

Spiritual Dreams and Waking Visions

An Anthology

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Table of Contents

Introduction

The History of My Experience

DATE	CONTENT
PART ONE	
Early Dreams	From “Nursing Student Dream Journal,” V1, 2, 3
04/12/1976	Flying, Spiritual
06/11/1976	Astral,
06/24/1976	Flying, Astral
07/06/1976	Astral, Lucid, New Mexico
07/15/1976	Astral, Spiritual, Pioneer days
07/17/1976	Astral, Spiritual
07/18/1976	Astral, Lucid, NYC
08/09/1976	Astral, Space
08/28/1976	Astral, UFO
03/29/1977	Spiritual
04/26/1977	Flying, Spiritual
PART TWO	
Recent Dreams	From “My Year of Dreams”
04/07/2024	Flying, Astral, NDE, UFO
04/17/2024	Astral, India, Spiritual – 2 dreams
04/22/2024	Astral,
04/25/2024	Flying, Astral
05/10/2024	Astral, mirror, cat
05/14/2024	Astral,
05/20/2024	Spiritual, Nordics
05/29/2024	Astral, Trump
06/02/2024	Astral, Ukraine
06/07/2024	Astral, interrupted dream
06/12/2024	Spiritual, acceptance
06/13/2024	Spiritual, Mom visit
06/23/2024	Flying, Astral, Asia
06/25/2024	Astral, Europe
07/05/2024	Spiritual
07/12/2024	Flying
07/23/2024	Spiritual, creative
08/01/2024	Astral, UFO
08/04/2024	Spiritual
08/14/2024	Astral,

<u>08/17/2024</u>	Spiritual
<u>08/20/2024</u>	Astral,
<u>08/30/2024</u>	Spiritual
<u>09/04/2024</u>	Astral, Spiritual
<u>09/13/2024</u>	Spiritual
<u>09/15/2024</u>	Spiritual
<u>09/15/2024</u>	Astral, time
<u>09/21/2024</u>	Astral, nightmare, time
<u>09/22/2024</u>	Astral, time
<u>09/24/2024</u>	Spiritual
<u>09/29/2024</u>	Astral, Paris, time
<u>10/03/2024</u>	Astral, Russia, Ukraine
<u>10/10/2024</u>	Astral, music
<u>10/14/2024</u>	Spiritual, download
<u>10/16/2024</u>	Astral, comb
<u>10/16/2024</u>	Astral, Spiritual, Darian Gop
<u>10/19/2024</u>	Spiritual
<u>10/22/2024</u>	Astral, garden, DNA
<u>10/23/2024</u>	Astral, time
<u>10/25/2024</u>	Astral, Paris, time
<u>10/26/2024</u>	Spiritual, university
<u>10/29/2024</u>	Spiritual, music
<u>10/31/2024</u>	Astral, Russia, Ukraine
<u>11/01/2024</u>	Astral, Europe, time
<u>11/13/2024</u>	Flying
<u>11/15/2024</u>	Flying
<u>11/23/2024</u>	Flying, Out-of-body
<u>12/04/2024</u>	Astral, Nordics, Norway
<u>12/06/2024</u>	Astral, Adriatic Sea
<u>12/07/2024</u>	Flying, Astral, Pacific Island
<u>12/08/2024</u>	Spiritual, ET, guides – 3 dreams
<u>12/14/2024</u>	Astral, Spiritual, Guides, NYC
<u>12/19/2024</u>	Spiritual
<u>12/31/2024</u>	Astral, Spiritual, dystopian, time
<u>01/10/2025</u>	Spiritual
<u>01/15/2025</u>	Astral, UFO, climate
<u>01/16/2025</u>	Astral, Apocalyptic
<u>01/21/2025</u>	Spiritual
<u>01/23/2025</u>	Spiritual
<u>01/24/2025</u>	Spiritual, insight
<u>01/25/2025</u>	Astral, Apocalyptic, time

<u>01/27/2025</u>	Astral, Asia
<u>01/27/2025</u>	Spiritual
<u>02/03/2025</u>	Astral, Europe, flying – 2 dreams
<u>02/18/2025</u>	Spiritual
<u>02/19/2025</u>	Astral, Apocalyptic
<u>03/02/2025</u>	Flying, Astral, Ukraine
<u>03/08/2025</u>	Spiritual
<u>03/09/2025</u>	Astral, Out-of-Body
<u>03/12/2025</u>	Spiritual
<u>03/18/2025</u>	Spiritual, no death
<u>03/31/2025</u>	Spiritual

PART THREE

Waking Dreams and Visions

<u>10/01/1952</u>	Voice, math help
<u>07/01/1953</u>	Angel visit, Whitey
<u>11/01/1958</u>	Flying, Out-of-body
<u>04/01/1976</u>	Voice, suffering
<u>02/25/1985</u>	Vision, romantic break-up
<u>02/16/1987</u>	Voice, My Will
<u>09/01/2005</u>	Vision, Living Waters

Remembering Your Dreams

Books by Vincent T. MIGLIORE

Book Sources: by Vincent T. MIGLIORE, Blossom Hill Books

“Nursing Student Dream Diary,” Volumes 1, 2, & 3.

“My Year of Dreams”

“Trekking to Jordan”

“Deep Dream Diary” j

Introduction

This book is a record of some of the more extraordinary dreams I've had since I started recording them back in the 1970s. In those early days, most of the content was about daily struggles, such as personal relationships and life events. There were many dreams giving dietary advice, which I often ignored. In recent years, coinciding with my quest for spiritual insight, the content seemed to encompass more ethical, moral, and religious themes.

My major in college was psychology, where I was exposed to Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung, reading both *The Content Analysis of Dreams*, and *Man and His Symbols*, by these pioneers, respectively.

Carl Jung described a phenomenon known as the *collective unconscious mind*, where ideas and dreams seem to come from a source far beyond the personal experience of one individual. This certainly is apparent in many of my more recent dreams.

Furthermore, several dreams are so vivid and outside my familiar thought processes that I can only conclude the origin is not from my current experience, but rather from some kind of trans-personal well of information.

Dreams are reported from two different eras: the 1970s while I was in college, and for a full year from April 1, 2024 to March 31, 2025. There is, in my opinion, a distinct improvement in the quality and character of the more recent records, with much more Jungian and spiritual episodes in the modern records.

Although I've been recording my dreams in journals for many years, that does not necessarily make me an expert in dream content analysis. The purpose here, then, is to present these experiences and allow professionals, with more credentials than my own, to help further understanding of these most fascinating dreams. To that end,

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It is intended for use by psychology students and professionals as a channel into the workings of the subconscious mind, as well as for those with an interest in the spiritual truths gleaned from those nighttime adventures.

The History of My Experiences

It wasn't until recently that I became aware of the extent of the paranormal events in my life, some of which I would describe as an epiphany. The earliest I can remember was when I was about 12 years old, on the cusp of puberty. I would lie in bed and feel a wave of energy, a rocking motion that would start at my feet, ride up my spine to my head and back to my feet again. This bouncing cycle would last about one half of a second and would increase in intensity until I "went off flying." I would find myself on the roof of the brownstone building where I lived at the time. I would just sit there looking at the stars until, again, I would go off flying, not remembering where I traveled to. I would also have visions of shifting gray clouds, and they would part, exposing odd geometric patterns and scientific symbols, mathematical equations, which I didn't understand. This happened so often that I didn't regard it as unusual.

Likewise, I often had dreams where I entered a small closet and somehow got sucked up into a tight tunnel which transported me to these other realms. During one such episode I found myself on the roof again. I noticed that the brownstone had a large facade extending about five feet above the top level of the roof. I speculated at the time that this made the building appear taller than it was as seen from the street level. One night, I realized I could levitate during such experiences. I levitated up so I could see above the five-foot facade. I saw a light in a window across the street. Curious, I floated up over the barrier and toward the window. I then heard a voice: "That's not nice!" That is, don't be a Peeping Tom. After that, the flying experiences ended, or at least my awareness of them.

Many years later, such adventures again returned to my dreams. I like to think that was due to my more mature understanding of ethics and

morality. It coincided with an abiding interest in spiritual matters, particularly Christian thought.

Later in life, again, I was wrestling with the concept of “the still, small voice.” It was after my divorce from my first wife. I was dating a woman who I loved dearly. There was a deep feeling, however, that she was not “the one” who I would marry. At the same time, I was praying to have a definitive experience with the still, small voice.

We were in church, getting up to leave, when I heard very clearly, “You must tell her!” Minutes later, I did tell her. It was over. There was much crying but I knew it was the right thing to do. Subsequently, I realized there were MANY occasions where I heard this other-worldly voice, though often it was much louder and obvious than a whisper. I was in elementary school, possibly in the 2nd or 3rd grade. The teacher was explaining addition. We had to add 17 to 24.

“Seven and four add up to eleven. You put the one in the ones column, then carry the other one to the tens column.”

I was confused. What does “carry the one” mean? I’m working pencil and paper here. How do you carry something.” Then I heard a loud, commanding voice. Booming!

“Vincent! Pay attention! This is important!”

Because of the authority in that voice, I KNEW I had to listen carefully. Oh, the one from the eleven means you put a one in the ones column and another one in the tens column. The fact that I heard a commanding voice didn’t surprise me at all, It was replaced by the satisfaction of understanding addition.

Reflecting on that, I realized I had been hearing “the voice” many times in my slowly awakening realization. Then, later in life, I

could listen and understand when this is a nudging from the spirit realms.

Another dream reinforced this awareness. I had been dating a woman after my first divorce. At the same time, another girl was making advances towards me. Should I date two people at once? I prayed about it. I asked for a sign if this was OK or not a wise choice. That night I had the following dream.

I'm driving along a highway. Up ahead I see some lights and barriers. As my car gets up to the barriers, I see three large, blinking red lights, and an arrow directing me to take an off-ramp.

Duh! Get a clue, Vinny! Not only was the directive clear, it employed potent symbols to steer my thinking. That seems to be the nature of dreams, especially spiritually informative dreams. They are symbolic, specific, and instructional.

For a spell, I was interested in UFOs and the extraterrestrial movement. Why was it so appealing? Because, they seem powerful, almost all-knowing. They have the potential to save mankind from all the chaos and abuses that abound on this planet. They just might save us! The act of saving is just a form of salvation. A wise person once told me that the allure of alien contact was just a variation on the search for God. To the UFO crowd, God is "alien" to them, so they search for an extraterrestrial savior.

During and after the divorce from my first wife, I felt guilty and wanted to find a job where I could help people directly. I turned towards the medical field. Long story short, I became a nurse. I worked on the cardiac surgery unit at Stanford Hospital, Palo Alto, California.

There I had a patient who had a Near-Death Experience, NDE. He died and went to heaven. He told me about it. We had learned of such

events in nursing school, but to talk to someone who experience it, was transformational. I later began to study this fascinating subject. I wrote *A Measure of Heaven* about NDEs. These encounters are very similar to dream studies, as they are symbolic, abstract, and filled with spiritual truths. Many people who experience an NDE report paranormal experiences and an after effect.

My mother once told me that as a baby I was given goats milk, which caused a severe allergic reaction. She said I was “very sick.” I wonder if, then, I myself had an NDE as a child, and perhaps that is what triggered so many of my unusual experiences. This is common for people who have had NEDs.

Later on, specifically in the last few years, I’ve become more experienced in asking for, receiving, and interpreting the messages in what I call my “High Dreams.” It occurs to me, too, that almost all people receive these suggestions from the subconscious mind. They certainly occur in dreams, but also, sometimes, in waking life. Some waking encounters are also covered in this book.

Part 1.

From: *Nursing Student Dream Diary*, Vol. 1, 2, 3

April 12 1976

I'm in a line of students and we're walking in a group towards the solarium. Upon passing the bathroom at the end of the hall, I knock on the door, which is now labeled as a girls room, doing it as a joke. Then I go into a classroom and the many other students there are busy, indicating I'm late. The teacher is already going over a test, or reviewing one as next to each question on the paper we have, she's giving us the answers to each. I'm writing the answers in red ink as we go along. Still not sure if this is a future test, or a past one, but tend to think the former.

Now, the focus is on the teacher, and he has a book which I'd had out of the library, and had underlined something of the occult, something about the Will. The teacher began to ridicule this unknown person for doing this, and he seemed opposed to the classical "occult" ideas. I stand up, half identifying myself as the one who underlined the few words, and defended the ideas in the book. Then, I went into a short but vehement speech about psychic matters, and other things unknown, and began suggesting that science didn't have all the answers, and that some interesting things had been written about spiritualism and reincarnation.

June 11, 1976

I'm in a car and I'm stopped at a railway crossing, watching a train go by. On the train is nothing but the locomotive and many identical little cars, that look like little black cells, or cages, made from black fencing. In each cage is a pair of prisoners, only, I had the feeling this was all part of a movie crew, and they were filming a movie. Something about going along the road parallel to the train, and meeting it at a different crossing.

Next, I'm sitting just outside the glass doors of a local hospital, watching more filming going on, I'm seated on a little folding chair, and there are others with me doing the same. Mom is in the seat just to my left, while the doors to the hospital are just to my right. Now, there's an energetic fellow about 35 years old and a little chubby, dark skinned with curly dark hair, obviously Italian, and he is the director of the movie taking place. He's explaining things to us about the movie. He says the hospital is ruled by "trittia" (?), which seems to mean fist in Italian, indicating the Mafia rules it. He also says the church, which is a strong factor here in Italy, wants the hospital to be in the union.

Now, the action begins, and I'm a lot closer to the filming. I'm in a room watching as several bad actors are talking about a robbery or something. Either they're bad actors or dumb gangsters, because they seem pretty disorganized. Next, it's indicated that the latest rage in the country is a new game played with a time machine, or some kind of computer. It consists of a big display board and a puzzle, all connected to a computer. On the puzzle are about 20 famous figures of history arranged in squares, all saying a great speech of theirs or something. The object of the game is to see and guess how history would be changed if the player programs in a different word or sentence in the speeches of these famous people.

A very interesting game, and I see some of these gangsters are playing it, too. One fellow I see is rearranging the pieces of the puzzle in a corner where the picture is of Jesus on the cross, all very colorful. It also seems that through the time machine component of the game one can travel to and experience the events in history as the player changes them.

Now, I find myself involved with two or three of the others as one of these time trips is taking place. About three of us on a small raft on the ocean are being buffeted by winds, and a rough sea. All of a sudden a huge fish rides up and swallows us, raft and all. I'm a little scared at this, but someone reverses the time machine and replays it in slow motion, so again I see the fish appear and just as it's about to swallow us they stop the action. Now I can see in the side of the mouth of the fish is a little hole, and the others are discussing this. It seems that in history the three on the raft survived the consumption by the fish, and now they knew why; it was the hole in his jaw. I was a little relieved by the stop in the action, and as I focused in on the light coming through the hole in the jaw I woke up temporarily.

I was in a store or a library, or perhaps even a nursery school, but they sold toys there. The kids were with me. As I look around I see two different girls in there too. One looks real nice in a light blue dress. Another has a beige blouse on and as she bends over I can see a good portion of her boobs. I want to leave the store, but the kids want to stay and sample the toys. They seem a little annoyed at me. But, I feel the store doesn't want to play babysitter.

June 24, 1976 Thursday

I feel like I'm superman, and my help is needed in various parts of NYC. I have the power to just concentrate and will myself to different parts of the city. It's like flying. The last place I will myself to is a back alley in the ghetto in Harlem, and at first it seems real dirty, but then really clean. I see three beds are positioned in this alley and they are rented out, like a motel or something. On one of these is my aunt Dot, sleeping, with her legs exposed except for a pair of pantyhose. She looks very thin, as I stare half in disgust at her crotch.

[Back to TOC](#)

July 6, 1976, Tuesday

I'm on a visit to Richie's house in Albuquerque, and there are all rocks and hills around his house. I go outside and walk up a rocky hill, and notice all the rocks are the same color, very sharp edges, and contain no fossils. Then I go behind his house where there are more rocks, and a canyon, all very barren. I walk out to a place on a cliff in order to get a better view of the valley below.

I'm walking through a series of rooms and doors in an office building. In one of the rooms I pass my boss, though I don't know who he is. As I walk I realize I'm going on a trip soon, and I'm gathering my supplies. I'm wearing a blue shirt, and every time I use my left arm the shirt rips a little more at the shoulder and armpit. It reminds me of my ripped yellow shirt. I finally realize the shirt is ripping because it's too big for me, and when tucked in at the waist this pulls at the armpit every time I lift my arm. I then see a pile of blankets on a table, and my green tank-top shirt. I'm thinking I'll change into this shirt, not only to avoid the ripping, but because I'll be going for a car ride with Mom and the family, in the car to New York, and driving in the car will be pretty hot.

Now, passing into another room with drawers on one side and tables in the middle, like outdoor cafe tables, I begin to look through one of the drawers and find my old slide rule, which I decide to save. I sit down at a table and a navy man and an army officer, both in dark uniforms, sit down at the table with me and begin talking. They buy lunch, and it seems there's little cubicles to take the food out of, as in Horn and Hardart's restaurants. Now I begin narrating what's happening, as if I were telling one of my brothers. I can't believe it; these two men from different services, usually old rivals, sitting and eating at the same table, I say. It also seems that I got the meal too, and that because of them we only had to pay the military rate, a few pennies for the whole meal. Then, someone sits in a chair right in front of me, but I don't seem to mind, although he's so close my knees are touching his chair.

