

Tranceformers

Shamans of the 21st Century



John Jay Harper

Foreword by Bruce H. Lipton, Ph.D.



About the Author

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Book Description

Tranceformers: Shamans of the 21st Century is a true story about my contact with a “dead” optics physicist colleague, and his communication, that forced me to seek scientific answers to these spiritual questions: Does God Exist? Who are we? Why are we here? Where are we going? After immersing myself for 15-years into astrology, biology, computer science, genetics, mythology, physics, psychology, medicine, sacred geometry, and theology, I finally did find the Rosetta stone that deciphered ancient visions into modern wisdom. I learned that we are becoming fifth-dimensional beings of light with third eye open, telepathic, psychic solar powers. Moreover, I saw what modern astronomers define as Solar Cycle 24, ancient astrologers portrayed symbolically as the Eternal Return of the Sun of God. That this is our golden window of opportunity for transformation between the Venus transits of our Sun in June 2004 and June 2012. Although uplifting in tone, I describe the visions that I have been given to share with my readers with respect for our need to prepare for the “shift of the ages” and natural disasters to come. A runaway violent and weird weather oscillation cycle that vacillates between global warming and global cooling with Super Oceanic Storms that these thermal tug-of-wars will generate worldwide. Also explained is the melting of the polar ice caps by increased galactic and solar radiation inputs to the core of our planet, triggering the eruption of previously dormant undersea volcanoes. This process will slowly build in intensity as gravity wave movement coincides with the earthquakes and tsunamis that will be devastating our coastlines in the USA--and elsewhere. I saw that the eruption of Mount Rainier will be part of this rather lengthy list of geophysical change events as I outline the whole panoply of electromagnetic “symptoms” leading to the North-South pole shift itself. Notwithstanding these sobering events, my book is not about doom and gloom forecasts. My insights are the result of having my third eye opened to our “flexible” future, given that enough of us awake and create our world anew. At a minimum, I have written a fact-packed intellectual survivor’s guide and provided a map for all of us sojourners planning on surfing knowingly into the Age of Aquarius: The Water Bearer of cataclysmic yet miraculous Earth Changes.

Tranceformers: Shamans of the 21st Century

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Important Medical Disclaimer

Under no circumstances is the author advocating to readers the use of trance states-of-mind without the guidance of a licensed mental health caregiver to help you integrate the insights revealed concerning your own unique life, death, and rebirth cycle. Please refer to the guidelines of psychiatrist Stan Grof, M.D. given in his book *Psychology of the Future*, and to the International Transpersonal Association. (See www.holotropic.com)

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Preface

Time is the substance from which I am made. Time is a river that carries me along, but I am the river; it is a tiger that devours me, but I am the tiger; it is a fire that consumes me, but I am the fire.

—Jorge Luis Borges

The story you are about to read is true.

“John,” the voice on the phone said, “I have some very bad news.” My best friend George Sebastian Viguet (pronounced “*Vee-gay*”) had died that day of a massive heart attack, his wife informed me. Born in White Castle, Louisiana on January 24th, 1947 he was a vibrant, young man of 40 when his life ended suddenly that Monday morning—officially at 9:30 A.M. on November 9th, 1987.

George drew his last breath in the medical clinic of his family physician located right next door to Huntsville Hospital. Amazingly, he drove himself there on the way to his office because he was not feeling well. I am sure he had hoped to merely get some medicine and be on his way again. As fate would have it, however, while being examined by the doctor the worst possible physical scenario unfolded; his heart suddenly exploded. Thus all attempts to resuscitate him failed.



George Sebastian Viguet III
(1947-1987)

I had known George for 18 years. We had met in 1969 as soldiers in the United States Army. Along with a few dozen other young men, we were assigned to the same military unit, the 116th Ordnance Detachment located at the Army Missile Command, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama. Our outfit was preparing for deployment as a unique missile unit to Nuernberg, West Germany. We were going to live and work at one of Adolph Hitler's former Nazi SS strongholds during WWII. It was called Merrell Barracks now. I was really looking forward to this *field trip* of sorts too as I had studied the German culture, language, and history for 3 years while at Central Kitsap High School in Silverdale, Washington.

So at the crack of dawn on January 28th, 1970, I kissed my wife of 2 months, Connie, goodbye at the airport as we both watched our officers and enlisted personnel get aboard the chartered plane headed for Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. From there we were to be taken by ground transportation to McGuire Air Force Base, New Jersey, then on to Europe via the Military Airlift Command. Going overseas on a military assignment is always a gut-wrenching experience, whether combat-related or not. In my opinion, there is no greater sacrifice than to be *involuntarily*

torn from your loved ones' arms on that day of departure. That day indeed is forever etched into my mind; it was traumatic for me. We left Alabama on a clear-blue sky day and landed in cloudy, wet and raining Germany at the Rhein-Main Air Base in Frankfurt the next. Talk about a cultural shock: I went from an American southern breakfast of "biscuits, grits and gravy" to a German greeting of "Guten Morgen" in less than 24 hours.

Notwithstanding, the sight and sound of the U.S. 7th Army and German Military Band members playing loud and marching proud as we deplaned was most welcomed, if not a bit overwhelming. I know that I did not expect such a wonderful reception party. There were colorful flags flying in the wind and warm greeting hands shaking us back to this Old World reality as well. It was a happy day for sure but we were tired of traveling. And after all the hoopla ended, we were more than ready to be bussed down to Nuernberg a few hours to the southeast along the Czechoslovakia border, settling into our living quarters late that afternoon totally exhausted.

Wow, what a day for the diary! I slept like a proverbial log nearly oblivious to my stark surroundings that first night. For Merrell Barracks was a massive, multi-story concrete block structure with bullet hole remnants visible on both the outside and inside walls. These we learned later were the *calling cards* left behind by Allied GI's who captured it from the former German occupants in 1945. The single guys had to make this *tomb* their home while serving out their tour of duty here, decorating it to the best of their ability. No doubt if we had been in today's materialistic mind-set, we would have seen this sign sarcastically displayed somewhere on a soldier's door: "*Martha Stewart Does Not Live Here.*"



Merrell Barracks: Hitler's SS Troops' Headquarters in 1945

In contrast, we married guys began counting the days until our wives would arrive “in country.” I wanted out of here; it was a zoo at night with the hard-core drinking and drugging going on non-stop. Hashish was burned as if it were incense on weekends. Myself, being a “square” when it came to drug use, I did not fit in with this foot loose and fancy-free single crowd at all. I was a beer drinking country boy and proud of it. All I wanted to do was to survive this *Animal House* environment (very much like that college-based John Belushi movie portrayed) until my bride arrived from the States.



John Jay Harper



Constance Jeanne Tignor

George married Kathy, and I, Connie, only a couple months before we had to ship out and these days of separation dragged on for us newlyweds. Then our wives arrived on April 10th, 1970 on a chartered flight out of New

York City to Frankfurt, and we made up for that lost time in a big way. Together again, we began touring the countryside to visit medieval castles among other things. Connie and I also took an American Express bus tour of Bavaria, Switzerland, the French Riviera, and northern Italy. In particular we attended the 1970 Grand Prix of Monaco, watching it from a hillside overlooking the harbor was surreal. We likewise partied in our local German villages at every opportunity. A smile comes to my face as I recall us swaying back and forth with our liter-sized beer steins in synch to the native music being played in those big circus-like tents at the Folks Festivals.

I loved the yodeling songs and the spirited “Chicken Dance” and the food that added so much joy to these celebrations. I can still smell those grilled bratwurst sausage dogs that were placed into freshly steamed buns, sprinkled with diced hot white onions, spicy mustard, and topped with mouth-watering sauerkraut. These are fond memories for a big eater like me but they ended abruptly on May 7th, 1971—to be exact. Connie and I returned to Alabama, where her parents lived and I was accepted to attend the University of Alabama in Huntsville under the GI Bill, as did George and Kathy a few months later by the way.

Initially I began my collegiate studies in electronics engineering but switched to subjects dealing more with the emerging field of computer science: such as the psychology of language, learning theories, the philosophy of mathematics and logic, all of which had to do with the collection and processing of information. I knew that I was a right-brained people person as much as I was a left-brained widget maker and didn’t want confined solely to a laboratory bench the rest of my work life either. For I liked to talk to folks about the big *ideas* of life rather than tinker with high-tech toys all the time.

