

My Authentic Self

Chapter I

Practical Philosophy

Living by the seaside and having the South Downs as my back yard in England gave me the benefit of wide open spaces and fresh air in my junior and teen years, though I did not appreciate this at the time.

As Oscar Wilde said in the Tale of Two Cities, "It's the best of times and the worst of times

At 38 years of age I suddenly woke up to the negative atmosphere around me. World news was disturbing; I had already been married twice; my existence was fatuous and stagnant; London was suddenly flooded with Arab oil money contributing to the greed of the times. In England we were losing our character. Our gyroscopes were off balance. I was sick of the phony postulating we were all doing. Casino Gambling, posh restaurants and beautiful models were the scene. The food had no meaning and began to taste like straw. I heard stories of wife swapping circles where keys were thrown into the center of a group of married couples and promiscuity was now very much the norm.

I began to get the feeling very strongly that I must do my part, however modest, to contribute to a better world consciousness. **I had no idea what to do.** I continued traveling, working and helping my mother with the family fashion business.

I made a conscious decision to find out what this thing called God is. Today at sixty-nine, I feel confident from my perspective, that I have found my idea of what God is. It is me and it is you reader, and it is all that is. It is me giving love to you reader and it is you giving love to me if you care to. It is me watching me giving love to you and it is me watching you either accepting this love or rejecting it. Anything other than love is a distortion. I may be only that single drop in an ocean of love, however I am that drop. I

have in my drop the potency of that ocean and I will see what I can do with it for Planet Earth.

I was nearly forty when I saw an advertisement in a Miami Newspaper. 'Volunteers required for the local Crisis Line'. I applied and after an excellent training we were put on the line. Crisis Line is an anonymous hotline for desperate people to talk about their problems and heartaches.

The main purpose of the training was to impart to us the therapeutic technique of paraphrasing. We were not allowed to advise. We had to repeat back to the client what they had said to us but in a different form. The theory being, that if the client heard their troubles spoken a different way rather than the constant record they had been playing in their head, then they could then identify their problems more clearly. This would help them to look at their options and perhaps find previously un-thought of solutions.

My experience with the technique was most successful. I later integrated the technique with the 'Practical Philosophy' technique used by the London School of Economics. In 1940 the British government asked Lord xxxxx to found 'The London School of Economics. They found that they could not successfully teach economics without philosophy. Lord xxxxx traveled to India to locate one of India's foremost philosophers who then created 'Practical Philosophy'. 'Practical Philosophy' is a deep breathing exercise tuning into all senses including imagination. The facilitator helps the client to reach down to the Beta state. For the first few times, it requires a facilitator to walk one through the exercise, then, the individuals can do the exercise themselves. 'Practical Philosophy' continues into Sanskrit. However, I did not find Sanskrit was my path. I have used the technique with immense success on all types of conditions, in groups and with individuals. Once one has the basic formula, it can be directed towards a specific result. Although one always achieves results, sometimes the results are surprising.

An example is the young lady that came to see me having problems with her boyfriend. I explained that I do not tell fortunes I help the individual to access their own truth from within. I said to her, "you actually know your own truth and you can access it from within, would you like to do this?" She was very anxious to participate in the exercise. I took her down to Alpha state, sequenced her through the senses while keeping her breathing

deeply and then asked her to access her own truth about the problem she was having with her boyfriend. When I brought her back to full consciousness she told me she had imaged a very tall column like a Greek column. I asked her to go back to that picture and tell me what she was feeling. She said the column was a support and was telling her she needed more backbone with her boyfriend. She must be stronger with her boyfriend. At a second session with her later, she reported she had taken her own advice and the relationship was considerably better.

I found that by paraphrasing and using the practical philosophy technique together I got fascinating results with amazing speed and safety.

In my early days on the path to become a healer, a very wise gentleman told me that the healer has no attachment to the healing. Also deep instinct would not allow me to charge for the work I did with clients. I felt that if my client saw that there was absolutely nothing but love in the process and that it was a gift from the Divine, then they would believe in their own faith and have speedy results. This proved itself over and over again. I would remind my client of the story, when Jesus was speaking and the guard came to him and asked for healing for his child, Jesus said, "Go home, your child is well, your faith will heal your child". I never contacted a client unless I found something that was to their benefit and then I might mail something appropriate to their case. Many have contacted me to tell me of their wondrous results.

After working at Crisis Line for some time, what began to be very noticeable to me was the cry of the children. Since I am going back about twenty-five years, there were no agencies to refer the children to, at the time. Many of them were runaways. The agonies that these children had to endure were extremely distressing and shameful. It shook me out of my lethargy and made me begin to think.

After serious discussions with the principle of 'Crisis Line' I came to the thought process that I would like to create a kibbutz style commune for runaway children. The principle took me seriously. She sent me to see a few people and I have been developing my concept from there.

I had the theory that if I believed in my dream for the benefit of the planet, with all my being, and stayed focused and worked at whatever came my way, as long as it was safe and legal and had integrity, then my vision could

manifest. I felt that one way or another I would be guided to the right places, people and funding. This is proving to be the case although it is taking much longer than I expected.

Very interesting for me is the fact that although there seems to be many choices, when the moment of decision comes, in the bigger picture there is ONLY ONE choice. I hear often the cliché that we have free will and we have choices. Not for me !!! When the bottom line comes, there is only one choice. Yes, we do have choices in the small things, like what will I eat for dinner tonight.

Actually, I do not believe in free will. Since I have made my major choice, (which I must have made before I incarnated) every part of my life is being directed towards my vision. Sometimes I am aware of being thus focused and I watch objectively. Other times I am propelled into the next step. Many times, I intensely dislike the next step. However, it often leads me into something I must learn or set in place, for the benefit of the dream. I have become very good at identifying the reasons for the place I have landed and make the most of the situations. As always, I do my best.

Have since
rethought
this - am
still at
rethinking
stage.
It might be
2 separate
concepts

I also came across a book called the path of least resistance by author Robert Fritz. (now out of print) I am paraphrasing his concept by saying let go and let it flow. He was using cows and sheep on a hillside as his example. When they walk they don't think out the path they will take, they simply step where it is easiest to step. I have been using his concept and integrating it with other techniques.

Where classical psychology requires so much time, the method that is herein being proposed, accesses, directly to the client's inescapable truth, their deeper selves

After I made the decision to see what this thing we call God is, I began to notice I was developing psychic abilities. Since I do not like the term psychic, I prefer to use the term mystic. One dictionary version reads, one who seeks to have direct contact with the Divine by way of contemplation. As I develop I feel the term Divine suits my experience more completely. I can communicate with anyone in terms of the Divine

I have had many experiences of being propelled into situations that are important to my theme and several where instinct has saved me from serious

trouble. One such case I can relate to you. Many I cannot as they are personal to other people.

I decided to go into the jewelry business. My workshop was in Greece making 22k gold jewelry. I had a contact in Los Angeles who was a nurse to the stars. She was going to introduce me to the stars to present my very up-market jewelry range. I had an apartment for a month and a rented car. I was living in Boston at the time and during a business call, something that should have gone right, did not go right. It just felt funny. Then the same morning there was a fire in the apartment building I was staying in. Though the fire was contained, it still felt anxious. I always watch the signs. When there are two unusual things happening together, I watch the environment I am situated in, very carefully. Plus, I had this feeling of high anxiety. I made an executive decision. Even though the trip was very important to me and I had spent a lot of money in setting it up. I made the decision to leave LA immediately. At about 12pm I called LA airport and made a reservation back to Boston on the 11pm. red eye. I arrived back in Boston eastern time 7am. When I got off the plane everyone was talking about the earthquake in Los Angeles. When I called my friends in LA to see how they had fared they told me the building I was staying in, had been flattened. An important part of the metaphysical experience is to be in touch with one's feelings. My intuition probably saved my life.

As one of the branches of my work I would like to help people to develop instinct. To do this I will teach them how to watch the signs; be in touch with their feelings (not to be confused with emotions) and be aware of timing.

My Authentic Self

Chapter II

Awakening

Until I found the Divine within, I did not feel I fitted in anywhere. I always felt out of place. To escape this feeling, I left home at sixteen years of age, went to London and lived in a women's hostel. Before my father would allow me to go to London on my own, he made me take Judo classes. (Karate and Aikido and the like, were not known in our neck of the woods in those days.) I found a job in a big department store and learned the store trade from the ground up, the old-fashioned way. Though I intensely dislike selling now, I found I was very good at taking in money. In this field, I ended up with one of the top jobs in the high end fashion world in England, as a supervisor with five suburban stores in my charge. I was brilliant at increasing the turnover in a store. Since I have had quite close contact with rogues, I know how they think and therefore I am quite security minded and safety minded. I can see an accident or a security breach in waiting.

These gifts help me immensely as a mystical seer. The seer is an extension of the practical and later can develop itself into a visionary depending on the desire of the individual.

As I was growing up in the time of women wearing hats, it was a big thing to have ones hat match the outfit one was wearing. My mother was a designer of the most beautiful hats. She used to send me out with a tiny sliver of a woman's dress or coat, cut from an inner seam. It was my job to find the cottons and fabrics to match the colored sliver. I developed a perfect eye for color. Since measuring was also part of the process, I can look at a wall or something and pick the center without measuring it. This particular talent became invaluable as I developed my own modality for finding the middle, fair and integrity way, in a problem situation. The secret, is, feeling with discernment. Somewhere in the future, I intend to show what a valuable tool this will be. I will take any-ones gifts and talents

and show how they can be 'expanded constructively', into wondrous value to the aspiring initiate.

