

Thoughts:

The Beginning

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## About the Author

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As part of his efforts to reclaim his Native American Indian heritage (**Shawnee and Cherokee**), he has been exploring indigenous healing practices, such as the shamanic use of rocks and crystals in the healing process. He has established a private practice in crystal energy healing, specializing in trauma-related work. He provides workshops around the country upon request.

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# Foreword

According to the theory of synchronicity, it is not coincidental or by accident that you are reading this book, nor is it an act of fate, unless you understand that fate is not what happens to us. Fate is what we are, if we are true to ourselves. As such, something inside you has accepted the invitation to look at life in a little different way. In doing so, you are opening yourself to a whole new world and a whole new you. Enjoy the journey. ths.

## Acknowledgments

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I thank my parents, Robert Louis and Dolly Eileen Stevenson, for their love and support throughout my life. I've never quite fit the family mold of farmers, welders, and construction worker since going to college and entering business. Yet, your support has always been there for me. May you both rest in peace.

# One

## The Article

The sun sprinkled the sky with rays of light poking through the thick clouds and misty air of morn. The eyes flickered in hopes that the next sip of coffee would kick start the brain and clear the sleep from the groggy mind. “Another glorious morning” sarcastically bubbled over the lip of the cup as he slithered into a kitchen chair.

He was tall with dark brown curly hair and unusually dark brown eyes, almost a shining black. He weighed 185 pounds, the same weight he had been the day he left the U. S. Marine Corps many years ago.

“Hrumph” echoed further awakening as the morning headlines attacked his eyes with deep, black letters of the almost-ready-for-prime-time news headlines. Some professional athlete, who had read too many stories about his superb sport abilities, had become confused and believed the stories had said how great thou art. Subsequently, he had come to believe that whatever he wanted he could have, including the unadulterated use of a woman’s body without her permission.

As Tom scanned the details of the story, images, much like those of a daydream, began to fill his mind. Nothing clear appeared in the images, yet he sensed something familiar. As he realized he was drifting off, he

quickly brought himself back to the moment.

“Wonder what’s on the agenda today” refocused the eyes as his hands floundered across the table trying to find his calendar.

“What’s this” pondered the notation of an appointment at 10:00 A.M. with Doc Know. “Oh yeah,” slipped from his mouth as memory bolted into his mind, then sputtered as his brain hesitated from the surge of information.

Several months ago, he had found a copy of an article written by this Doc Know lying on his desk. Besides the oddity of the author’s name, he had been attracted to the title, “Thoughts: The Beginning.” In a sort of flashback, he visualized that day’s events. He had been busy with the usual hustle and bustle of the office. Project deadlines were pressing, the phone was driving him nuts, and everyone’s hormones seemed to be out of whack.

When he found the article on his desk, he quickly wondered where it had come from and who might have put it there. In his usual course of action, it was pitched into the pile of “Will Read Some Day.” As the day progressed, his attention kept glancing up at the article after every phone call, memo, or discussion.

It was not a good day. Everything was a crisis demanding his immediate attention. Strangely, he recalled, each time he glanced at the article, it seemed to be saying “Read me,” yet he continued to dismiss it.



By 10:00 A.M., he had received four memos, taken six phone calls, and been involved in five discussions concerning something that had to be done, fixed, or corrected, **now**. In the back of his mind, he remembered hearing the song, “You can take this job and shove it.” Just as quickly, he shouted to himself “Enough!” and got up from his chair and headed to the coffee room. Three steps from his desk, he abruptly stopped, turned around, and stared at the article for the umpteenth time. “All right, all right” jumped into his mind as he briskly walked back to his desk, grabbed the article, and then stormed to the coffee room for a break.

He recalled that he had been pleased that no one else was taking a break, as he slid into a chair in the corner of the room with his sixteen-ounce coffee mug brimming with the “all will be better” brew.

Still amused with the author’s name, Doc Know, he settled into reading the article. Oddly, he thought that the article seemed to be alive. Not only did it keep grabbing his attention to “Read me, now,” but all his worries, tensions, and awareness of being at work vanished as if he had entered another world.

“Are you all right, Tom?” had broken the trance as his mind floundered about trying to recall where he was. His body was deeply rooted in the chair, as if he had become one with it, but his mind was clinging to images of a beautiful home of the 1800's.