George, on the other hand, pursued a rigorous curriculum in physics, graduating with honors. This guy was born to be a scientist: He was very bright and very introverted.

In fact, I was one of the few persons George felt comfortable talking to about non-technical matters, conversations held late at night usually over

cold beer and hotly contested chess games. From these exchanges, I knew that George believed that when you were dead, you were dead and gone, period. That was it, game over. The human being was nothing more than an ape with an evolved brain and flexible thumb, a toolmaker that focused on survival of the fittest when all was said and done.

But that was not my belief and at his elaborate Catholic funeral, where I was a pallbearer, I stared at that metal-box in front of me solemnly. I kept asking myself over and over again: *Where is George?* Where in the world—or out of this world—is the “soul” of George right now at this very minute? I sincerely wanted to know the truth. This desperate heartfelt plea paid dividends, as George was *not* dead. Indeed I can say with confidence to all my readers who have lost a loved one: “Seek and you shall find” them. They are not *lost in space!* How do I know this is true?

It is because in June 1988, nearly seven months to the day after I helped place his casket in a marble-faced mausoleum in Alabama, I saw George in my master bedroom in my new home in Silverdale, Washington, 2500 miles away from where he “died.” From what I thought at first was merely a lucid dream of him, I saw him standing there in front of me looking well and smiling. Yet it was his clothing that got my undivided attention. George was wearing a brightly colored, short-sleeved Hawaiian luau shirt with a white beachcomber hat on his head. I stared at my friend like a deer caught in halogen headlights. This is ironic, I mumbled to myself. Here I quit my job in Alabama and moved back to my former hometown, Silverdale, in April of 1988 to get over the gut-wrenching grief that I was experiencing. Yet there he stood: plain as the nose on *his* face.



Image Credit: *The Abyss*, Twentieth Century Fox

Life is Light

At the onset, I wanted to find an answer to this perplexing question: Was George's spiritual body made of a type of "mind-metal" now? His skin, as it was, looked a lot like "liquid-mercury" just as that beautiful, non-threatening crystal-clear water creature did in the movie *The Abyss*. His newly transformed body reminded me of those carved oriental ice sculptures but with a more silvery sheen overcoat to it. Years later I read what Native American shaman Joseph Rael, also known as Beautiful Painted Arrow, in his book *Being and Vibration*, told co-author Mary Elizabeth Marlow when asked where human beings originate and go after death? Rael responded that we are a "vibration from the Infinite Void, from zero.... We were made of appearing and disappearing light that came from the inhalation and exhalation of God's breath. We were from the very Heart of the center of the non-existence of infinity... This place of ice is so far away that it is really present in the eternal now." Scientist's call this "place of ice" the vacuum of space, or more technically, the zero-point field.

Psychologist Carl G. Jung, M.D. was an expert in deciphering the symbols used in the ancient practice of alchemy whose questionable purpose was said to be to change base metal like lead into gold. Of course, we know now alchemists were referring to the ability of consciousness to mold matter. Jung said the "unitary substance," the *Mercurius Philosophorum sive quadratus* of our soul was in fact "as much a metal as a spirit." For this reason, I take quite seriously the metallic "spoon-bending" experiments performed by psychic Uri Geller too. As I see that his *shenanigans* are not proving mind over matter manipulation is possible rather confirming the case that matter is mind, or simply put, made of mind-metal that spiritualists called the *ether*.

Alice Bailey said the natural properties of the ether is what bestows upon all life forms immortality. That is, it cannot be created or destroyed, only transformed. My larger insight came when I realized that our soul

body is embedded within the zero-point field at each and every moment. Again, Joseph Rael confirmed “This is one of the basic truths of physicality: We flash in and out of existence, but it is happening so fast that it is not apparent to us.” Or, if you prefer, our physical body is resonantly coupled with our soul body that has its permanent residence within the zero-point field. They communicate with one another via that “spirit molecule” we know as DNA, as we shall come to understand a little later on.

Scientifically, the “ether” or zero-point field is defined in quantum physics terms as the dense super conducting ground state of matter, the photons of light still vibrating at the Kelvin temperature scale of *absolute zero* degrees (-459.69° Fahrenheit; -273.16° Celsius) from which everything was, is, and will be created forever. I mean this is the bedrock of existence that we are finally rediscovering is the *holy* “ghost in our machines.”

Thus in *CE-5: Close Encounters of the Fifth Kind*, Dr. Richard F. Haines, former NASA Chief of the Space Human Factors Office at Ames Research Center, California shares this case history of relevance. “A 12-year-old boy got his bow and arrow and sent a rubber-tipped projectile toward one of them [aliens]. It had no apparent effect. However, when the boy approached the stranger, the boy was ‘flung to the ground as if by an *ice-cold* invisible force.’” (Case No. 215)

Haines also documents in *CE-5* these daytime observations of 51-year old Steven Michalak’s startling UFO sighting at Falcon Lake, Canada. Mr. Michalak watched “For at least thirty minutes, the UFO simply changed colors—red to gray-red to light gray to ‘hot stainless steel’.” (Case No. 121) This then got me to wonder, perhaps these phenomenon attest to why the temperature drops, folks report getting *chilled to the bone*, while seeing and/or feeling the presence of deceased loved ones or “ghosts?” They are interacting with the “ether” is certainly one reasonable inference based upon my own paranormal experiences.

Beyond that revelation, physicist Ernest J. Sternglass, Ph.D., declared in *Before The Big Bang: The Origins of the Universe*: “The basic assumption underlying this theory is that the fundamental entities are the electron and

its oppositely charged ‘twin,’ the positron. These entities form a rotating pair of a very small, but finite size. From such pair, all other particles and stable cosmological structures such as galaxies and stars arose in a succession of division processes. They were formed out of *pure space* as vortices in the ether, an all-pervading liquid-like medium first envisioned by the ancient Greek philosophers and revived in the seventeenth century by René Descartes, the founder of modern natural philosophy. The ether concept was used successfully in the nineteenth century to describe electricity, magnetism and light in a historic unification. It was initially rejected by Einstein because all efforts to detect it experimentally had failed. Later, he revived it in his General Theory of Relativity.” That as alchemists of every culture have taught throughout the ages to “initiates,” life is the result of an admixture of air, water, earth, and fire enclosed within a zero-point vacuum of space, in short, a cosmically conscious, living field of mentally active “ether.” You don’t believe me?

Look at the Zodiac: There is the formula for the mutation of matter into mind and back again, writes systems scientist Paul A. Lavolette, Ph.D. in his book *Genesis of the Cosmos: The Ancient Science of Continuous Creation*, in the spell-binding chapter called “The Thermodynamics of Astrology.”

In a 1950 book titled *Telepathy and the Etheric Vehicle*, esoteric scholar Alice Bailey similarly wrote: “This word ‘ether’ is a generic term covering the ocean of energies which are all interrelated and which constitute that one synthetic energy body of our planet. The etheric or energy body of every human being is an integral part of the etheric body of the planet itself.” That by the way is the key to trance states; learn to synchronize your breath and brain rhythms with the “magnetic” heartbeat pulsation vibrating the core of the Earth. Technically this is called the Schumann Resonance Cavity frequency; I call it the system clock of consciousness for those living on Mother Earth.

Ultimately I realized that if I was looking for a one size fits all “silver bullet” to formulate a theory of everything upon to unify body-mind-

spirit concepts, this was *the* topic du jour to explore. So I did. I started reading textbooks on quantum physics so that I might understand the basic principles of light energy transformations from spirit into matter and matter into spirit. The big idea that I began chasing then was that I was sensing that spirit-matter is moldable, soft like putty not hard like rock, when in its original, vacuum-state zero-point condition. (See Appendix B: The Complexified Aether)

More so, I began seeking out people who had a “conscious” brush with death and survived it, interviewing them at great length by e-mail, telephone, and in person given half the opportunity. These folks loved to talk about God and the future of our planet as much as I did. Some of these revelations that were shared with me in casual conversations were cutting-edge insights into the zero-point field, reincarnation, and the design of creation on a cosmic scale.