In my younger years, I was very naughty. In fact, I was the naughtiest child in the school. I put this down to the fact that I was a war baby and in those days eye testing of young children was not so prevalent. The concerns were to keep us out of the areas of bombing. Many young children were evacuated to other parts of the country to stay with temporary foster parents. My brother and I were packed off to boarding school. My brother was two and I was three. I was practically a mother at three years old. Though we were well cared for there was no one to give us the individual attention. We were in seven schools before we were seven, not the ideal way to ground a child. I did not know until I was 14 years of age, that I was short sighted and could not see the blackboard. No wonder I was bored. Thus, I was always dreaming up ways to get into mischief.

My brother John Michael on the other hand was the sweetest child and exactingly honest. He was well liked and brilliant at making the cleverest business deals. I have long spent time wondering what those slightly bent guys that I used to find interesting, could do with their interesting minds, if they handled themselves with integrity. John Michael was also deliciously mischievous and because he was so clever, he always got away with it, with his frankness and charm. Today and for many years **'by the grace of the Divine'**, I have been altruistically and stringently honest. I must say that the Divine made me pay for my 'errors' with some lovingly tough measures, though I have never known a day without food.

John Michael had the holiness of 'John the Baptist' and the strength and fire of 'Angel Michael'. He was so honest that I am quite sure he would have been able to pull out the sword *excaliber* from the rock. Even though he knew I was less than a saint, he adored me and was entirely non-judgmental. In our very young boarding school days, he used to lisp. I used to say to him "no John, *yes not yeth*, and so on. I was always teaching him. If I taught him something incorrect, he would not do it, though he sometimes watched me or was aware of my activities, probably to keep a protective eye on me. He had a fun sense of humor but did not speak much. On the occasions when the bullies started with me, he would appear from nowhere put his arm around me and say, "Don't you start with my sister". I do not think I ever met a man in romance that protected me. Why should they? It was my fault for picking the wrong men. I was the one who protected the men.

With my four husbands, I left them all business wise better off, than when I met them. I had what is known as the Midas-Touch. I had that kind of instinctual business brain that attracts money. I left all of my husbands because they would not make good fathers. At the time, it did not click with me that I was picking the wrong type of man to justify my father's prison interlude. He was in prison for some sort of white collar activity. I did not have children, have never missed them, because, my various husbands and boyfriends turned out to be more like children. Though, I did go through the time line panic, of being too old to have children, when I was about thirty-five years. My future community service will bring in all the children I could possibly desire.

Although dear reader, thus far the information herein is not spiritual or metaphysical wonder, the information is relevant to my later stories.

The following is a true story and so big that it is somewhat hard to describe. In retrospect this is the beginning of my 'Seer's' abilities. My second husband was my 'Achilles Heel', probably the worst womanizer in London and anywhere else on the planet. This was sometime about the late nineteen sixties. Before I met him, he traveled to exotic places for a large investment company, selling a particular insurance that the US government eventually called a 'scam' and stepped in and closed down the business. This left the executives of that company out on a limb, my husband (then my boyfriend) being one of them.

My job at that time was as supervisor for one of the most exclusive small chains in the fashion business. I was a 'trouble shooter' for ailing branches and had five branches in the suburbs of London as my territory. I had the knack of understanding where the weaknesses of a particular branch were and I would remedy the problems so that they returned to full efficiency.

My weakness was my husband. I should have left him at the first marital indiscretion. However, my self-esteem was too low to have the courage to do this. In spite of my extraordinary business expertise, I had a rather shabby image of my true self as a woman. In addition, the sexual hook was overwhelming.

The Canadian contingent of executives decided to do a copycat version of the business they had been involved in previously and refine the legal

aspects to suit British law. Half a dozen of these Canadian 'big shots' descended on London, rented big houses and a big hall on the ground floor in the middle of Oxford Street, (At that time Oxford Street was the busiest street in the world apart from Hong Kong. Today, with the trade shifts I do not know.)

Before my Supervisors job, I had been employed as manageress in a store in Oxford Street. Within two months I had increased the income by 100%. My supervisor above me, did not commend me on my superb effort, she sacked me. She was afraid her bosses would give me her job. I wish I had realized at that time, how good I was. I would have dealt with the situation a lot differently.

London was a fascinating place to be in those times. Incredible amounts of money flowed as the Arabs began spending the oil money around the world and especially in London. It was hard not to be swept-up, in the ra-ra of the jewels, the beautiful clothes, sophisticated casino's etc. Sundays we hung out at the in-crowd pubs and then went on to lunch at the expensive restaurants on the river etc. These were heady times. I would liken the feeling of that time to the mid 1920's when the Art Nuevo gradually moved into the Art Deco period.

The executives of the insurance business put lots of money into advertising for salesmen. My boyfriend was not one of the investors, so he was on a lower rung of the ladder. He was one of the 'motivational speakers' in front of the hundreds of mostly men who wanted to join this new money making company. Every one of the prospective applicants was given a chance to sell the product. They were instructed in the usual network selling techniques. They were then expected, to go forth and sell to their friends, family, co-workers etc. Those who did sell were taken on as salesmen. I had done a lot of selling by this time; however, this type of large scale selling was new to me. I watched, listened and learned.

Above the big hall in Oxford Street were suites of offices. We were on the 2nd floor. (third floor in USA). The offices were divided into cubicles, given to five of the brightest men along with a set of London telephone directories, for cold calling. My boyfriend was one of them. He had introduced someone he knew to the company. This man, who we shall call Mr. Y, was a bright man and was one of the five given a cubical. The cubicles were the old fashioned wood panels with glass from half way up so

every one could see each other. The five men were then allocated their share of the men that had been given their opportunity to be salesmen. (There were no women at that time.) The incentive to the five men was that the one with the most sales would be the person that ran the sales force when the executives left the country and returned to Canada, or, opened up in other countries. I was chagrined at this because I felt, with my boyfriend's long standing with his friends the exec's and his knowledge of the business, they should have automatically given him the head job. They did not.

So, the five men were, two men picked from the crowd, a man from the City, Mr. Y and my boyfriend. This information is important to the story.

Now the fun begins. I watched and watched and watched the executives in action.

The executives harassed the five managers into competing with each other, Each manager was vying to be the boss in UK. I am really good on the telephone and began cold calling with some success but not enough success to be ahead of the competition. My observations told me that the real competition would be Mr. Y and the City man.

My boyfriend was getting anxious that Mr.Y was getting ahead of him. It should be mentioned here, that I was mad about my boyfriend and wanted to marry him. He did not want to be married.

Anyway, I looked carefully at all my options. There have not been many things, I have truly wanted in my life. If I want something I will go to extreme measures to get it. My passion for my hearts desires ensures my success. With maturity, I became discerning **and still got what I wanted** My success is because no one really knows what I am seeking. It looks as if I am going for what everyone else is aiming for which is usually prestige or money. My prize is the satisfaction of knowing I CAN if the prize is important enough to me.

Having assessed the bigger picture I realized that it was not about the executives, or the competition, or the product. It was only about the person to sell to and the sale. If one had the customer who would purchase, one was King. Or, in my case Queen. So I hatched my plan.

Not disclosing my plan to anyone, I took a clip board down to the very busy Oxford Street, I picked out a likely man and I began to ask him question about investment. He was willing to answer and was interested in my questions. I asked him if he would like to know more. He said "Yes".

I took him up to see my boyfriend who was an expert in the field of this type of product and my boyfriend sold to him on the spot. I did this a few more times and was successful. By then I knew I had a winner.

I had been watching the five men in action and the whole thing going on in the office. I could not really see my future with my boyfriend in this company. I wanted us to have our own business. I mildly broached the subject of my boyfriend and Mr. Y, starting a business of their own. They explored the possibilities and found difficulties entering the City. I could see that the City man of the five managers, desperately wanted the position as manager of the executives company. I suggested that my boyfriend and Mr.Y approach him for introductions to the City. City man was very interested as it would leave the way clear for him to become the head of the insurance company in the UK. At that stage, no one knew how I was bringing in the clients. I kept it very low key.

I was already planning my strategy for a bigger arena, if, we could get our company started. City man was able to effect the suitable introductions and we started the company with offices in Trafalgar Square overlooking Nelsons Column and the pigeons. Mr. Y had 50% of the business and my boyfriend and I had 25% each. They had to give me my share because without me there was no business.

Then I got really busy. I had worked out a survey questionnaire and employed two other savvy girls to work with me. We traveled round all the areas of London doing our survey and bringing in the leads. As I was talking to people, occasionally I would meet a person that I felt was just right to sell our product. I sent them up to talk to my boyfriend and Mr. Y. Now I will call them 'our team'. Every person I sent to our team, they took on board. In the main this is how we built our superb sales force. As we developed, I had teams of girls all over London bringing in the leads.

Then the axe came down for my boy friend. I wanted MARRIAGE. So anyway, this is how I got what I wanted. Not that it lasted.

By the time I left the company, we had three branches over England. I am informed by my former husband, that the company grew to eight branches over England and was the largest independent company of its kind in England, before it sold out to a bigger company.

As I said, "I go to extreme measures to get what I want" !!!!!

As you can see, with my superior abilities as an organizer **it is pretty certain that the 'Academy' will manifest** Especially as in those days I was working on my own without the strength of 'ALL THAT IS'

Today I really understand that, 'That which is making into myself, is my SELF ESTEEM'

The purpose of the Academy that will eventually manifest is, "to heal minds that minds will heal beloved planet earth".

My third husband said that the best stories could never be told!!!. He was quite right. So why am I exposing my less than beautiful self? I am exposing my less than beautiful self because, today I know how beautiful I am both inside and out. I truly know what ignorance is. I know the feeling that ignorance engenders, though one does not know this is uncomfortable as one is experiencing it. One just experiences a nagging sense of not belonging and feeling inadequate without understanding why. I am exposing my less than beautiful self so that those that need an example can see me as I am today and know that they too can be their version of a beautiful self. This is the key to my success, **'their version, not my version'**. I do not want anyone following my version. I wish to build an Academy that re-awakens the finest in an individual and helps them to draw forth their own wondrous attributes, while teaching them how to release their old karmic attachments.

