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All Shook Up



Thursday October 12, 2017 ca. 5 pm

Of all the days in all the months in all the year, Friday the 13th just had to be the day the world as it was all sort of just blew up in our face. My two daughters and I . . . well, we quite lit the fuse when, about sixteen hours before that cool October morning, we'd tramped through the garage door of our woodsy rural log cabin home following an afternoon of errands and posed a simple question. Atop a wild, spiritually hectic week culminating in our long afternoon in the car talking over God, ancestry, life, and surprises from dear dead friends, my two-days-eighteen daughter El froze mid-step in our living room and blurted, "Creator,⁸ do you have a family?"

And he answered.

We all three traded surprised eyes at the *yes* response.

She was on a roll. "Do you have a wife?"

8. How we addressed him before he said he prefers Mina (for his real name: *soL* § 1.1:336).

Yes.

“Do you have children, not just us?”

Yes.

She paused a few seconds, thinking through the logic. “Do you have a *mother*?”

Yes!

While I jacked my jaw up off the floor, she looked at me. “Dad, I can literally *feel* his joy that we’ve just discovered this! He’s really happy! Can we meet her?” she added, not to me. “Can we talk to her?”

At which point El swiveled to her right, face and eyes cranking upward as though at a much taller person. Her expression transformed, aglow with delight and excitement. A smile burst across her cheeks as her hands flew to her heart. She sucked her breath.

“Hi, Mother!”

Yeah. I gawped, too.

Even a wizened skeptic like me could tell my younger daughter was having a moment, an experience, a—well, a revelation. Chills, tingles, and heat shivered me timbers stem to stern. Energy and pleasure radiated from El. I could see her gleam. There was no mistaking her profound joy and rapture. We, too, felt the presence of ‘Mother’ fiercely blazing with happy excitement. Communicating. In our *home*. To *us*. Who were *aware* of her. My older daughter and resident spiritualist Ayako, now two days from her twenty-first year, twisted round a blue-upholstered, high-backed dining chair and plopped into it facing El with a knowing curiosity, feeling all the energy we were experiencing and more. We incessantly questioned Mother and Mina—‘God’ (FN I:i)—into the night; you’ll encounter it all here and in *The Story of Life* (SOL; McKeon 2022).

That wasn’t even the really exciting part. But before we got to that, our curiosity slanted us through some scary hours later in the night that left my exuberant daughters tearful and terrified, and me wondering just what can of worms we’d pulled the pop-top on. For now, though, we enthusiastically pushed our envelope of reality and the eye-popping responses snowballed. A lifelong



Irish Roman Catholic, Protestant Christian, Unificationist,⁹ and now post-Unificationist, it soon registered that my worldview, my *lifeview*, was in some real distress here. Stuff needed clarifying if not a little unmitigated arguing. Yet, for all that, Mina's answers were coherent, consistent, and sensible. Only good, loving, calm but excited energy bathed the room. With that, it seemed as wise a time as any to get down to the suddenly apropos nitty-gritty.

I said, "Creator, is the Bible true?"

No.

9. A follower of Sun-myung Moon's Divine Principle, the core of his Unification Church.

I pulled a hard breath, astonished, though as a graduate of divinity school maybe not all that surprised. Even so, a linchpin of my lifeview clattered to the wide-planked floor.

“What about the New Testament? Is Jesus’ teaching in that true?”

“Dad, he said—”

No.

“*All* of it?” I gave my girls each a once over, but if you could wear a body shrug like a pantsuit, they were. *Kids*, I thought. Always jaunty at the start of a march across somebody else’s Bataan.

No.

“So, some of it, then, is true.”

Yes.

“How ‘bout Jesus,” El said, “is he a real person?”

Yes.

Well, that was a relief. I think. Anyhow, the girls looked copacetic. We quizzed Mina on this topic awhile until, inevitably, it led to the issue most pressing me.

“Is Rev. Moon’s teaching in *Divine Principle* true?”¹⁰ I mean, I’d largely bet the farm on it in 1981.

No.

My ribs fell in. There went another linchpin. I let out a wheeze like I’d just downed a shot of two-hundred proof. Bleary eyes landed on each daughter, but saw in them none of my own jolt.

“Jeez, girls,” I yawped, “that’s my lifeview purt’ near forty years!”