These so-called near-death experiencers, NDErs, spoke to me about the “spirit” in the Void and the sacred geometry wisdom of the Amerindians, Egyptians and Mayans, who knew these hidden divine “organic” truths were written in the landscape beneath our feet and the stars above our heads. That our whole lifecycle is mapped by the Zodiac because time flows in a circle, not a straight line from past to present to future. In a nutshell, what goes around comes around again and again albeit in a fresh new mixed-up way. As the sages say: “You never dip your toe into the same river water twice.”

Notwithstanding, what really stunned me was that my inquiry into these NDEs led me into a direct, unavoidable confrontation with UFOs and shamanism. I thought these subjects had been debunked by the experts and found to be falsehoods. They were wrong; I guess I would say they are almost “dead” wrong today! As the aforementioned “shaman of hyperspace” Terence McKenna stated in *California UFO*, 2:2 (1987) in the article he called *Oversoul Takes Shape in an Archetypal UFO*, we must rethink our idea of alien. “The extraterrestrial is the human oversoul...The oversoul is some kind of field generated by human beings,

but it is not under the control of any institution, government or religion. It is actually the most intelligent organism on the planet, regulating human culture through the release of ideas out of eternity and into the continuum of history. The UFO is an idea whose purpose is to confound science, because science has begun to threaten the existence of the human species and the entire ecosystem of this planet.” This by the way is a common cry of NDErs and alien abductees alike: Our climate is in crisis and we are headed for mass extinction now. If so, we may be about to abort our resurrection into beings of light.

Founder of Borderland Sciences Research Associates, N. Meade Layne, wrote in *The Ether Ship and Its Solution*: “The shapes and vehicles and entity operating them form one being, just as a human being is a psychophysical mind-body unity. The body of this etherian entity is a thought form [image] which can go anywhere, and penetrate our earth and seas as easily as our air.” Clearly my friend George had made “contact” with me from The Other Side through shapeshifting his mind-metal etheric body. But what if the “body” I saw him in was transitional? I mean perhaps the reason I saw him in a free floating body of ice was because he was earthbound within our magnetosphere, caught like a spider’s prey in a web? Maybe our planet is responsible for maturing us “physically” to our next higher form of existence as an *etherian* at the End-Time? I think so.

Therefore, this led me to speculate that if we destroy our planet, it will lack sufficient mass-energy to “cook,” transform our physical body’s atomic elements into its spiritual body of light configuration. Like I said, there may be more to this growing concern for ecology than meets the eye presently. I in fact cringe when I hear fundamentalists say that religion is about Father God not Mother Earth. That type of ignorance is fatal I discovered. For if we are to be “saved,” we will all have to become “tree huggers”—or perish permanently as a viable life form of this globe. In the refrain of developmental cell biologist Dr. Bruce Lipton: “It’s the environment, stupid!” (See Appendix D: The Biology of Belief)

Here is an NDE testimony to clarify my point. Former art professor at Northern Kentucky University but now Reverend Howard Storm was taken to the center of a galaxy during his NDE. Finding himself hovering in space, sensing profound feelings of love and compassion for creation, he was intercepted by several beings of light that had gathered in a circle around him including Jesus, he recalls. During that lengthy exchange of information regarding the workings of the cosmos, Storm learned the importance God places on the nurturing of nature and our children. He also learned that we must begin working in harmony with each other internationally if we are to restore it to its Garden of Eden condition. Storm saw that prayer itself has the power to invoke miracles beyond our wildest expectations by tapping the energetic, psychic resources of Mother Earth, as he wrote in *My Descent into Death and the Message of Love Which Brought Me Back*. After folks took care of their kids, “What people did with the rest of their time was that they gardened, with almost no physical effort. They showed me plants, with prayer, would produce huge fruits and vegetables.” In addition, he discovered:

People, in unison, could control the climate of the planet through prayer. Everybody would work with mutual trust—and the people would call the rain, when needed, and the Sun to shine. Animals lived with people, in harmony.

Death, in this world, was a time when the individual had experienced everything that he or she needed to experience. To die meant to lie down and let go; then the spirit would rise up, and the community would gather around. There would be a great rejoicing, because they all had insight into the Heavenly realm, and the spirit would join with the angels that came down to meet it. They could see the spirit leave and knew that it was time for the spirit to move on; it had outgrown the need for growth in this world.

Individuals who died had achieved all they were capable of in this world in terms of love, appreciation, understanding, and working in harmony with others. The sense I got of this beautiful view of the world's future was as a garden, God's garden. And in this garden of the world, full of all beauty, were people. The people were born into this world to grow in their understanding of the Creator. (See www.near-death.com)

Our Higher Self

In my opinion, we are about to relearn that we can and do communicate telepathically with our doppelganger, our twin soul, Our Higher Self: The “inner voice” that is our conscience. The Gnostic *Nag Hammadi* Scrolls, and this one especially called the *Gospel of Twins*, are in some mysterious way connected to a profound revelation, this concept of creating a Christ out of each of us. That truth surfaced after I read Peter Novak's book, *The Lost Secret of Death: Our Divided Souls and the Afterlife*. He has rediscovered the ancient teaching of the shamans known as the “binary soul doctrine (BSD),” or what he calls now “division theory (DT).” The boiled down version of the BSD states that we were once upon a time in constant communion with God, as in the Garden of Eden. We heard the Voice of God in our heads, literally, and thus were able to self-correct. Yet it is becoming clear to me that we blocked or stopped listening to advice and at some point there was a sudden rupture, a spiritual aneurysm of some sort, which separated us from God. Could this be anything other than a flip of the poles or maybe simply a “shift of the ages” that is part of the divine plan for learning from our mistakes? Does God use “tough love” tactics to train us to become self-disciplined disciples, self-sacrificing servants to the cause of Christ? I think so.

Thankfully, the BSD that Peter Novak has recovered and writes about comprehensively speaks to this idea, too: the reunification of our two

selves (lower and higher). Clearly this *gnosis* of our bifurcation is the missing link and doctrine for Christianity to reclaim today. For it explains the role that both reincarnation and self-sacrifice play in God's plan of salvation. It also highlights our need for restoring environmental stewardship if not the ritual worship of the natural world. You know like praying at certain times and seasons of the year like Christmas and Easter? Was there more energy available then to make our dreams come true?

More so, the original purpose of prayer was in and of itself simple; it was to teach the reward for telling the single-minded whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God, and the penalty for telling bold two-faced lies. The reward was "heaven on earth," psychophysical wholeness here; the penalty for lying was "hell," the separation of our mind-body soul hereafter. The latter condition being what was really the only ultimate "death." Jesus alluded to this disaster when he asked, and I am paraphrasing, what was the value of gaining all the gold in the world yet losing one's own soul? He said it was initially our task to seek the knowledge of heaven and then the rest of our desires would be met. We were to be continually hungry and thirsty for wisdom.

Harvard psychiatrist Frederic Schiffer, M.D., has insights too, outlining his theory as he does in his marvelous text, *Of Two Minds: The Revolutionary Science of Dual-Brain Psychology*. "The dual-brain model hypothesizes that we have two minds, one associated with each hemisphere....In one constellation, one mind is more mature, reasonable, and living in the present. The second mind, immature in its cognitive and emotional aspects, is stuck back in an old trauma. It sees the world...like a child, it is dogmatic and overly emotional." That sure appears to be the symptoms of the illness called bipolar disorder as well. Yes, we now know from laboratory experiments by neurologists that because our left-brain is oriented by "logic" (words) and our right brain is oriented by "intuition" (feelings) there oftentimes is a failure to communicate between these two spheres of influence—especially at times of extreme trauma, such as death. (See www.traumahealing.com and the book *Waking the Tiger: Healing*

Trauma by medical physicist and NASA consultant to the Space Shuttle Program, Peter A. Levine, Ph.D.)