Although I was in seven boarding schools before I was seven years old. In my deepest truth, I feel that if I had been cherished and cuddled and had a little hand smack occasionally, for when I did something incorrect, I would have been a loving child and turned my boredom and naughtiness into constructive usefulness. Funny thing is, notwithstanding all my faults, though I did not understand it at the time, my compassion and kindness usually ruled my discretion, it was boredom which brought out my worst attributes.

For me boredom is one of the worst experiences. I will do my best to see that the students that cross my future path will be 'fascinated' by their studies.

I have the tools to help people do a makeover from inside to outside. I have an innate understanding of the human soul and its requirements to induce change. Plus, I am an expert in the fashion field both ladies and gentlemen.

I have been wealthy and poor, wealthy and poor. It is all the same to me. I make the best of what I have in the moment. I have been very ill with many indefinable symptoms and I have been housekeeper and companion to the wealthy.

As I said, the best stories can never be told! Or, can they? If I ever need money for the Academy and all the people in the stories have crossed over to the great beyond, for a huge amount of funding, I might be persuaded to reveal some of the '*really* interesting stories'. By then, the Academy will be built and will be a massive success and I will be a widely respected hugely philanthropic, gracious, 'older lady'.

My experience with the indefinable illness symptoms is also a valuable asset. I went to a highly esteemed committed Christian doctor whose wife I met at the Harvard sports gym in Boston. I told him of my thirty plus miserable symptoms. After examination, he shook his head and looked at me pityingly as if I was the worst hypochondriac that he had ever seen in his entire career. He said, "There is nothing I can do for you." I know for sure I had all these symptoms because I do not have them today. Both previously and today, I rarely take a pill of any description and even less frequently see a doctor.

I believe many of the symptoms referred to above are a part of the psyche changes as the individual goes through the spiritual developmental stages. Bearing in mind of course, that some of them would be accountable for my age, which was in the menopausal time-frame.

I am very grateful to my mother for her foresight in starting us out as vegetarians. I only became ^ucarnivores when I was in my last boarding school and the teacher caught me swapping my meat for potatoes. I believe the good health I enjoy today is due to fresh fruit and vegetables. I now do

not eat meat though I do eat organic chicken and eggs and I do eat fresh fish that is from the ocean. Naturally seeds and nuts are important.

I married my fourth husband because I liked his preppy looks and he had the luxury, privilege and benefit of education at both Princeton and Harvard. We lived in the best parts of town. One of them being Commonwealth Avenue, which Winston Churchill said was the most beautiful avenue in the world and was two blocks from the park, and one of the most exquisite parks I have ever seen. We lived on the Charles River near MIT and also, in a condominium at one of the five star hotels in Boston. I could call to one of the five star restaurants in the hotel to order dinner sent up to us if I did not feel like cooking. All the luxury benefits of the hotel were there for my convenience.

I expected some of my husband's knowledge would rub off on me. Wonders will never cease. Maybe he was educated?!!! however, I found no evidence of intelligence or common sense. He was just another drone in the investment business with no compassion, just a money machine. To be honest I did think that he could help me construct the paradigm for my 'Academy'-dream. (I thought "If not a Princeton, Harvard man, who"?)
Non-the-less I stayed on in Boston and availed myself of the brains Boston had to offer, including, my now, ex-husbands, Harvard library card.

Just as an aside for readers, "Boston Public Library has over 12,000 books on humor".

When I left my 4th husband I walked out leaving everything behind except my clothes. The only thing I took from my marriage was his book by the author James Gleek, on the Chaos Theory, about FRACTALS. This is one of the most important books of my life.

I knew a woman who had a business, which she ran from an entire warehouse floor, in the now defunct industrial warehouse district opposite the big Gillette factory. This area was now a prized position for the artistic students from all over the world. Everything there was dingy red brick, red brick and more red brick. Her business took up one side of the warehouse. The rest of the floor, was divided into five spaces, which she let to students from the big universities. In the middle of the five spaces was an 8'x10' space with no windows but the ceiling was 12' high. This she rented to me for \$100-00 per month. Since I was unwell and had no money, I was glad of

the opportunity. My clothes were on 12' high rails which I accessed with a pole. My bed was a long box on the floor with three big pillows. I had my own pots and pans and shared the one toilet and shower and the one tiny kitchen with the business and the five students.

Each student had his own style of music, especially the one who was in a band and had his group over for practice while all the other students were playing their own individualistic sound. The cacophony was amazing. Once again, I had traversed from riches to rags. I opened to the fascination of my new experience.

One of my little personal sayings is: "Wherever my 'touchy' sits down on a chair, is my home". I make anywhere as wondrous as possible.

One of my redeeming features is; that I once heard on TV a previous 'Lord Mayor of London' say, "his family motto is THOROUGHLY with ENTHUSIASM". I had always done this in business without realizing my gift; this is why I was so successful. People used to say to me "You are always so willing". Now I had a concept for this.

As time went on, I never taught anything unless I had previously tested the concept for myself. I did not know I was doing this, it was instinctual and an honor system I did not know I had. Imagine having all these wonderful systems inside one and not know one has them.

THIS IS PART OF WHAT I WISH TO TEACH. If I teach something, it will be because I have either empirically tested it, or done considerable research on it and determined that it was a valid way of accomplishing a given result. If information is offered to me from within, I use discernment and contemplate, analyze and test the theory before I speak it.

Although my brother was much ^{unusually} cleverer than I was during his lifetime and went to the higher grade of school and on to university, I did not know him at that time in this way. He was in the A stream and I was in the B stream. As I have previously stated I did not know I needed glasses and also did not know at the time that I was a little dyslexic. John Michael passed away when he was twenty-nine. It was only after his passing that I began to look at his books. This was his magnitudous inheritance to me. One book in particular was '**The use of thought**'. Imagine, until then, I had not realized I was thinking.

With this vital tool, I began slowly to watch what I was thinking. It was quite difficult to begin with. Today I know every thought that consciously goes through me. (Much more on this later.) Another of John's books was about a Spiritual business man' who said of everything "**That's good**". Any time anything happened good or not so good, he would say, "that's good". He would find the good part of the issue. Over time, I have learned to do this.

What an incredible heritage John Michael left to me, 'more precious than gold or jewels'. The only thing that equals this in beloved Planet Earth is WATER. I look forward to meeting a companion, who has the elegant, noble qualities of my brother, I now know what I am looking at and how to choose. (It took long enough)

Remember to watch the sentences that gradually form in your mind.

One of the fascinating conditions of the Divine is that if one is truly sincere about serving, the Universe will bring to you that which you need to blossom and flower. This was the case with me.

Einstein's creed circa 1930: Faith meant a reverence for the creation of the Universe and its laws—and the mysteriousness of their nature.

Norman Vincent Peale says, "I believe + I can + I will = I did"

The Quotes etc. are an inkling of the stuff I embody and live by and consciously experience in an objective and feeling state. Naturally there are numberless concepts to work on. My objective is to give you an insight to my idea of humanities best chance for **nobility**

A very important enlightenment for my story is that when I first began on my path I read a book by Napoleon Hill. He interviewed many of the great industrialists. Many said the same thing. They planned their vision first, long before they actually started. This gave me the insight into PATIENCE. Though I must say, that since I began my spiritual journey in September 1977 and have now been following my dream for more than 30 years, my patience is tiring. In truth, though I have now at last come up with a plan to fund the building of the Academy. I had to find myself before I could be ready to build an Academy. This I have done, and myself is a wondrous spark of the divine.

Chapter III

My Authentic Self

SELF ESTEEM

My biggest and most important gift from the Universe thus far, is the brilliant message that came through in a quiet moment early 2008.

The sentence that came through from the other side of consciousness was;

“That which is making me into myself, is my SELF ESTEEM”.

I gasped at the brilliance of such a simple sentence. This is my reward for my thirty years of dedication. As I unfold my story, I will show my readers how big and important this sentence is and what it took to elicit it from my Devine Beingness. I would like to show how each one of us is a valuable and important essence in our own right. That the time for seeking Guru's etc. has ended and we are all our own Messiahs, and our own guru's That each one of us is the Christ we have been waiting for. The Messianic age is here and it is us, You & Me. We are the ones we have been waiting for. I have an e-mail video of an American Indian Chief who say's "We are the ones we have been waiting for". He also say's "It has been spoken of that there is an eleventh hour. Now we are in the LAST HOUR". I also met a Shaman lady who used to be a rock star. She sang, "The Hero's are coming back in, we are the ones we have been waiting for". If not us WHO???

One of the greats of the 20th century in England was Sir George Trevelyan. 1906 – 1996. Sir George founded the Wrekin Trust which was a charity for spiritual higher education.. He was widely regarded as a 'Holy Man' a visionary and the foremost spiritual 'way shower' of his time. As a pioneering charismatic teacher he traveled the world on speaking tours when he was not presenting at his own facility and he made spiritual awakening respectable in the 50's and 60's in the U.K. He planted the seed of 'A New Spiritual World-view'. He received the 'Right Livelihood Award' the alternative Nobel Prize, in Stockholm in 1981. I researched the Internet for a way to describe him for my reader.

Sir George was a serious admirer of Rudolph Steiner and especially admired his organic husbandry ideas. (Which I also feel has great merit and will put into practice when the Academy manifests.) Sir George's philosophy was also akin to Steiner's, which was not of the physical Christ figure, **but was of the gradual flooding of the Christ consciousness into the hearts minds and souls of Humanity.**

So I'm
and Ben
will

I sometimes come into contact with people whose beliefs are in conflict with their feelings. They find it hard to identify and put a concept to their feelings because their feelings are contrary to their previous teachings. If the client has the capacity to take on the new concepts and they are able to adapt to the changes the new experience elicits for them, I introduce them to Steiner's concepts so that they have academia to lean on, and this is a step towards their own further research.