“Huh?” he had responded.

“Are you all right?” was repeated by the fellow worker poking his head through the door.

“Oh, yeah, fine — why?” he said.

“It’s 11:00 A.M. and you’ve got a pile of problems waiting on your desk.”

“Holy cow, batman,” spewed from his mouth as he jumped up and ran to his desk, spilling coffee all the way.

As he scurried to his desk, he thought about the article he had just finished reading, and then drifted into a daydream about meeting this Doc Know. On his desk pad he made a quick note to himself to make an appointment with the author. Later that night, he wrote a letter to Doc Know asking for an appointment. A reply came within a week suggesting an appointment for today. That was three months ago. Until today, he had forgotten the entire episode.

As he waddled to the shower, he recalled the article and wondered why it had had such an impact upon him at the time. More importantly, he wondered why he had acted so out of character in asking for an appointment. It was not normal for him to act in the heat of the moment. In fact, his whole life was based on well-thought-out plans for every minute of the day. He had started this planning some years ago after reading various books about getting his life together by taking control of his time. These books had convinced him that each minute was his to use. If he chose not to control his time, then time would control him. Ever since, he

had made annual career plans and set a schedule for every day of the week. Each night, he would adjust the next day's schedule based on interruptions and changes that had occurred during the day.

Since adopting this method of time management, great things had happened. His career had skyrocketed. He had amassed a sizable bank account. He owned a beautiful home and car. He had succeeded. "So why am I meeting this Doc Know?" was cut off in mid-thought as the water gushed from the showerhead.

## Two

### The Appointment

During the drive over to Doc Know's place, he enjoyed the scenery along the way. There were rolling hills, covered with different emerald green trees and grasses. The road hugged the hills making the drive feel like a lazy roller coaster. As he arrived at the address, he noticed that it was a simple house, yet elegant. For some reason, it seemed happy.

The house was older, as suggested by the design and neighborhood, yet it appeared to glow as if it had just been built. Strangely, although the paint was peeling on the garage door and the window frames, the house it seemed to be "just perfect."

The trees appeared to be more full of life than other trees in the neighborhood. The flowers seemed more vibrant, and the lawn appeared to be more like carpet than grass. Oddly, the flower beds had weeds in them and the lawn had as much clover, crab grass, and dandelions as grass. Yet, instead of appearing unattended, the feeling of a perfectly groomed landscape rushed through his eyes. Each plant seemed exactly where it should be.

As he knocked on the door, panic hit like a brick wall. He just realized that he had no idea why he had made the appointment or what he was going to talk about. Visions of humiliation danced before his eyes as the door opened.

“Welcome” came from beside the door. “Please come in” echoed through his ears as a tall, dark-haired man appeared. “I assume you are . . .” trailed off into a vacuum as Tom observed the man. He appeared to be somewhere between his late twenties and early seventies. It was as though he emanated a youth filled with the wisdom of many, many years. His body was slender, yet seemed to evoke great strength. His hands seemed small, soft, and gentle, yet capable of a grip strong enough to make any man scream “uncle.” His eyes were dark brown, almost black in appearance, as if they were as deep as the ocean, yet very calm and compassionate.

“Pardon me” shattered the moment. “Are you lost?” chuckled from the man.

“Uh, why, no,” Tom responded.

“Then, I presume you are Tom Whitlock,” said Doc Know.

“Uh, yes, I am,” he sputtered.

“Please, come in,” invited Doc Know.

“Uh, yes, thank you,” stammered Tom as he walked into the house.

Like the outside, the interior of the house seemed happy. It was furnished with simple, yet elegant pieces of furniture that looked new, but conveyed the feeling that they were precious antiques.

“I am pleased to meet you” passed through the air as Tom turned to see Doc Know’s hand extended.

“Uh, thank you. I am, uh, very grateful for your seeing me, although I have no idea why I’m here,” said Tom as he shook hands.

Doc Know chuckled and said, “I am sure we will both discover why it is that you are here, as I am in the dark, so to speak, as much as you. You see, I followed an intuition to invite you to my home after reading your letter. In such instances, I’ve learned to defuse any urge to ask ‘why’ and instead ask ‘why not.’ When the urge persists, I answer ‘because.’ This humors me and frees me from the moment.”