Now, I'm in a bus or train depot, and I was just handed my tickets to Albuquerque. I go running through the terminal to the train. It seems late and I'm afraid of missing the train. I see it's on track 2, and go running through a glass door lobby, down some steps with gold railings, then up again trying to get to the right track. Up and down these stairs I go at a hectic pace. I can see where I want to go but there are so many stairs and detours before I can reach it.

Finally I come up on the right platform, but, the train is pulling in way down the track from where the steps let me off. The train, which looks like one of those Airstream travel trailers, is just pulling in, and I'm running to reach it on the platform as its doors open. There are other people with me trying to catch it too. I make a flying leap and I'm not sure if I made it. I'm half awake, or seem to know that I'm dreaming, and I keep repeating to myself "Did I make it? Yes, I did. Did I make it?" It seems I believe that by hoping or simply believing I made it that I can force my dream to continue, and in fact show that I did make it. I find myself still on the platform looking down the track. The first silver trailer train seems to be right in front of me, but I don't care now. My attention is on the track where I see cars

coming, particularly an old black automobile, and I seem to be on a sidewalk, rather than on a train platform.

The black car pulls up in front of me, and there's a bunch of young girls inside. Two reclining girls in the back seat offer me some kind of fruit, and I'm not sure if there are girls or an older couple in the front seat, but somehow I suspect a trap, and refuse the fruit. One of the girls sees me looking at her, and they are nude. She leans back and tweaks her nipples, teasing me. She offers a pear, which I like, and accept it. I take a bite of it, but then, suspecting this might be drugged or poisoned I just hold the piece in my mouth and pretend to chew it, but don't. I'm thinking if they put something on the skin of the fruit I'd get it whether I chewed or not. I feel the taste of the skin in my mouth, wondering about this. Then I feel sleepy and wake up.

* * *

Bareness of rocks reflects recent thoughts that the pictures of my vacation show more of rocks than relatives. Striving to catch trains, and obstacles are my struggle to figure out how to go to school full time, support Judy and the kids, and pay for a place of my own. Incident of the fruit and the girls is my recent rejection of sex just for pleasure, as with Linda S. I called Karen B. for a date this Saturday. She's busy then but suggested Thursday. Felt really good about her.

[Back to TOC](#)

July 15, 1976

Still a little upset about Karen telling me to buzz off. But, I decided it'd be best not to call her, though I've been thinking of it. If I insulted her I want to apologize, but if it's my personality I shouldn't care. Went to two banks to find out the most efficient method of borrowing money to go to school, but still not sure what to do.

* * *

Dream:

I was watching this ceremony in honor of an old soldier or Indian, can't be sure which. The affair was taking place in an old stucco or adobe fort in the pioneer days. The old brown fort had many Indians, Mexicans and soldiers around it, and the architecture looked more like an old biblical walled city than a fortress. Anyway, I was a formless observer, with a bird's eye view of the activities, just slightly above the heads of the participants.

One of the last but most impressive gifts given to this old gentleman is a hand made rug. He's standing there humbly in an old blue military jacket. The rug is in the same basic ocher brown shade as the walls of the city in the background.

There are several scenes on the rug, and as I move around the area, there is a stop-action, and a pop, or flash as the movement leads up to one of the scenes depicted on the rug. In other words, the rug contains glimpses of the activities of this old fellow in the life of the city, captured in time, as it were.

As I rise up and view the city there is one of these stop-actions, and I see the same scene, a silhouette of the skyline of the city imprinted on the rug. There are other actions depicted, but I can't recall them, perhaps one of the market place.

I had a long dream of Terri Lo C., but, all I can recall is a short episode of talking with her in ICU at the hospital. It was a very friendly and happy dream. I was happy to have this occur, as I rarely dream of recently met people, and this may be interpreted as indicating a future relationship with her.

[Back to TOC](#)

July 17, 1976

Dream:

I'm traveling cross country and I'm in Tennessee or some place similar, going towards New York. Mom and the family and I have stopped at a country church, which is big and modern and full. The long winded preacher is giving a sermon and he interrupts it to say something about the seating. Seems he doesn't want people to sit so close to the door in the back, as they often leave early. But, even as he says this I look back and regret that I didn't sit closer to that door.

I'm holding a plumb line as I sit in the middle of the congregation, and I believe it's affected by the magnetic field in the room or something. It's just a square metal block held on a string about an arms length long. As I hold the string, the weight seems to sway toward me all the time, as if indicating me. It is also swaying towards the door, which is behind me, and I look up at the door and see people leaving. I leave early, and in the church yard I see someone left the hose on and water is flooding the place a little.

I come across some people talking about welfare, and it seems the welfare department makes payments in units of \$2.30 each.

* * *

I'm in the upstairs part or balcony of a train depot. This later transforms into a hospital. In one room I see what is billed as an Ali boxing match, but when I look in I see that big friendly black orderly in ICU boxing with a little midget, or muscular little kid, who is so short he has to stand on a chair to box. The little kid is Ali, and it's obvious that even though he's strong he doesn't even compare to the big orderly. Ali tries, but then is beaten as the other fellow is landing soft love-taps, not enough to hurt him. I'm thinking how weird that is. Fragment of seeing the crazy gunman in the movie Taxi Driver, and he's the next boxer, but he's a midget too.

In other rooms other things are going on too, but I can't recall what they were. There is a group of guys in an underground community which has just been set up on the moon, or Mars. The scene is in a long tunnel, filled with modern doors etc., and is a pioneering space venture. These young fellows are a close knit group, and as they joke there in the hallway, one of the tubes connected to their tunnel lights up indicating they have a visitor, a new recruit just sent up from earth to help out with the mission, and join them.

When he arrives he's viewed with something less than acceptance, and they decide to put him through a sort of initiation procedure. The guys pull from little tubes in the floor several logs about 6 inches in diameter and 10 feet long. These bare logs have chains on the end which kept them from falling down the tubes. The boys pick up these logs bazooka style as if they were light, and begin to poke at and tease the new recruit with them. It seems like he's in trouble, but he takes it passively and calmly. Then they force him to sit down, and he really looks defeated.

One of the crazier of the fellows in the group then takes a knife and makes a light incision in the left thigh of the victim. He cuts an outline of square about 3 by 6 inches in this guy's leg. Then, he takes his knife and using the dull side begins to push back the skin at the border of the square, and it appears he's going to remove the square of skin as if it were a skin graft. I feel this is going too far. Suddenly, the victim reaches into his jacket and pulls out a knife of his own and stabs his torturer in the chest killing him.

Now, all the other fellows gather 'round and congratulate this guy for standing up to the bully in the group. At first the guy accepts it humbly, but then begins to take advantage of his power. He goes around whipping everyone into following him and his ways. He comes up to me asking if I "got it," meaning am I with him. I say "not yet." I seem in doubt about this guy. He asks again, and I finally say "I got it" meaning I'm behind him, and he pats me on the back

with his sword and hugs me, but I still feel it's an alliance with a threat behind it.

[Back to TOC](#)

July 18, 1976 Sunday

Driving through Brooklyn, I have to get from one side of Prospect park to the other. This is always a problem. I find myself driving up the numbered streets to 5th St. This is the block where I used to play with Lenny and my friends. Looking on the corner, the old candy store is there, and up the block a little is the driveway area where we used to play. A bunch of kids are here now playing.

I go up to an old familiar door way, it's aunt Dotty's house. What's the number? Is it 32, or 32A? On the other side of the street I'm standing with a friend, admiring the houses. It appears that now they are very beautiful brownstone houses, all beige and brown and yellow and tan, all earth tones, and very beautiful. The rows of these houses form a pattern and a design that we find most striking and pretty. They are brownstones, but have a Victorian look about them, too. I just stand there admiring the patterns and effects of these houses. Some are slightly different, and for some reason they remind me of the Grand Canyon. One house has even deteriorated so there is like a hill of red clay soil in the front of the house, but this doesn't detract from its beauty. The wrought iron fences in front of the houses add to the patterns.

Now, on the side of the street there's a break in the houses, and we can look down into a garage way, or sunken lot from the sidewalk level, down into this area. There are several cars parked there, and my brother Joe is with me and indicates that Joyce just bought a new car, and that it's down there. I ask which one it is but he doesn't know.

* * *

I'm in a church like building that's housing the national Democratic Convention. Even though I'm not a Democrat, I go inside to listen to the proceedings. I take a seat among the delegates, and they're making their platform and formulating their budget at the same time. One fellow makes a proposal, indicating the cost, and it's voted in. The chairman then indicates that with this last proposal they now have 27 to 28 per cent of the budget allocated. Much of the rest has to be reserved for the big boys, the big time Democratic politicians to figure out what kind of programs they want to spend the money on. I'm surprised that these amateur looking delegates are allowed to make up even the 28 % spent so far.

I leave the convention and go out into the street, and it looks like New York City. The streets are busy and windy, and a few birds fly by. Then, a businessman and I see a really huge bird, and it reminds me of reports of this huge bird-monster reportedly seen in Texas. Sure enough, as I look in the sky I see this is the huge bird. Its size seems to change all through the dream. I see it flying near me and it seems as big as a dinosaur, and seeing a closed-in, covered alley I run in there, knowing the creature is too big to fit in. In the alley way is a garbage man dumping garbage down a dumbwaiter type mechanism. As I go into the alley the bird lands and it looks like a big penguin or something as it waddles down the lane toward us. It's ominous as it approaches, like a vulture with a brown breast. I run and hide in a bin in this dark and dirty alley, and lock myself in, but realize the top is open, and I get visions of this big bird tearing at me as at a mouse, and I'm pretty scared. Then I realize I'm dreaming and I wake up to look at the clock.

* * *

Several doctors have been invited to a party, and one is supposed to give a lecture, but instead he begins playing the guitar. At the party we're intermingling when I feel someone steal my wallet. I chase

after him and grab his arm and wrestle him to the ground. I finally get my wallet, but continue to hold the guy and I get help from a cop, a lieutenant, and we break the guy's arm. Now the entire party is made up of policemen. The cop that helped me is still with me when we see someone, maybe the same guy, take a gun from off a low table. The cop shoots him. Then, I'm being yelled at to clean up the house. I have to sweep the kitchen area, and I ask for the dust pan and brush. As I ask for those things I feel like I've regained my dignity, and I see that it's Judy who's yelling at me. I seem to put her in her place, and I no longer feel like a slob slave.

* * *

I'm looking across an alley and see a bright children's room, with Raggedy Ann doll drapes. Thinking it's a pretty child's room. I'm on the corner of 6th Avenue and 4th Street in Brooklyn, doing something with Judy. Danny is there too, and Anita calls to us that Danny has just gotten sick. He's vomiting a clear burgundy colored emesis. I start to go to him but he runs away, running out into the street.

I'm afraid that he might get hit by a car, and I see a big truck coming, but the driver sees me waving and throwing my brown pillow, and he sees Danny too. So he stops in time and I chase Danny down 4th street where he runs into our old house. I'm crying and sad and mad at the same time. I want to catch Danny and yell at him to watch out for cars when he's in the street, no matter how mad he is

[Back to TOC](#)

August 9, 1976, Monday

I'm in a space ship, or satellite orbiting the earth. Looking down several of us are remarking about changes on the surface of the earth. We can see plates of the continents shifting and crashing into one another. It's a huge earthquake as seen from space.

August 28, Saturday

Dream:

I'm reading Victor Hugo's big book, *Les Miserables*, and inside is a cartoon about a UFO, and the caption says something about "let the dead have their dead," which I interpreted as meaning the UFO beings are spirit creatures. The caption was in a foreign language. I was excited to think the great author would address himself to this subject. Then, I was reading another cartoon about UFO's from a newspaper.

March 29, 1977

I've been feeling really good this evening, thinking about some of the things said in the book I'm reading, *Life After Life*, and how it ties in with what Edgar Cayce says: How people at death see the "Light," and how it is so loving; to think it's all true.

One woman said she was so pleased to be in its presence, that it has a PERSONALITY, a sense of humor. It reminds me of the bumper stickers from a local church: "It's a Joy to be a Christian."

This evening I saw "The Human Machine" on KQED, the public television network. I joined the group.

April 26, 1977

I'm taking care of two pleasant grandmotherly type women in the hospital. I see a scene of people, possibly including these two women, smoking marijuana.

I'm in a church during a service. A former pastor of mine, Pastor Walker, is leading the service. A man in the congregations stands up, making a verbal protest. Not sure what follows, but possibly everyone leaves.

Some of the people that were in the congregation are seated around the edge of a large room, at a square of four long tables, facing each other. It seems like a town meeting or something, only I realize the people seated opposite to me are Mormons. People are arguing. One side wants to do some kind of social service, but the Mormons want to build bomb shelters.

I hear, or speak, that even though we seem divided, we both have the same ideal: to help others. It reminds me of a saying of Edgar Cayce, that different ideas are OK if we have the same ideal.

I'm standing in an open field. I see an object overhead. I see a jet plane taking off and flying low over the runway. As I watch it from behind, I can see a square box of electronics in the underside. I put my palms out facing the plane, with my fingers down. I find this enables me to fly in an erect position after the plane. I rise up and fly to Santa Cruz, California. With a braking motion from my hands I decelerate and land in a street one block from shore. People are walking by and shopping, and they stop to stare at me, really surprised. I just land and walk away as if it were nothing, but I feel happy inside. I feel I have psychic power to do this now.

I see a newspaper and a quote, possibly relating to the book Life After Life that I've been reading.

[Back to TOC](#)

Part 2

From *My Year of Dreams*

April 7, 2024, Sunday.

Dream:

I'm in a rural setting. I'm about to give a lecture to a group of UFO enthusiasts, but my speech is about how Near-Death Experiences relate to extraterrestrials, dreams, and the subconscious mind. The group is some kind of loose gathering of cult types, while the people running the show are a bit amateurish and disorganized. Still, I'm a bit nervous to give the lecture, as I don't have a fixed script or know exactly what I want to say. I do have a loose-leaf book with photos of the slides I once used to give an NDE lecture, and that is reassuring. I am supposed to give my talk at 11:00 AM.

Meanwhile, there is an informal marathon foot race supposed to occur after the lecture. I want to participate, but I'm too tired to run a full marathon.

Comments:

I've been thinking of writing another book, this one on the world as a mental projection of the subconscious mind, and how it relates to projection of our thoughts, New Age Christianity, UFOs, NDEs, and other strange and spiritual ideas. That however is a major project that might take many months to write: a real marathon.

April 22, 2024

Real life notes.

Close to a miracle.

A stray cat has been hanging around our house for the last week. We decided to have her spayed so she would have a better chance of being adopted. She came back with a cone collar to prevent her from licking the incision site. She also came with three days of oral medication for pain.

When we got her home, to our back-yard shed, she suddenly bolted out the door in a panic from the collar. It was cold that night and was starting to rain. I was worried for her survival, as the cone made it difficult to eat and get around. We searched all through the next day and evening. The second night it was rainy and cold again. My prayers changed from pleas to saving her to pleas to make her suffering short before she died.

At the depth of my despair, about 28 hours later, she just showed up at our back door. The cone was gone from her neck. She was dry and calm, and acted as if nothing happened. Since then she has been happy, sitting in our lap in the sunshine. She is a very loving cat, cuddling and purring for long periods. Now, we have a neighbor who wants to adopt her. I said “close to a miracle,” but is there even such a thing?

[Back to TOC](#)

April 25, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm looking at the earth from high in the sky. Looking down I see a lake somewhere in the Middle East.

I focus in on the west coast of this lake. Then I see a very similar lake and coastline, but this time in the American Mid-West, somewhere near Indiana. Finally, I see a third lake, with the same coastline, but I don't know where it is. I have the feeling that all three places are related in terms of political and social events.

May 10, 2024.

I see a stray cat in my back yard. It approaches me and lets me pet her.

Notes on the stray cat:

We put up posters in our neighborhood for the stray cat. A fellow saw the poster and came to see if this cat was his. It was NOT his cat, and he seemed heartbroken, as it had been missing for 5 weeks. A group of us stood around him in front of our house. Some kind of prayer must have gone up, because about a half hour later he called us back. His lost cat had been waiting at his front door when he got back home! (Miracle?)

May 14, 2024:

Dream:

I see a large plaza with a spiral design of bricks. It reminds me of the Yellow-Brick Road in The Wizard of Oz movie. The bricks are pastel shades of blue and gold. I have some grayish coins and I lay them out along the borders of the colored bricks. It adds some degree of contrast to the design.

May 20, 2024.

This is one of my rare events that I call a “high dream,” as it contains strong emotional content and deep spiritual meaning. I wake up feeling great!

I’m in a beautiful rural setting. A kind man is driving me in his pickup truck to see his farm in the high mountains. As we drive along the main street I see a few small stores and houses, but the remarkable thing is the swirling clouds high above the town. Through the clouds, as they are moving and parting, I can see very high mountains behind the town. Occasionally, I can catch a glimpse of dark green trees, or a person standing on top of the hills. Now I see a tall mountain and what looks like a dead tree outlined by darker green trees. This tree seems emblematic, like a cross, and as I look I see it’s not dead, but rather has straw-colored distinctive branches.

I get to the ranch house, and I’m talking with the owners who are showing me around. They are a very kind and welcoming Nordic couple, like Norwegian, with blond hair and blue eyes. We are sitting

at a table. I feel they might be country folk, so I ask them if they like country music. I get a positive response so I tell them of an old country song I remember from long ago. I tell them it's subtle but a bit sexy, and I sing the opening to them.

“Somebody's knocking. Should I let him in?
Lord it's the devil, would you look at him!
I heard about him, but I never dreamed,
He'd have blue eyes and blue jeans!”