Perhaps unknowingly, but Ned Dougherty speaks to this fact in *Fast Lane to Heaven* when he had an epiphany while drinking what turned out to be his last alcoholic beverage—appropriately enough for an Irishman, it was an *Irish Mist*. But there in Ebbitt's Grille in Washington, D.C., he knew that his 20-year battle with the bottle was over and that his task now was to reclaim his lost soul, and as by way of confirmation, he had this experience he recalls. “Whoever I really was, as a spiritual and human being, had been lost to me for those twenty years. Suddenly, a roaring mechanical sound moved by me. The scene around me melted into a funnel of shimmering walls, and I was staring into a tunnel. The dim image at the end of the tunnel was my mirror image staring back at me. I was in the tunnel again, just as I had been five months ago [during his NDE]. Perhaps, I was being called back.” (See www.fastlanetoheaven.com and also www.divisiontheory.com to review *The Division of Consciousness*, *The Lost Secret of Death*, and *Original Christianity*)

From my orientation, the purpose of all mystical epiphanies is the same; it is to recollect that our goal in life is to reunite our physical and spiritual bodies into one whole soul body again. The Gnostics in fact taught that we were to “make the two one again” in the *Gospel of Thomas*. That is why the theme of reincarnation runs throughout the gospels and was so brutally attacked. Reincarnation assures integrity at the personal level, “To Thine Own Self Be True,” because you will reap what you sow. The absence of personal responsibility flips that task onto priests in the sense that they claim the role of mediator between you and God. They provide absolution and forgiveness of sins but by what authority, if reincarnation is God's way to allow each of us to make those life-death decisions for ourselves? If so, then shouldn't the role of the priesthood be more a lifestyle coach and mentor—lead by example—than a confessor? Indeed, how can a celibate speak to me about marriage and raising children today?

The idea is absurd, like a pilot without the hands-on experience teaching me how to make a crash landing safely at night.

Gnostics went so far as to claim that *Judas Thomas* was the *other* Jesus. Recall that *Thomas* means *twin* in Aramaic. There was a double meaning to the use of the name *Didymos Judas Thomas* then that literally translates as “Twin Judas Twin.” *Didymos* is Greek for twin. Indeed Peter Novak explains all this “double-talk” better than I can. But for my purpose I simply want to point out that I see this double-helix, “twisted-pair” relationship between our two “bodies” (physical and spiritual) is connected to why we have twin-strands of DNA today in the first place. In our ideal world at the beginning and end-of-time, the Garden of Eden, or *paradise* by a host of other names, we will experience oneness because as the scriptures warn us a “double-minded man is unstable in all his ways.”

Yet, even beyond that duality between our two brain hemispheres, I believe that there is also a soul-split between star groups. Egyptologist Wallis Budge linked both Sirius and Orion with Earth through the myths that hinted that spiritual rays of light emitted from these two stars “vivify gods, men, cattle, and creeping things...out of the seed of the soul.” That is, our sun has a companion binary star system, perhaps Orion, or Sirius, as claimed by Walter Cruttenden, the executive director of the Binary Research Institute, and author of the *Lost Star of Myth and Time*. As he so astutely recapitulates in his book and magnificently displays for us visually in his DVD, *The Great Year*, our Golden Age to Dark Age to Golden Age cycles are geared to this fact that we have a twin body in another star system. This fact may be confirmed at the Great Pyramid of Egypt that has its King’s Chamber and Queen’s Chamber shafts tuned to the starlight of Orion and Sirius, respectively. (See www.thegreatyear.com and www.BinaryResearchInstitute.org)

Furthermore, spiritualist Alice Bailey, employing trance to restore this knowledge stated in her writings such as *Initiation, Human and Solar*: “In the secret of the Sun Sirius are hidden the facts of our cosmic evolution, and incidentally, therefore, of our solar system.” Scholar of mythology

Robert Temple agrees: “Sirius was, astronomically, the foundation of the entire Egyptian religious system. Its celestial movements determined the Egyptian Calendar, which is even known as the Sothic Calendar.” The Sothic Calendar was based upon the “rising with the Sun” of Sirius on the horizon at its 70-day return cycle from the underworld, the Duat they called it. The *underworld* was that unlit region of space that a celestial body fell into, or slipped over the horizon’s edge, not to return into full view for a given period of time. Please keep in mind that the underworld signified darkness but not necessarily evil. (See *The Sirius Mystery: New Scientific Evidence of Alien Contact 5000 Years Ago* by Robert Temple at <http://www.lauralee.com/temple.htm>)

Again, Wallis Budge declared, “The mention of Orion and Sothis (Sirius) is interesting, for it shows that at one time the Egyptians believed that these stars were the homes of departed souls.” Recall that Sirius is the brightest star in our night sky. It is starlight of the “first magnitude,” as astronomers define its level of intensity. It was interestingly enough a major focus of myth in African tribes such as the Dogon. This tribe has a comprehensive, elaborate set of rituals centered upon this star group. It’s as a sophisticated set of theories as any we have today floating around the glorified, hallowed halls of modern-day academic astronomy. Indeed as Carl Sagan wrote in *Intelligent Life in the Universe*: “Some 25 million years ago, a Galactic survey ship on a routine visit to the third planet of a relatively common G dwarf star [our Sun] may have noted an interesting and promising evolutionary development: Proconsul [the ancestor of homo sapiens, or modern man].”

Beyond even those wild-eye speculations from the guy who claimed you could see Jesus in a taco chip if you stared at it long enough, I recall that Robert Temple pointed out in his aforementioned book that Alice Bailey was forthright in her claims. She said that “the Great White Lodge of Freemasonry was based at the Sirius System and that it is always beaming helpful rays to the poor people of Earth who wallow in appalling ignorance, violence, and oppression” (p. 402). That’s a tautology, a self-evident

truth, if one watches the CNN evening news for sure but I had an interesting experience while writing this book. One sunny afternoon, when I was home alone which is rare, my phone rang and after I simply said “hello,” a soft male voice spoke: “You are a member of the Great White Brotherhood.” Then click, there was silence. Other than the message itself, what I thought was unusual at that time was the pitch of the voice; it was human yet somewhat metallic sounding, like a computer-generated speech pattern for a robot? I don’t know.

Robert Temple has some marvelous insights into these matters and I for one am eternally grateful. It is not easy to carry this knowledge by oneself. I know that only too well as Temple himself shares all the nutty things that have happened to him from “groupies” that follow him around town from lecture-to-lecture to well-meaning millionaires that support your work for a season and then leave you adrift on the troubled seas of high finance. This isn’t a case of sour grapes now. It is the case that oftentimes just when you think you have been blessed with enough funds to carry out your research and writing projects that you know are important for mankind’s advance if not survival, you find yourself cursed by others, flat broke, and depressed, again. The irony is you can’t leave these projects alone, not because you have your ego wrapped up in them so much, although that is certainly true, but because you keep experiencing these blasted synchronicities, these meaningful coincidences, that spur you forward in your darkest hours. The inner voice in your head won’t leave you alone: “Get ‘er done,” it whispers in the wee hours of the morning. Temple comments: “Psychic communication and even nonmaterial interactions of souls might be possible. The ancient Egyptians said that Sirius was where people go when they die. The Dogon say the same thing, and perhaps the Sirius system is the actual location of ‘The Other World’ in more senses than one. Inspiration may even come to humans on Earth from the Sirius system by harmonic resonance.” My hunch is this is correct, *resonance* is the operative idea here, and trance is the way to become coherent with the emanations of the cosmos and open that porthole to the stars wider.

At any rate, before I do go totally bipolar, I want to state my belief loud and clear that our Earth is tilted on its axis because it is synchronized to the orbit of our binary Sun system—no matter its location in the night sky. The reason that we are in fact experiencing these severe earth changes and weather patterns now is not because the planet is trying to self-destruct, rather self-correct, align itself with the larger healing sources of magnetism within our galaxy. That is to say, our Sun and Moon are secondary magnetic influences, not the primary ones that determine the precession—counterclockwise rotation—of our planet’s equinoxes through the 12 constellations of the Zodiac. Our Sun is orbiting this other star that has a stronger magnetic pulse and that is what determines our own orbit through space and the timing pulse for the shift of our ages from Pisces to Aquarius, too. Think of two circles intersecting within the center of each other’s overlapping orbits as in the “agape” symbol for Christianity called the *Vesica Pisces*, and you’ll get the picture.