## Three

### The Meeting

Doc Know led Tom into a small room where tea awaited them on a small table in the middle of the room. The room was a mix between a greenhouse and a rock quarry. Every square inch was filled with plants and rocks of every imaginable color and type. Interestingly, there were no windows to bring in sunlight, yet each plant seemed to thrive.

As he scanned the room, Tom looked more closely at the rocks sitting beside the individual plants. He saw clear and rose quartz, green tree agate, lepidolite, black tourmaline, celestite, petrified wood, amethyst, and albite. Surprised that he knew the names of each of the rocks, memories of his father's hobby flooded Tom's mind. His dad, "Pop" as the family and all of Tom's friends had called him, was a rock-hound in the truest sense.

Tom recalled that Pop had started to collect and polish rocks after a lifetime of working in construction. Pop enjoyed rocks and crystals so much that he would sit for hours admiring the beauty of each rock or crystal as if he were performing a sacrament. Many times, he had expressed his pleasure and amazement in the beauty of a particular rock.

He always added that it truly was a blessing that the earth had hidden and stored such beauty until man was ready to truly appreciate another of God's creations.

Tom recalled that Pop's admiration had led to explorations far and wide. He remembered how Pop used to go off on trips to mine flint in eastern Ohio, quartz in central Arkansas, fluorite in western Missouri and southern Illinois, and amethyst in Thunder Bay, Michigan.

Doc Know interrupted Tom's reflections by clearing his throat. As they sat on the two chairs beside the small table, Doc Know poured tea for each of them, then looked up and asked, "What did you think of the article?"

Taken aback by the abruptness, Tom stammered and said, "I don't know. I haven't thought much about it since I wrote you the letter."

"Well then," said Doc Know, "what do you remember about it?"

"I remember that you stated that thought precedes all action, that this action will repeat itself until we change the thought, and that like-thoughts attract each other," said Tom.

"That is correct," said Doc Know, "but do you understand what that means?"

Rather than use a pregnant pause of silence, Tom said, "Well . . . ," as if in deep contemplation, "in your article you said that when we have a



thought that we hold with deep conviction or with general acceptance as true, then it will be true. This truth is the action that follows from the thought. For example, in your article you said that cars exist because of a thought.”

“That is correct,” said Doc Know, “but do you understand what that means?”

“Sure, Henry Ford or somebody came up with this idea of a horseless carriage by combining the internal combustion engine with a carriage,” retorted Tom confidently.

Doc Know sat quietly for several moments, then said, “Tom, I have a hunch you can do better. Can you give me another example?”

Still feeling confident from his first answer, Tom said, “The Wright brothers or somebody combined the concepts of aerodynamics from watching birds with the use of an internal combustion engine and came up the airplane. Subsequently, more and better planes are built each year.”

Doc Know scrunched his face while shaking his head in disapproval, then in a gentle motion of his right arm and hand suggested that Tom should try again.

A little shaken, Tom said, “Most relationships are built on thoughts that create repetitive behavior, until someone changes the original thought. For example, for decades, maybe centuries, marriage was considered an

arrangement till death do us part. Now, it is acceptable to get a divorce.”

“What about the daily thoughts within the marriage?” asked Doc Know.

“I suppose it is the same,” said Tom. “If a person thinks his or her spouse is something, then the person is that something until that thought is changed. For example, if a man thinks his wife is kind and considerate, it will be true until something drastic occurs to change that thought.”

“What about the thoughts that led to the marriage?” asked Doc Know.

“It’s the same,” said Tom. “Once two people meet and get to know each other, they develop a set of thoughts concerning each other that leads to a decision to get married.”

“What about the thoughts that led to their meeting?” quizzed Doc Know.

“Huh?” sputtered from Tom’s mouth. “What do you mean by that?”

“Just what I said,” Doc Know replied. “What about the thoughts that led to their meeting?”

Feeling like a fool and grappling to prevent himself from appearing like one, Tom muttered, “Are you saying that we have thoughts similar to those of other people and because like-thoughts attract each other, those thoughts lead us to meet someone else who has those same thoughts?”

“Precisely,” smiled Doc Know.

Tom suddenly realized that his mouth was wide open and that he was nearly falling off his chair from leaning forward on the edge. As he sat back to consider what had been said, he grew very weary from concentrating so intensely.