What was important to me about Steiner was his understanding of '**The Science of Initiation**'. I feel there is much work to do in this area. I intend it to play a very big role as curriculum for the 'Academy', though not necessarily in any specific order. Each person will be, on his or her own journey of the '**Iniatic Process**'. I have researched some of the philosophy concepts of Steiners 'Waldorf School' and identify with many of his ideas, though I believe what took me thirty years (30) on the 'Iniatic Path' could be accomplished in five years (5) through the S.A.F.E. Academy. Who knows? With the high vibration of the recent incarnations, we might have much swifter understandings. Some of the children incarnating today are very attuned to the higher vibrations.

Among many other outstanding personages of his time, Sir George was good friends from the early days with the founders of 'Findhorn' in Scotland. (Now world renowned, 'Findhorn' grew to become a non-governmental organization attached to the U.N.) 'Findhorn' was part of my developing consciousness in the U.K, as was the flower power for the Americans.

I had a good friend Mary Pett, (now deceased,) who actually lived at Findhorn for a year. She told me stories of the massive vegetables that were grown there. Mary told me that Eileen Caddy and her husband Peter and another lady and three children, all lived in a small caravan (American term 'trailer') in a car park. They were the among the early spiritual believers. They felt guided to build a spiritual center. They meditated constantly and Eileen had the vision that they must purchase the car park. Mary said, "At

the time they were all living on National Assistance and barely had money to eat". I know they did eventually purchase the car park, but I do not know how they did it". **It is important to state that the evolving Findhorn development has been one of the most useful examples, for my inspiration. There are many other examples but for me Findhorn was one of the way-showers. Probably, because it's beginning, was closer to my level of understanding. One day I will find out how they got the resources to acquire the land.**

photo ch

I was Divinely blessed to meet Sir George at a weekend conference in Winchester in England. By the time I heard his charismatic inspirational messages, he was visually almost translucent and halfway to the other side. **He asked people to take ideas and live with them for a while to see if they rang true. This was yet another reinforcement of my own attitude of discernment. It was a lonely path in those days and Sir George was in empathy with our awakening self-discovery processing**

He said we are co-creators with the Divine, droplets of the Divine Source. He said there is a vast intelligence overseeing our human condition, which knows what it is doing and is ultimately love. He spoke of spiritual freedom and the rising tide of love. He used the Alice Bailey 'Great Invocation' at many of his appearances and was fond of quoting Shakespeare and many of the great thinkers. What made him special to me was his non-sectarian ability to bring large abstract concepts of erudite thinkers, to be more practical and understandable. I am so blessed that I had the opportunity to see this great being in person.

Several fascinating experiences took place at the Winchester conference, which I will open up as they fit in with my story.

Another marvelous man, (probably my favorite,) was Ronald Beasley. I never met him in person, he crossed over a few years before I landed at the center that he founded. He founded 'White Lodge' the esoteric center in Speldhurst, Tunbridge-Wells, Kent, in England. White Lodge gave six levels of esoteric training. Beasley was a healer of healers and one of my main modern day inspirations. He constructed some marvelous esoteric courses that were just right for the times. While sitting in White Lodge all glass patio one evening after our walnut and carrot, highly nutritious, highly satisfying, vegetarian pie. I was speaking to Henry one of the long time elders there and he was talking to me about the six levels of the 'Initiatic

Process' that were tutored at the 'College of Psychotherapeutics', when I heard an internal voice say to me, "" You will conduct the seventh course"". As a Practical Philosopher at this stage, I can see that course as being 'Domestic Science'. We are not much use to ourselves, or, anyone, if we do not take care of our bodies. Actually, domestic science was the ONLY subject I was any good at in school. I got the first prize every single time.

When I arrived at White Lodge, I was desperately unwell both physically and mentally. I had experienced a nervous breakdown and I was still in recovery. I did not know I was experiencing 'Spiritual Breakdown'. Cicely Allen, the principle of the College and twenty years my senior, saw something in me and took me under her wing. Through thick and thin, we have remained good friends. As I write, Cicely is hovering, between this world and the next. What a woman. I used to call her from anywhere on my travels and she would give me her interpretation, of what Ronald Beasley would have said in response to my question. Cicely traveled all over the world with Beasley. She was his right hand woman.

At 'White Lodge', I had my first introduction to the 'The Chakra System; The Alternative Nervous System. Cicely was the main tutor for our classes of about a dozen adult students. When Cicely began her lecture, she took off into the sixth dimension. As she told me, she did not remember what she had said, but she knew it was good because we were all so satisfied. We were required to take notes. The only person allowed to use an audio recorder was a seriously dyslexic woman.

At 'White Lodge', our introduction to 'Color Healing' made a big impression on me. 'Color Healing' is one of the important parts of my healing consciousness. White lodge had a superb 'Absent Healing' room, filled with color healing equipment and big chunks of crystals. Besides the Chapel, the healing room was the most sacred place in the college. When we entered the color healing room I personally felt great awe at the vibration of the atmosphere. This is the arena where the 'Absent Healing' prayer ceremonies took place.

Watching Cicely gave me the insights into inspired speaking. I had seen a few esoteric speakers in action and Cicely was among the best. Through watching her, I knew I could do similar on stage and that I would be successful. Cicely was the first person to tell me that the best way forward is with COMMON SENSE. It seems silly now but at the time, I did not

know what common sense was. Would you believe it? **Nor, do most people.** Later when I realized what common sense is, I felt comfortable, because, my mother was a wise woman and in my adult years I learned common sense from her, without understanding that she used common sense.

Please note that over the thirty years of my searching and study, the insights and commitments gradually increased in potency. My confidence grew in my capabilities. My surety, that the Divine was always with me and would be guiding and sequencing my studies and efforts, was and is absolute.

When anyone sits in front of me for a consultation, the way has been cleared and purified for the Divine to do it's magic. The vibration exuding from my being is potent. I recognize the Divine and I are one and the person in need receives exactly what the Divine has in mind for them. My mission is to teach the dynamics of the program so that minds can be healed and those minds, can then heal beloved Planet Earth.

When I came out of hospital, I had terrible agonizing voices in my head and I would tell Cicely about this. She said to me that she wished that she had these voices but that the best way, is when the voice and the Divine personality integrate. This was probably what saved my sanity. She was an extraordinary woman. She was so clever.

It is important to realize how many people go through this agonizing mental torture on the spiritual path. Most of the time people never admit to it, because it has such a social stigma. Many of the therapist and lecturers of that time had confusing painful voices. This trait is often part of the spiritual journey. Though they did not admit to it, I knew how to elicit the information of its existence because I knew what to look for

I thank God for Cicely; I was a voluntary patient in a mental hospital for two weeks. What I saw there was disgraceful, pharmaceutical drugs, NOT healing modalities. **I am committed to finding ways through to healing schizophrenia.** I have been studying both interior psyche and some scientific work. Gradually the mind is beginning to make some sense to me. Mostly I work on instinct. I feel, I may as well believe that I have as much chance as anyone to find healing modalities. The learned doctors have not found the answers to healing the mind thus far. Especially as Codex are denuding our vitamin and mineral potencies, to support the big

pharmaceutical companies. There is much to say on this subject but it is probably better left for a different program.

I will just say that I came out of hospital early because my mother had had an embolism and I was needed at home. I am telling the following because it is important for those that go through mental torture to know that they too can be strong and beat almost anything. At that time, we owned a fashion store. My mother ran the store and I did the buying. We also had a house with a carriage driveway and a three-car garage, which was full of business equipment, a brick and glass greenhouse, and the loft of the house full of the stuff one keeps forever. Plus, all the shop paraphernalia.

We made a decision to sell. I put the house on the market at a good price both for a purchaser and for us. My father and brother had long passed over. We had an immediate sale, as it was a lovely house. In spite of my agonized mental state, I put adverts everywhere for our antique furniture and went into high drive to get rid of all the stuff. This was a job for six people and I had to manage by myself. The sale contract gave me six weeks to find another home. I drove into the next big town and took the names of forty estate agents. I contacted everyone. Between moving out and selling all the stuff, I viewed scores of flats. In addition, I was selling the business. Rachel my beloved mother did her share. She was seventy-six by now. Two weeks before the new owners were to move into the house, I found a flat that suited our needs.

The big point of the story, which would not be super interesting to an ordinary reader, is invaluable to a person with the psychic pain I was experiencing. This gives them an example to hold onto when the scary misery moments engulf them.

I was incredibly fortunate that someone put me in touch with the group 'The Spiritual Emergency Network'. S.E.N. was founded in California by the brilliant psychologist Stanley Groff and his wife, also a psychologist. A branch of the Academy will have a Crisis Hotline to serve those in spiritual disturbance and mental misery.

I believe there is going to be turmoil in planetary existence in the coming years and my experience is vital to people who experience any form of mental disturbance. **As an example of fortitude, I will be invaluable to those who suffer in this way.**

A teacher at 'White Lodge' was regarded as a healer. I was desperate and went to him for help. He did his hand passes above my head, (which is also a serious part of 'White Lodge' training and a modality I use.) and as he was doing his thing he said to me "you can do anything you want". Without thinking, I suddenly said, "I will be a world peace mediator". He said hurriedly, "Oh, I didn't mean *anything*". I said to myself, "You silly man" That was nearly thirty years ago and to this day I am sure that in some way **I will** be a world peace mediator. My higher self told me so. If I cannot believe my higher self, who can I believe.???

Remember reader "It is always important to have DISCERNMENT when listening to inner self.

I have done my thirty years of study and now it is time to use my training. **Now is the time. There are no more dress rehearsals.** It is not a question of having an over inflated ego or being conceited. More, it is time to take our part of the responsibility for our beloved planet earth.

If not us who? If not now when?