Not sure how they'd take such a suggestive verse, but I see tears running down the cheek of the man, and his wife says it really struck a positive chord with him.

Next, I see the grandmother running around the house. She is holding a large piece of cooked chicken. I joke with her. “Are you going to eat that whole thing? It's bigger than your head!” I hope I am not being too flippant and familiar with her, but it seems OK.

Now the mother is supervising her children as they make holes in the floor where the kids are planning to plant trees. I look at a few spots on their floor but then decide it might be better to plant a tree outside. I go outside with the wife and she asks what kind of tree I want to plant. I ask if they like fruit trees. I suggest a fig tree because the fruit is one of my favorites. She hands me a kiwi, which she has half peeled.

Still outside, I go exploring around the property. Again I can see huge mountains through the clouds. I wander down to a nearby lake. I take a downward-sloping walkway to the water line where there is a small bridge made with new reddish lumber. I look into the water to see if there are any fish. I find myself now in the water, but it's only about 3 inches deep. It's a little cold. I walk back up the sloping walkway

and I examine it. The base is made of 2 by 6-inch planks, but the rails along the sides are just half-inch planks, which are too flimsy to be safe.

Now, I go into town to buy some fig tree plants or seeds. I get lost and cannot find my way back to the farm house. I'm riding a bike along the one main street. Now I see it's labeled Route 66. I have a guitar with me on the bike and I try to play it while I'm riding. I get a few notes out. It's one of those bikes you can ride with no hands on the handlebars. I see however that there are small ruts and potholes in the road which might be unsafe, so I cannot play the guitar. I ride up and down the main street and come to a train depot. I'm trying to find the road back to the farm, but it seems there are no side streets crossing the main road. I decide I can call the couple on my cell phone so they can come and rescue me. I can use the little train station as a landmark. I call them and tell them to pick me up and that I have a bicycle, so bring a pickup truck.

Comments:

I wake up with a sense of awe and joy, as this seems like a peek into heaven.

I'm in the beginning stages of writing a book about all my spiritual readings and experiences. For this book, my 17th, I've decided to organize the references and quotations first. This has me reviewing and copying sentences from some of my favorite books, such as A Course in Miracles, authors such as Dolores Cannon, Gary Renard, and Neale Donald Walshe, and some new age ideas such as "Starseeds" and reincarnation. With all these thoughts running around in my head, I feel this provided the backdrop for this dream. There are a group of extraterrestrials called Nordics, and I'm wondering if this is what I encountered.

May 29, 2024.

Dream 2:

I'm in a living room with Donald Trump and another young blond girl. It seems Trump has a special mirror, which is really a portal to another dimension. I put my hand into it and see waves of visual distortions around my arm. Then I decide to put my whole head into it and I see into another worldly dimension. In that world, the colors are more vivid and you can move around at the speed of thought. I look into it and see a closet or pantry. There is a pale yellow tubular container on a shelf in the upper part of the pantry. I know that in this dimension I can move things with my mind: telekinesis. I make the container fall off the shelf and I grab it. Then I make it move back onto the shelf without touching it.

Now I'm back in the room with Trump and the young girl. We are all in bed together, but Trump is higher up in the bed and covered in a sheet. Me and the girl then are face to face. I think she likes me and we may have a thing going. But then Trump appears again and they kiss. Finally, she is back with me again. We peek out from under the sheets. It seems Trump keeps the magic mirror, the portal on a metal stand that is used to dry sheets or towels after washing them. It seems the portal mirror is really a thick burlap-type cloth that you have to stare at, or meditate on for it to transform into the mirror portal, and I do that.

Comments:

After I wake up I'm not sure if the second dream really came first, and staring at the portal cloth led to the first dream about going to the Southern California shore. In real life I'm an avid bird watcher. In

this hobby the big accomplishment is to get new species, in this case ocean and shore birds that I cannot find in the inland location where I live.

The dream with Trump and the dimensional portal is one of several comprising a series of dreams where Trump is not exactly my friend but we have interesting interactions. In some we are joking together, each acknowledging that we don't agree and yet we can work together. The portal to another dimension is another theme in my dreams and in my spiritual searching. The overriding principle in the spiritual dreams is that we have to forgive those we we don't like in waking life, as they are really part of our own self. In forgiving them, we forgive ourselves because they are a symbol of all the errors we have made in many past lives in many dimensions.

I often joke with my friends that Trump represents all the sins and errors I have ever made in past lives, on this and other planets, in this and other dimensions, all wrapped up and epitomized by the arrogant and self-serving Mr. Trump. This dream, however, seems to suggest that this "joke" may be more of a reality than I would want to admit! Ha, ha!

[Back to TOC](#)

June 2, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a foreign country. It seems like Ukraine. I'm in a large room with many other people. They are planning how to respond to recent incursions by the Russian army into their north-east border. The mood in the room is somewhat grim, as the Russian threat is a strong one. Then suddenly, a local hero comes into the room and the crowd cheers his presence. He's planning to take two fellow volunteers deep into the occupied territory for some kind of mission.

I am one of the three people engaged in this dangerous mission. The other fellow is a young man. He's frightened over the threat of being killed. He's crying. I tell him not to worry.

Now the scared man and me are inside the occupied zone. I know I don't speak either Ukrainian nor Russian. I devise a plan where if we get caught that he will tell them I am a deaf mute, or retarded, or disabled in some way. I see a horse-drawn cart being pulled along a rural road. I'm wondering how that might be used to help our plan. I'm thinking I can hide something in my shoe. I am thinking of putting two pins into the heel of my shoe, and cover it up with an old Odor-Eater pad. If I pull one pin out, the heel of the shoe could be twisted to reveal a secret chamber. Or maybe somehow we could hide things among the foodstuffs and grains loaded onto the cart.

Comments:

This is a strange dream. I suspect it is a reflection of my sympathy for the Ukrainian people as they are being bullied and outmatched by

their powerful neighbor. I wonder if somehow I'm tapping in to the sentiments of this nation as a victim a power-hungry dictator.

[Back to TOC](#)

June 7, 2024.

Dream:

I'm high in the sky, looking down at a big river in a heavily wooded area. It may even be a jungle. There is a large L-shaped turn in the river. In the inner corner of the L-turn there is a huge cliff, composed of a sheer rock drop down to the water, but even here it is mostly covered in trees. I zoom down to ground level, and it seems a dog is lost in this remote area. I want to rescue him.

Suddenly (and very oddly) the dream is interrupted by a video. It's almost like "We interrupt this dream to bring you a special bulletin." The video shows a man of about 50 years of age. He's got a white beard and bald on top, sitting in a leather easy chair.. He's angry and complaining about some woman who did something he didn't like.

Comments:

When I wake up, the issue of the lost dog and the angry man remain unresolved. This is a very unusual occurrence, to have one dream interrupted by another. I feel there is significance to this message, but I cannot fathom what it is. The only hint I get is that the lost dog may represent nature in the real world that needs to be tended to, rescued, but events in the political arena are taking our/my attention away from the needs of the planet.

This is yet another example where I'm flying high in the sky, then zoom down to events on the earth. I'm wondering if such dreams are what is known as Astral Plane travel.

April 17, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm a student in India. It's time for exams. I get to the train station to travel to the test area. It costs one nickel to board the train. I travel up the west coast of India. When I get there I'm told that the exam is two weeks from today. I've never been to this part of India before. I think I can study and get to know the area as I wait for the exam.

Dream 2:

I'm in a restaurant at a long table. There are two parents sitting opposite me on the left and four teenage girls in front of me. One of the girls is complaining about why she has to meet all these precautions and conditions before she can sleep with people she likes.

I tell her in the first half of life it's all about romance and relationships. In the second half of life it's all about finding God in yourself and then seeing God is those around you. Romance, ego, and sex are less important as you grow older. She doesn't seem to understand this. I ask her, "Why do you feel separate?" She's mulling this over, but I wake up before this new topic can be fully explored.

[Back to TOC](#)

June 12, 2024.

HIGH dream:

I'm at a large tech company. I used to work there and now I'm back. It seems, however, that there are no computers available. All the computers were requisitioned to supply a special class that the company is holding for important participants. I'm wondering if I should even stay there, as there is no way for me to get any work done.

I decide to go look for the class. They say it's being held on a boat in the river, but looking out the window I see only small boats and these are barely sea worthy vessels, as they are swaying around on the river. Somehow, I find the class anyway. I enter and see it's an academic setting for experts in the field, like a post-grad workshop for students led by accomplished teachers. One of the teachers, a tall man about 30 years old invites me to his apartment on campus.

I walk with him and two others to his on-campus apartment, saying he has a dog he wants to see. I'm wondering if he's genuine or just a gay man trying to pick me up. The other two followers, though, seem to suggest this professor is legitimate. This is reaffirmed as he opens his front door and I see a large gathering of intelligent people. His dark-haired Jewish wife is most gracious in greeting and introducing everyone. The professor turns to introduce me, saying I am "the California Chairman of the Republican Party." I'm quite surprised, because in reality I am at the opposite side of the political spectrum. So now I'm wondering if I should even be there, as it seems under false pretenses.

I see two girls sitting on a sofa, and I want to explain my dilemma to them, and asking if I should stay and confess or leave the gathering.

The girl I sit next to has blond hair and is beautiful, except perhaps for a long nose. She reminds me of Lisa Des Jardin from PBS TV. I am explaining the situation to her. She is just inches from my face and I see how lovely she is. I say “I need to explain something to you.”

She replies, “Oh that I love you!” I’m pleasantly surprised but I begin to describe the situation to her and the dark haired girl sitting on the other side of her. Out of the corner of my eye, I see the professor, and he has his head in one hand, smiling, which suggests he approves of me staying. At the same time the two girls also confirm that I should stay. I want to stay because judging from the quality of the guests I know that I could have some deep, meaningful discussions. I feel much better, but when I look again at the two girls they are further away from me, more distant psychologically. Still, I want to talk to the blonde girl, although her hair is now a bit darker. See **Figure 1**.

Figure 1. Professor and his wife welcome me into their home.



Comments:

I wake up feeling elated and hopeful. My childhood, in Brooklyn, NY, was marked by poverty. This left me with a deep-rooted lack of self esteem, a feeling of being unworthy. It wasn't until success in high school and college that I began to shed this lack of confidence. Again, with a lift in my financial status, working in Silicon Valley, I started to overcome that negative self-evaluation. This dream seems to encourage me to join the intellectual community as worthy of their company. At the same time, I feel there is a strong spiritual message in the dream, as there is a draw to engage in deep, meaningful conversations with people who have investigated ethical, moral, and spiritual ideas.

[Back to TOC](#)

June 13, 2024

Personal dream:

The doorbell rings and when I open the door I see it's my mother. I'm surprised, because the visit seems so real. As she comes in I whisper to my wife that this is important, because "she died in 1995."

She stands there smiling, as if to let me have a good look at her. She appears young, about age 35. She comes in and sits on the couch. My sister L. is there, and they sit next to each other. Lots of joy and surprise. A vivid experience.

Comments:

I've had "dreams" like this before, where a deceased person comes to visit. It's very comforting and life affirming, as it seemed so real. I believe she came to comfort me, as the night before my car broke

down and engine warning light came on. I was worried. It turned out to be just a battery replacement, so I believe the message was two-fold: That everything will be OK, and that she is really there is spirit.

June 23, 2024.

Dream 1:

It feels like I'm floating high in the air, looking down on a hilly landscape covered with lush green trees. It seems like I'm in Asia somewhere. Looking down I see a clearing in the trees. It looks like a statue – a bell-shaped monument with a point at the top. On closer inspection I see it's made up of the bodies of several monks in some kind of memorial sculpture, only it's an intricately interwoven pattern of these monk bodies. I understand that they are giving, or have already given their lives to this religion. I feel like I'm one of them. (Similar beginning to dream of June 7.)

June 25, 2024.

Dream 1:

There is a small village in what seems like Europe. The villagers have made a map and kept a record of some kind of event. It may have been a UFO, though they didn't have such words in the distant past. There are four family names in one corner of the document, most likely the eye-witnesses.. The first one is LACH, Jos & Ana. I cannot remember the other 3 names.

Comment:

There is a common name of LACH from the border area of Ukraine and Poland.

[Back to TOC](#)

July 12, 2024.

Dream:

I'm floating high up in the sky, looking down on a hilly, wooded area. There's a small town by a river down there and I zoom down to take a look. It's an old, rural house. I go into the barn and see several bottle caps and jar lids nailed to the side of an indoor opening, like a window. I get the feeling I want to get a claw hammer and remove them.

Comments:

I've had several high-flying dreams lately; wondering if they are some kind of astral projection.

July 23, 2024.

Odd dream:

I seem to be at work at some kind of art factory. We are making T-shirts. There is a strange procedure involved. We put the shirts into a machine that scrunches them up into the size of a piece of toast. Then we put it into a toaster that somehow splits it in two, or at least divides the printed message on the shirt into two halves with a line down the middle.

The printed message on the T-shirt has to be designed so that a) reading left to right the sentence makes sense; b) reading up and

down, each half comprises a complete sentence, also making sense. Finally the message reading up and down on the one side can be contradictory to the message on the other side, and also related to the entire message reading left to right. (See example, **Figure 2.**)

Half waking up, I see the potential for such a design idea that may be going to make me a fortune. Ha, ha!

Figure 2. Puzzle poem idea for a T-shirt.



August 1, 2024

Dream:

I'm in space somewhere, in a house that is orbiting the earth. I see there are other spacecraft near by, some sleek, curved airships that are white and very modern. They carry only a few passengers. There are larger ships around than can hold more people. I feel like these ships can be rented or hired, so you can go on them any time you like.

I'm with a group of young men. They seem to be preparing for a battle, but I don't know if it's a game or real conflict. They have wooden swords. I tell them how they can buy pre-cut squares of plywood and you can use them to make a shield by adding a handle to one side.

[Back to TOC](#)

August 4, 2024.

Dream:

I seem to be at a gathering of spiritual people. They are psychic and angelic. I am one of them and I'm demonstrating my ability to levitate. I float down from the second floor of the building to the first. There is a very beautiful angelic figure there who has much experience. She has made some kind of creation in a large vase. It includes white pellets on the outside and in the center some darker pellets that are supposed to bloom and provide food.

I use my psychic powers to lift up all the elements in the vase and let them settle down again. I feel this will speed up the process, but the girl is upset that I'm messing with her creation. I'm sorry that I upset her. Looking closer I see how beautiful she is with light brown hair with bangs. Her hair is just straight enough, with a slight curve, that the hair, in random yet awesome disarray, forms a sort of halo or veil around her head. I'm thinking I sure would like to have a long discussion with her. There is another woman there with black hair. It seems we had a past relationship. She leaves, and I'm thinking now I can talk with the brown-haired angel.

Comment:

This is another recurrent theme in my dreams: meeting angelic or extraterrestrial entities, and showing off my ability to levitate.

August 14, 2024.

Odd dream:

I'm walking along a lengthy pier in a large harbor. Just looking around at the sights. The next thing I know I'm in a room in a large government building. There is a light-haired man with a crew-cut haircut, what I call a "jar head," like a marine, though he has civilian clothes on. He's filling out papers on me to make a job offer. I feel interested, but not sure I can or want to work a full time job at my age. I mean to ask him if it's part-time or not. He also recruits another younger man, a tall, thin man in his early 20s. They send us into another room as part of the induction process. I see this younger recruit is crying, having an emotional breakdown. He is eliminated.

Talking to the recruiter, he tells me the job involves tracking and tracing illegal Chinese immigrants who cross the border. I tell him I was once a US Customs inspector, and that seems to be a major plus for my case. I'm thinking too, I can use my camera with the telephoto lens to track these guys. He leads me into yet another room, I suppose the third phase in the hiring process. The station commander is there. This is a man with authority, but he's old, laying almost prone in a reclining office chair. I shake his hand in greeting and notice his fingers are swollen, dry, and gray, but he's sharp minded. He says something about me looking at military magazines, battle armaments of some kind. I don't recall seeing that. I ask, "Is that for real, or in some kind of dream universe?" He continues saying he saw me looking at this military equipment, and I finally remember seeing them on my walk along the pier. So, we're finally in agreement.

Next, the commander pulls out a scone, an English type cake. Instead of the usual cranberries in the scone, this one is oozing red jelly, like a jelly doughnut. Suddenly, all activity stops. It seems that it's 12-noon, lunch time. I leave the building, not sure if I should follow the

jar-head recruiter to the lunch room or not. He's several steps ahead of me with other office workers and does not turn around to invite me, so I assume I'm not supposed to join him.

Comments:

I was, in my younger years, a US Customs Inspector. I AM thinking about starting some part-time work to bring in more income, but not a full-time job. The jelly doughnut may be a reference to my sweet tooth. Is this bad eating habit interfering with my job search?

[Back to TOC](#)

August 17, 2024

Dream 1:

I'm in a large room with many levels and seating areas where groups can sit and talk. It reminds me of a college library setting with quiet spaces for chatting and reading. I understand that this is a show or display of some kind called "Talking Sculptures." There are groups of people standing still. It's darkly lit but there is a bright light in the center of each group.

As I approach I see they are real people, not sculptures. They are talking among themselves about spiritual ideas. As I get closer I recognize the first group as my friends from our Course in Miracles study group. There are several other similar groups in different areas of the lobby. One is my Zoom meeting with friends from our church's study group. Another is from our book club, again with the church where we meet every Wednesday in person. There is a light in each group.