Doc Know noted his weariness and suggested that they take a break. It was nearly lunch time. He mentioned that he had prepared some sandwiches and excused himself to get them.

Upon his return with the sandwiches, Doc Know smiled and sat down. Tom sat quietly trying to slow down the mass of thoughts flying through his head as they ate. After a second cup of tea, Tom felt refreshed. He cleared his eyes to see Doc Know smiling at him.

“Are we ready to continue?” asked Doc Know.

“I guess so,” Tom replied.

“What are the implications, then, of thoughts attracting each other?” asked Doc Know.

“Well,” said Tom, “it appears that it is no accident that some marriages are very loving, while others are full of violence. For example, it would follow that if I think I am a victim, one who is undeserving of love, my thoughts will attract someone who thinks the same way.”

“Close,” said Doc Know. “Do not confuse like-thoughts with exactly the same thoughts. Thoughts can be attracted to thoughts that are exactly the same, but they do not have to be so. They can be alike in the sense that when combined they form a closure of the thoughts, so to speak.”

“In other words,” stated Tom, “if I think of myself as a victim, my thoughts might attract someone who might mentally and/or physically abuse me.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know.

“Kinda takes the wind out of courting and physical attractions, doesn’t it?” said Tom.

“Not really,” said Doc Know. “Once the like-thoughts bring us together, it is not a matter of automatically being bonded together. Each of us has many thoughts that form our individual truths. One of these thoughts may have brought us close to each other. However, it is a combination of many like-thoughts or truths that influences whether we meet and eventually marry.”

“Okay,” said Tom, “then, how does repetitive action or behavior fit into all this, especially in relationships that totally change once the two people get married? Many of my friends were the most loving couples until they got married.”

“Remember, Tom,” said Doc Know, “we all have many thoughts or truths. With that in mind, you tell me — how can this occur?”

“Well,” said Tom, “maybe the couples have thoughts concerning what is true while they are single and another set of thoughts that are true once they get married.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know. “So what does that mean?”

“I’m not sure,” said Tom.

“Maybe this will help,” said Doc Know. “How do we develop these thoughts? Or, possibly, where do they come from?”

“I guess we get them from watching other people,” replied Tom. “I know I was surprised to discover how I had changed my behavior after I got married. Much to my surprise, I began to act like my parents.”

“So, what does that mean?” said Doc Know.

“Well, for one thing,” said Tom, “it means that we do not examine our thoughts very much or we wouldn’t allow ourselves or the relationship to change so much after we get married. It also means that, if I am able to realize what thoughts I hold as true, I can change them if they are no longer true for me or if for some reason I do not want them to be true anymore.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know.

“Does it also mean that if my thoughts change, it could lead to a divorce

or a parting of the ways of some sort?" asked Tom.

"Yes," said Doc Know. "Does this not occur daily?"

"Well, yes it does," said Tom, "but . . . ."

"But, what?" asked Doc Know.

"According to this theory, or whatever you call it, the thoughts that I hold as true have led me not only to the women I have felt attracted to, but also to my friends, where I work, where I go to church, and everything else I do," said Tom.

"Precisely," smiled Doc Know, "the common thread in **all** relationships is the like-thoughts held as truth amongst them. For example, the family customs and traditions of different cultures as well as the different religions from around the world are based on commonly held thoughts about life and how to live it. When these thoughts, now held as universal and/or unconscious truths, are brought into question, such as when two cultures come into contact, the commonly held thoughts may change and as such these universal or unconscious truths may change."

Realizing that this might be a bit too broad for Tom, Doc Know shifted the focus back to a more immediate level of discussion. "Tom, were there not very close friends in your life that are no longer part of it now?" asked Doc Know.

“Sure,” said Tom. “We don’t have anything in common anymore. One or the other of us changed — especially those of us who went to college versus those that didn’t.”

“What changed?” asked Doc Know.

“I suppose, the thoughts that we held in common as truths,” said Tom. “Because some or all of them changed, we no longer felt the bond that once held us together.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know. “Do you have any examples?”

“Well,” said Tom, “before I went to college and the Marines, most of my friends were guys who had played sports and were in the same classes. We hung around together on weekends and cruised the streets.”