Ever sassy, Ayako said, “Welcome to the next wave, Dad.”

Unlike Jesus, I *knew* Sun-myung (he eschews titles, now). His theologically ultra-modern *Divine Principle* was more real to me than worn out, foggy old Christianity, its grand morsels of wisdom and Jesus notwithstanding. Sure, *Divine Principle* reposed upon the biblical witness, but to me it more sensibly elucidated its core truths. It underwrote the full scale of my adult life. I might be perennially at war with Sun-myung’s pigheaded church institution but not his *Divine Principle*, not by any stretch.

I said, “*All* of it?”

10. His codified theology published in Korean (1954, 1966) and English (1973, retranslated 1996).

I had to ask because, like everyone in spirit world communicating with a non-conversational medium¹¹ in the physical world, Mina must needs be literal in our mode of communication. Absent face-to-face or even voice-to-voice, it's nigh impossible to gauge what a person means by words alone. Consider how the misunderstanding curve rises proportionally to one's metaphorical distance from the speaker. Words (rooting in shared definitions) need convey precisely what's meant. It's a tough row to hoe for humans, wedded as we are to contextual word play. You might think Mina could simply know our thoughts, but that creates complications of its own that *soL* tackles. What it boils down to, Ayako pointed out, is that we had to formulate our questions thoughtfully into unambiguous inquiries and confirmations that backed up our responses.

No, Mina answered me through El.

Huh. Once again, only some of my lifeview was true. Was that good? Who could know. As with the Bible, I could only wonder, *which freaking part?* The *Divine Principle* is a weighty *vade mecum* in its own right. Being young, unformed, and like many in their generation rejecting religion generally though not God specifically, my daughters *looked* okay—my eldest like an old soul hearing something she'd long suspected and her kid sister charmed in high cotton—but *my* cosmology was melting apart like Icarus' wishful wax job. This conversation was sweeping away a lifetime of hard-won truths, from the nature of the universe and God to Jesus and Sun-myung's messianism and the spiritual verity and providential histories that went with them (likewise with all religions), not to mention what I'd sacrificed—wasted?—for it all. My head was spinning. I was anything *but* okay. But dammitall if that would throttle my interest; perish the thought. Come hell or high water, I'm nothing if not the cat tempting curiosity.

By and by, we worked our way to the crux of the Abrahamic religions: the Fall of Man. Original sin territory and their *raison d'être*. After some unexpected and perplexing responses from Mina, we needed to get a few things straight.

11. One not able to converse voice-to-voice with spirit persons as in spoken conversation.

I said, “Are you saying the Fall never happened?”

Yes.

“So . . .” dittoed El, finally sounding a tad betrayed, “there *was* no Fall of Man?”

No.

“Satan never persuaded Eve to eat the ‘fruit?’” she continued. “Lucifer never fell—never had a wrong sexual relationship with Eve like Rev. Moon said? People never tried to be God and ‘fell’ from grace or perfection, or whatever?”¹

No, no, no.

“Well,” said I, “fuuu—!”

No.

Ayako shifted round to me with disapprobation. “That ‘no’ means negative energy resonates, Dad.”

Great.

After more give-and-take—during which Mina recast ‘the Fall’ as *The Corruption* in which humans self-manifested our selfish, harmful world and self-alienated ourselves from God (I mean, Mina) without any help from anybody, including our evolutionarily left-over, full-blown-batty reptile brain—El perceptively said, “Wait. Are Adam and Eve even real people who actually lived?”

No.

Ayako and El traded stares. It seemed their own lifeviews were at last meeting some unexpected renovation. About time.

I choked. “Um, they don’t exist?”

No. They don’t exist.

“Then, is Satan a real being, a fallen angel, or . . . whatever?”

No. No . . . no.

“Wait, wait.” Just. *Wait*. I needed a minute to *think*.

El didn’t. “You mean Satan doesn’t even *exist*? There’s no devil, no evil force or being that—”

No, no.

“So, no war in heaven,” she went on in obvious offense, practically ticking through Revelations (12:7–9) on her fingers and giving me, her ministerial, semi-Bible-thumping father a flinty eye, “no angel

rebellion, no beings cast down to earth, no ancient good vers—*none* of these stories religion taught us are true?”

No. Sorry.

El blew off a heavy breath, threw up her hands, and tromped in a circle. Oaths welled up in my brain so fast they had to take a number.