Comments:

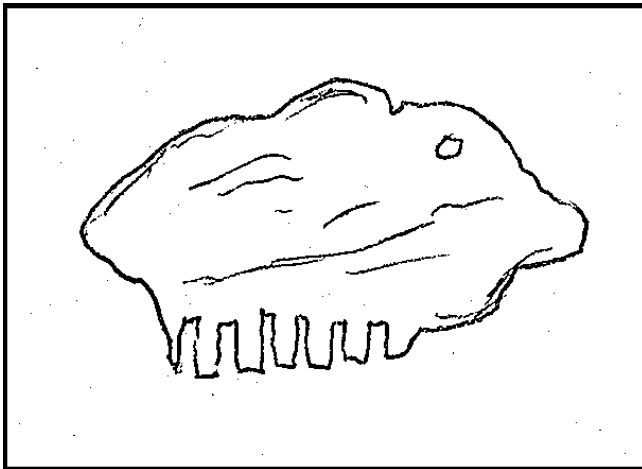
Dream 1: This is symbolic of the spiritual activities I'm currently engaged in. Most of the gatherings are dark but there is a bright light radiating in all of them. This is a sign of spiritual significance.

August 20, 2024. TIME TRAVEL?

Dream:

I'm watching someone work with a piece of wood. All I can see is his or her hands holding the wood. It's a light, porous type of wood, oddly shaped. It seems like this is happening in ancient times, as with early humans. They are making holes in the wood at the top and slices at the bottom. I'm getting the impression it's going to be a comb for the hair. Then the piece get infused with vapors or smoke to give it a distinctive aroma. It seems this comb then is used to brush the hair and impart the pleasant smell into the hair, **Figure 3**.

Figure 3. Primitive comb.



August 30, 2024.

Dream:

I'm not sure if this was a dream or some kind of subconscious download received in that twilight zone between waking and sleeping. In any case it seemed to be significant enough to include here. The text follows:

AWAKENING can be brutally RUDE when you realize that every sin and omission you ever committed, on every planet throughout all time and in all universes, in all the dimensions of time, has now come back to haunt you, epitomized in the form of one miserable, orange-haired slob, and you KNOW you'll never get into Heaven until you forgive him, and even embrace him, as a long-lost brother, beloved of God, thereby releasing both of you from your guilt, enabling all your siblings and yourself to be welcomed into that glorious realm of purity, innocence and holiness that your Divine Creator promised you, prepared for you, and all His/Her children.

September 4, 2024.

Dream 2: Long, strange, and thematic; a feast.

My wife, Char, and I are having breakfast at a fine French restaurant at a resort down south in California. We are just leaving the breakfast area to take a break. There is a woman at a table next to us. She is just leaving too and tells the waitress to save the rest of the chicken or game bird she was eating. I'm holding the leg of the bird, thinking about taking a bite out of it. It's her food though, so I tell the waitress again that she wants to save it for later. She puts the plate on a shelf.

She uses a red glove to flag the food and a note saying “#1,” meaning this is from the first shift, breakfast.

Char and I sit back down for the start of lunch. There is a big bucket of ice on the table, set aside for when we are supposed to order wine. She whispers something to the waiter, along the lines of “He doesn’t drink.”

The waiter puts a plate on top of my wine glass and a fork on top of that. This is a sign that this customer does not want wine. He doesn’t speak but shows us a menu for the first course of lunch. It looks something like a bagel but the waiter gestures to the menu where it reads “baguette.”

For some reason, we take a break, leave the table and walk outside of the resort. It’s actually in a dry area of southern California, with craggy mountains off in the distance. I see smoke from a fire. I heard about the fire on the news.

There is an interval between breakfast and lunch, so much of the wait staff is taking a break. We join them as they relax on the patio and the hill beside the restaurant. In the distance I see a corral and a horse is squeezing out between the wooden slats. The horse comes running up to one of the waiters. It seems they are old friends and the horse and the waiter are eager to greet each other. Then I see more animals, mostly dogs, and they too come running up to greet their waiter friends.

Walking around I see what looks like a full moon near the horizon, bright orange. This can’t be – moons don’t move that fast. Looking closer I see it’s really a gondola for the lift up the side of the mountain. I go climbing on a peak near the resort. As I climb up I see the mountain is covered with books, and boxes of records. Now I

want to get down, but the books and boxes are teetering and I'm afraid of making them fall, or of me falling too. I eventually make it down. I see that Char has gotten lost too, but the wait staff has rescued her. One of the wait staff is a big strongman. To show off, he lifts two of the other waiters onto his shoulders and carries them down the hill.

Char and I go back into the resort restaurant. It's a very classy, fancy restaurant with refined, nice looking wait staff. I am wearing a Hawaiian shirt covered with a gray sweater. Char has on a pair of jeans with a bulky green sweater. I'm wondering if maybe I'm under dressed. Maybe I should put the sweater back on, as it serves as a coat. It is now break time, the interval between breakfast and lunch, and the staff is roaming around outside the restaurant.

Comments:

This is yet another in a series of themed episodes about France, fine restaurants, banquets, etc. I feel as if the French staff are somehow superior beings and they are serving us. As I wake up, the cat is on the bed. In an unusual approach, she come very close to my face, purring. I know cats sometimes are associated with psychic events and the celestial world. Maybe that's why they sleep so much. I'm wondering if the closeness with her this morning is a message that she is channeling these dreams to me.

[Back to TOC](#)

September 13, 2024. DOWNLOAD

Odd midnight download.

“Ode to Caesar.”

I’d rather die upon my own without the brutal stab or stone.

My valor ends and comes to naught, despite the mighty battles fought

How hard the idol tilts and tumbles when feet of clay bear cracks and crumbles.

September 15, 2024.

Dream:

I’m in a small but very wealthy town. I see many people in a large and beautiful mansion. The people here are considered high society with seemingly more women than men. Some people propose walking up a small hill to a luxurious store where the women wanted to visit to do some shopping even though it was near to 11 in the evening. Many in the group mention one member of this group named John. It seems he was a standout in this community

Then, many of the women and other shoppers leave and head back to the mansion. Meanwhile I’m not sure if I brought my camera with me. I’m thinking of contacting the security office in the store.

Dream 2, after nap:

I’m in a large theater or possibly an opera house. It seems we are in the Italian Renaissance era. A large group of actors are rehearsing a

play, or possibly a musical. I am observing from the sidelines. The rehearsals are in progress and I'm wondering if I should join the troupe, possibly as an extra, or a back-up in case one of the actors cannot perform.

[Back to TOC](#)

September 21, 2024. Nightmare.

Dream:

It seems like I'm in a post-apocalyptic world, as all the buildings around me are damaged. I'm in a large house where all the windows are blown out and debris is all over the floors. The house is filled with sick people, children, beggars, and people suffering from injuries.

On top of all the misery I feel an earthquake. Some of the buildings in the area collapse, and I'm hoping the house with the children in it are not affected. The house I'm in has a central square and a staircase leading up into a balcony on the second floor. As I go up the stairs one beggar asks for change but I have none. Back on the ground floor I see a patch of grass. Remembering my old hobby of metal detecting, I search the grass for coins. Even without a metal detector you can often find coins right on the surface. I find a handful of coins and give them to the poor and suffering people around me. I find a 25-cent piece and throw it up to the beggar on the second floor. I'm trying to teach people to look for coins in the deep recesses of the patches of grass, and also in discarded junk. I show someone a pile of garbage that includes two old suitcases, and we find some coins there too.

Comments:

I sometimes watch New Age and Light-worker videos on YouTube. Some predict a collapse of the world economy, where barter is the only kind of exchange. I wonder if this contributed to the imagery of an apocalypse or perhaps it was watching scenes of destruction in the Gaza strip as the war between Hamas and Israel continues daily on television news. In any case, the attempt to help others during a crisis is probably a good sign.

September 22, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a large house with about 20 other people. The house is somewhat run down, and there's a feeling that this group is isolated, like we are all on our own now. We are trying to establish some kind of civilized order to create a group consensus. I'm thinking we should have a list of roles for us to vote on. The group seems to think that this one man, called Turn, should be the main administrator.

I'm thinking we should make a list of the top roles or offices that would be created, such as the main leader, the law and safety officer, the family and entertainment person, etc. I'm thinking for the Law and Safety Officer, that we should have a simple rule. "Don't annoy anyone, and don't be too easily annoyed." This is an idea I read a long time ago in a science fiction book.

I decide that we have to make up a matrix, a spreadsheet of the several roles to fill and have that crossed by the names of the people in the group. First we would need to ask for volunteers for each of the several positions, then vote on them as a group. I sense that there

are 21 different assignments but only 20 in the group, so some members may have to fill more than one role.

Comments:

This, again, feels like a post-apocalyptic period, similar to yesterday's dream, where a small group of survivors has to re-establish social norms.

[Back to TOC](#)

September 24, 2024.

Dream:

I'm watching as fence poles are being erected around a grassy plot of land. A chain link fence is going up. There are cables and wires to hook it this all together. There is an impression that this fence is designed to keep out pornography, to keep it from polluting the grass.

Download?

Not a dream, but an intense waking presence that lasted for about 90 minutes staring at around 2:00 AM. I had been reading A Course in Miracles earlier that day, Lesson 94, "I am as God created me."

During this period I could feel a sense of holiness and love in the meaning of the words I remember from that lesson. After a while I wanted to get back to sleep. I recited a mantra from another lesson, "I rest in God." Again the presence stayed with me. A deep sense of peace.

September 29, 2024.

Dream 3:

I'm in Paris, visiting a family. We are starting to pack to go home and I have a lot of clothes and supplies scattered around this house. I have to pack and I feel there's not enough time. I might miss the plane. At the same time, I realize me and my family have not completed all that we set out to do. We never got to the Louvre Museum.

While staying in this family's house I've gotten to know a 10 year old girl, and she's sorry to see me leave. I have a technical magazine and I ask her if she wants it. I'm surprised because this magazine is all about computers and electronics, and I'm sure it's over her head to understand. But she is very pleased when I give it to her. She shows me her "secret room." It's a closet set up like a little doll house with all her favorite things inside.

Next, I'm saying goodbye to her older sister, who it seems was my girlfriend while I was visiting. I give her a big hug. She's wearing a beautiful white dress. I'm not sure if I want her family to know of our romance.

Dream 3 is yet another Paris dream, one of many throughout my lifetime. Also the romantic connection. Again, there is a worry about running out of time and not getting things done that I planned.

[Back to TOC](#)

October, 2024

October 3, 2024.

Another Paris themed dream:

I'm in Paris and very glad to be there.

I come across a dry goods store selling used and antique items.

One item is a printers tray that holds movable metal type. There is, however, no type castings in the box, just a whole bunch of hollow metal tubes, one end with a rim around the base. For some reason I'm fascinated by this and I ask the shop owner how much they are. He tells me I can have this one for free, as it's slightly damaged. This Jewish vendor is so kind I'm wondering if I should buy a second set, which would be \$40. I decide not to do it, as one is enough and I'm not sure what I would do with the little metal pieces; maybe some kind of art project.

So I leave the shop and I'm wandering down some steps with the type-setting tray and some board he's given me, supposedly to help repair some of the damaged wood on the box. Then I remember that I have to catch a plane to go back home to the United States. There is no way I could carry this stuff on the plane. Since it was free to me, I leave the boards and tray leaning up against a building for someone else to retrieve. Meanwhile, I see an ocean view beyond the street. I want to be sure to take some pictures of the Paris area before I go home.

Now I'm walking on a wide French boulevard. The sidewalk is so wide that there are chairs and benches all over the place. They are filled with all kinds of French pedestrians, from well-dressed business men to bums and beggars. I go to sit on one bench, but there's a drunk there in dirty clothes and dirty bare feet. I go to

another two rows of chairs by the boulevard and find a seat. I remember I should call my family. I'm supposed to meet them at the airport and I don't even know what time the flight leaves.

While I'm trying to dial up the number on my cell phone, a man walks up to me and gives me a dime. There is an old, abandoned newspaper stand and I think that he believes I am the vendor and wants to pay me for the newspaper. I think that's not right so I want to bring the dime back to the newspaper stand and leave the dime there. I ask the fellow next to me to watch my phone. He says "Why don't you just take the phone with you?" So I do that and come back to my seat. I'm having difficulty dialing my family. I cannot reach them on the phone. I'm thinking I need help with communications as I wake up.

Comments:

This is yet another Paris themed dream, one of a series in my dreams. I've always enjoyed crafts and have an appreciation for print type trays as decorations.

Some inconsistencies. There are no ocean views in Paris. Only the river.

The dime is an American coin. In France this would be a Franc or some Euro coin. The man paid for a paper, but the news stand was vacant.

[Back to TOC](#)

October 10, 2024.

Dream 2:

I'm thinking that I want to be a sound recording person for a music band. I find myself in a big warehouse that doubles as practice studio for this large band. The warehouse is filled with shelves and storage boxes, but the band equipment too is full of instruments, amps, and other junk. This renders the whole place as a big mess, including furniture and debris everywhere. I find myself listening to the band practice. I hear one piano play a series of chords followed by another piano echoing the same chords, maybe one octave higher in scale. I'm thinking there's just too much equipment here. No band needs TWO pianos.

I'm laying flat on a bunch of blankets atop some wooden structure off to the side. I'm still thinking the band has just too much overlap and extra instruments that they don't need. Wondering if I could operate a musical mixer console. But now, I have to go to the bathroom. I go off to the side and find the equally messy and dirty bathroom. I lift the toilet cover to pee, then look at my fingers and find a couple specks of worrisome brown goo on my fingers, and just want to get out of there. As I exit, I see there is a room off to the side of the bathroom. Two band members, a young man and woman, are in there and they accuse me of spying on them, as they were obviously sneaking to a romantic tryst in that room. I deny that I was spying on them.

Walking back to my perch on the blankets, I encounter some of the band members. One asks me if I want to participate somehow in the practice session. I tell him I'm still just scouting out this sound-man gig and that I'll come back another time to follow up. I also meet the leader of the band. He's a punk rock type of musician, and he's got long metal spikes coming out of his skull, about 20 of them, as part

of his rock persona. I indicate to him too that I'm just not ready yet to commit to this support role.

I decide to go back home. I see that this studio/warehouse is on a busy street, maybe 42nd Street in Manhattan. I walk east looking for the subway. I ask someone "Where is the IRT station?" (Currently the names of the subway lines in NYC have changed. They don't use the old terms such as IRT, BMT, IND, etc.) A woman points down the street and I go to enter the subway. I remember I have to buy some tokens, but I don't know how much they cost nowadays. I want to get just \$10 or \$20 worth of tokens so I'll have more for the future.

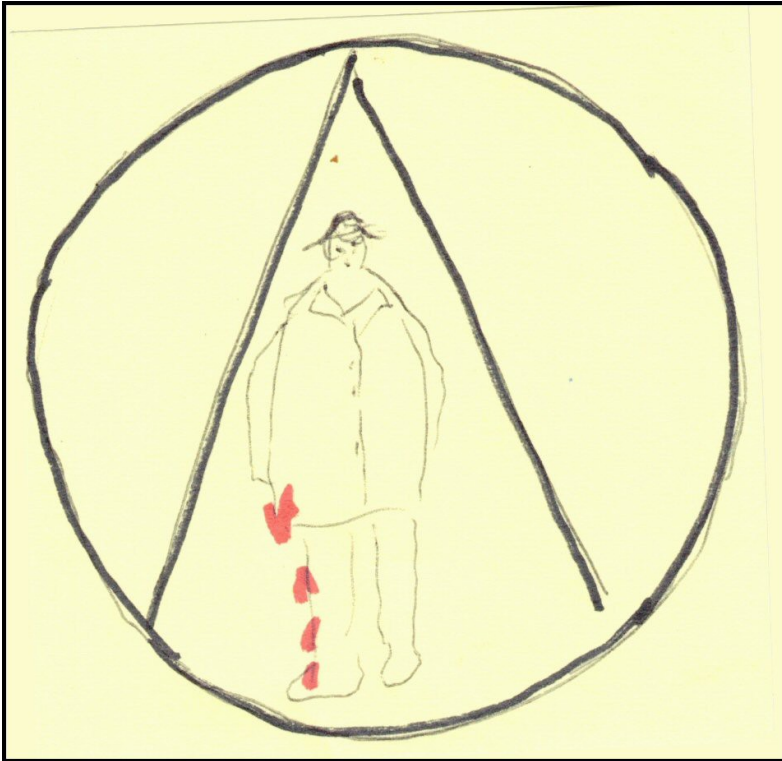
[Back to TOC](#)

October 13, 2024.

Dream 1:

I'm in Russia. There is a protest going on. Nikita Krushchev is in charge. Somehow I know I'm an American and I can get away with joining the protest. On the sidewalk I see a rough circle and I want to draw a peace sign. I don't get it quite right. (See image.) I draw Krushchev inside the circle. As I'm drawing it the black ink of my pen turns red, and it looks as if blood is dripping from his right hand, **Figure 4.**

Figure 4. Dictator with blood dripping from hand.



October 14, 2024.

Spiritual Download.

This is a new category where the initial thoughts are most likely in the dream landscape, but I'm slowly waking up and the ideas eventually evolve into a waking thought process that is much more cerebral than the dream state. In talking to others I've come across the term Spiritual Download to describe this process, as it seems to fit the idea that a spiritual or subconscious construct becomes more fleshed out as the rational mind translates the concepts presented in the dream state.

I've read probably over 5000 Near-death Experience (NDE) reports, mostly from the International Association of Near-death Experiences (IANDS.org), and the website of Dr. Jeffrey Long, the Near-death Experience Research Foundation, (NDERF.org), but also from many books on the subject.