Also remember, have as much fun as possible doing it!!!! One of the few psychologists I have ever been to for a few sessions said to me, "Love is the answer. Play is the way" This has been very useful to me when I am down or feeling resentful. Even though I consider myself, 'A Super-being', I will bet, even angels get their down days. However as I said earlier,

"That which is making me into myself, is my SELF ESTEEM".

Chapter IV

My Authentic Self

Context

**The pursuit of an honest life begins with honoring
the relevance of context in all things**

Lawrence Watt-Evans

About twenty years ago, there was a TV documentary questioning the timing of history for Mesopotamia. The University Of Arizona Laboratory Of Tree Ring Research conducts this research. The study was of Anatolian tree coring using radiocarbon dating. If timings change, even by a small degree, the rest of the surrounding historical events must also be in question. This interested me so I did further research. Douglas J. Keenan of London UK in a 2006 paper claims has invalidating flaws and that the underlying issues in the research lack transparency. He cites a long and very detailed set of contradictory scientific ways of measuring the samples. From his argument, I was able to understand his point, though the data was only just comprehensible to me. However, the relevance of context was very important. The research presented by the University and others was not sufficiently transparent and they were trying to make the data fit the theory.

About forty years ago, our scientists convinced us, butter was not good for us and we should now eat margarine. Now more recently, our scientists tell us again, hydrogenated fats are unhealthy and margarine is on the no-no list.

‘Codex’ is threatening our rights to appropriate strength natural vitamins and minerals, so that the pharmaceutical companies can replace our healthy options with synthetic drugs.

Naturally, the above examples are the tip of the iceberg (which is slowly disappearing to become melted water) of all the inconsistencies and corruption in the 3D physical world.

Our discernment faculties today, are more vital than ever. Our privacy and legal rights are being stripped away wholesale, in the name of something else. **Empirical experience, testing, assessment and contemplation are vital in today's way of life.**

What I am writing here is my personal experience of what I have read and seen and my contemplated assessment and reasoning for same.

Sir George Trevelyan says "if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing *badly*, but at least start". I coupled this with The Lord Mayor of London's family motto of "thoroughly with enthusiasm" and so I started. I was awkward, gauche and abrasive. However, I was awkward, gauche and abrasive with enthusiasm. It took me years and years to become smooth. This is definitely something I can help others to cut time on, for their refinement process. The context being, *begin*. Work enthusiastically and refine in the process.

*I am
still
abrasive*

If ordinary man can become part of the groundswell of contextual truth, and learns to contain and transmute resentment, the greed of the power barons may be able to be penetrated and eventually overcome.

This is risky and to be developed exceedingly carefully, so as not to incite the uneducated mind before it can cope with the larger framework.

One of the first books that came into my hands was by 'Napoleon Hill' the marvelous motivational writer. His work was probably the best structural influence in my life. He wrote that most of the big industrialists of the early twentieth century (ie, Henry Ford) thought out their plan long before they initiated their first steps.

About the same time, I was desperately discombobulated, and disturbed and staying with my spiritual daughter Maria in Miami, Florida. Maria is a Clinical Social Worker in the school system. On her bookshelves was the book 'Change'. The book was about transmutation. I learnt to transmute emotional pain and negativity into more constructive positivism and to have more patience with daily life.

Also, 'Norman Vincent Peal' was on the best seller list back then. In his book, 'The Positive Way to Change Your Life', one of his maxims is, "I believe + I can + I will = I did. **It was not easy and took much patience and dedication,** I would like you to know dear reader, notwithstanding world events, which sometimes got in the way. *I always 'did' because, I believed, if I at least had the courage to begin,* other elements that I could not possibly be in touch with at the juncture of starting, (by the grace of the Divine,) would manifest towards my intended goal. To put it in context, If I begin I have the chance of accomplishing. If do not begin, I do not have anything.

I said to this thing I called God, "Ok, I am willing to do anything you say to accomplish the job". There was no way that I had any idea how to go about achieving what it was that I was supposed to do. Or even, what it was I was supposed to do.

Gradually over time, the concept began to evolve. I began to get to know myself. When I began, I had no idea of who I was or what made me tick. Each step of the way I had to contemplate and make decisions on how I would handle each situation. I looked more carefully at each issue. I cut out unnecessary motion and spent time in meditation and silence. I tuned into my Divine core and felt both the question and the answer. As I gradually made these decisions in a new and more creative way, they became a part of my character. If I was handling myself incorrectly before, the new decisions set the tone for the future. I found my decisions though sometimes unusual, were cosmically directed. The context was always simple, direct and common sense.

Years ago when I was staying with Maria, she taught me something of vital importance to my existence. She taught me that at the back of my head, at the base of my skull, there was a system named 'Reticular Activator'. This is a memory bank. Every time I saw, heard, or felt something that I considered of value, I would simply say 'Reticular Activator'. Somehow, this indicated to my subconscious to bank the information or feeling and add it in context to the deep information it was already storing.

The other major concept I got from Maria's Book 'Change' was that the Sub-conscious only knows what you tell it. It does not know right from

wrong etc. It only knows what you tell it. This piece of information changed my life.

I learned about 'Languaging'. I must watch how I say something. Since my Sub-conscious only knows what I tell it. Therefore, what I say and how I say it is of great importance. Therefore, I must only say things in a positive and constructive way.

Equally, I learned to watch even my thoughts. I learned thoughts are things that manifest. Therefore, I began to think in terms of what I wanted to manifest. Occasionally, I fell back into the old pattern of unsuitable thinking. However, at least I was now aware of this negativity. I knew that humility is my greatest protection and with this knowledge, in gratefulness, I was able to climb back to a positive thought process. Sometimes this was not easy, because the negative has its captivating wiles. However, my personal feeling is that now and then, it is good to wallow in ones low periods. I feel if indulged in with caution, wallowing brings one in touch with ones true feelings. The satisfaction of coming through the negative barrier is immense.

I had figured out a system for myself that I called Boing-Boings. As I cleared something old from my psyche, there was room for my first Boing. I was **consciously** able input something into my deeper psyche that I really believed, knowing it would become ME. When another Boing went in, it could Boing against the first Boing and join to itself the information of that Boing. After the first few Boings I told myself that the Boings must be discerning and not greedy and only take sparingly from each Boing, the best for it's particular mission. The visual picture was of the old-fashioned pinball machine. When the action spring is pulled back and then l, it sends the silver ball bearing, shooting round the table Boinging some of the numbers.

I probably have thousands of incredible Boing concepts within, all taking from each other the best of what is available. Of course, it would be my interpretation of what is the best, in co-creation with the Divine. What my psyche might think of as best, would be determined by my conscious decision-making. If my decision-making is off center, so will the context of any concept that my subconscious plays back to me.

Scientists probably call my boings and decision-making process, building neurological pathways, or, synaptic input internally from other nerve cells

I was very fortunate with my introduction to 'White Lodge' and Ronald Beasley's teachings. He said, "Humility is my greatest protection". This is the most valuable concept I learned there. I was never humble in a self effacing, sycophant way. Or, how others thought I should be humble. I am humble in my truth and in my dedication to my mission. I do not accept someone else's idea of what my humility should be. Sometimes one must stand firm for what one believes in. Standing firm is often how change takes place. The depths of the profound agonies that I have witnessed and experienced, keep me humble. A long time ago a very evolved friend said to me that for her the way, was to be HARMLESS. I admire this condition and do my best to keep faith with it.

One of the most beautiful things that I ever heard was when I was at a conference for 3,000 people in Brighton, (my hometown) in England. An American evangelist brought 150 followers with him. They had given up their vacation to help him in his mission. Though I did not believe in Jesus, when he called us to the front to pray, I went down. When I had finished my hypocritical mumbling, the three young missionaries that stood round me said, "Thank you for letting us pray with you". This part truly touched me.

So, anyway, what did I do for laughs??? What did I do for entertainment? My clothes of course!! When I was down or lonely and meditation did not work, I gave myself fashion shows from my wardrobe. I have told you that my grandmother's name was Rose. Well !! I am SECOND HAND ROSE a thrift store shopaholic. I can skim a rail at a glance and pick out the finest materials. It is all about fabric. Almost all my clothes are second hand. I have a wardrobe of beautiful clothes and at present nowhere to go. I have been so busy getting it right for the 'Academy'. However, the time is getting closer for my imaging to begin to manifest. I will then have places to wear my lovely clothes. Meanwhile I will continue to give myself fashion shows.

One of my other great attributes is, I regard the many cast offs that people gift me with, as abundance. Today it is clothes, tomorrow it will be money for my Academy.

Chapter V

Authentic Self

Chains of Events

During my 'ups and downs' periods, between jobs and between husbands and during illness periods, Maria, my beloved spiritual daughter has always made sure I had a roof over my head. I have always been moving through things. My life has always been strange. Never settled, always moving through something. I liken this to moving through incarnations. One rarely knows what the lesson is while moving through the incarnation. One only sees the lesson in retrospect. That is, until one gets the message and makes the change. Then there is the next sequence of exercises.

What if the program is set up so that we are compelled by soul to go through the exercise? What if we could see what the lesson is in advance????? What if we can move through more cleverly, minimize the disturbance or pain and learn the point of the exercise quickly, plus include more blessings in the doing???

I am not saying that previously I did this. I am saying I am now doing this. However, I wish I had had this concept years ago. This is certainly part of what I intend to teach.

The Raja Yogi's say that the optimum is to clear all the dross and come to the stage where one is at the level of 'Karma Tite'. This is a harmonious level of calm respect for self, tolerance and respect for others and an understanding and communication with nature. Balance in all things. In 'Karma Tite' there is no karma. Or, more precisely, karma is almost instant. With karma one could wait lifetimes to experience the results of ones deeds or misdeeds. In 'Karma Tite' the results manifest along with the deed or the thought.

I am saying that by using a technique called the 'Seed Thought' there is a good chance that one can see sufficiently far ahead to be on the right track for more peace and safety in life.