But does that symbol—the sign of the fish—have something to do with Sirius? I am not certain yet but I do know the Dogon shamans say that Sirius is populated with amphibious fish-like beings such as dolphins that are extremely intelligent and loving. The early Church Fathers saw the Fish as a double symbol of the Savior and of the saved. Clement of Alexandria, in his hymn, calls Christ the “Fisher of men that are saved, who with his sweet life catches the pure fish out of the hostile flood in the sea of iniquity.” Tertullian, in his essay on baptism writes: “We little fishes, as Jesus Christ is our great Fish, begin our life in the water, and can only be safe by continuing in the water...that is if we are faithful to our baptismal covenant, and preserve the grace there received.” (See www.jesus8880.com/chapters/gematria/vesica-pisces.htm)

More so, the Dogon religion worships “the Supreme God,” reports Robert Temple, that is “a crucified and resurrected Savior from Sirius.” Bishop of Norwich, Maurice Wood, stated it quite forcefully a while ago in the House of Lords sermon: “I believe that Christ has not only a terrestrial significance but literally a galactic significance.” Along these lines, a college-educated shaman, Malidoma Patrice Somé, Ph.D., in his 1994

book *Of Water and the Spirit: Ritual, Magic, and Initiation in the Life of an African Shaman*, reveals how such wisdom could be accumulated on a galactic scale without alien contact or an astronomical observatory. It is that shamans can soul travel to these stars at will and gather the “data” for themselves.

Dr. Somé is a fascinating fellow; he was born in Upper Volta (now named Burkina Faso), West Africa, in what we would call *poverty* in the Western world, but went on to earn three Master’s degrees and two Ph.D.’s from the Sorbonne in Paris and Brandeis University. However, just prior to departure from his tribe to seek formal schooling in Europe and the USA, Somé became a *medicine man* through a stringent series of rituals that directly tapped our inner space subway system to the stars.

In the chapter Somé titled “*Through The Light Hole*,” he tells of seeing a “portal of space” open up before him after a circle of his elder tribesmen tossed a leathery animal skin up and down, violently. While they chanted strange words in a primal language, Somé saw a “circle of light” crystallize before him and was told to run and jump headfirst into it without looking back. He did so and saw that the circle of light was a big “ring of fire” oozing a “green gelatin becoming violet and dancing like burning methane.” No matter the risks to his well being Somé leaped and found himself falling rapidly, dozens of kilometers per second, recalling:

I wondered how long my descent had been. Was it enough or too much?...Meanwhile, something interesting caught my attention: the wire of light I held in my hands; a bundle of countless fibers clustered together to form an environment of light waves that reminded me of the Milky Way. The Milky Way, however, looked commonplace by comparison. It is one color, hazy and boring. The light strands I held in my hand were a live bundle in which tiny cells of changing colors moved slowly upward within what looked like a thin tube of translucent glass.

Every cell twinkled. They were alive—and so was the whole bundle. Each cell lived as a whole within a whole. I sensed this, but I could not figure out the relationship between the individual cells and the light bundle. Where was I holding the bundle? I had no idea. I could not see my hands where they held tightly to it, and I was puzzled about this. When I looked down, hoping to see my naked body, it too was invisible. I was not there, yet I was—an invisible presence bathing in the light of my invisibility.

I used this somewhat “neutral” example of the metaphysical realm at the outset of my book to get us all a bit more receptive to what is to come later. In a sentence, how much proof do we need that there is more to our reality than meets our two physical eyes presently? That maybe a third so-called “spiritual eye” open is necessary for us *bats* to see Heaven on Earth? Or, again, as Jesus put it: “The Kingdom of Heaven is spread upon the face of the earth but men do not see it.” The overwhelming realization that I had to hurdle is that shamans can consciously tap into zero-point energy of space to soul travel. It seems to me then instead of bellowing criticisms about the “impossibility” of these phenomenon, our learned skeptics ought to be packing their bags for Africa and the Amazon to enlist the help of shamans in solving our planet’s problems.

At any rate, it is my conjecture that Dr. Somé was pulled towards the magnetic center point of our Milky Way Galaxy upon entering this circle of light, as NDErs who I have since interviewed claim have been as well. Some even say that this tunnel of light transported them to the constellation Orion for a close encounter with angelic beings that are our overseers here. I mean in addition to seeing Jesus, NDErs meet there such well-known Bible figures as Gabriel, Michael the Archangel, and Mother Mary. Is this a *mass* illusion? I don’t think so, or at least not anymore. For what it’s worth, I am of the opinion that it is our religious background indoctrination training as children that determines the cultural “label” or names that we apply to spiritual entities. I guess it boils down to this question:

What's in a name? Put bluntly, if something looks like a duck, walks like a duck, and quacks like a duck, then it's a duck whatever the language used to identify it, right? How do you say *duck* in Aramaic?

If you act like a Christ, then you are a Christ. Indeed, it would be interesting to compare notes across the ages when it comes to our list of sacrosanct deities; as what a Christian might identify as Jesus, the “morning star,” an Egyptian might identify as Osiris, the god-king sent from the constellation of stars in Orion's Belt. What a Mayan might see as Quetzalcoatl, the “feathered serpent,” a Hindu might see as Krishna, the “god of love,” and so on and so forth. No matter the given name, I will be sharing with you unequivocal proof that these were all viewed as universal masters, “saviors,” by their followers. My hunch is these avatars shapeshift into whatever name and form that makes us the most comfortable to be with them given our cultural orientation.

For that reason, I believe we are witnessing compassion-in-action, not competition, among our true spiritual superstars when they confront us at death. No doubt death can be a fearful experience in a society like ours that is in denial of afterlife realms and God in particular. Maybe even more so, seeing our “lords” come to life right before our eyes, does scare the, please pardon my pun, “devil” out of us. I have sensed PTSD (post-traumatic stress disorder) in some of the NDErs I have interviewed over the years. They returned from their divine encounters with a great deal of shock and awe; but these were adults who had openly professed atheism and have mostly lived hedonistically on the self-serving “wild side of life.” I know of no children that were traumatized in this same manner from an NDE for instance. (See www.melvinmorse.com)

The bottom line seems to be that we adults judge ourselves very harshly for not seeking spiritual wisdom in this lifetime. That is, we have turned a blind eye and deaf ear to God let alone to our own fellowman. And we genuinely come to regret it. In street language, we were assholes. Using the overwhelming love we were immersed within on The Other Side as the measuring stick by which to evaluate our worthiness—or not—to be there

in the Light of God, we are humbled by this “second chance” to return and share what we rediscover: Death does not exist! Life we realize then is one eternal round through the 12 houses, inns, mansions of the Zodiac. Jesus stated it about as clearly as it can be said: “In my Father’s House, there are many Mansions.” That is, we all get to reap what we sow time after time because space is infinite in all directions: All worlds co-exist at once within the Void.

So this is the journey we take, the loop we make from our earth back to the core of our galaxy and back to earth again lifetime after lifetime, at least we do until we move on to inhabit another planet, solar system. As we will examine, there is a common stellar theme in Aboriginal, Egyptian, and Mayan birth-death-rebirth mythologies. It seems that our Milky Way Galaxy is the “Winding Waterway of the Dead” that we must learn how to navigate in our soul body. So this is why our ancestors carved star maps in stones: pyramids, temples, and cathedrals; it was to point us in the right direction.

From my perspective, there is no doubt we come from and return to our eternal home in the stars if we know which way to go at death. It may be that our real “land of milk and honey” is located within Orion’s Belt stars that correlate precisely with the three smaller pyramids at Giza plateau. These have been confirmed to align with Al Nitak, Al Nilam, and Mintaka. The complex of stars known to astronomers today as Sirius A, B, and C may likewise figure into this equation, this star map pointing us towards our eternal home among the stars of heaven. Author of *The Death of the Gods in Ancient Egypt*, Jane Sellers, concluded, “I am convinced that for ancient man, the numbers 72...2160, 25,920 all signified the concept of the Eternal Return.” These series of numbers are all keys to deciphering the precession of the equinox cycles and were incorporated as ratios used in construction of sacred site complexes such as the pyramids. To say, as some academics do today, that this is a coincidence is hogwash and stinks to the highest heaven, literally. (See www.sacredsites.com)

I also refer you to *The Orion Mystery: Unlocking the Secret of the Pyramids* by Robert Bauval and Adrian Gilbert for all the glorious details but this is what I know to be true at present. These sacred site edifices were solar-powered astronomical observatories that monitored our globe's position in space with respect to these four *markers* of time. 1) The center "black hole" bulge of our galaxy, the Sun Behind our Sun, that served as the "zero-point" for calibrating the Zodiac. 2) Whether a particular star constellation, such as Orion, was above or below the horizon sight line at equinox (Latin for "equal day.") 3) The axial tilt of our planet between its minimum 21.5, and maximum 24.5 degree parameters. Currently our tilt is 23.5 degrees. So we are at the mid-point of the tilt cycle and what that means for us once it shifts will be discussed at length later. In brief, however, it means a rather dramatic, radical shift in our awareness that matter is mind and how to use this psychic power. 4) The 26,000-year precession of the equinox cycle that tells us, for example, that we are now leaving the Age of Pisces—the Fish—and entering into the Age of Aquarius—the Water Bearer.