Because of my decades in studying this fascinating subject, I'm thinking of writing a book to summarize the take-away points from these reports.

I'm thinking of the first chapter, or perhaps the Introduction of covering the abstract nature of the subconscious mind that is evident in dreams. The best example might be the common element of "the barrier" in NDE reports. This is where the soul, in it's travels out of the body, encounter some kind of impassible barrier, such as a doorway, a gate, or invisible force field. In ancient times this was symbolized by the River Styx. Nowadays it's more often described as the pearly gates.

Likewise, encountering a white light is the most common element in NDEs. And of course this is highly symbolic of enlightenment, knowledge, the love of God, etc. Like the barrier, these are all the essence of the idea, or more correctly the spirit of the idea that can take any number of forms.

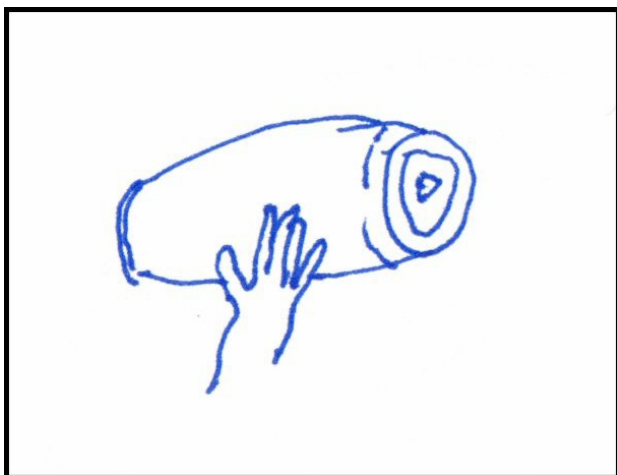
[Back to TOC](#)

October 16, 2024.

Dream 1:

I see people carrying a power device. It supplies energy somehow. It may even help people fly. It seems to be a future invention, **Figure 4**. It looks like a small tube, sucking air in one end and exerting a force from the rear, like a jet engine only portable and much quieter.

Figure 4. Portable energy device.



October 16, Dream 2.

Powerful “High” dream:

I’m trying to get home. I’m on a difficult path with many snares and obstacles. It’s mainly a dirt path but littered with sharp rocks, broken concrete, and physical barriers. There are streams of people ahead and behind me. We are like refugees escaping difficult conditions. I come to the underside of a broken bridge. There is a Mexican man there showing people how climb over these concrete slaps and cross a river.

I’m walking on a levee near the river. I come across this monster. It’s an abomination of mixed animals. It has the head of a fox with pointed teeth that are snapping at me. The left side of its face is disfigured and withered, but somehow the beauty of the fox head is still present, and I’m not afraid of it but I don’t want it to bite me. It’s neck and torso look like a big fish, and it swings the head from side to side trying to snag me. It seems to be riding on some kind of carriage that is moving along the path. See **Figure 5**.

I calculate if I can knock the carriage on it’s side I might be able to prevent it from moving. I’m able to grab the fox head by the snout, closing its mouth. Then I can knock over the whole cart. I see underneath are four legs, and two struts, like the wheels of senior citizens’ walker, with 3 inch rubber wheels on the bottom.

To my surprise, I see that the fox monster is on the back of this perfectly formed boy, about 10 years old. I can see the fox monster has human feet with shoes on them. I figure if I can get its shoes off it will not be able to walk on this gravel path with all the sharp rocks and obstacles. I get them off and I see its feet are already damaged, apparently from walking on this rough terrain. It’s feet are mangled and bloodied, where the toes have been damaged by the sharp rocks.

Meanwhile, the monster is still trying to attack me. He has implanted some spikes in the heels of his feet and he's trying to butt the back of his heels to stab me. I am just out of range, however, and I almost have this beast subdued.

As we are struggling, the normal human boy has slipped away to the side of the road. He has taken some leaves from a nearby bush and is crushing them into some kind of poultice or salve. He's applying this mixture to the seat where the fox monster was using as a platform on the boy's back. I assume he's going to apply it also to the monstrous parts of this creature, the distorted head and body. I suddenly realize that this monster is actually the malformed body of his older brother. The young boy, despite the many miles of torture, carrying his malevolent older brother, has totally forgiven his brother for the abuse and sets about to heal this broken brother. I sense that all is well with them.

I move on further along this rocky path and find myself in the basement of a nearby church, or possibly a monastery. There's a raised stone slab, possibly a bench from the monastery, and I lay down there to rest. There is the most beautiful music echoing from this holy place and I get to thinking how this young boy, despite the torture from his abusive brother, nevertheless turns around and heals him, forgives him, and strives to make him whole. What an awesome act of kindness! Now the divine music gets louder and I sense the angels are rejoicing at this young boy's heavenly attitude. I'm swept up by the music and the healing and I start singing. It's all in harmony with the music. I'm weeping with joy and thanksgiving as I sing "God is great! God is great." I wake up with an awestruck feeling.

Comments:

In the beginning, it feels like we are political refugees, maybe even crossing the Darien Gap, but there's no jungle around. I feel the Mexican man helping refugees as a guide of some kind. Even as I

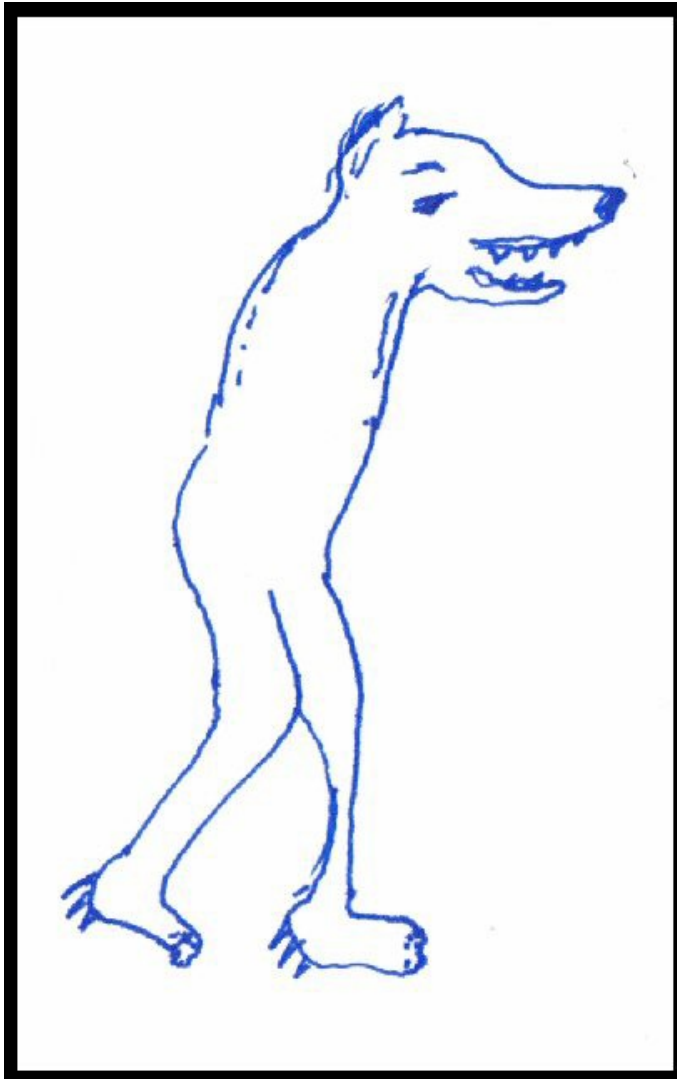
fight this monster, I see some beauty in the fox's mangled features. The younger brother's kindness, despite being tortured, had a profound effect as I wake up. On another level, I see this difficult trek and the challenges of monsters and hardship as a reflection of our soul's journey on this difficult planet. I wonder, too, if the word "salve" may be an oblique reference to "salvation." Is it possible we are here to learn the lesson of forgiveness from this little, innocent boy? Here, in the face of all our difficulties we can still do God's work by forgiveness and healing. Is that part of our mission? Are the angels and the heavenly host waiting and watching in anticipation of our kindness despite the trials and tribulations on our journey? See monster image.

Author's Note:

This is one of those dreams that indicates to me that this is a real communication from the spirit realms. For some of my dreams, I wonder if they are real messages from spirit, or as Freud would have us believe, they are mere wish fulfillment fantasies. I prefer to think of the more recent interpretation expressed by Carl Jung, where some dreams are directly derived from the "collective consciousness." That is, the group mind of the entire human species. This particular dream is way beyond my mental vocabulary. If I were asked to write a fantasy I would not even come close to details and significance of this dream. This leads me to believe this is a genuine message from spirit. This feeling is reinforced by the aura of awe and peace I felt upon awakening.

[Back to TOC](#)

Figure 5. Fox-headed monster.



October 19, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a church that I've never been in before. It may be a Mormon church. I'm sitting in a pew surrounded by other people, listening to a sermon or possibly a lecture. It seems the tradition here is to listen to the talk then to break up into smaller units. Not knowing anyone, I'm not sure if I will get invited to any group, but eventually a group of about 5 people have joined me and we start talking.

Another rule of this group is that you can choose a role of any one of the characters that were described in the sermon, or you could just be yourself and express your opinions. A third option is that you can take on the role of anyone else in the group. It seems to be a scenario where you can take on the persona of anyone you want. This is a confusing but oddly liberating way to approach any topic you want to discuss.

Comments:

This reminds me of the concept of reincarnation and the ability to see reality from any perspective you want to; a form of switching bodies and minds reminiscent of concepts I've seen in Near-death experience reports. For example, a bully beats up a classmate. In his life review he was shown and felt the hurt and emotions of the boy he abused. He became the victim. The same thing happened when the boy returned home and his mother saw his bloody face. In the life review, he became the mother, or at least adopted the feelings and experience of the mother, as she nearly collapsed at the sight of her battered son. This seems to be the "punishment," or the facing of responsibility, in the afterlife: That you get to experience the effects that your actions have had on others.

[Back to TOC](#)

October 22, 2024.

Dream:

I in a cold country, way up north, like Sweden or even the North Pole. Several of us are in a class, and I'm speaking. I'm trying to teach the others in the class about the concept of oneness, that we are all really one mind inhabiting many different bodies. That there is only one "Son of God." I think this idea is over their heads. I switch to the theory that angels or extraterrestrials or some kind of inter-dimensional light beings modified early man in the Garden of Eden, altering our DNA to include lighter skin, blond hair, blue eyes, and greater intelligence. I see, however, that there are two young East Indian girls who are almost Black in skin color, and I'm afraid if I expound on this idea that they would be insulted. I start wondering if I should address an audience that might be more open to this theory than the general population, or drop the idea completely. I find myself carrying off to another room. Not at all sure why.

Comments:

Err! Complex subject. Makes me wonder if I need more research or deeper understanding of such ideas.

October 23, 2024.

Dream:

The setting seems like the late 1800s. I'm a nurse in a hospital that has been set up amid a crash site. There's been a train wreck and I'm taking care of a patient who seems to be in a coma, but physically stable. The area where the train crashed is a mess of metal and wood. Local residents are going through the wreckage trying to steal or salvage anything of value. Fortunately, we were able to secure this

person onto a hospital bed. He seems like an officer in a blue uniform.

I call the family of this man to tell them that he is in fairly good medical condition, but they yell at me, saying they already know this from telemetry readings. I feel embarrassed by this rebuke. I want to call them back to ask if we should have a doctor's order to turn the patient every four hours (q4h) to prevent bed sores.

Comments:

Odd, since we did not have medical telemetry in the late 1800s.

There is a hint, on waking, that I am the patient. I was awakened by a shout, which I thought was a real cry in the material world, but there was no such sound in the bedroom. This could be a suggestion to pay attention to this dream. Am I the wreckage!? Ha, ha!

The blue uniform suggests this was around the time of the Civil War.

October 25, 2024. PARIS

Dream:

I'm in Paris with extended family members. We are occupying a 3-story building and getting ready to go explore the city. Unfortunately, the group as a whole is lazy and disorganized, some reading newspapers, others just idling around. I urge them to get going so we can see the sights, because I haven't even seen the Eiffel Tower at night.

A group of them finally get it together enough to head out, but now I'm behind them, trying to catch up. I'm distracted by a group of locals sitting on the side of the street on chairs. I engage in

conversation with them, telling them about the false wallet I once made to turn the tables on any would-be pickpocket. I then realize I have to catch up to my other family members, but I'm lost. I'm walking along a downward sloping street in a poor neighborhood of Paris. There are cheap food stands with lame pizza and off-brand soda for sale.

I see a man sitting at a picnic table and two thugs are harassing him, trying to steal from him. I yell at the two thugs, but then they start to come after me. One has a club, so I walk away. As I pass the other fellow he exposes a gun on his hip. The gun is a revolver and you can see the cartridge with long bullets, like rifle ammo, signifying a powerful shot. I finally walk back up the street. I'm trying to call my family on my cell phone, but the screen displays are not the same and I'm having difficulty communicating.

Comments:

Yet another in a series of dreams about Paris. Also, a theme of getting organized, a sign I have to get organized myself in the tasks I've set before me. The downward sloping street with cheap food is probably dietary advice. Threats of violence is yet another theme, probably my own anger at the upcoming presidential election. There is also concern for not being able to communicate with my family, even if we are in Paris.

[Back to TOC](#)

October 26, 2024.

“High” Dream:

I’m in a school, a university or college campus. I enter a room where Jewish people are congregating. I’m at the front desk of this room. There are five or six students there and they seem to be of mixed race. One fellow is pretty dark and I ask if we’ve met before, but he says no. Then a shorter White fellow is there. He catches me looking at a square of chocolate that is in front of us on the desk. The chocolate is dark brown, but has Hebrew letters on it, suggesting it’s a holy text for the Jewish people, maybe even the Ten Commandments.

This student seems to be challenging me, as if I’m invading the meeting they are having, but we talk more and he becomes engaged and less hostile. I’m asking him to explain the meaning and the significance of these words in English so a larger audience might be able to appreciate Jewish history.

I go to another room. This one is a long hall decorated extravagantly with fine art, gold plaques, in a very beautiful display. There are several students in easy chairs in the hall. A wise professor is with me and we sit together on a small couch. We seem to be talking about religion and metaphysical matters.

I say to him that I will demonstrate something to him and I stretch out my hands, palms down, and begin to levitate into the air. I find myself way at the top of this ornate room, my hand running across some of the many golden texts and ancient wisdom sayings even high up here at the upper reaches of the room. I know everyone is watching me. I get back down to the couch and tell the professor, “That was not to show off, but rather to open people’s minds to the

reality of other dimensions and the powers that God has given all of us.” The professor starts to give an alternate explanation, but now most of the students in the room have left, as if not interested in his material explanation of how the universe works.

Comments:

This stretching out of my hands occurs quite often in my high dreams. Sometimes I see light coming from the palms of my hands, and like rocket jets, if my palms are facing down, I will lift upward, pointed right, I will move to the left, etc. This is accompanied by a glorious feeling.

The setting in a school of higher learning is a sign of there being a lesson here, especially when engaging with fellow students and professors.

[Back to TOC](#)

October 29, 2024.

Dream:

I’m in a nice restaurant with family friend Mary P, who lost her husband recently. We are in a booth, and off to the side I see a large black box, and I know it’s her husband, but all we can see is the box. It doesn’t seem like he’s really there, just an emblem of him in the form of the box. I am standing next to her, but not saying anything. On the other side is a woman with dirty blond hair. It may be her sister, but slimmer.

Mary is weeping uncontrollably, with her shoulders shaking. It’s like she is saying goodbye to him. Then, her weeping subsides and she starts singing. Her voice is strong and steady as she sings Whitney Houston’s hit song, *I will always love you*. And this heart-felt song

seems to transform her, and releases her from the pain of this loss. As the song ends, she has trouble voicing the ending low notes, and her voice cracks. Not sure if this is due to her range not being low enough to reach those notes, or possibly some residual sorrow from the weeping episode. Under the table she kicks me, as if to say “Shut up, and don’t say a thing about my singing!” It’s said in a joking tone, and the friendly kick seems to convey a whole new feeling, like she’s been released from the tortuous grief.

She feels so much better that she gets up and walks toward the exit. We all follow her to the glass doors of the restaurant. She stops, and looking back at the other people in the restaurant. She wants to apologize if her crying upset any of the other customers. That’s how kind and considerate this woman really is.

October 31, 2024.

Dream:

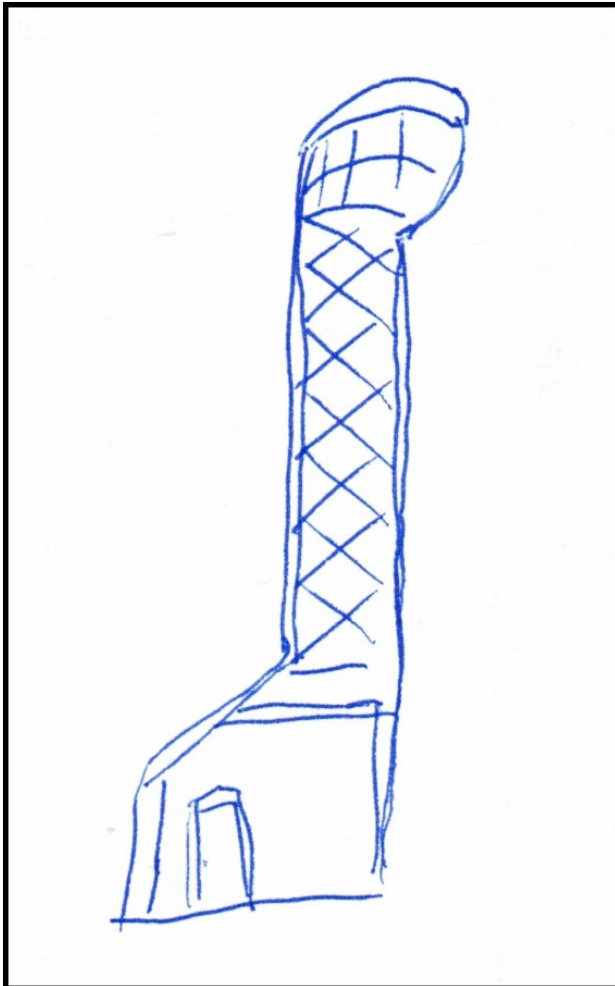
I'm in a rural Russian town. I'm there to take pictures. I see an oddly shaped old, rusty tower. This tower, for some reason, is the pride of the town, and someone is saluting it as a venerated symbol of the past. I'm there to record an election, **Figure 6**.