“Afterwards,” continued Tom, “we didn’t seem to have much in common. I didn’t feel like cruising or going out and getting drunk like we used to do before I left, whereas, they continued to do these things. Instead of going to school, they worked all week, then played all weekend. Many of them got married, had children, and owned their homes. I had had none of these experiences. Conversely, I had gone to college and traveled to many places in the world while in the Marines. They hadn’t had any of those experiences.”

“How did these experiences change your common thoughts?” quizzed Doc Know.

“Well,” said Tom, “our thoughts had been based on common experiences that had happened more than six years before. When we met again, it seemed like we were grappling to regain that commonality by reminiscing over a whole lot of beer. It was fun, but after all the stories of crazy high school adventures were told, this six-year gap stood out. It was like we couldn’t relate to each other anymore. Slowly, we seemed to fade away from each other.”

After a brief pause, Tom added, “This same process happened after I left college. Except for a few people who have continued to be in contact, we’ve all gone our separate ways.”

“What does that say to you, Tom?” asked Tom Doc Know.

“It seems that experience creates the thoughts that lead to our truths. These experiences can be everything from watching TV and observing our parents’ behavior to doing almost anything,” said Tom.

“Precisely,” said Doc Know. “Now, what about the relationship with yourself? What thoughts or truths are within yourself about yourself?”

“Whoa, amigo,” spewed from Tom as he felt a deep sense of tightening, as if his shorts were shrinking about three sizes. Images of a swarthy and very uncomfortable session of ‘true confessions’ flashed in his mind. “If you don’t mind, what exactly do you mean?” said Tom in a strongly contained voice.



“Lighten up,” replied Doc Know as he intentionally moved a little closer to Tom’s internal tension. “Tell me what you know about shame, in particular your sense of shame.”

“I don’t know,” said Tom. “I’ve never really thought about shame as a thought or a truth. It has always been more of a very unpleasant experience.”

Sensing Tom’s uneasiness and growing weariness, Doc Know said, “Let me help you a little bit. The word ‘shame’ in and of itself is a mass of thoughts. For almost every person, the word does not connote anything positive. In fact, most people will go to great lengths to avoid not only the experience of shame but any discussion of it as well. It is a thought that is steeped in social conformity and family power. Nonetheless, it has the potential to reveal a treasure chest about the thoughts that create your reality and how you perceive yourself.”

Doc Know paused to allow the information to sink-in, then proceeded. “Tom, shame is as natural as drinking water. As an emotional response, it helps us to know from the depths of our soul when something is potentially dangerous or has gone awry in our relations with our self or with others.”

“I am not sure if I understand,” said Tom.

“At least, not yet,” chided Doc Know. “Shame is an internal experience that occurs when we somehow reveal or uncover the deepest part of who

we are as a human being. It typically occurs when we experience a sense of our need for acceptance or approval or intimate contact with another human being that in some way we deem or have been taught is inappropriate. Hence, it can happen with any real or imagined sense of rejection within ourselves or from others. For example, it is considered shameful by many people in this country for men to show much emotion, any need for approval, or to indicate any sensitivity beyond arms length concern for other people. When we do experience or express any of these natural responses a multitude of shame related experiences can fill our internal experience. For example, shyness, embarrassment, humiliation, feeling ridiculous, and self consciousness are all shame related experiences. And, each of these are quite common in men when they show emotions beyond a limited range, express a need for intimacy or deep contact with another person, or indicate more than a modicum of sensitivity.”

“It seems so limiting,” said Tom. “Yet, I know what you say is true. I have trouble giving my father a hug, let alone admitting that I want one from him. Typically, I feel embarrassed for wanting a hug and I feel totally humiliated for asking for one. Mostly, I don’t ask or even let him know I want one. Instead, when I feel the need or urge arise, I cut it off and prevent any expression by telling myself that ‘it’s stupid to want a hug’ or that ‘I am too old for a hug from my father’.”

Doc Know asked, “Why do you stop yourself from expressing your desire for a hug or from taking some action to get the hug that you want?”

“In my family,” said Tom, “the men don’t show affection to each other except in shoulder pats much like athletes or in teasing each other. Any other form of affection was off limits.”

“Who taught you these rules or ways of being,” asked Doc Know?”