To reiterate, the layout of pyramids around the world served as a benchmark by which to measure the movements of 12 distinct star constellations within our Milky Way Galaxy out of the billions of possibilities. Specifically, they are the 6 constellations that can be seen above the ecliptic—the orbital path of our Sun—called Leo, Cancer, Gemini, Taurus, Aries, and Pisces. On the flip side, they are 6 constellations that can be seen below the ecliptic called Aquarius, Capricorn, Sagittarius, Scorpio, and Libra. Of course, above and below, up and down is with reference to which hemisphere, northern or southern, you are residing at the moment of your observations. These monuments especially mirror the placement of our "sky on the ground" at key times of the year too: in particular spring and fall equinoxes, summer and winter solstices. This is because *starlight* hits these "sacred stones" at the most focused angle of concentration at these times. These stones were storing sunshine is my realization; they were hydrogen power plants filled with magical magnetic and

mechanical potentials as machinist Christopher Dunn documented in *The Giza Power Plant*. (See www.gizapower.com)

For instance, Graham Hancock documents in *Heaven's Mirror: Quest for the Lost Civilization* that at precisely sunrise on the spring equinox in 10,500 BC the Sphinx in Egypt was pointing towards Leo, the Pyramids towards Orion, and the temple in Angkor Wat, Cambodia towards Draco constellations, respectively. And maybe, as Hancock also ponders, the ruins at Tiahuanaco, Bolivia may point towards the constellation Aquarius? On the other and, there may yet be stone complexes like these already mentioned to be found underwater off the Florida coast in The Bermuda Triangle, or in the Gulf of Mexico. Will we ever relocate the Lost City of Atlantis? So what you ask? There is a consensus growing among investigators of archeology that these edifices were, as the indigenous people in these regions claim, constructed by “great magicians” (shamans). Hancock himself reported that the myths say, “By their magic spells, one by one, the great masses of stone flew through the air like birds, settling down into their appointed place.” (See www.bermuda-triangle.org)

Thus, it might be that there are “ages” more conducive to magic than others. Perhaps a golden age, for example, where mind and matter converge, return to common ground—the “ether”—like the mythological symbol of the “*ouroborus*” portrays, the circular snake eating its tail. Is it from ether we come and to ether we go? This same serpentine icon may, therefore, be suggesting alchemy processes employing life force energy as well as the whole life, death, and rebirth cycle of consciousness evolution mapped by the Zodiac's Wheel of Time. This age may be where the Alpha and the Omega reunite. In plain terms, we may be on the cusp of sensing space opening up multi-dimensionally to us once more as in the days of old, when our “gods roamed the earth” and *talked with animals, angels, and aliens*. But can you imagine a civilization dedicated knowingly and wholeheartedly to environmental stewardship because by saving natural resources employing solar and hydrogen power wisely, we ended up saving ourselves?

Physicist Thomas G. Brophy, Ph.D., recently examined an ancient stone circle in the Sahara Desert 100 miles west of Aswan, Egypt called Nabta Playa. He ruminates in his new book *The Origin Map: Discovery of a Prehistoric, Megalithic, Astrophysical Map and Sculpture of the Universe*, that this site describes some sort of function that is magical in every sense of that word. “Such a function,” he proclaims, “seems to involve certain alignments among the super massive black hole at the Galactic Center, the Big Bang, the Sun (probably at vernal equinox sunrise), Earth’s axis, and human beings.... This may involve purely physical processes on one end of the spectrum, or involve human consciousness on the other end of the spectrum.” Brophy’s findings were the proverbial *last straw* that broke the camel’s back, so to say, regarding my future visions. The evidence is overwhelming and must be expressed to a larger audience if this knowledge is to become a blessing worldwide and not a curse. For I can see plainly now where we have come from and where we are going. The spell of ignorance is coming to an end once and for all again. As Brophy himself pointed out, one of our founding fathers, “Thomas Jefferson...maintained a mockup of the Great Pyramids and Sphinx, complete with sands from Egypt, in the foyer of his Monticello home” in Virginia.

Clearly a third eye concept held profound meaning to our stargazing spiritually minded forefathers. These freemasons knew beyond a doubt that our life cycle goes from golden ages to dark ages to golden ages ad infinitum in accordance with a 26,000 Great Year calendar of historical events to match. You notice my nuance? I am not saying that we evolve from a lower form of life, rather we devolved into one! We are fallen angels not apes! The “fall” of mankind was into a state of not-knowing how to read the Wheel of Time—the 12-spoked Zodiac—as that determines our state of consciousness. Our brains filter the “light,” they do not create it. But the quality if not quantity of light, in turn, governs the rise and fall of civilizations as the Mayans understood and so tragically tried to forestall through the ritual of blood sacrifices to the Sun. They wanted to offer up the “love energy” of the heart to God albeit in a very dysfunctional way.

Indeed, it is the unique light spectrum of information being radiated, or not, by the core of our galaxy through our Sun over the course of four major ages that marks unconscious and conscious epochs on Earth. The Ages of Iron, Bronze, Silver, and Gold the Greeks called them. Iron representing the age of darkness, gold the age of enlightenment, the other two somewhere between the extremes. No doubt, however, he who owns the gold wins in every age! I mean I am sure we have geniuses in dark ages and morons in golden ages too. Jesus put it more delicately: “You will always have the poor among you.”

In the Vedic cosmology of India, these four cycles of consciousness corresponded to the Ages of Kali, Dwapara, Treta, and Satya Yugas, respectively. These ages are said to be governed by a center of universal magnetism, Vishnunabhi, according to Vedic scholar Sri Yukteswar. He writes in the classic text, *The Holy Science*, that in this age that we are approaching, Treta, and then beyond to Satya, our “mental virtue becomes so much developed that man can easily comprehend all, even the mysteries of Spirit.” Nobel Prize winner physicist Hannes Alfvén agrees that the space we are embedded goes through energetic changes, mutations, conditioning over time. He states it this way: “The conditions in the ionosphere and the magnetosphere of the earth are influenced by the electromagnetic state in interplanetary space, which in turn is affected by the Sun.”

Not surprisingly, this timeline may tie into what the late Harvard University psychiatrist John E. Mack, M.D., wrote in *Abduction: Human Encounters with Aliens*: “The transmission of information from the alien beings to the experiencers appears to be a fundamental aspect of the abduction phenomenon. Indeed, for some abductees...there is relatively little trauma; the experiences seem to be primarily informational or transformational in character. Information during abductions appears to be transmitted in two forms by direct, mind-to-mind conveyance, or through depiction of phenomena or events on television like screens.”

What is the information? Primarily, it has to do with Earth Changes. So I ask us how “alien” can anything be, if all life forms live, and move, and have their being within an interconnected sea of stars?

Look at the abduction case of Edward Carlos, a fine arts professor in a southern college town who lost “six or more” hours on *Easter Sunday*, 1990. In the chapter of Mack’s book he titled *A Being of Light*, he paraphrased what Carlos himself experienced firsthand as a change at the cellular-level of his mind-body-spirit. Mack recalls:

As he was going up through this beam of light he reported that he saw “the edge of the ship in the clouds” and “went in again through the bottom.” After this, within the craft, he saw a group, perhaps between five and nine, of “the little white creatures.” They were standing in a “white, shiny, luminous haze...I know they were trying to teach me something. The eyes were the last thing I saw, those blue eyes, and then they completely disappeared into the fog or mist. They went through a whole process of color changes before they totally hazed out into light and this was beautiful.”...

However, attempting to clarify these experiences later, Carlos affirmed that there was a difference between the light experience in which “a sort of physical, cellular, molecular change occurred in my body” as he was taken up into the craft and “that ecstatic experience which seemed transformative, also physical but with an intent and within a spiritual dimension. The ecstatic aspect of this experience, although similar in some manifestations, was meditatively provocative.” He described “beautiful” tingling feelings that grew into a full orgasm in which his body went into a convulsive spasm lasting nearly half a minute before an interruption occurred in the process while he gasped, moaned, screamed, panted, and even growled.