Next, I'm in Ukraine. I'm looking down on the town from a very high position. I see a train depot, and I fear the Russians are going to bomb it. I realize, however, that I'm wearing some kind of artificial intelligence (AI) goggles and what I'm seeing is actually a projection from the goggles onto the town far below. It is preventing me from seeing the real town.

Comments:

The first part of the dream strongly reflects some teachings from A Course in Miracles, that all we are really seeing is in the past. We are not seeing present reality. The second part continues some spiritual teachings, that what we believe to be the material world is mostly a projection of the ideas we have in our head about external environment. There are even newly discovered books of the Bible (the Gospel of Thomas?) where it is reported that someone asks Jesus, "Where is the Kingdom of Heaven." Jesus replies something along the lines of, "It is laid out before you, but you fail to see it." All this got me wondering about the nature of our material reality, and the distinct possibility that the spiritual realm is the only reality. The rest is but a dream.

Figure 6. Steel tower in a remote Russian town.



November 1, 2024.

Dream 2:

Next, I'm in a small town. It seems like somewhere in rural Europe. It seems to have junk strewn about everywhere, almost like a junk yard. There is a tall tower that is leaning precariously, and I see smoke from a bomb that has just exploded. As I leave the town I'm being chased by two dogs. The town is almost fully vacated, but there is a religious sect living at one end. The religious people from the sect use the dogs for protection. They come running up and save me from the dogs, as I have no intention of harming them.

[Back to TOC](#)

November 13, 2024.

Dream:

I'm floating down a river that's running fairly smoothly through a rural, wooded area. There are hills on both sides. Next I find myself high above the boat I'm in the air, looking down on myself from about 500 feet up. I can see that the river has lots of twists and turns, including an almost 90-degree turn up ahead of me.

Comments:

I can only guess that this has something to do with the path I'm on following the stunning win by Donald Trump. The 90-degree turn may be an indication that things will go sideways, or change direction in the near future.

November 15, 2024.

Dream:

I'm flying high above city blocks, looking down at the buildings. It seems I have to go the personnel department for some reason.

I'm at a beach. Somehow I see the sand just below the waves. Silt has built up on the sand.

Comments:

I'm only recalling snippets of dreams lately. I'm sleeping fitfully, wondering if the election of Donald Trump spells the beginning of the "End Times" of Christian lore. More flying up in the air might suggest astral travel.

November 23, 2024.

Dream 1 (**High Dream**):

I'm on a long adventure where I have a cape or cloth, or piece of clothing trailing behind me and I LEAP into the air, almost flying and land softly with a blissful sense of accomplishment. First, it's with a theatrical cape, and other trailing objects. I land atop a woman on a bed, just for fun. Next, I'm in a sort of street parade. There are primitive warrior dancers there too, and we greet each other in joy, with a primitive salute from the neck to each other

I'm told by others in this theater group to return the next day, an hour before normal practice. I'm in an open spaced bar or restaurant. These three tough guys approach me and say I owe them \$300. I'm thinking of giving them \$40 just to get them off my case.

Comments:

The first dream seems like a classic out-of-body experience, where I can fly and celebrate with others.

The second dream, I think is some kind of dietary advice. The night before I ate a bowl of ice cream and it doesn't agree with me, leading to a pasty diarrhea.

[Back to TOC](#)

December, 2024

December 4, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in Norway. I'm visiting the home of a very wealthy person, and it's beautiful. It sits atop a vast but gently sloping hill with a fantastic view of the countryside. It's more like a bulge in the earth than a mountain. I hear a voice say that it's 60 miles down hill from the top. I seem to be able to float around the property. I see grooves in the side of a green hill that have been eroded by rain. There is loose dirt and sand at the base of this groove where it intersects a roadway. I'm thinking that would make a great place to go metal detecting because gold may be washing out from the rain. As I take in the view I'm also thinking I could operate my ham radio from this location, as its high elevation would be ideal for talking over long distances.

I'm meeting with the family there. They seem bright and wealthy in more ways than one. My son is with them too. They go wandering off to explore the area. I go floating around and find a small store. It is filled with tourist items, like souvenir nautical items. I'm thinking I should buy something to bring back home. I see a Norwegian newspaper – it's in a language I cannot read. I wander to the back of

the shop and realize the store is really just the front room. I have wandered into the family rooms of the owners and this is not really open to the shoppers, so I leave. As I move away I hear a commotion and a smacking sound. I understand that parents who live there are punishing their daughter. She was one of the young teenagers who had wandered off with my son and other young adults. It seems they are a strict family and such a gathering, unattended by an adult, are considered risky and unacceptable.

I find myself on one of the paved roads leading downhill from the mansion we were visiting. I see a toy sailboat gliding down the side of the road. It seems there are underground cables that energize the toy boats so they can travel up and down the hill to visit lakes where they are remote controlled to sail around the water. It seems people are also able to use the power from these cables to transport themselves around the countryside. I try to engage in that myself, but next it seems I'm sleeping on the side of the road, on the edge of a steep embankment that drops off at about a 60-degree angle. I'm teetering on the edge. I call out for help. A man and his dog pull me to safety. Then I'm back on the edge and again call for help. Other people pull me back onto the road. I wake up.

Comments:

This seems a bit like what I call a high dream. It reminds me of talk about "The Mansion Worlds" I read about in *The Urantia Book*, a text about Earth's history, religion, and the afterlife. The entire atmosphere of the dream is one of wonder and awe at its beauty. It seems like a cold place, yet the sun is shining, which I suspect was from a physically cold bedroom. The end of the dream may be a warning, that some of my behavior puts me on the edge of falling to a lower, less spiritual, landing.

December 6, 2024.

Dream:

I'm high above the Adriatic sea, looking down on what used to be Yugoslavia. It's more like a map than a physical view. It seems the nations that once made up Yugoslavia, Montenegro, Serbia, etc., are planning an alliance to attract increased tourism. They are planning a huge Disneyland type project with a train ride connecting several of those nations. Along the way they plan several amusement parks and attractions. The scene from above shows the countries involved in various shades of yellow and orange. The path or the proposed train ride is a bit inland from the Adriatic coastline. I see red dots appearing on the map where the rail line is planned, The red dots are moving from north to south as the project is completed.

Comments:

This is such an odd dream for me. I wonder if there might be an element of prophecy involved here. I guess I'll know in a few years from now.

[Back to TOC](#)

December 7, 2024.

Dream:

I'm high up in the air over a small mid-Pacific island. As I look down on it I see a very unusual color blue is covering the top half of the island. It is some kind of blue vegetation while the lower part of the island is covered with green trees and bushes. It seems the island was once a volcano and the top of the crater is now filled with rain water which affects the growth of these blue trees.

I float on down to the surface. It seems there are very primitive people living there. There is a military presence there also. They have only limited but peaceful contact with the natives.

Comments:

Again more floating in the air; a common theme for me.

December 8, 2024.

Dream 1:

Two very advanced people are talking to me. They seem like superior beings far above my human level. A woman and a man, but the woman is recruiting me for something. They want me to spy on another group that is committing crimes of some sort. The superior man is discussing with the woman that I would make a good candidate because I am “her type.” It seems this other group is led by a woman who is enchanted by a certain type of man, and I seem to fit the bill.

The mission involves a small remote control device that enters this other group. It is attached to a long thin plastic tube. The trouble is, somehow it derives its energy from a tiny sensor they have to insert into my rectum. I can sense the insertion and it’s only slightly uncomfortable. I move from prone to the sitting up position, and they caution me not to move so much. I’m beginning to think I’m not so sure I want to participate in this mission.

Dream 2:

I meet another very advanced woman. She is beautiful and accomplished. People are celebrating her status on some kind of

ceremony on a boat. After the fete, I and other admirers follow her to a huge, well appointed apartment. I'm not sure I should stay there or just leave and wish her well. Then, however, I see a fellow from my ukulele group, and since he's there I feel OK to stay a while.

Dream 3:

Yet again I'm in the company of some advanced beings. I'm not sure what they are saying. I leave them and find a bent metal plate on the ground, about 2 by 3 inches across with inscriptions on it. Someone explains to me that this is a game where you register online that you found the plate. I say to the woman who is telling me this, "Oh, that's very much like Geocaching." It is however a different game.

Comments:

Interesting -these may be spirit guides.

[Back to TOC](#)

December 14, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in upper Manhattan, or possibly across the river in New Jersey. I'm seeing a therapist of some kind and it seems I've been seeing him every week for a long time. It seems he's acting as some kind of personal psychologist and spiritual consultant. Right now, however, he's acting as a chiropractor, working on some woman's back. He offers me some kind of bread. I take the end slice of a piece of Italian bread. Since he's busy, I wander over to the next room. This place features a round table with very spiritual, meditating people around it. I notice they are almost all blond, blue-eyed young women. I make a note to explore this group and maybe become a member, as they are discussing spiritual matters and enlightenment. I see a tiny spider on my hand and I shoo him off.

As I leave the building I'm confronted by tough guys who want to rob me or do me harm. I get away from them, but then I cannot find my car. I do have my car fob, though, and I press it and hear a beep. Trouble is, the car is being stripped for parts right before my eyes. There's a young man with long hair in a pony tail, and he's using tools to take major parts out of the car. I have my cell phone with me and I'm thinking I can take a picture of him for later identification. Next I try to contact home with my phone but I'm not sure if I get through. Later, I find myself in a car and I'm driving out of the garage area. I'm going down a slope and the brakes don't hold and I almost crash into a young boy who is standing at the end of a ramp, but he escapes unharmed.

Comments:

The initial meeting with the therapist suggests I'm having guidance from the spirit realms. The bread may be dietary advice for eating too many carbs. The communion with another Nordic type meditation group may mean there are other sources of spiritual help. The encounter with tough guys, yet another theme of mine, probably means there are still dark forces impeding my progress. The car slipping down the ramp might indicate loss of control of my body, the car being the vehicle of the soul. The little boy escaping damage may be my own young, innocent self. Inspiration?

Inspiration?

As I'm waking up I feel a strong desire to take one of my previously published books and update it. It's on Near-Death Experiences. I was able to access the NDE files of IANDS.org, but the organization did not endorse the book as it didn't meet certain academic standards. The survey results in the book contained many references, and showed survey results for over 3,000 case reports. I feel the information discovered from this survey is important for researchers on the subject. I'm thinking I could delete the citations and publish under a pen name, so that the public has access to the findings.

[Back to TOC](#)

December 19, 2024.

Dream:

I'm at the office of the church that I attend. There are several people around me, mostly women. They are asking me to make a deposit, \$15,000, to the bank. But there is some confusion about exactly where the bank is located. There is no address, just the name of the bank. It uses a "self-queue" deposit mechanism, which means you act

as your own teller. You have to give the pass code for your organization and record the transaction. The church secretary is there. She goes out of the office to retrieve the pass code. I roll my eyes, looking toward the heavens, thinking, Oh Lord, you're giving way too much trust in me." Feeling I'm not worthy,

Comments:

My sister has been visiting me and we were talking about spiritual matters. I was explaining to her the meaning of "store up treasure in heaven." She was already aware of the concept, like a bank account of loving acts that last forever. I feel the dream is a reward for that idea.

December 31, 2024, New Year's Eve.

Dream 1:

I'm in a dystopian world. The government is cracking down on all games, fun activities, and recreation activities. I'm helping a family sort through their belongings to sort out such materials to put into the trash. It's hard to decide what to keep as the new rules are a bit vague. I see cars full of people loaded with their belongings driving to another place. I meet a man from the next county and his area is exempt from these rules.

Comments:

The first dream I think may be related to all the upheaval in the Middle East, with war and displaced families suffering from harsh conditions.

January, 2025

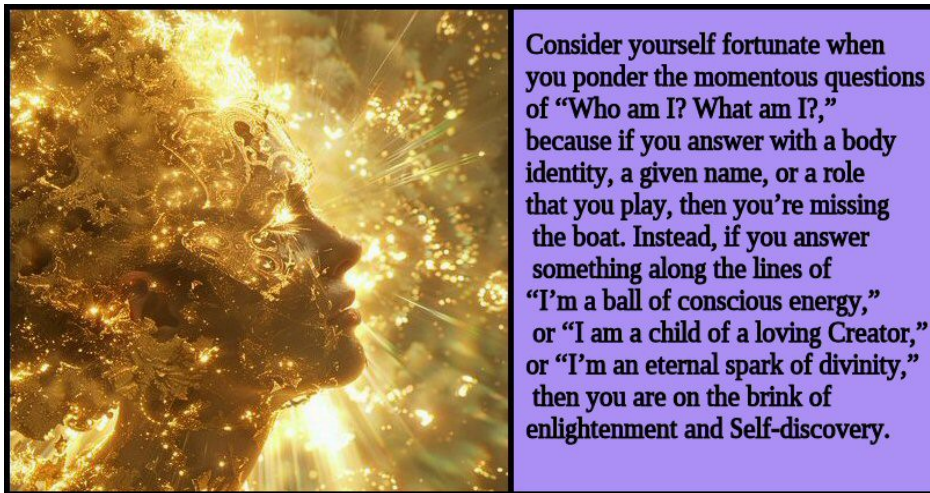
January 10, 2025.

Download:

I received this message during that semi-conscious state upon awakening:

Consider yourself fortunate when you ponder the momentous questions of “Who am I? What am I?,” because if you answer with a body identity, a given name, or a role that you play, then you’re missing the boat. Instead, if you answer something along the lines of “I’m a ball of conscious energy,” or “I am a child of a loving Creator,” or “I’m an eternal spark of divinity,” then you are on the brink of enlightenment and Self-discovery. See **Figure 7**.

Figure 7. Vision on awakening.



[Back to TOC](#)

January 15, 2025. ETs, Climate Change

Dream:

I'm in an underground complex of tubes, like large sewers, but clean and white. I have a feeling that this is part of an underground network. Before me is a humanoid creature about 5-feet tall. He's standing with his legs apart as if in a confrontational posture, but there is no sense of threat. Instead we just stare at each other. I feel he is another human species but living in these tunnels. He is all dressed in a white jumpsuit with a dark mask or face shield. There is a sense that we are communicating. It seems his attire is designed to live in these large white tubes but also he can live underwater.

Comments:

I have no clue what this means, but I feel I should be alert to future dreams to see if this is the start of some kind of inter-species communication. I may simply reflect my current exploration of the subconscious mind and my curiosity about the idea of alien life-forms.

January 16, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in post-apocalyptic world where the earth is scorched and barren. We are erecting a matrix of square structures, each about 12-feet high and 12-feet on a side, designed to reflect the sun and reduce global warming. Each unit is connected to adjacent structures, to cover a wide area. I'm afraid to walk out into the sun, so each structure is connected by a 2-foot wide cover so you can walk from square to square without entering the sunlight.

Comments:

This is probably a worry, or a premonition, of dangers that lie ahead if we don't address the problem of climate change.

January 21, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm on a team with others, medical people or healers. There are three bodies in a stream we are resurrecting. The water is clear below each of them, in a creek. The round stones in the creek seem important somehow, like they might be used in the healing. The idea is to bring them back to life to learn their stories, what happened to them.

An onlooker is watching us. He asks how it went, even though the procedure is not finished. It seems this practice of resurrection is common among spiritual workers and he's not at all surprised.

Comments

Dream 1 seems to reflect a process that I read in *The Urantia Book*, where celestial entities save and retrieve the energy and personality of people who have died. In this way all their experiences can be saved and made eternal.

[Back to TOC](#)

January 23, 2025.

I'm overlooking a beautiful landscape. It includes two parcels of land with large pools attached next to a high hill. They seem to be for sale by a powerful real estate corporation. One is priced at \$12 million and the other larger parcel at \$18 million.

There is a young woman from my church, K.R., someone I don't know very, who seems to be in charge of overseeing the transfer of this property to new owners. Although she is fairly young, she possesses a keen intellect and wise insight that far exceeds her age in years. She is a member of the vestry of our church. She also carries an aura of holiness about her that adds gravitas to her positions of authority.

I have heard from the board of directors for this corporation that they are also considering selling both parcels to one group or family, or conglomeration. The price for both would be about \$30 million. K.R. however is not aware that combining these estates might be subject to a package deal. I try to tell her this, but she doesn't seem to recognize or appreciate the meaning of this possibility. She is involved with other details of the transaction. I don't want to intrude on her duties, so I just leave. She catches up with me when she finally realizes that, yes, the two properties may be combined into one grand transaction.

