your fear  
You can accept the absolute  
Where everything is free of rules.

When no fear exists inside  
The universe can't even hide  
The powers that we can supply  
When we ourselves do not deny  
The birthright for which we will fight  
And live beyond:  
no fear; just might

## Brethren

Friends come to me and then they go  
But a special few stay with my soul  
I call these men my brethren  
'Cause brothers are eternal friends

They're there to pick me up and dust me off  
To offer strength when I'm not strong  
To fight for me even when I'm wrong  
And to fit me in where I don't belong

I'll help them time and time again  
Give them advice, forgive their sins  
Between us never any distance  
Follow them to the earthly ends

Brothers do the same for me  
'Cause they also live immortally  
Time is not a valued thing  
So we'll stick with our majority

I can not revel in my wants  
Even as my body taunts  
All I have to do is watch  
And with my brothers life moves on

I'll break the cage that holds me in  
And return back to my brethren  
Who's paths don't end only begin  
And they only wonder where I've been

Will our paths now ever part  
A question I asked you at the start  
It's up to me the life I live  
Do drugs come first or brethren?



## Even Control

I am the wind through the trees  
I look upon that which is mine  
So tempting are all of my parts  
But apart I must stay all the time

Was lost in a world full of hope  
A physical life on a line  
Aware of only myself  
But now know it was all in my mind

Don't know how long I'll remember  
Can't tell when next I'll be blind  
But believe me when I tell you  
We are all truly one of a kind

To watch from your perspective  
Gives you control of only yourself  
But see things from the winds eyes  
And move you with everything else

Life of love bound by fear of life

A boy begins his life unknown,  
From the love of two this man has grown,  
His life a search for one who loves,  
Himself more than the giver does.

Lost blindly in search of his own origin,  
He fears to accept this gift that's been given.  
To know himself as the 'greatest love',  
Would mean no one gives more than he does.

Must his purpose then be in vain?  
Never! For he now knows again.  
He knows now what is his to give,  
First, you must start, what you would live.

Fear of completing a search with no meaning.  
Relinquish this fear, remember you are beginning.

Knowing you are more than you ever wanted,  
Give them your extra love and watch them grow on it.  
After they own it, they too will not want it,  
And yourself will be given, that with which it was started.

When you experience yourself which now comes from afar-  
You will see life is shaped as a boundless star-  
And in it's reflection, you'll now answer the question-  
What does love do? It remains who you are.

## Relaxation

A secret I hold, and hold it well  
Outside I'm silent, Inside I yell  
To speak the truth, now that's a curse  
I could reveal it all, in one quick verse

I'm all there is, and all there was  
And all there'll be, but not enough

You ask me how, so I'm tellin' ya'll  
You lose something's, when you gain it all  
Being all there is, seems grand  
But without companionship, all is bland  
I long for love, and petty needs  
But realize I already posses those things  
Because if I am all there is, you see  
Then all that exists is parts of me  
If there are no tasks left undone to do  
Who should I be? What's there to prove?  
All experiences I posses  
All I must do is choose what's next  
And even this I need not do  
Already done, I own that too  
Relaxation, That's my job  
Sit back and receive my gifts from God

## Letting Go

To the edge I walk and gape  
Nightly now on whim  
When perhaps will I find faith  
I hope before it ends  
Rising up to stand above  
The faces with no name  
Why should I then push or shove  
For places with no claim

I feel I could move without a soul  
But deceptive are my thoughts  
At the edge of this big dark hole  
There's no net in which to be caught

Safety is a random thing  
You can not insure its valor  
It flits about on broken wings  
And changes every hour

What is right and what is wrong  
These questions will be asked  
But in the mind they'll not last long  
Answers all are masked

You think you figured out a little piece  
Well let me set you right  
You get no closer, It's out of reach  
But always lies in sight

Why then give a goal at all  
Is that what life's about  
To rise above just to fall  
You'll always have your doubts

Choose your path but know  
When you decide to go  
It's an epithet you've handled  
Since life began its flow

Really all you do in life  
Is justify the end  
Arriving there through strife  
Just to do it once again

Can you let go of yourself  
And get out of the way  
That remains the locked up cell  
You unlock everyday

I didn't even realize  
I didn't even know  
When I decided to end the fight  
I decided to let go  
Living is a choice you know  
And when you know this phrase  
You'll understand that letting go  
Is also a choice you made

God Bless  
You All

THE END

Thank You for Enjoying My God Comes To You

By: Jay M Horne

REACH OUT

Currently Jay M Horne writes for his career, and enjoys making people laugh, gymnastics, and magic. Find some of his comedic short stories online as the SHIFT series. A Free shift Book Follows in the eyes of the omnipotent one who saves the day regularly...