A little hostile, I said, “What about Darwin, then?”

“Not Darwin, Dad,” said Ayako, ever the schoolteacher, “Darwinism. Unless you mean the guy, you’re talking natural selection.”

“Uh, sure . . . but is he—it—true?”

No.

“What? But then—?”

“So, evolution is *wrong*?” said El.

Yes.

“All of it?” I added, pretty much expecting the obvious.

No.

Yep. Here we go again. “So, basically, *everybody’s* explanation for humanity’s existence and miserable condition is total bullshit?”

“Dad . . .”

“False?”

Maybe . . . yes.

Ayako said, “Remember, Dad, he said not *every* single thing.”

“Yeah, but everybody’s?”

“Like, all religions and philosophies?” El said plainly.

Yes.

She let out a low, gruff whistle. “*Waaah*—when your whole existence is just a fat lie.”

“So, Islam, too?” I said. “And Buddhism, Confucianism, Hinduism, Animism—”

Yes, yes, ye—

Ayako gave me an eye. “He said all religions, Dad. Come on.”

Yes.

“I’m just being thorough.” And not taking sides, I didn’t say.

No.

El barked a laugh and rolled a few eyes.

“I’m not? But I . . . wait,” I said toward El, who was doing our energy testing, “are you pulling my leg?”

Yes.

“Well. Isn’t he just a barrel of monkeys. Never took God for a joker,” I said to Ayako, though a medium once claimed it to me.

“Lots of things you never thought of, Dad,” she chirped, queen of the snappy comeback and earning my tight-lipped stare-down. My mood was a little nettled, frankly.

A flurry of questions and statements followed as we plunged ever deeper down our rabbit hole. I put evolution aside for now. It only dealt with our bodies anyhow. We had *cosmic* issues on the table. But now, a few other things in my head about the human ‘fall from grace’ were rising to the fore and clashing with Mina’s assertions. It occurred to me we’d need to pull in somebody else, the very somebody who off and on since late summer had purveyed through a local medium a seemingly clear, unambiguous spiritual reality that included a very real Adam and Eve: Archangel Michael.¹²

1.1 SEVEN WEEKS EARLIER . . .

See, back on August 27, 2017 my ‘woo-woo’ spiritualist church friend, Moth Man¹³—always going on about spirit world, Mother God, the Divine Feminine, angels, spirit animals, and the like—sauntered up to me after church in Bowie, Maryland with a friend of his whom I didn’t know particularly well. He said, “Hey, we have this thing going on in a few minutes where we’re going to use Emotion Code [an alternative healing modality₂] to heal Archangel Gabriel and Michael. You like angels, right?” All I had for that was a body shrug. “Why don’t you join us?”

I blinked, nonplussed. “Uh . . . what’s wrong with them?”

“They have trapped emotions.” Moth Man’s eyes flitted to his nodding companion. “Gabriel came to my buddy here in a dream last night, asking him to do an Emotion Code healing.”

12. No such thing as *archangels*. We use it for clarity and convenience (see *soL* § 1:520).

13. My Moonie best friend and ‘spirit animal’ expert, his own being the moth.

Ohhh-kay, then. I didn't really hang around the goofy new-agey types but, as we'd been acquainted since 1982, I'd made him the exception. I've always been a somewhat cutting-edge theologian though apparently a little conventional in my angelology. If you wonder why angels would even need healing much less humans to do it for them, well, I did, too.

I said, "What's 'emotion code' and why do they need us?"

Moth Man launched into a quick overview, noting they'd lined up a local Unificationist 'mental medium'¹⁴ in a breathless 2 AM phone call who also happened to be a certified Emotion Code practitioner. The stars were aligned. He wore an expectation I'd say yes the way a dog starts chewing while chow's still airborne twixt the bag and bowl. I'm really *not* the new-agey type, did I mention that? On the other hand, I'm always game for something interesting and unusual and this scored about a hundred-forty on that scale. The four of us sat down at a faux wood-top table in a quiet, closed room in the church. Our local *Ms. Medium* (whom I'd only just met scant weeks earlier) laid out her Emotion Code three-ring handbook, composed herself as we all sat on tenterhooks, and then gently asked the room if Gabriel was present.

Well, of course he was.