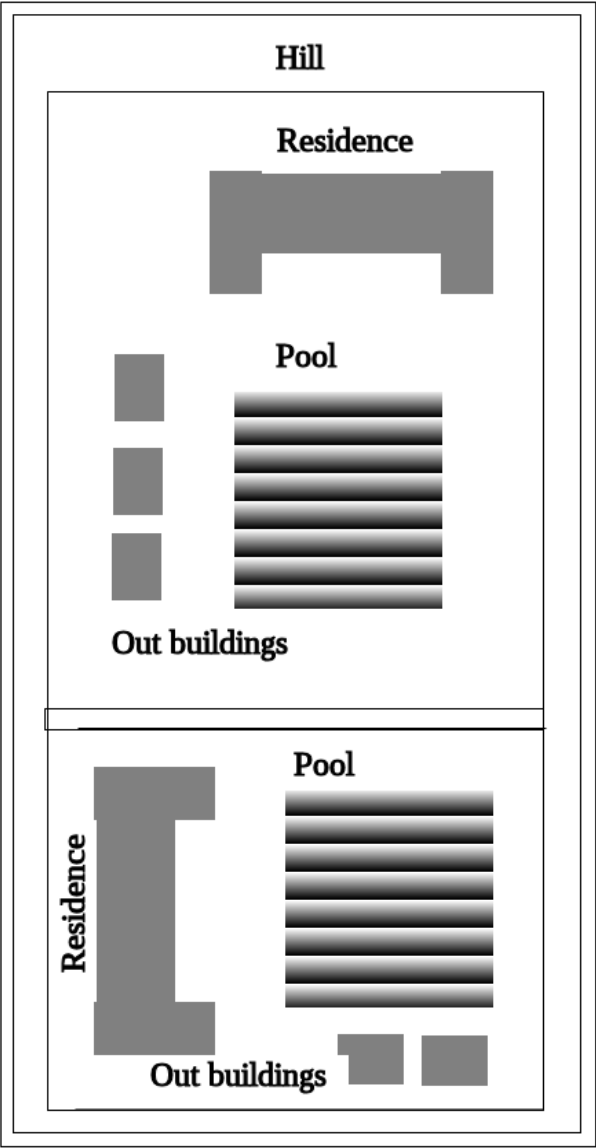
Comments:

The first idea that comes to me upon awakening is the phrase, "In my Father's house are many mansions." It seems the board of directors in the dream is a reflection of K.R.s position as a vestry member for the church. In fact, the entire dream seems to suggest our roles on the

earth plane are imitations of much wider roles we might play in the celestial realms. I'm awed by this possibility, as it hints that God prepares a place for us in heaven that we have no clue about in our daily lives. See **Figure 8**

Another dimension to this is that I rarely have dreams of people I'm not that close with. My dreams are usually interactions with unknown people or those who are family or very close to me. The fact that K.R. is relatively distant from me has me wondering if I should share this with her, or if it's an intrusion on her privacy. Since the content has important spiritual overtones that may be helpful to her, I'm leaning towards sharing this with her.

Figure 8. Two adjacent mansion properties.



January 24, 2025.

Insights:

As I woke up I was thinking of yesterday's dream about the young woman at church. I got the impression that high dreams like that come from a source that Carl Jung calls the collective subconscious. I got the impression that this concept is very close to what Christians call the Holy Spirit. In other words, I am entertaining the idea that advanced spiritual ideas can come through the dream arena. It seems I am prompted to share these events with the people involved. When I say prompted, that doesn't begin to convey the intense motivation to broadcast these revelations. So I'm investigating the idea that these spiritual dreams are providing help to others, God's children.

[Back to TOC](#)

January 25, 2025.

Dream 1:

There is some kind of global emergency occurring. The sky is glowing red with a hint of flames. It seems a woman is distressed at the kidnapping of her son, possibly by extraterrestrials. A million dollars are raised by people to help with DNA matching in an effort to find and identify her child.

Comments:

The first dream, I think, is triggered by the fears of disaster as Trump starts his term as president with draconian executive decisions.

January 27, 2025.

Dream 1:

I'm looking at chalky white cliffs on a hillside. It seems to be in Asia. There are statues and bas-relief carvings in the stone. There are rows of foot paths along the hillside to enable people to see the art work.

Dream 2.

Scientists are studying people and how they react to unexpected behaviors. For example, a person is given an assignment and during the task someone else trips nearby and the scientists place a check mark in a box if they respond in a certain way, such as going to help, ignoring them, stop what they are doing, etc. Another test is when the scientists start to play loud music.

Comments:

Not sure what the second dream means. I'm wondering, in the case of the first dream, whether or not this reflects astral travel. That is, the soul leaving the body and actually visiting these places. It also suggests that in the celestial realms our actions are being monitored and analyzed by researchers.

February, 2025

February 3, 2025.

Dream 1:

A woman is living somewhere in Europe during World War II, in a country occupied by Germans. As the occupation is ending, the locals are considering if she was a collaborator with the Germans. It seems she did not have sex with them but may have satisfied them by using her hands. One inquisitor is heating up a piece of metal. It's like a screen but the slats are 1/8th inch across pieces. He intends to brand her on the ass. During the occupation the toilets were backed up in the house.

Dream 2:

I'm looking down on the earth from an aerial view or a satellite view. It shows a coastline with fires near a water way. I see some burned out areas more inland and active fires near the coast. I zoom down to street level and I see the fires are man-made. People are erecting large hexagonal squares on top of poles. They are about 6-feet in diameter. Dozens of these squares are hoisted atop white PVC poles to about 15 feet into the air. They seem to interlock somehow once they are erected. Each hexagonal unit is filled with smaller white hexagonal squares about 6-inches across that contain thick, 4-inch long carpet fibers, and it is these they light on fire to fuel the flames.

Comments:

The first dream has me wondering if I'm seeing real events from the past. This might be a form of remote viewing. The backed-up toilets usually mean I'm getting constipated. The second dream suggests a conspiracy theory that the recent fires in Los Angeles were set on purpose. I tend not to believe that, but the idea is swirling around on social media.

February 18, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in a large house, at a meeting. Ten or so women are talking about spiritual matters. I suggest we form a group meeting so we can discuss such things on a weekly basis. They all seem to agree. They want to get started right away. We travel to some center where we can schedule such meetings. Me and one other fellow are the only men in the group.

As we get ready to leave, I ask my wife if we she can carpool with me, or should I carpool with others. She and the other man decide not to go, as she is sleepy. Besides, our car is in the shop.

[Back to TOC](#)

February 19, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in mid-town Manhattan. The collapse and invasion of our country has begun. I have a choice of entering a community underground, like a vast bomb shelter. I can't decide if I should stay above ground and take my chances or join the underground community. I see the bunker is vast, with lots of people and resources, but I have food stashed away in my home.

I decide to enter the underground bunker because I fear a nuclear explosion would render everything radioactive on the surface. I am in a group of people who fled the surface, but there seems to be leaders or organizers in the underground area. One woman was very kind to me, explaining things to me. There are two older men facilitators around me also. I summon each of them, but none come over to me. I want to tell them of my food cache and perhaps retrieve it for the

benefit of the people down here. Still, I'm thinking of sneaking out through an air shaft or something to retrieve that food.

Comments:

As I wake up, I'm thinking about the probability of this being the End Times, so often spoken of in a biblical context. It seems Trump and his cronies are hell-bent on destroying the economy and world democracy.

This ties in to my spiritual research that suggests the material world has to collapse to facilitate the awakening to the reality of the spiritual realms. Example 1, from the Bible: "Those who would save their life will lose it. Those who would lose their life will find it." I take this to refer to the body: To lose the body means you awaken to the reality of your spiritual identity. The soul, the spirit is eternal.

Example 2, from A Course in Miracles, Lesson 136, which underscores the same sense of spiritual identity: "Defenses are plans to defeat what cannot be attacked." That is your spiritual identity as an idea in the mind of the Creator. This would seem to suggest that worrying about the welfare of the body is a misplaced fear.

March, 2025

March 2, 2025.

I'm up in the air looking down on a border area in Ukraine. Drones are being used to watch Russian troops in the area. They pick up evidence that some Russian soldiers are having relations with a few Ukrainian women. They are identified. Some in the military want to kill both the soldiers and the Ukrainian women who are involved. The consensus seems to be to spare the women. The last thought is that they will kill the Russian soldiers involved in front of the women who fraternized with them.

Comments:

There is much news on television about Ukraine in the war with Russia.

[Back to TOC](#)

March 8, 2025.

High Dream:

I'm looking outside the front of my house as neighbors and utility workers are looking at a big ditch going under the walkways of my house and that of my neighbors. The ditch is about 4-feet wide and at least 5-feet deep. The neighbors are quite resigned to the digging, even happy about it. About 10 of the neighbors come into my living room and we all seem to be good friends. We're in a semi-circle celebrating something. My friend Mary P. is on my right. Everyone starts singing. To my surprise Mary is singing very beautifully and to a song I heard a long time ago. It's "*O Holy Night*" sung by a tenor sometime back in the 1970s. It's my favorite version of my favorite Christmas song, because the original singer reprises the verse "His

power and glory evermore shall reign” at the end and adds flourishes and aria-like enhancements to that verse as the end. To my surprise, Mary is singing this in a strong and beautiful voice, full of power and confidence. I am backing her up singing the bass cleft. It’s quite moving.

Comments:

I wake up in a state of bliss. My favorite song sung by my best friend, a woman who claims she cannot sing. I feel the ditch represents the underground or subconscious mind. The entire mood of the dream is one of friendship and celebration. It seems to offer a peek into the celestial realms.

March 9, 2025.

Dream 1:

I’m playing volleyball on a court, but I can also see myself and the other players from many different perspectives, from any angle, including from underground. The ball comes to me and I return it toward by fellow players. Now, however, I see my line of sight, watching myself, move from behind me to swooping underground, looking at myself from beneath the floor. I see myself fall and I see the ball fall short of my nearest team mate. So we lost the point.

Comments:

This dream suggests to me that this ability to see material events from any perspective is an ability built into perception in the spirit

realms. If we are spirit, we can relocate anywhere in spirit realms, zooming in and out and anywhere in the holographic dimensions. I often see from this 360-degree perspective in what I call High Dreams, and rarely in waking visions.

March 12, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in a warehouse setting in a tough neighborhood. Some young thugs capture me and bring me into a room to their leader. He's taller than most people, slim and looks like he's Russian. He seems threatening to me. But, being a smart-ass, I tell him, "Sure, you're bigger than me and could easily beat me in a fight, but you don't yet understand that this is a 'Reflective Universe.' What goes around comes around. What you do to me will eventually happen to you!" I suspect he himself is already living in fear of violence from other sources. I'm hoping he regards my comments as helpful.

Comments:

This reflects some spiritual and religious truths that I've been studying.

[Back to TOC](#)

March 18, 2025.

Dream:

I'm in a large church with a large congregation. Every pew is filled. It's a funeral. There is a lot of standing, kneeling and sitting. The minister has a sky blue shirt on. We start a procession, I think to view the casket. A line forms. When it's time for the section that I'm in to go up to pay our respects, the woman in front of me, being the lead for our group, doesn't know where to go. She leads our line around the alter. She finally walks to the side where we're supposed to view the casket, and the congregation emits a muted cry and applause that she finally found the right place to go. When I get to the side, I look through a window, expecting to see the deceased. Instead, it's a medical doctor, an intern. He is on a 24-hour shift and is taking nap, a work break to rest up. I see him stirring. He's spread out, all akimbo, on some wooden structure.

Comments:

I'm not sure what this means. There is a school of thought that says all the characters in a dream are aspects of one's self. This would suggest that I'm the confused woman not knowing how to deal with death. I'm the sleeping doctor. Another angle may be that when you expect death, there is no body. In other words, there is no death, as psychic Edgar Cayce contends. Cayce refers to the Great Pyramid at Giza being empty, meaning symbolically, that there is no death.

March 31, 2025.

Dream:

I'm with several ministers in a large church in the middle of a poor urban neighborhood. I'm one of the ministers. Several of us have been kicked out of this organization. I ask one of the other ministers "Who's left?" in the old church. He doesn't answer me.

There is a minister with me, a friend of mine. We pack a car full of things we might need to start our own church. We drive around the city. While driving around we find a stray white-furred dog and we take him with us. We're wondering if we should start our own group or church.

Comments:

Hmm! I never thought of myself as a minister or starting a church. I have been thinking of writing another book, this one on all the New Age revelations that have come to us since biblical times. There is much information that compliments traditional Christian teaching. Such a book, however would take nine months to a year to complete, and I'm not sure I should start such a project.

[Back to TOC](#)

Part 3

Waking Experiences and Insights

From multiple sources by the author.

October 1, 1952

The Voice – Math Help

The first time I heard the voice, I was in grade school. I didn't know what it was. Learning math was the trigger. The teacher was saying “Carry the one to the tens column.” What does that mean? These are numbers and pencil marks. How do you carry the one anywhere? I put down my pencil, stared off into space, and drifted off into daydreaming. Then I heard a shout. In my head.

“Vinny, this is important! Pay attention!”

Whoa! The AUTHORITY in that command! There was no ignoring it.

I listened again to the teacher. Apparently half the class was as confused as I was and he was explaining it in more detail. 27 plus 37. The sevens add up to 14. You can put the 4 part of 14 into the ones column, but the one part, actually ten, has to be added to the other numbers in the tens column.

Oh, it all made sense now. I wonder how many years of difficulty with simple numbers that saved me from.

July 1, 1953

Whitey the Angel

We had a large family. When I was 9 years old I had eight brothers. The year before we finally got a sister, Linda. We were poor. My father was glad we finally had a girl. I, however, was hoping for another boy, so we could have our own baseball team. We had to move into public housing, a place called The Vanderveer Apartments in Brooklyn.

It was a tough neighborhood with a mixture of races. All of us were low income. My aunt was concerned for my safety. One day she pulled me aside and said to be careful when I went outside. I had never really thought much about safety at that age. It was always in the back of my head, however, that this was a scary town.

One day while out playing stick-ball with my friends, I told them about my fears. One buddy of mine said, "Oh, you have to meet Whitey. He'll tell you how to stay out of trouble."

A few days later I met him. Right away I could see why they called him Whitey. His hair was in a crew-cut. Although it was technically blond, with the sun on it and his hairs standing straight up, it looked like white hair. He wore an ivory colored shirt too, which gave me the immediate impression he was an angel.

"What are you afraid of," he asked. "What's the worst that could happen?"

"Well, I guess the worst would be someone beating me up and if I get knocked down, him sitting on my stomach while he punches my face. I wouldn't be able to get away."

[Back to TOC](#)

“Nah!” he replied. “There are lots of things you can do. You could punch back, you could twist around and get him off you. Your legs are still free. One of the best things you could do is rock your legs and maybe hook your ankle around his neck and pull him off you.”

Somehow, I felt better. I was only 9 and he was maybe teenager. In relative terms he was a “big kid.”

About a week later, two little tough kids were harassing me and my little brother. The attackers were smaller than us and I felt we could beat them, but we just wanted to be left alone. They started punching us, and I wrestled one of them while my brother took on the other.

I finally got him down, sitting on his stomach with my hands pinning his arms to the ground. At that point I remembered what Whitey had told me. This kid could swing his leg over and hook me by the neck. So, I bent my face right next to his ear and said, “You lose!”

At the same time there was a major commotion right above me and the other black kid came crashing to the concrete sidewalk next to us, skinning his elbows and obviously in pain. I got up and my brother and I walked away. The attackers limped off.

My brother asked me, “How did you do that?”

“Do what?” I asked.

“Well,” he said, “The other guy got away from me and he saw you sitting on top of his brother. He ran and leaped at your head. He could have broken your neck the way he was flying towards you. Then at the last second you moved your head down right next to the ground and the second kid went flying past you. I thought you were a goner!”

I swear, the Whitey guy was an angel!

[Back to TOC](#)

November 1, 1958.

Twilight Zone.

I called it “The Dream Time.” Just before going to sleep I would see clouds moving quickly, as if pushed by the wind. Behind the clouds were patterns, and symbols, and odd designs. They were moving too, but in a different direction from the clouds.

At about the same time, when I was maybe 14 or 15 years old, I would feel a rocking sensation. It showed up as a non-physical wave that would start at my feet and move up to my head and back again to my feet. The pulse would be about once every second until finally I would “Take off flying.” I would move out to the window and just look around at the night sky. I got into the habit of flying up to the roof of our 3-story brownstone in Brooklyn.

I was surprised to see on the roof that the front of the building up there was just a facade. It was about 5-feet high. I thought it was curious that the builders would add that extension, perhaps just to make the building look taller from the front.

It felt somehow natural to be in that altered state. One evening, while looking around, I saw a light in a window across the street. Knowing intuitively that I could fly, I moved my consciousness towards the light and started to peek in the window. I heard a voice. “That's not nice.” That was the last time, as a teenager anyway, that I went off flying. I suppose you have to have a certain ethical standard if you want to use spiritual gifts.

April 1, 1976.

Voice – Suffering

Another time, while going through a divorce from my first wife, I head the voice again. It has always been my ideal never to hurt anyone, never to do anything that would cause pain for another person. This, of course, created a great conflict during the divorce proceedings. I knew it would be painful.

During this period, wrestling with this conflict, I heard the words, “Don't deny others the blessings that come from suffering.”

Sheesh! Hard one! This conflicted with my ethical standards, but once again, the voice had that ring of authority. It created an awkward situation where you want to argue with God. Well, guess who's going to win that one! The divorce went through. Still, it's hard to juggle your values at a time of stress.

[Back to TOC](#)

February 25, 1985.