“I don’t know,” said Tom. “I guess I learned them while growing up.”

“Isn’t that an interesting thought,” said Doc Know?

“Huh,” grunted Tom deep in thought. “I suppose so. Yet, it reminds me that when my grandfather died some years ago, my father sat with him until his final breath. Later, I discovered that this was the first intimate contact between them both in conversation and in touching each other (holding hands) since my father was two years old. I find that quite sad.”

“How so,” asked Doc Know.

“It seems that fathers and sons should be able to express affection throughout their lives. Yet, my family has not been able to do so. This unspoken rule about proper behavior between men-folk seems to keep getting in the way.”

“That’s a thought,” reminded Doc Know.

“Yes, it is.” stated Tom. “A thought I want to change. As difficult as it is for me to admit to myself that I want hugs, I do. I do want to know my

father cares about me. I do want him to know that I care about him.”

“Isn’t it interesting,” noted Doc Know in a soft voice? “As a species, we use shame to control our behavior according to familial or socially accepted ways that someone in some time long ago decided was appropriate behavior. Are there other examples of how shame controls you that comes to mind?”

“Tons,” blurted Tom. “Tons! After a long, hot summer pause, Tom continued, “How I behave in business is very similar to how I behave in my family. Any sense of affection, such as liking someone as a person or feeling a closeness to them for whatever reason is strictly taboo from all forms of direct expression. I am not sure why this is considered appropriate behavior or why someone a long time ago decided that it was appropriate behavior for people in business. Yet, I know that when I break one of these rules, I feel a deep sense of dying inside. I only want to go find a deep, dark, dank hole and climb into it.”

“It seems like an extremely painful way to try to live,” questioned Doc Know. “You have natural feelings including the need to show affection to other people, without mauling them, of course, and you have a natural inclination towards intimacy with other people. Nonetheless, you are shamed from acting on any of these natural impulses.”

“Indeed,” replied Tom. “Very painful, indeed.”

“It is time to end for the day. If you would like to continue next week, I

would like you to consider how thoughts apply to you — your intra-personal relationships, so to speak. The theory, as you call it, applies to everything; and I mean *everything*.

However, for now, I would like you to explore your personal thoughts and see if anything develops about shame.”

Tom agreed to meet in the late afternoon the next week. He would drive over after work. Doc Know smiled as Tom shuffled off to his car.

The drive home seemed to go very quickly. As often happened when he was predisposed to do so, Tom didn't remember the drive at all. It was as though someone else had driven him home.

## Four

### A Brief Sojourn

The week went very quickly, as work was busy and Tom worked more hours than usual. On the day of the next visit, he suddenly realized that he had not considered what the thoughts were that he held as truths about himself. Every time he even contemplated this, he felt the tightening within himself.

As he drove to Doc Know's house, he wondered if he should have called and canceled the meeting. As he pulled up to the front of the house, he realized that it was obviously too late to cancel. So, he got out of the car and walked to the front door.

Once inside, Tom blurted out his failure to complete the assignment, much like a small child praying for mercy from an elementary school teacher. A bit embarrassed by his childlike behavior, he stood dumbfounded in the doorway.

Doc Know said nothing as he led Tom into the small room filled with plants and rocks. As they sat, he asked Tom to explain what had

happened since the previous week. After discussing work and all the miscellaneous events of the week, he said he felt threatened by the assignment.

Doc Know smiled and said, "now, that's a thought about yourself and in particular about shame."

Tom looked at Doc Know, puzzled at the comment, then said, "do you mean my feeling threatened by the assignment is a thought about myself?"

"Precisely," said Doc Know. "And the experience of this sense of somehow being threatened is an affect, the affect called shame.

Tom looked at Doc Know, puzzled at the comment, and then said, "Do you mean my feeling threatened by the assignment is a thought about myself?"

"Precisely," said Doc Know.

"How so?" asked Tom.

"You tell me," retorted Doc Know.

"Well . . . ," said Tom, "if I feel threatened by the assignment, then I must hold a thought as true that looking at what I hold true about myself is

threatening — uh — or something like that.”

“Or something like that,” chuckled Doc Know.

“Tom,” continued Doc Know, “it is common to feel uncomfortable when beginning to look at ourselves or more specifically at what we hold true about ourselves. One thought that seems important to you is related to how I might or might not respond to you in terms of not completing the assignment as well as what might be revealed by completing the assignment. This seems even more so since I added the word shame to the assignment.”