The 'Seed Thought' holds the blueprint of ones destiny. If one can access the blueprint, then one can make choices in line with what one has already contracted to experience and achieve in this incarnation. The seed of the acorn has the blueprint of the oak tree. It knows ahead what it is to become. If we knew this secret then it would behoove us to focus towards our blueprint. The benefit is that it will save us massive amounts of energy, time and pain, leaving us more time and energy to realize BLISS.

One of the times I was staying with Maria I was unwell. Her sister who is a hairdresser, had a client who needed a companion to look after her and asked me if I was interested in the job. Of course, I was grateful to take the job as it gave me a roof over my head and a chance to save some money.

My employer was a gracious eighty-year-old lady and our relationship was of gentleness and kindness. I was full of gentleness to her and she was very kind to me. Besides my usual duties I had masseuse experience and gave this lady, head to toe massages two or three times a week. During the time I was with her, I earned enough money to purchase a used car. We had many visits to her doctor and after a few months, her family decided to take her up north. Her son wrote me a touching letter thanking me for taking such good care of his mother and told me the doctor had been very impressed with me and would like to introduce me to his wife and children.

When the doctor's wife met me and introduced me to her children, she was very impressed with how good I was with children and offered me a position in her home looking after her children, which I declined.

The doctor's wife was herself a doctor and owned a school for dyslexic children. A few days after meeting her, she called and asked me to come into her office, whereupon, she offered me a post in the school as a tutor to some of her students. She told me I had valuable intuitive gifts, which could be helpful to her students.

The dyslexic school experience was probably one of the most important experiences of my life. For one thing, I learnt that I was slightly dyslexic myself. Most importantly, I learnt the breaking down process needed for the

students with learning disabilities, in order, that they could rebuild in a different way. I learned many, many things at this school that have been invaluable.

The Divine works in unusual ways.

About this time, I was friendly with a man whose passion was golf. He wanted me to learn golf and took me to a driving range to let me hit a bucket of balls. As he bent down to put a golf ball in place for me, he picked up a few quarters and placing them in my hand, he said, "These are for you' As he did so **I had a flash.** *I had a vision of a huge building that was to become a forward thinking healing center.* I laughed because he had put in my hand \$1-50 in six quarters.

I was now working for another family looking after their mother who had the Alzheimer's condition. Lovely old lady but WOW. In the middle of the hottest 90 degrees plus summer, she would turn up the heat because she had perspired from the heat and was then cold from the perspiration, plus all crazy things like that. To survive one must tolerate many strange things.

Anyway, not to be daunted I contemplated what I could do with \$1-50. I thought about my gifts and talents. Well I was good at selling and as previously stated; the only thing I got any prizes for in school was Domestic Science. People always tell me I should have been in catering but I never had a big enough interest. Suffice it to say 'if a mans heart is through his stomach' then maybe this is how I caught the men who could not be caught!! Obviously, I was pretty daft in those days or I would not have been interested in those men.

Then I got my bright idea. I would bake an apple pie. So, with my \$1-50 in hand I made off to the super market. Apples were on sale. I bought flour, a stick of margarine and used a little of the old lady's sugar. I made this superb apple pie decorated with hand carved leaves made of the same pastry. Pastry made from scratch of course. Now comes the clever part; I walked up the road with my pie covered in cellophane. My pie looked very professional and deliciously delectable. I knocked on the door of the old lady's friend and I sold her the apple pie for \$3-00.

Now I had a formula. I baked apple pies until I had raised the amount of money to about \$25-00. Being a milliner's daughter, I could sew and there

was a sewing machine in the house. I went to the fabric store and for my \$25-00, I purchased three jewel colored yards of velvet and lining. I then cut up sections of material and made the most beautiful berets. I took them around the neighborhood and sold them until I had \$250-00. I stopped then because I went onto somewhere else or something else. Therefore, the \$250-00 is still waiting for a concept to follow the formula to increase itself. The bottom line is **Look what I did from \$1-50.** With inspiration from the Divine in co-creation, we began the creative thought process, which is still carrying me on its seismic wave today.

My next position was from an introduction by a friend, to her very wealthy friend who was having some cosmetic surgery done in New York. She wanted a traveling companion and someone to look after her in her apartment in New York. If I remember rightly she had a first class ticket and I sat in the back of the plane. I did not care, it gave me a chance to sleep and not have to listen to her selfish preening. I looked after her after the surgery and slept when she did not need me. I looked beautiful but was constantly fatigued. Needless to say, this 'madam' was no lady. One never knew what would set her off. Especially as I was going through a very beautiful period even though I was so fatigued. She was just coming through a nasty divorce and the bitterness was apparent.

One day I was quietly sitting in a chair when she came home. I do not know what inflamed her but she suddenly got angry with me for being indoors and not exploring New York. I said I would rather be quiet. She would not hear of it. Since I was in her home and she had my return ticket, I chose not to dissent and deferred to her wishes. She insisted I go to one of the hotels and have a drink or something. I told her I did not have clothes to do this. We were the same size. She almost threw her dress and coat at me and wearing my own shoes, off I went to the hotel of her choice. I must admit I did look stunning this particular day. Two separate people came up to me for my autograph both thinking I was a different star. Both stars they thought I was I have been mistaken for before.

Now if some reader thinks the above is conceited or egotistical I say to you, the most marvelous gift that the universe gave to me after my continuous and dedicated thirty years of spiritual study is;

‘That which making me into myself, is my self esteem’.

Anyway, back to my New York story. There I was with my glass of wine and my little sandwich at the hotel I was recommended to by my unpleasant boss, when these three men walk in. This six-foot preppy man was the first and his eyes met mine in a very long look. As he was slowly passing he could not let go of my eyes and I heard this voice inside me say "he will do". A few minuets later he came back and asked if he could join me. Dear reader, you can imagine how chagrined this 'madam' was when I actually married the preppy man a year later. Preppy man was number four.

This is how I came to live in Boston. There are many Boston stories.

As I have said earlier, financially, I go up and down and up and down and now, this marriage put me on an up period. Five star hotel and all the trimmings at my service and Boston as a new starting point. As I always say, "it's good to be flexible" !!!

Chapter VI

Authentic Self

Boston Experiences

At this point, I will skip the Boston marriage. Besides the strain of having to smile at the door attendant every time I entered my luxury apartment, I found that a pompous man that flouted his education, but never actually said anything interesting, a waste of my precious time. If I am really honest with myself, I have to admit, I married husband number four for his Princeton/Harvard education which I was sure would rub off on me 'Nuchta gatoog' as the Jewish people say. 'No such luck'. If I am even further honest, I felt my husbands marvelous education could help me to further my vision/dream of building the Academy, *'To heal minds that minds might heal the planet'*. I left the marital home with my clothes and my husbands book on FRACTALS and moved into the artists quarters.

FLAUNTED

After my sojourn in the artist's quarters, where I had lived in a tiny room with no windows, however, I did have a telephone, I moved to another odd dwelling. This was with a man who was the principle renter and a female who was nearly off her rocker. I had just flown back from L.A. missing the big earthquake by a couple of hours. My mystic's instincts had probably saved my life, because the building where I was staying was flattened in the earthquake.

After I moved into my unusual abode, I found that the apartment was also the Massachusetts communications center for 'A Course in Miracles'. A weekly meeting convened in our apartment. I had the opportunity to explore the Course and found that the people that I encountered were sadly lacking in maturity. I had purchased the three books years earlier and found it rather empty. Or, at best, above my head.

3 Book
in
ENGLAND

MOST

PEOPLE RESPECT

ACIM

In later years, a friend who was still studying the course invited me to participate in her group. I said I did not understand the work though I had

considerable experience with its contents. Her take was that it all boiled down to, two, three word sentences. "I love you" and "I am sorry".

I AGREE

In essence this is what the Hawaiian doctor said, who cured mental patients in a mental hospital ward, without even seeing them. In Hawaiian, the saying is "Hoko pono-ono". It means, "I love you" and "I am Sorry". He simply sat in his office and beamed this consciousness to the patients. From being such frightening crazy patients where the nurses did not want to come in to work, the patients all healed and the mental ward closed down.

Many people are hooked on A.C.I.M. Probably this is a stepping-stone in their evolutionary process.

Another of my exercises in Boston was the Buddhist Center. I realize now how blessed I was with my early spiritual training in the various centers in England. We were always encouraged to practice discernment to a high degree. What I experience at the Buddhist Center was quite a shock to me. In the main, the attendees were educated business and academic men and women. Their talks and responses were juvenile as was their behavior.

The Buddhist group that did make sense to me was the Alan Watts group that met once a month at a various homes. I met some introspective, very intelligent people there. One lovely older man said to me, **"The Tao is always out there, the secret is, the intelligence with which you use it"**. Such a simple but obvious sentence but someone has to say it to you for it to become a useful concept. This concept made a big impression on me. From the time I really began to understand, I do not think that much passed me by that was intelligent.

One of the Alan Watts tapes told of a story of the Coolies in WWII. They were flown in tiny planes to work for the xxxxx government. The work was soul destroying. On the flight, the Coolies played cards. The winner was the one that jumped out of the plane without a parachute. It's all a question of perception.

Talking about perception, at one of the lectures I attended at Harvard I heard two students talking. One told the other that there was going to be a lecture at Brandeis University by a well-known philosopher who had recently written a book.

Since I was living in Boston and as my former husband was a graduate of Harvard, I purchased the 'Harvard Gazette' every week and attended lectures posted for the students, in the magazine.

I made a decision to go to the Brandeis lecture. I had to research where Brandeis University was located and found it was a long drive. None-the-less **something internally was driving me.** I arrived just about in time, parked and had to locate the lecture room without letting on that I was nothing to do with the University. Finding the room where the lecture had already begun, I saw about thirty students seated around a very long oval table. The sort of table the Queen of England sits at for state dinners. The room was very long and narrow. The speaker and the professor sat in front of the class. **Mercifully**, there was a chair opposite the door in the corner, at the same level as the tutor and professor. Amazingly, no one questioned me, or my reason for being there. I crept in and sat down in the corner.