Our 'Angel Code' meetings that followed this initial gathering (during which Ms. Medium averred Michael "pushed Gabriel aside" to grab the healing benefit "all for himself"¹⁵) was shaping up to be a deuce of a book in its own right until Mina and these self-same angels later cratered the whole episode's veracity, but more on that later. The gist of this backstory is that it's here the dichotomy arose between Michael and Mina's revelations that began tickling my mind at the news there'd been no human Fall. It began during our third Angel Code meeting at Moth Man's house when Michael was lamenting, through Ms. Medium's anguished tears, how Lucifer provoked the Fall of Adam and Eve and that he loathed himself

14. One who experiences spirit world mainly via the clair senses such as hearing, seeing, feeling, or a combination.

15. And here's where Mina says all the trouble started with these Angel Code meetings.

for not doing more to stop it. How paralysis had gripped him till he'd ultimately done nothing. How, afterward, Lucifer arrogantly strutted through spirit world striking fear into the hearts of the stoutest angels (Michael, anyway) with his intimidating bluster and caused a rift, or 'war,' between the many soon-to-be-fallen angels flocking to his new-way standard and those clinging steadfast to God. How *our* fault lay in giving Lucifer all his venal power by adopting his self-centered philosophy. And so on. Michael had plainly painted Adam and Eve, the Fall, and Lucifer-*cum*-Satan as thoroughly real.



This had been some heady stuff for me, practically an elixir. It sure triggered my Moonie humans-ruined-the-universe-and-stabbed-God-in-the-heart guilt reflex that makes stereotyped Catholics to say nothing of Jews look like dabblers in the stigmatic arts. As Ms. Medium narrated Michael's torpedoed feelings during this third meeting, my heart clutched at my ribs, squeezed in viselike empathy as I contemplated this forlorn angel's suffering. My own traitorous chest crushingly proclaimed my own *personal* responsibility for it. This direct physical experience with such a powerful energy left me feeling profoundly *woke*. I went from skeptic to believer in two seconds flat for three reasons. First, I implicitly trusted Ms. Medium's integrity that imparted the certainty she was indeed speaking with *the* Archangel Michael. Second, I felt my body and the atmosphere ever so energetically and emotionally charged. And

third, his story was logically consistent with Divine Principle (my spiritual lifeview, which had emitted a too-good-to-be-true flicker of caution I'd rather too casually tamped down). Unhappily, Michael's thrilling drama seven weeks ago was now colliding head-on with Mina's cold, hard layout of reality.

1.2 THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 2017 CA. 11 PM

Having skipped dinner, we'd been in spiritual conversation with Mina and Mother for about six hours by now. Except for Ayako sometimes hand testing¹⁶ from her dining chair, El and I had been swaying on our feet the entire time. My stiff lower back burned in knotty resentment. Trembling legs tottered from the fatigue of Mina's energetic answers. Here in my house this crazy evening with him thrashing so many cornerstone beliefs, the contradiction with Michael's pious professions through Ms. Medium resolved into focus. It opened a new line of inquiry I couldn't resist and demanded explanation in any case.

There was little doubt in my mind we were receiving outside-of-self answers to our questions. Besides astounded to my core by this wholly unexpected turn of events, the spiritual energy in the house and coursing through our bodies was electric even for a two-dimensional guy like me who saw himself amongst the more spiritually dense of the species. It was all too strong, too real, certainly nothing my body had ever experienced. And this wasn't merely me observing Ms. Medium's clairvoyance, but my daughters' and my own. The three of us double-checked, validated, and corrected each other. Ayako was a regular genius sorting out the confusion of my oft-vague query formulations. As a historian, pastor, chaplain, theologian, research writer, software engineer, deputy sheriff, and all-around seeker of truth, the one thing I can't abide is illogic, irrationality, inconsistency, and complexification. They point only to confusion and untruth. Contradiction's a fair beast to slay or one can't claim to *know* anything. Aside from simply defaulting to 'divine' authority, how was I to resolve the apparent contradiction

16. Using the subtle energy in the hands to replicate sway, or push, test results (SOZ § 2.2.1.1:626).

between this evening's new information and Michael's from our Angel Code meetings seven weeks ago?

I thought the solution was obvious. "Creator, would you ask Archangel Michael if he'd come so we could ask him a few things?"

Yes. You bet.

We expected a friendly Q&A. We got something else entirely.