Tom nodded his head in agreement as he kept his eyes diverted.

“A common analogy is that it's like peeling an onion. It may bring tears to your eyes, but it is worth the effort if you want to get to the fruit. As a side note that may be helpful some day, tears can be happy or sad depending on your perspective as you peel the onion,” added Doc Know.

Tom considered what Doc Know had said for several minutes. As he looked up, Doc Know was smiling at him. The smile seemed to brighten Tom's mood.

“Tom,” said Doc Know, “I think it would be better if we try a little different approach. I sense that you write, especially when things bother you.”

“That's true, or was some years ago,” said Tom.



“Good,” said Doc Know. “Over the next week, I want you to try to write down your thoughts without judgment. There are several ways to do this. One way is to ignore the grammar, spelling, and so on and simply write your thoughts as they occur. It’s kind of like a computer printer, in that you will be the printer for your thoughts. Like a printer, you will simply record the thoughts that are flowing through your mind.

“Another way is to use Haiku poetry. This is especially effective when you cannot let the thoughts flow. Haiku allows you to open yourself to your inner thoughts by focusing on structure. Specifically, each poem has three lines. The first and third lines must have exactly five syllables. The second line must have exactly seven syllables. To get started, pick a word or object or something that is in the room with you. It could be a chair. Start the poem with this word and focus on completing the poem by allowing whatever comes to mind that fits within the 5-7-5 structure.

“A third way is to write free-verse poetry. In this method there are no rules, just streams of thought describing something you see, feel, know, or whatever comes to mind. Again, judgment must be left out of the stream of thought. I will provide a couple of samples to give you an idea of how to do it. Most importantly, remember to allow the thoughts to flow.”

Doc Know left the room and came back with two pieces of paper. He gave them to Tom and bid him farewell until the next week.

There is no such thing  
as a blank mind; it's yourself  
playing hide and seek.

# CHANGING PATHS

Am I changing  
paths again

or

is it simply the path  
I was already on?

Everything seems different—  
more and less real,  
more and less comfortable,  
more and less me.

## Five

### Looking Within

As Tom walked to the car, he glanced at the two poems from Doc Know, then got into the car and drove home. Upon getting home, he reread the poems several times, then decided to try the exercises suggested by Doc Know. They looked simple enough. After an hour of staring at the blank pieces of paper, he gave up and went to bed. Part of the problem was that he couldn't let go of the second poem, *Changing Paths*. It hit a nerve within him.

Since meeting with Doc Know, he had noticed the same feeling in a variety of situations. First, when he had received the letter setting up the initial appointment, the company had a no-vacation policy during the busy time of the year. The appointment was scheduled in the middle of it. Rather than cancel the mid-day appointment, as would be normal for him, he decided to wait. Three weeks before the meeting, the company canceled the no-vacation policy without any explanation. Without thinking, he put in for vacation the week of the first meeting, although previously he had always taken his vacation over the Christmas holidays. He wondered what had possessed him to schedule the vacation during the week of the

first appointment.

Second, he realized that recently he had stopped trying to control every minute of every day. Whereas he used to allow so many minutes for meetings, opening mail, etc., each day, lately he had been ignoring the schedule. Instead, he would find himself chitchatting during meetings and dawdling with the mail, even flipping the junk mail through the air piece by piece trying to hit the trash can. Besides the surprise to himself in discovering this change in behavior, he had noticed that his fellow workers were giving him unusual looks.

Third, he had not felt in sync with himself for a long time. The best way he could describe this was like a gnawing within him that something was not “right” or was “missing” in his life. At times, it felt like a deep knowing that he was supposed to do something, yet he had no idea what it was. The rest of the time, he felt a cold, emptiness much like an all night café in the middle of the desert at 3:00 am.

The next week went by quickly. Work seemed less bothersome, as Tom focused on solving the problems in the most effective way rather than concerning himself with office politics or other types of distractions. Upon getting home each night, he sat down to try the exercises again. As each night before, hours passed with nothing put down on paper. Periodically, he would catch himself staring off into the walls. He would try to refocus and force the words to come, but to no avail. Finally, on the night before the next meeting, he decided to take a shower and ease away the tensions that seemed to amass in his shoulders from sitting at the table

for so many hours.