Okay, so beam me up Scotty!

Science of Soul

In order to build a new scientific spiritual paradigm that will allow us to see the future with eyes wide open, we have to remove the cataracts, the obstacles to our vision that would prevent it. But why have we not seen these impediments before now? The short answer is that our belief systems stood in our way and blocked our view of the reality we are seeing emerge presently. Without question this is the demolition phase of construction then for our post-modern civilization. If you will, we are removing the “debris field” we call history. And it is one of the most challenging periods that folks like myself face who are not only part of the myth-buster team but also have signed on as a mythmaker in the 21st century.

Indeed, I do not want to merely tear down the misunderstandings of the past, although I admit it’s a lot of fun, I also want to build up the future. I want to fill the hole in our soul with the information I have gathered from the ruins of ancient civilizations. All of us who are engaged in this endeavor know too that we risk a lot by even trying to do so. Human beings do not like to change boats in midstream, especially streams of consciousness that they had previously perceived since infancy as stable and declared “holy.” Those of us who “rock the boat,” do so therefore at great peril make no mistake. We risk being called...false prophets, wild-eyed mystics, or schizophrenic shamans. Who knows, I might be all three at once; I guess that would be the ultimate multiple-personality disorder!

Nonetheless, once a person embarks on this hero’s journey, as mythologist Joseph Campbell defined it in *The Power of Myth*, and comes back to society to share their “treasures,” they will be attacked by the rich and the poor alike. Those rich with this knowledge don’t want to share it, and those poor have no appreciation of its worth for them. Of course, we have been warned that we do not have to cast our pearls of wisdom before swine. More so, there is a lot of “fool’s gold” out there too that needs to be sifted carefully in order to get to the genuine nuggets. So one must use discernment in evaluating new truth yet nothing ventured, nothing gained

either. That is to say, I need to review how the mythology of Christianity—supposedly founded by a god-king named Jesus Christ—was formulated with you. In the words of distinguished Trinity Hall, Cambridge-educated bible scholar Godfrey Higgins (1771-1834), “almost all the latter part of my life has been spent unlearning the nonsense I learned in my youth.”

As a person who attended seminary, Brite Divinity School, Texas Christian University, albeit so briefly I had barely unpacked my bags before I quit, I can certainly relate to that truth. For what I encountered was a classroom of children, religiously speaking, hungry for the gospel but starving to death intellectually because the teachers were spoon feeding them old pabulum. In fact, some of this spiritual *food* was so rotten it had antediluvian moss growing on it. To compound the problem, the stories were being stored in a dusty old leather-bound book that few people read anymore outside academia. The common man had moved on to other fairytales like Darwin’s version of “creationism” being told by scientists. Nevertheless, don’t get me wrong, my wife, Connie, and I loved Ft. Worth, Texas, the TCU campus and the Southwest Conference Football games. More so, I have nothing but the fondest of memories of my interactions with the faculty and student body too; what a great bunch of folks I met there! It was simply the case that “Comparative Religious Mythology,” “Mystics, Prophets, and Shamans,” “Christ in You,” “DNA: The Spirit Molecule,” and like classes, was at that time (1977) not included within the curriculum. I hope it is soon. I’d love to be a guest lecturer in fact.

Fourth century theologian Sallustius declared “to conceal the truth by myths prevents contempt of the foolish, and compels the good to practice philosophy,” in his treatise *On the Myths*. So here is the question: What truth is being concealed within the mythology of the *New Testament*? It is this that each and every one of us is called to become Christ, an “anointed one,” as did Jesus. Historically, the name “Jesus” is as old as Egypt. It is a patchwork quilt of syllables that is traced to “HIS,” “IES,” “IASIOS,”

“IESIOS,” in Greek then later to Hebrew Jason, Joshua, Yeshua, and ultimately simplified in English as “Jesus.” To grasp how late in the day this happened, please note that the letter “J” did not come into use until about the 14th century! Moreover, the Greek name *Jesus Christ* is a numerically coded word for the sequence “888” that signifies completion of the ages as in the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of a 26,000-year time cycle that has passed through the 12 “mansions” of the Zodiac.

In the *Old Testament*, the Savior was called the idealized “Son of Man” that was coming in the “meridian of time.” This was only a cameo role however, as it was to set the stage it was promised for the Eternal Return of the Son of God to mankind worldwide. An angel told the Prophet Enoch that this Son of Man archetype existed even “Before the sun and the signs were created, before the stars of heaven were formed, his name [the Son of Man] was invoked in the presence of the Lord of Spirits.”

Kelsey Graves could not have written more forcefully to convince us that we have been sold a fraudulent bill of goods by our orthodoxy than in his book *The World’s Sixteen Crucified Saviors: Christianity Before Christ*. “Several nations had also their Christs, though in many cases the word is differently spelled. Chrest, the Greek mode of spelling Christ, may be found on several of the ancient tombstones of that country. The Christian writer Elsley, in his ‘Annotations of the Gospels’ (Vol. I. p. 25), spells the word Christ in this manner, *Chrest*. The people of Loretto had a black Savior, called Chrest, or Christ. Lucian, in his ‘Philopatris,’ admits that the ancient Gentiles had the name of Christ, which shows it was a heathen title. The Chaldeans had their Chrest, and the Christians their Christ, all doubtless, derived from the same original root.” As I have learned, the “root” of Christ goes back to *Adam Kadmon* for the Jew and Christian but long before either of these latter-day religions came upon the scene, to Egypt. There the Christ principle was incorporated in the mythology of Horus, that we will explore later.

Clearly, the concept of Christ has been around since time immemorial. To make it a recent innovation of the Catholic Church is a “grave” mis-

take, all puns intended. It has cost many an innocent mystic an early demise including the blue-collar carpenter Jesus who as Tom Harpur has pointed out was “an itinerant sage who comes to a grisly end.” Yet I would add as suggested by Joseph Campbell, that once one locates the Christ within them, they go into death as a god. Indeed, “death where is your sting?”

Writing in *The Myth of God Incarnate*, Frances Young confirms that with respect to Jesus, he “is the archetypal man and the archetypal Son of God in whom we become sons of God, fellow-heirs with Christ who will bear the image of the man of heaven.” This is the insight that Apostle Paul received on the road to Damascus: “I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.” (Gal. 2:20) It is this realization that will transform mankind, “Till we all come in unity of the faith, and of the gnosis of the Son of God, unto the perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.” (Eph. 4:13)

Tom Harpur realized that our modern concept of Christ is a misnomer for “The ancients placed at the myth’s center an ideal person who would symbolize humanity itself in its dual nature of human and divine. This ideal person—the names were Tammuz, Adonis, Mithras, Dionysus, Krishna, Christ, and many others—symbolized the divine spark incarnate in every human being, the element ‘destined ultimately to deify mankind,’” and says so in his book *The Pagan Christ*. This is gnosis, this deep *knowing* that we all hunger to rediscover now. It is “Even the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations; **Christ in you, the hope of Glory.**” (Colossians 1:26-27)

The Code of Christ Consciousness is written within our DNA!

Although I didn’t know it at the time, George showed me how our DNA is an immortal liquid-crystal organic computer chip made of the languages of light codes that is our soul body. Most specifically, I refer to what Elaine Smitha outlines in *If You Make the Rules, How Come You’re Not Boss?* She writes: “Perhaps junk DNA contains all the secrets of the universe, including those unconscious potentials you have yet to discover.

Perhaps it is this DNA that allows you to travel without your body into starry realms. Maybe that is where you go in your dreams. Quite possibly intuition, psychic powers, and remote viewing (non-local information gathering) fall into the realm of this amazing communication channel. Perhaps with a relaxed mind, you can tap into the prime DNA alphabet soup for transport. It's absolutely fascinating to consider." (See www.elainemitha.com)

As prolific researcher and writer of six books and 150 articles on biophysics and chemistry, Dr. Mae-Wan Ho, says in her lectures, "The most remarkable implication of our findings is that organisms are completely liquid crystalline." (See *The Rainbow and The Worm: The Physics of Organisms* by Mae-Wan Ho, Ph.D.)