Get The Lead Out

A Shift Book

By: Jay M Horne

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The activity in this kids head has nothing on the awful feeling he is fighting in his stomach. Fidgeting, ever so slightly I am trying to ease myself into this shift, because this kid is asking himself WHY do we have to be so polite?

I am seeing that there was massive activity on my screens back on Sirius because of the intensity that this young boy is busying his brain at. The emotions and activity I can handle quite well, but it's the strain on his body physically that I am not too sure how to take when I fell myself take over.

Shifting into this kid was a bad mistake on my part. I know this, because Corey must be feeling a hell of a release right now.

Immediately my ass cheeks are clenched up in a vice. My hands are twiddling their little fingers impatiently as I wait four kids back at the wooden bathroom door of First Grade's Class Mrs. Peters. Joanna comes out of the lacquered polished dry cracked door of wood with it's bronzed curly que handle that is minus a locking mechanism, and takes her seat back at her desk with a smile and nod to Jacob, who is the next lucky little bastard in line to go potty before ME. The pressure is Amazing, and now this, Corey's mind, is full of questions like 'why the heck must I be so polite?' And 'Why don't they notice that I am having a hard time here?'

I'm clenching terribly hard my rear, and in the same instant am trying to look as natural as possible, less Carrie see me blushing and then I would really not have a chance to be her friend at all. She, of course isn't looking this direction, no one really looks at you as you wait your turn, it's just something we're suppose to do, expected to do, properly.

Uhh. I gotta try and relieve some of this pressure, it is killing me. And this kids personal problems of embarasment aren't making things any easier! God forbid I fart in front of all his friends, that would really blow his chances!

The door opens! Out comes Jacob and now I am standing in the middle of the line since two new kids came now to file in behind me. I shift from one leg to another hoping that these pipe legged jeans that mom had me wear this morning will muffle the sound if any happens to come from between my cheeks. What's lucky on my part though, is that I didn't happen to be wearing any undies today, and if mom knew she'd kill me, so the fart should greet the air with little resistance and maybe the lack of pressure will prevent the seeping gas from being audible. This kid's an idiot! I'm thinking, still half persuaded to just raise my hand and say, "Look. I hate to cut in line, but I have to shit!" and get it over with. What's with me and shitty situations as of late?

So here it goes, the deal breaker. If I can just cut some quiet wind this will all be behind me, and Corey can have his questions back joyfully refunded. I'm easing off the brakes, hoping for a slight waft, a sign of slow pressure release, when the whole load jumps the gun, and the gas building up had been permanently lodged behind a perfectly rounded terd of utter grief!

"NO!" I grunt within, hoping my agony had not come out verbally enough for anyone around to hear, less it defy me and they know for sure that I just dropped the ball and did the unspeakable too soon. I could feel the perfect rounded shape of the nugget like a pingpong ball down the airy tube pantleg on my left, and had it not bounced off of the inside rim of my tennis shoe, I may not

have been aware that it was solidly in tact like rolled play-doh. A shimmer of relief washes over me as I realize I have not sprayed a wet mess in my britches, but rather dropped a gerbil terd down the tube to the white tile.

No one has noticed! My eyes flit around like bumblebees battling hummingbirds trying to determine if anyone has seen the little tell tale sign of my discord, but no one seems to be looking this way at all. I risk a single glance to it. Not two, because that would definitely draw someones attention o the little dirty doodoo, and can see it sitting there between my feet, laughing at me and pointing. I had better do something with this before he ruins my life forever!

The move is swift, like a ninja in the night wind. With a little kick off my left shoe sole, I send that terd ball rolling for the shadow waiting behind the trashcan by the teachers desk, and it is done. My eyes move from face to face, to see if anyone caught the little monster out of the corner of their eye as he rolled his way to the dark abyss and my sanity's safety, but no one had seen! Then I felt the eyes of a kid close to Mrs. Peter's desk move casually toward the trashcan as his hand was filled with crumbled art that was obviously unsatisfactory, and I winced a moment in fright that he may spy the terd that lay behind it when he throws his garbage out. I make my move.

I can't shift away from this kid and leave him to deal with such embarrassment, so I save him one final time by stepping out of line and offering to throw the trash away for the boy whose headed there. He accepts, and no seems to find it odd that I have suddenly lost the urge to pee or poop. There's no sign of the dirty dookie by the trash, so I think I got this kid off clean. My God though, if stress is weight, and weight is measured in pounds, then this kid had a ten pound block of lead he conveniently shifted my way that came out in a package so small and thankfully tightly packed it was unimaginable. I do know one thing though, my stomach doesn't hurt anymore, and this kid may yet befirind ole Carrie over there, and it's a shame he wasn't around for this experience I stole. I guess he'll have to re-enact this one later on down the road again, perhaps when they're happily married?

*Shift*

Thanks for Enjoying Get the Lead Out: A Shift Book By: Jay Mathis Horne