I can tell you from my experience of life that the audience were extremely wealthy well educated, mostly men, of all nationalities. As they began to interact with the speaker, they challenged what he was saying. One of the sentences he said was, "The tall man in a white suit walks out of a bar" I suppose the intended question was, "What do you see?" What I saw, was these brilliant students tear apart, this well respected speaker and author, without mercy. For me I did not need to wonder further what philosophy actually meant. For me it meant, **"It's a question of perception"**. I knew I would never be amongst a more educated group of people and I had distilled the entire essence of the lecture to my understanding of philosophy. All these years later my understanding of philosophy is still, "A question of perception"

When I got back after leaving L.A. unexpectedly and not completing the work where I had intended to become solvent, I needed to get a job. About 11pm on a Tuesday night, the same night I arrived back in Boston, my flat-mate had left his paper open. I happened to be passing and an advertisement caught my eye.

"Car salesmen wanted". "Interviewing: Monday and Tuesday, training: Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. 9am". I said to my flat mate, "I am going to get this job. I had not had an interview, nor, had I been invited to take the training. Previous, to this, my only experience with a car was where to put the petrol.

I had no car, the training was in another town a long way off and it was freezing cold winter with snow on the ground. My flat mate very kindly said he would take me and show me the way. He did not have a car either. We set off early and in the freezing cold we took a bus, then a train, then we walked a mile in slushy snow. We arrived at 8-55am. My flat mate said, "I will wait ten minutes. If you do not come out, I will leave."

As I walked in the door I saw a tall man in a camel overcoat looming towards me. I looked him straight in the eye and said, "I've come for the training". He gave me a long look up and down and said, "go upstairs and sit down, we begin in five minutes. I made up the 20th trainee and took the three days training. We were then divided into four groups, dispatched to four different dealerships and I was sent to a 'Ford, Lincoln, Mercury, dealership'.

We all sat around waiting for the sales manager to interview us. He was a big guy that overflowed his seat on both sides. He must have weighed about 300 pounds. He interviewed all the men first and made me wait a long time. He said everything to discourage me from taking the job. "It's very long hours". "I don't mind" I said. "You work till 9pm and it is dark and you have to take train, and it could be dangerous". "I will take that risk", I said, "you don't have a car", said he. "I will be good enough to earn money and I will have a car in a few weeks". I said. "Ok", he said, "Come back tomorrow". I thought of the bus, train and the mile walk and I said, "Why?" He said, "I want the General Sales Manager to interview you". I asked him "is he here today"? He said "yes" I said, "Why can't I see him today?" He said, "Because, he is busy". I said, "Listen, if I can't convince you to let me see him today, then I won't be much good selling your cars, will I"? He did not even crack his face but I knew I had made my point.

It was obvious that this was a very macho outfit. They obviously did not want a woman in their midst. This did not faze me, there was a job available, I needed a job and I was sure it would be mine. They subjected me to a further two hours wait and I was summoned to the General Managers office. After a few fatuous questions, he said to me, "There is no sale, until the tail lights leave the parking lot." Then some more fatuous instructions and our interview ended. As I left, Colombo style I turned at the door and said, "By the way, I am a Mystic and I am already seeing the tail lights leaving the parking lot." I then swanned out of the door without

waiting to see his reaction. However, the next day I got a call to say I was starting at this dealership Monday.

Another of Norman Vincent Peals maxims: He said, "If you want something, however unlikely, **know** you are going to get it, before you start". This is a very important state of consciousness.

I was a fair car sales person, not a great car sales person. I was too honest. I sold both new and used cars. My friends like to take me with when purchasing a car because I am a good negotiator.

I was one of the very few women sales personnel the dealership had ever had on the lot. The men tried to force me out. I soon dealt with this nastiness. I stayed at the dealership one year and one week. My style was so tenacious, that on my last day at the dealership, I sold to the very first man that I ever gave a test drive to, on my starting day at the dealership. Further and more fun, I am a very good shopper. As earlier stated my nickname is, 'Second-hand Rose'. For several weeks, prior to my plans for leaving, I had been purchasing beautiful silk ties at the thrift shop, to suit each man's personality. On the day I left the dealership, again Colombo style, I delivered in a large wicker basket, thirty six ties with each mans name on the tie that was for them. This covered the sales force and administration. A little bird told me, "My offering was a stroke of genius in 'One-upmanship' and was talked about, for weeks". In the time that I worked at the dealership, I obviously brought another dimension to their lives apart from golf and coffee. "Gotta have a sense of humor".

Six weeks after I began as a car sales person, I bought an old banger that came in as a 'trade in' to the dealership. After a few weeks, it blew up on me and I was back on public transport. The dealership was very kind and put my non-functioning car into the auction for me. I recouped some of the money I had spent on it.

Then my big chance came. A big gold 1988 old style Lincoln with the Rolls Royce style front grill, rolled into the lot and wonder of wonders, 'he was my customer'. By selling him a new car, I could get this magnificent old car as trade in. I tuned in to the Divine, and begged for this car. Several other people in the dealership also wanted this car. They had much more time working there and much more clout than me, however, he was my customer. It was an exquisite dance, watching the players make their moves while

wooing my client into his chosen new car. I actually did it. I danced the dance; I staved off all the piranhas; I sold my client a beautiful car and purchased my lovely old Lincoln. Now if this seems to the reader just another exercise I assure you it was as sophisticated as it could get. Plus,,,,, in retrospect, from being broke, I was Divinely guided. From the moment I saw the advertisement in the newspaper for the job, within three months, I had a job, I knew I was a warrior and could handle anything, and I had a beautiful car.

My client that my beautiful car came from was an expressway drive, so although there was 120,000 miles on the clock, they were what the dealership called good miles. The sides had quite a bit of rust on them. The dealership I worked for were going to charge a fortune to clear the rust and re-spray the paint. Not to be daunted, I decided to do the work myself. I researched schools in the area and located one that had a car repair department. The head of the department was skeptical about me doing the work, however, he agreed to give me a chance and see how we got on. I took to it like a duck to water. The only thing I did not do was the re-spraying as the fumes were dangerous and I had not had enough training. My teacher kindly did the spraying. I now had my beautiful car repaired and painted at a fraction of the cost. How I love this teacher. He made my lovely car possible for me. Also, he picked me up every morning while my car was in his workshop. He specially liked me because the Hispanic and Haitian boys I worked with liked me a lot and worked better because they saw me an older woman doing their same work. I have pictures of us all.

advent
The above story from newspaper to car spraying is, for me, a perfect example of 'Practical Philosophy' *The organic process; the chain of events process; the ability to see opportunity in process.*

Somewhere early on, I saw a postcard that read, "To walk 1,000 miles, one must take the first step". This is in my consciousness after, SAFETY; HEIGINE; ORDER; RESPECT; and COMPASSION. Everything, is about the courage to begin. To have the confidence to know, that the Divine is in you and always with you. To know the Divine is you and as such desires to fill your hearts desire.

Courage to begin is a first step in clearing blockages. If one watches for the lessons, or as I prefer to call them, the sciences, and one works on the

sciences, one begins to clear blockages. I assure you, dear reader, in the car sales story there was nothing but daunting blockages.

“I, quite simply, would not be beaten”.

The finale to my beautiful gold 1988 Lincoln; I kept the car for many years and about the year 2000, I was thinking of changing it. I was in a hand-wash conveyer style car wash. A man who was one of the drying team was touching the car with such respect and love that he touched my heart. I said to Maria that as I was thinking of parting with the car I would like to pass the car on to this man as a gift. Maria thought it was a lovely idea. We approached him with the idea and found that he was from Brazil and was working two jobs to send his daughters to college. We told him of the things that needed attention on the car. He felt he could manage the repairs. Naturally, we got him to sign acceptance, and I signed the car over to him. This is my idea of fun.

Chapter VII

Authentic Self

Spiritual Commitment

From my understanding of what is happening in planetary existence at this time, the energy vibrations are quickening making our every day existence speed up. This quickening is quite scary, as most people are not ready for the pace of life that is happening. We are still in the patterns of the old paradigm.

Going back about thirty years I was in the old paradigm, not understanding anything of the new, yet going through the experiences of the early stages of the changes towards the new.

Many people who are breaking through to the spiritual life experience multifarious difficulties. This is to hone them in order for them to be able to withstand the higher vibrations entering their physical selves. In the eighties there was a well known spiritual speaker and educator Lilla Beck. Lilla had profound spiritual gifts. In one of her lectures, she showed a picture of a maze. She told us that in ancient times this was a symbol of the difficulty of negotiating the initiatic process.

At this time, I was just beginning to engage in activities connected with the spiritual environments. My life was mentally torturous and I was hanging on by a thread. My good friend Mary, who has now crossed over, took me on a very long journey to see a doctor who had been a practicing psychiatrist and was now engaged in only spiritual work. I would say he was about seventy years of age when I met him.

I bless this man every day of my life. I told him I had an Entity and I would like his help to clear it. He did some hands on healing work and said to me, "Could you consider the fact that this is a part of yourself and not an entity"? This rang a bell!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I do not think that I could have listened to any other person on the planet say such a thing. However, this man was so obviously genuine, had been a psychiatrist and was now a spiritual healer.

Also and most import he did not charge me. I saw him three times and he did not charge me. This was a man whose word I could take seriously, even though I would still contemplate the concept.

I went from pillar to post looking for some help. I had previously been to another lady doctor who when I told her of my agonizing symptoms, She took out an old, old book and actually read from it what were supposedly classical symptoms of an entity.

As I said, I give thanks for this lovely spiritual, former psychiatrist, who by his pure intelligence, guided me to take back my own power.