That is, it is DNA that shapeshifts us between our subtle energy spiritual body form and dense energy physical body form lifetime-after-lifetime. If you will, you can't kill us because we can switch back and forth from a physical and non-physical body form faster than the speed-of-light. We do this information transfer right now in fact. We toggle between our two bodies at the cellular level each and every second within the zero-point field—but then on to our assigned star after we shed our physical skin like a snake, as I will explain later.

I wasn't certain of this fact until a maverick science writer, Lynne McTaggart of London, England published *The Field: The Quest for the Secret Force of the Universe*, and confirmed to my demanding satisfaction that this is the case beyond a doubt. Nor did I grasp technically how my buddy could communicate with me through trance until I understood McTaggart's conclusion: "Death may be merely a matter of going home or, perhaps, staying behind—returning to The Field." (See www.thefield-online.com)

One of the most bizarre aspects to my after-death communication experience was that I noticed that George had a row of flattened metal beer cans stuffed inside his hat's headband. Now we were both avid beer drinkers, so that in and of itself was not surprising, but upon deep reflec-

tion I grasped the significance to this seemingly comical imagery. I recollected what I had said to George months previously while at the funeral home in Huntsville—not aloud but in my mind. I had leaned over his casket and projected the thought: “George, a joke is a joke, let’s go get a beer!”

Unequivocally, George showed me visually by his colorful party attire and “the old beer cans in the hat band trick” that he was very much alive at his *demise*; and equally important to my visions of our future, he had *read* my mind. That is to say, I later realized that mind-to-mind communication—telepathy—will become the common means of information exchange between our people, our planet, our solar system, and beyond to the very core of our Milky Way Galaxy. The truth is all creation is contained within the Mind of God. There is nothing “outside” to God. God is at the center and circumference of the cosmos at once—omnipresent. God is in constant contact with every atom and all life forms via the zero-point field and this truth then establishes the bedrock for all other revelations that I will be sharing with you in what I call my science of soul wisdom teachings.

But here was the rub as I saw it then: George no longer had a physical brain by which to “receive or transmit” signals, so what was going on here, really? Were all of his—and our—senses (sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell) collocated within the zero-point field? The 1970’s pioneer in biofeedback equipment development, Dr. Buryl Payne, speculated in *Getting There Without Drugs: Techniques and Theories for the Expansion of Consciousness*: “Maybe the brain serves merely as a link from the fifth dimension to the fourth one, like a kind of transformer. In the same way, our physical bodies serve to transform the brain processes into the third dimension. Telepathy may be simply the receptivity of one amplifier to the signals emanating from another.”

What I came to understand was that our brain serves as a two-way binary switch like those used in digital computer logic circuitry between the zero-point mind-field of cosmic consciousness, the mind-field of our

Sun, Earth, Galaxy and beyond to the intelligence contained within other galactic, solar, and planetary systems. These universes are infinite in all directions so forget about trying to count them my friends. Leave that to folks who can't sleep at night and like shepherds, like to count sheep.

In a nutshell, the fifth dimension is the common interface point between the “physical” realms of life and the “spiritual” realms of death. Trance, as we will learn, is the way we establish an open line of communication, a phase-lock resonance between varying frequencies in electronic terms, in a universe of multiple dimensions. And as Alan F. Alford of Walsall, England heartily declares: “Ancient sages believed that the future destiny of mankind lay in a return to the Source, i.e. to God and Heaven. The death of the body, they said, did not mark an end but rather a critical mid-point in the human existence. Those who had the secret knowledge could retrace the path to the Heavenly Source and enter the gates to the lost paradise. The knowing soul would then unite with its primeval body-double and materialize in a remarkably Earth-like world.” (See www.eridu.co.uk)

The Purpose of My Book

Despite all the marvels of the modern world, these are perilous times. Our world is on the brink of cataclysmic changes that need to be brought to the attention of the general public and media by all of us who have some insights into them, especially. In an ideal situation, I would not have to write a book in fact. I'd simply pick up the telephone and call the local newspaper editor, television station producer, or better yet, my FEMA official. Then I would say: “Excuse me madam for taking up your valuable time this morning, but could you refer me to the woman on your staff that is working on the plans to survive the End-Time shift of the ages?” Needless to say, that is not in the cards at the moment, so I will have to do it the old fashioned way: I'll have to *earn* it—people's confidence. If noth-

ing else, I trust you will sense the sincerity in what I am about to share with you. (I hoped you noticed that I used women in my example above; that is because I know better than to ask a man for directions as a rule!)

Along these lines, my left-brained book could be edited better as well. The sentences could be written less gangly, packed more tightly into crisp, snappy sound bite-like phrases. The paragraphs could be reduced in size, less rambling and more “get to the point” summations. But that is not how I think, talk or write, unfortunately, so please bear with me. I’m only a man after all. Thus thank you in advance for your patience as we plough ahead into a lengthy conversation that I pray will save many lives both here and hereafter. That is my only *agenda* in case you were wondering. I want to be part of the solution, not the problem, to our worst fear: The fear of dying. Indeed this planet is truly dying now but only from testosterone poisoning—and that is bullshit.

Beyond anything else, I feel a sense of urgency concerning the critical condition of our environment and what that will mean for the spread of pandemics worldwide as the so-called “natural disasters” have their way with us. How many people can we cram into tent cities and trailer parks before all hell breaks loose? I know that survivors will look back with hindsight upon the ruins of lives and ask themselves: “Why wasn’t more information disseminated on this “shift of the ages” and preparations made to feed and shelter our populations by our political leaders?” Why? It is because our religious leaders failed us! They still have their intellectual heads stuck up their past! As with elected officials, the problem is one of truth telling—or the lack of it. How many leaders in any organization ask for help from God in the decision-making process that impacts the innocents under their protective umbrella?

After my deceased friend’s visitation, I began earnestly seeking the deeper meanings to his telepathic communication with the same intensity a drowning man desires a “hit” of oxygen. I was frantic. My existing religious and scientific framework failed me at this critical time in my life and I set out to find out why at Mach 2 with my hair on fire. I’d heard the

platitudes that our modern culture generates regarding the impossibility of such happenings before, but that pronouncement was obviously wrong. I trusted my observation. Now I needed a new *paradigm*—a model of reality—that fit these extraordinary future visions.

So I began in 1989 to review hundreds of books including *Mass Dreams of the Future* by Chet B. Snow, a clinical hypnotherapist that had documented thousands of future-life progressions of clients that revealed a catastrophic future for our planet. I also purchased the complete set of five VHS tapes on *The Power of Myth* by Joseph Campbell and Bill Moyers. Myths I came to see were maps of the mind. Or as archetypal psychologist James Hillman rightly says, I rediscovered the “mythical style of consciousness” that is the language of gods: archetypes. I learned, for example, that the concept of Christ was an archetype for cosmic consciousness that had its origins in the beginning of time and applied to EVERYMAN; it was not simply the last name for Jesus.

Along the way, I also found that the International Association of Near-Death Studies (IANDS) addressed these concerns at its monthly meetings that were held relatively close to me at the Green Lake Branch Library in Seattle, Washington. There I listened to people sharing heartfelt insights into God, angels, life-after-death, pole shifts and other earth changes, second comings of spiritual masters, awe-inspiring stories from Betty Eadie, Kimberly Clark Sharp, and many, many others in the early years. Likewise, I later met with two well-known NDErs, Dannion Brinkley and Mellen-Thomas Benedict, when they came to Spokane for Body-Mind-Spirit lectures. Thereafter I spoke on the phone with Phyllis Atwater in Virginia, and Howard Storm in Ohio, both sharing a treasure chest of “future memory” visions with me. Furthermore, I co-sponsored speaking engagements to Unity Church for such cutting-edge thinkers as Dr. Bruce Lipton and Gregg Braden. I wrote to Dr. John Mack at Harvard University and shared my insights on the topic of aliens, angels, and shamanism that he said were valuable and matched his own. Today I stay in contact with Ned Dougherty and Mellen-Thomas Benedict via e-mail

as well as other likeminded mystics, prophets, and shamans that are each in their own special way preparing all of us to receive the Second Coming of Christ Consciousness.

There is a fifth dimension beyond that which is known to man. It is a dimension as vast as space and as timeless as infinity. This is the home of our imagination.

—Rod Serling (1924-1975)

The Twilight Zone