Break-Up

After my first marriage broke up, I met a woman, Mary N. We hit it off right away. After a year of dating I thought this just might be “the one.” We thought alike. We became very close. I can't really say I could read her mind, but rather we were “of one mind.” At the time I was pretty poor. Having given the house to my ex-wife, and paying alimony, I just didn't have a great cash flow. There was a huge gap in our economic situations, and I knew this would be a problem preventing me from planning a future together. This added to the angst of my already low self esteem. We did, however, manage several happy years.

During the time we were dating, Mary knew that I liked spiritual matters and she bought me a book on religious thought. Now, there's an odd psychological dynamic going on when you have a poor self image: You overcompensate and take on an air of being superior, to the point of arrogance, to cover for the deficit. And I was arrogant about these religious books. I would judge them. This one was trash. This one was 50% wrong but had some good points. Then she gave me a book called *A Course in Miracles*. (4)

This one I couldn't figure out. I found it fascinating, like nothing I had ever read before. It was a thick tome of many pages, three books in one. Again, it rested on my night stand and I would read a page or two here and there. I had it only for a couple weeks when I saw a chapter discussing “the holy relationship.” That sounded good to me, because, although I loved Mary I was really afraid of losing her. She was my best friend, my confident, and my lover. I was beginning to get possessive and jealous at times.

It was like, “I need three love letters from you a day. You're only sending one. What's wrong with you!” That kind of sick need was

me, not realizing the problem was not her. Anyway, this one paragraph in *A Course* asked if this relationship was plagued by fear or jealousy. Funny how God arranges things. Just a few days before I read that passage, Mary and I were in a book store. I was in the Science Fiction section and she was in the Biography area. When I came back to meet her, some fellow had sidled up to her.

“Oh, do you like biographies too. I love to read about famous people.” All the while he's touching her shoulder and patting her back. I saw red. I could feel daggers darting from my eyes, and I felt a rage, a desire to kill.

Anyway, I read on, and the book suggested I ask the Holy Spirit for a “Holy Relationship.” The phrase really popped out to me. Sounds nice. So, I closed the book, went to bed and said a little prayer; “Holy Spirit, make our relationship a holy one.”

The BIG One

It happened on a Friday night. I hadn't seen Mary because she went to an office party. When I woke up, I KNEW something happened. I said earlier I could almost read her mind. I just knew she had met someone at the party and went home with him. Sure enough, when I spoke with her again she confirmed it. I knew our special pact was over but I was desperate to salvage something of the relationship. I saw her again on Tuesday, and we had a blowout. I knew it was over. I pleaded with God, “Save this relationship!”

My world collapsed. Someone asked me at a later date if I was feeling suicidal. No, suicide takes energy, a force. I just wanted to shrink into a little dot and disappear. Suicide was two or three levels up from the emptiness I felt.

I went to my room to have a good cry. On the way, I threw my hands up in the air and said, “Well, that does it God! I'm done! I'm in your hands now.” Later I wondered if that wasn't a prayer too,

answered with a most abundant healing. When I got to my room, I saw the Miracles book there and threw it across the room. Enough of this disaster! Is that what you call holy?

I collapsed down on my bed, weeping like a baby. Maybe you've experience this, when your eyes are wet and you see a lamppost, streaks of light seem to spread from the bulb like sun beams. There was such a lamp just outside my window. The light beams were many and persistent. Then the magic began.

Now, please bear with me. This really happened. It was not a dream. I suppose it's possible I was hallucinating, but I don't think so. One of the beams became a solid tube of light, a bar of glowing gold. It entered my chest, right to my heart. When I looked down at my chest, all I could see was an outline where my body should have been. I was hollow, except for the golden beam. "What the . . .?" Next, three luminous orbs floated in from the window. They were each about the size of a softball, intensely orange-red, like burning road flares. As I stared at them, they floated around the room and settled into an upper corner on my right side. There was something about them. They seemed to have consciousness and intelligence. I quite distinctly received a message, "We have something to show you."

A panel came down from the ceiling. It looked like a screen they used for old movie projectors. On the screen I could see the outline of a tree trunk. There where tiny white lights circling around the tree. I felt they were the souls of people, friends who had come along to witness this event. Seeing the lights near the tree, I had the impression they were the spirits of people, and they had an aura of perfect equality. In other words, all souls in this realm were equal.

Then the screen turned into a window, and I peered into it as if seeing another dimension. I saw myself with that gold light still on me, but this was from a perspective outside of myself. I could see myself

there and also feel what that body was feeling. I was sitting on a four-legged stool. There was a block of wood under one of the legs, and I was shifting my weight so as to rock back and fourth, observing the balancing act but feeling the motions needed to rock the chair. Suddenly a foot kicks the block away and I settle onto a more stable position. The symbolism was not lost on me.

The next scene felt like I had flown to Africa. I zoomed down on a small tent on a remote hill. I could see inside, as if perched at the topmost point of the tent. On the floor was an emaciated Ethiopian woman. She was starving to death. It was only a matter of minutes now. I could see her matted nappy hair, her skin stretched over the bones of her cheeks.

A voice said to me, "This could be your wife. This could be your love, and you could find as much happiness her as with your Mary." Now, just a few seconds earlier, in comprehending the perfect EQUALITY of the dots of light, the souls observing this with me, I knew this to be true, yet I still cannot quite grasp the equality of all souls. It was like all souls are equal in God's eyes, and for the moment, at least, I could sense that.

In the next scene I was in Egypt. I was watching the Great Pyramid at Giza from the side. It was a dark sandy color in the setting sun. Above the peak of the monument, I saw another pyramid, equal in size, but upside down. This pyramid was more ethereal, made of luminous blue light, and it was rotating slowly above the stone twin. It slowly descended and was about to touch the point of the material pyramid. I have no idea what that meant.

Next, I was at the local Chamber of Commerce meeting. I had joined earlier that week to try to help make contacts for my struggling business. I was thinking about buying a suit, so that I would fit in with the other "real" business people.

Again, a voice spoke.

“You've been thinking of buying suit. Go ahead and get it. It's appropriate for you. But listen, if you cannot afford it, then just wear your rags. But hold your head up high, because you are my child, and I love you.”

Oh, God! The love in that voice! Forty some-odd years of a poor self image vanished in a second. It was a transformation. All these years, I held the idea of a loving God as just a strong possibility. But here was Someone who knew, me. Who loved me. He saved me!

I remember many years of silently mocking the “born-again” Christians and their “personal savior.” But here was a message that saved me, and it was exquisitely personal.

Suddenly, the panel disappeared and with it the visions. I was back in my room, alone, reclining on my bed. But filled with an unspeakable joy.

[Back to TOC](#)

February 16, 1987.

The Atypical Message.

I was working as a technical writer for an electrical engineering firm. The office was right along the inner coast of San Francisco Bay, in a town called Foster City. There were lots of marshy areas and man-made levies separating the town from the bay waters. These included a matrix of paths and dirt roads where I used to walk on my lunch hour. Dry areas of the trail were covered in aromatic fennel plants and wildflowers. The briny marshes were filled with cattails and sea grasses, growing out of a muddy bottom. Out to the east was the vast San Francisco Bay.

On this day in February of that year, I was feeling particularly elevated, as I had just been told, after one year with the company,

that I was getting a 15 percent raise. Before this job I had been running my own business, working as a research contractor. If you work for yourself, they say, you can “be your own boss.” But that's not true. If you have five contracts going on, you really had five bosses, and none of them want to hear about the other four. Alas, the business was failing and my wife urged me to “get a real job.” So, I was hired on a trial basis, and fortunately it worked out, based on the raise.

Meandering along a favorite path on that lunch hour, I had the San Francisco Bay on my right and a muddy marsh area on my left. This was one of those periods where I was not thinking about God very much; a quiet time spiritually. The generous raise, then, came as a pleasant surprise. I wasn't even asking for it, and here was a much needed gift. I thought, gee, “What can I do to pay God back? How can I show my appreciation?” These thoughts were a chaotic mixture of gratitude and a burning desire to pass on the blessing.

Finally, I found just the right words: “What can I do for you, Father? What is your will for me.”

The answer came immediately. It was powerful. Not the typical still, small voice, but rather a thundering boom. I was so stunned that I staggered and started to fall. Time slowed down, and as I'm falling I wondered if I should fall into the ocean side or the muddy side of the levy. I decided the muddy side, because it would be much harder to drown in the mud if I was going to lose consciousness. After the words formed in my head, “What is your will for me?” the voice immediately rang out:|

“You ARE my will!”

I fell to the left side, towards the mud, but I was able to catch myself before the fall. I didn't understand right away what those words meant. Instead, as I struggled to regain my footing, all I could think of was this wonderful sense of joy that I was feeling. I've heard that

such emotions are a hallmark of hearing from God, from revelation. Sheer bliss! There is, too, no mistaking the AUTHORITY in that voice. No question of it's truth and reliability. I skipped and fairly floated back to my work desk.

This was the first time I was shaken by a thundering voice. More typical of the guidance that I get is the quiet whisper or the message in a dream, or even that twinge of guilt when I know I've done something wrong. It's encouraging to know, though, that God has ways of getting your attention even when you're not focused on the Kingdom.

It wasn't until much later that I tried to comprehend what the message was saying. To this day I still strive to get my head around its significance. I've heard theories that we are not bodies. We are souls. We are ideas in the Mind of God. They suggest that The Fall was answered instantly. That we remain united with our Source, yet our focus often remains pointed toward the material world, which is a kind of illusion.

“You are my will.” What a relief! There was a sense of being totally innocent. Totally loved and forgiven. All the other crap in my life wasn't worth a hill of beans. I need do nothing, just BE the child of God. If I was created in whole by His will, then it endowed this life with a divine blessing. And being created in love, by Love, that means the bond is still there. It carries me. It transcends the separation.

Since that time, other interpretations have come along. New Age thought is that God has only one son: all of us. Not just people, but the physical earth too. For God so loved his Son, He gave him the whole world.

[Back to TOC](#)

September 1, 2005.

Living Waters

I found *A Course in Miracles* to be my main spiritual guide. But there was trouble in paradise. I came across one passage that troubled me, a fly in the ointment. It asked how do you know if something is real? The answer was, only if it lasts forever.

That bothered me, because, if you think about it, nothing on this planet lasts forever. In fact the entire solar system, the physical universe, will probably end some time too. It was a thorn in the side, because my whole belief system rested on the foundation laid down by this book. I began to doubt things. I was almost considering throwing the book away.

I met a woman at a New Age church who kept talking about how she received daily support from her “spirit guides.” That was relatively new to me. I was familiar with idea of guardian angels and the Holy Spirit, but she described having specific guidance from friends in the spirit realms. Curious, I bought a tape on line. It was a guided meditation to help identify your spirit guides. That's when the second Big One happened.

I bought a cassette tape on the internet that was advertised to help you find your personal spirit guides. I had tried meditation before, and while I often came away with an uplifted feeling, nothing very dramatic had ever happened. I was also familiar with guided meditations, and these too were often helpful.

The tape started playing as I relaxed on my bed. A soothing voice in the headphones painted a picture of serenity as beautiful music played in the background.

SUDDENLY – Poof! I popped into another dimension. I was fully awake. This was not a dream. There was a fantastic party going on. The word JOY was the only way to describe it. And there was this most beautiful rock-and-roll dancing music blasting away. All my friends were there and we were dancing and having a good time. The music was overwhelming. I always thought, if I ever get to heaven, that there would be soft, classical music with harps and violins. No, this was major, jump with joy music.

I was in a huge room, no walls. I knew all my friends were there, but I couldn't see them. I looked around and nobody was in the room. Just this young, Middle-Eastern fellow. He had olive skin and a simple green T-shirt, but his face was full of power and dignity. “I know my friends are here,” I asked him, but I don't see them.” “That's because their *thoughts* are here,” he said, and I immediately knew he was Jesus.

“All the loving thoughts you have had with your friends, all their loving thoughts for you, well, I save them. They are eternal. That is what heaven is made of.”

“What!?” I was astounded!

“Didn't I tell you that I go to prepare a place for you? Didn't I tell you of our Father's love for his children?”

Oh, my heart was bursting! I was overjoyed and bedazzled. It meant that there WERE eternal things in the material life; Loving Thoughts. I later looked up the idea in *A Course in Miracles*, and I found it was strewn all throughout the text.

[Back to TOC](#)

I have saved all your kindnesses and every loving thought you ever had. I have purified them of the errors that hid their light, and kept them for you in their own perfect radiance. They are beyond destruction and beyond guilt. They came from the Holy Spirit within you, and we know what God creates is eternal.

A Course in Miracles, Text, Chapter 5. (1)

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. How all my questions and doubts were erased! I collapsed into a chair. All the while the music continued. It was calmer music now, more sacred and embracing. Jesus stood up and came around behind me, behind the chair. He touched my shoulder. In this realm, although he was behind me, I could see all around, like 360 degrees, and now he was the classic Jesus, with a beard and flowing white robes.

“Do you want to meet your spirit guides now?” He asked.

I didn't care. All I could think of was the idea of him saving our loving thoughts, and they are preserved for us. The music was so intense, and now there were voices singing too.

“What is that music?” I asked.

“Oh, those are people praising God.”

“I want to go there!”

He lead me to a brick path. The bricks were gold, like in the Wizard of Oz, meandering through a garden. I could see off in the distance what looked like a big football arena. The music got louder. As we got closer, I could see the beams of steel that contained the arena, in the shape of an egg with the top open. As we got closer I saw that they were not steel beams, but rings of people. They were circling in mid air, with a beam of light that came down into the center of the circles. They were rotating. They were alive.

Whereas in the big room at the beginning of this vision, I could not see any people, now I could see friends in the rings, holding hands

and singing praises to God. There were rings above me, rings below, some on the outer parts of the human arena, some closer in to the light.

I found my ring of friends. Now I could see an outline of their bodies of light. I felt their hands in mine. I joined the chorus. “Oh, thank you God, Thank you Jesus!”

Meanwhile this river as sparkling golden light, streams of Living Waters flowed down on all of us. It was the Love of God poured out on us.

“That's it! That's all I want! I will stay here forever, praising God, receiving his love.” The music continued. Time stopped. Eventually, the music included a clicking sound, and it broke the spell. I zoomed back into my bedroom. The tape had finished and the recording machine was making a clicking sound.

My friends, you who are reading this: As I write this, I am overwhelmed with emotion. That was the most divine moment in my life.

This is available to you too. It's there for you. If you could feel the intensity of God's love for you, you would fall to your knees, weeping with gratitude. No more doubts. No more worries. Just complete peace in the bosom of your Creator. Amen.

[Back to TOC](#)

July 5, 2024.

Dream:

I'm in a large restaurant with several friends and strangers. We are partnering off to see who will sit at the same table. I'm hoping in the back of my mind that whoever sits with me might become a romantic partner. I end up with stepson Nick and his friend. As we are

ordering, Nick becomes intolerant and doesn't want to sit at the same table as me based on what I ordered for the meal. So, I'm looking around at other tables and who I might sit with. There is a middle-aged woman a few tables away who, like Nick, is troubled by her table-mates order and is walking away. I'm thinking I should sit with her and have a long talk in which I might bring some peace of mind to her. In other words, talk about spiritual matters and interpersonal connections.

Comments:

This is a growing theme in my dreams and my personal life. Instead of seeking a "special relationship," as *A Course in Miracles* describes it – an ego-driven self interest - I'm seeing another opportunity, more spiritual, where I can be instrumental in fostering the unity of all mankind by the recognition that we are all children of God.

[Back to TOC](#)

Remembering Your Dreams

Like most other skills, learning to remember your dreams takes practice. It starts with an appreciation of the importance of your dreams in assisting with your waking life. This provides the motivation you need to keep trying to remember them. Once you have a few successes, the rewards will provide feedback and a stronger desire to continue.

For me, it all started in my college days, reading Sigmund Freud's *The Content Analysis of Dream*, Carl Jung's *Man and his Symbols*, and the book of Daniel in the bible. This was followed by books on dreaming and lucid dreaming.

I suggest the following:

1. As you lay down for the night, repeat to yourself that you will remember your dreams.
2. When you first wake up, try not to move. Try to remember what was happening, what you were doing while sleeping.
3. Most often you will remember just a snippet or a glimpse of the dream. Again, try to expand on what the thoughts were before you open your eyes or before you move.
4. As you recall the fragments of the dream try to consciously select key words to help you remember more fully.
5. Write down on a piece of paper the key words and phrases that you do recall.
6. Later in the day, keep an open mind about your ability to fill in the blanks of the ideas and emotions you experienced.
7. Take a few quiet moments during the day to review the key words you do remember and just stay still as more details emerge.
8. Be vigilant during the night if you wake up. Jot down what you can recall.
9. There are several techniques for activating lucid dreaming. One such exercise is to stare at the palms of your hands before you go to sleep, and repeat to yourself that if you see these hands in your dreams that this will trigger an awareness that you are dreaming. This can be difficult.
10. Start keeping a journal of your dreams.
11. Studies of REM sleep show that most people have about three dreams per night. As you grow in awareness, you will remember more of them.

12. Keep track of the subject matter of your dreams. Probably 80% or more are about your daily activities: work life, school, diet, personal relationships, and problem solving. Then there is what I call “high dreams,” where you seem to get advice from a higher source, from religious figures or mentors, including ethics, morality, spiritual truths, and metaphysical issues. For these you will often become aware automatically, and it’s important to have a written record to help guide you.

Good luck!

[Back to TOC](#)

Books by Vincent T. MIGLIORE

Nursing Student Dream Diary, Volumes 1, 2, & 3.

My Year of Dreams.

Trekking to Jordan