This is what I feel must be taught. *Taking back ones own power 'in humility'*



I have to give thanks to the Groffs who founded 'Esolan' in California in the late seventies or early eighties. Stanley Groff with his wife founded the S.E.N. 'Spiritual Emergency Network' This was a hotline that could be accessed from anywhere No charge. **I give major thanks to SEN.** When I was desperate with the disturbances, I would contact them and they helped me to understand how many people were going through the same experience due to planetary changes.

In truth, it has been an awesome fight. Anything that I could have imagined as a child from the Old Testament, of the fight with Archangel Michael (and that was a fierce fight) was nothing like the experience I have been through and mastered. At another stage of my development, I may be able to write about this period. Suffice it to say I now have a very strong mind, **which is devoted to divine will.** *The Divine has charged me with the mission to build an Academy "that heals minds that minds may heal the planet".* This I am committed to manifesting.

I am committed to healing the mind. Since no one has, *as yet*, managed to find the answers, other than drugs, I may as well continue my spiritual research into this field. One of the branches or departments of the Academy will be to set up a 'Spiritual Network' for the same type of emergencies that I experienced. The vital thing is to know that you are not crazy; that there are many others experiencing the same thing; and that this experience is part of the spiritual world changes that are taking place.

In the early days when I was first getting the consciousness to be a healer, a wise old man said to me “The healer has no attachment to the healing”. Therefore, I never did follow up on any person that came to me when I was healing unless they requested another session.

I have worked with many people as a healer and never charged anyone. I wanted my client to feel the gift was coming straight from Source. I always liked the part in the ‘New Testament’ where the guard came to Jesus and begged for healing for his sick child. Jesus said, “Go home, believe your child will be healed and she will be”. I felt if there was no charge the person would have more confidence in the flow of Divine energy.

In the new paradigm, people have had about fifty years of introduction to new ideas. It no longer feels so strange and scary to them. They do not feel so afraid to speak. They are beginning to listen to their inner selves. They are beginning to understand ‘How to listen to their inner selves’.

About 1985 I learned of the Alice Baily teachings. The branch of the organization based in UK was offering a World Conference in New York.

I felt compelled to be there. I somehow organized to be in New York at this time. What I did to be there is a film in itself. There were quite a few speakers at this conference. Bringing the community up to date with world affairs, from a spiritual perspective. An artist showed her lovely painting and after her showing, there was a panel on the stage of the previous speakers, including the artist.

I remember how I was trembling when I got up to ask a question of the panel of such learned people. The question I asked was. “What is Creation? No one answered. They just looked at each other. Several people came up to me afterwards at the charming reception that was laid out for us and said things like, “that was a profound question” or, “That was very deep” and so on..... It took me a while to find the answer, until a very clever man, in a book, gave me the answer.

Chapter VIII

My Authentic Self

Resentment

I think my first awareness of resentment was when we as a family went to synagogue on one of the high holidays, and I saw my uncle called up to the pulpit where the Rabbi's were officiating. I was happy that my uncle was 'honored' thus.

When this happened three times in a row, I was disturbed. I was disturbed that my father was not invited to the pulpit. When I eventually asked my father about this, he told me that my uncle donated a lot of money to the synagogue.

Having been in boarding school, this was my first experience of inequality. In boarding school, we all wore the same uniform and the only difference between us was the 'tuck boxes' of goodies our parents sent to us.

The Synagogue scenario must have made a much bigger impression than I realized because as a mature adult in a session with Barbara Simons the principle of 'The Center for Human Development' Hollywood. Florida', it reappeared as an issue.

Though life in general has many unfair states, for me the fairness of things is very important. I do my best to be considerate of others feelings where rightness and compassion are concerned and to the best of my ability, I get the fairest process for myself, while still leaving the other party with face saving and feeling they have made a good deal.

Barbara Simons is a very clever woman and a very generous woman both materially and sensitively. At her Center on a Friday night, she has a meditation service and gives a talk about any current issue that applies to Spirit, or any subject that she feels would be of interest to her audience. After her talk, there is a little meditation followed by a ceremonial white candle, lit by one of the Center's staff. The ceremony closes with someone reading the Center's sacred prayer.

About two weeks after my disclosure in session about the synagogue incidents, when it came time for the lighting of the candle, Barbara called me up to do the honors. The following week she called me up to read the sacred prayer. Part of the importance of the issue was that in my young eyes, the Synagogue was a holy place and the responsibility of the holy men was a sacred trust.

I found Barbara's gestures touchingly kind and brilliantly clever. Even though we believe we have grown into maturity and cleansed our resentments, we do not know what the small child is hanging onto. With this very clever kindness of Barbara's I was able to 'consciously feel' the clearing. Though this little story appears innocuous, its intrinsic value is of great importance to me. As an adult, I was able to see and feel the child's confusion about the unfairness and let go of the resentment.

I did not read about my clearing as an academic concept. I lived and felt it empirically. Barbara had fulfilled her duty as a holy woman. I was impressed. I was actually able to experience the dynamics of the clearing

Another effect of this incident, was to help me release any lingering resentment I might still be carrying towards my father for being a naughty boy, and going to prison for a white collar issue. I probably felt some childish shame and thought that the Rabbi's did not invite my father to the pulpit, because he had been to prison. I was so grateful to Barbara and I experienced a peace that covered many states of childish resentment. If a past incident ever came up again I could put myself back in the 'Center', lighting the candle.

The ongoing gift of the work with Barbara is I have empirically experienced an easily identifiable issue in my childhood and watched the dynamics it took to clear the pain of childhood.

I attended many workshops at the 'Center' and became a 'Hands on Healer' who served the audience at Barbara's Friday night service. The healing took place after the service. There were usually four or five healers all wearing white, stationed behind five chairs, it took about three or four minuets healing each person until the whole congregation received the healing touch. This was a profoundly sacred time. When the person got up from the

healing there was a lightness and humble appreciation about them that was not there when they sat down.

I am a PEACE-maker. This is my work. I work every day watching the TAO and becoming the best I can be in the moment, always focused towards the Academy. I watch the resentment in others and I bring the most kindness and love to the situation that is possible within the various environments. Business environments included.

My profundity comes from the terrible suffering I saw in the hospitals when I was visiting my brother over a very long time. In the paraplegic ward, I was deeply moved by the nurse who fell in love with and married the patient who could only paint with his teeth. There were many cases like this.

Just for the record: How I love my errant father, my wise mother, and my funny, brilliant, gentle brother. (All now crossed over)

Today I find resentment a valuable tool. It puts me in touch with my feelings and from a mature vantage point I can process swiftly seeing many sides of a situation. With mature processing the resentment does not linger for longer than the time it takes to process and figure out how to deal with the situation. If one cannot find an answer to resolve the issue then it is helpful to practice acceptance and humility, whereas a child is not, as yet, emotionally equipped for humility. To reiterate Mr. Beasley of 'White Lodge, Kent, England, 'Humility is my greatest protection',

Chapter VIII

My Authentic Self

Character

At the time that we were all beginning our awakening process,, say mid 1980's one of the big modern teachings was the 'Jose Silva' program. Only after one has had some experience with such a program, can one truly give an opinion. I can say today that the 'Jose Silva' work is excellent. We were taught to be experiential into our internal world.

We were shown many different and to a beginner, very exciting techniques, and taught how to feel the experience. One of the mediums was four different one inch, by half inch, round pellets of metal. These were made of steel, copper, brass and iron. We had the opportunity to become each metal. (This really suited me as I have always experienced myself as mineral.) The purpose was to think ourselves inside the various metals and then feel ourselves to be the metals. This was interesting. I have used this technique countless times since, using many different types of materials and thought processes, with very good results.

When we were counted down to Alpha the level below consciousness, we were taken on a meditation and asked to bring forth our male guide. I brought forth a suit of armor with a coat of arms. I was very proud of myself. I thought Spirit was showing me, that I was like the knights in shining armor. Or, one of the 'knights of the round table'

Quite a long time after this, I realized that what had actually happened was, I had been shown that I was like a suit of armor but there was no one in there. The real message was that I had no real character, and it was now time to go out and find out what character was and to build it into myself. My brother John could have pulled out Excalibur but I was a characterless empty shell. Imagine the shame and embarrassment of this discovery. Equally, I knew it was true.

Probably this experience was the kindest thing the universe could have done for me. I set about cleansing and purifying my disquieting character, to

become a more worthy human being. It takes a lot to look oneself in the face and acknowledge ones impurities.

This is probably the 'Whole Point' of my mission, 'to be a part of the shift to bring character back to human existence'.

I have watched many very well respected alternative speakers. They teach the way to advance in spiritually. However, I have not heard much straight talk about what character is and how to develop truth. Quite honestly, I have been shocked at the incredible lack of manners and principles in planetary existence today.

We hear a lot about forgiveness but what about those that one is learning to forgive. Who is teaching them or working with them to build character??? I am working on a course for inmates in a prison etc. There are probably some good programs out there and if so I will learn them and incorporate the best of them into my program.

Since I am probably quite an expert at what character is not, and what ignorance is, I might just be one of the people sincerely qualified to put such a program together.

The reason I am grateful for being previously ignorant is, I do know the difference. The difference is in the feeling between being decent and lacking in character. I used to burn all over when I was not decent, from the inside to the outside. The problem is that one does not know one is burning because the feeling is so normal. I only know the difference because in my early transition into spiritual being, I used to err occasionally and the unhealthy feeling began to become apparent to me as ugly and painful.

This ugly feeling is a major cause of sickness. Not a lot of point of going to a doctor if one is acting in an ugly fashion. Even if the doctor gives a pill etc. the ugliness still persists.

For those with perfect characters who get ill, remember, do not be afraid to try the new ways. The Divine is living in you and if you believe in your own Divinity, get fresh air and eat carefully. Anything is possible in the Divine light. Trust and be guided by your own inner light. Your own inner light is breathtakingly wondrous.