After a long, hot shower, he felt better. As he wiped the moisture off the mirror, he looked at himself. Oddly, he didn't look like himself, yet he did. As he looked closer, he saw himself in many ways. It was like he was several different people, yet still himself. Amazed, he grabbed a towel and ran to the table to write down what he had seen.

After quickly writing down the experience, he spent the next two hours rewriting it so that it explained as accurately as possible what had happened. Completely exhausted, he went to bed and collapsed.

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## Mirrors

Sometimes, I look into a mirror and see a thousand faces.

Some are new, not here yesterday nor this day, till now.

Some shimmer with newness while tarnished with despair.

Some glimmer with hope while trying to lighten the ware.

Some are old, buried deep in the furrows of my brows.

Others are cold, frozen amongst the growing scowls.

A few shade the faith sunken in the darkened eyes.

Others are pulled taut from some broken tithes.

Sometimes, I wonder where am I amongst these reflections,  
then I see one tiny face bursting with emotions spent but not released,  
and curiously chuckle as thoughts scamper around a childhood lesson

of holding on too long and being forced to let Mother Nature  
run her course.

Sometimes, I look into a face and see a thousand mirrors.

The next day was vibrant. Everything was beautiful. Tom couldn't wait to get to the meeting with Doc Know. Something wonderful had happened, even though Tom could not express what **it** was.

Upon arriving at Doc Know's home, Tom raced up the sidewalk to the front porch and began to knock on the door with a light rhythmic beat. After they walked in and sat down, Doc Know smiled and chided, "Well, we're chipper today, aren't we?"

Tom smiled and nodded yes.

"Please tell me what has you so pleased," said Doc Know.

Tom explained the events of the last week and what had happened. Then he proudly handed Doc Know a copy of the poem.

After reading it, Doc Know asked, "What does this poem tell you about yourself?"

"Well, I'm not sure," said Tom. "I hadn't thought about it. I was so happy to write something, I didn't look at it as a reflection of myself, though oddly

enough it's titled *Mirrors*. I guess it suggests that I have many thoughts about who I am, including that there are many truths that I hold dear about who I am or what I am or . . . something."

In his usual way of prying more from Tom, Doc Know asked, "How so?"

Tom looked at each stanza of the poem for a hint of what to say. After more than a pregnant pause, in a very serious voice, he said, "I guess it says that I am a collage of my experiences. Each experience that has had an impact upon me has become a thought that I hold to be true. As such, each experience I have will be measured against these thoughts that I hold to be true until I change my thoughts."

"Precisely," said Doc Know with just a hint that he was impressed with Tom's insight. "You have done well. For the next time, continue with the exercises and try to find out if any other insights can be gleaned from your poems about yourself."

As Tom walked to the car, he suddenly felt different—as though he felt centered or whole, a feeling he vaguely remembered from his younger years. Rather than try to figure out what it was, he decided to simply sit back and enjoy the ride.



## Six

### Seeing the Way

For the next week, Tom furiously attempted to recreate the experience he'd had in writing the first poem. Totally exasperated, he called Doc Know and canceled the meeting for the next day. Tom was pleased that Doc Know had not asked any questions and had simply accepted his request to cancel.

As he sat at the table, he wondered why he was having so much difficulty in writing another poem. Tired of thinking about it, he picked up a pencil and started to doodle. First, he made loop de loops—some small, others with large, swooping loops. Then he changed to various triangular shapes.

As he doodled, a thought ran through his mind about seeing the way. He wrote the words on the paper. Another thought ran through his mind concerning his difficulties of seeing the way to write a poem. Just then, a third thought breezed through about his difficulties in seeing the way for himself. Playing with these ideas in the same way he had been doodling, he began to write his thoughts concerning seeing the way.

Fifteen minutes later, he started reworking the thoughts. About an hour later, he realized that he had written a poem without even trying. It dawned on him that he had allowed it to occur by forgetting about writing the poem and focusing on writing whatever came to mind.

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## Seeing the Way

On occasion,  
I lose sight of

m  
y  
s  
e  
l  
f  
.

When this occurs,  
I  
    stumble  
a  
    |  
o  
    t  
and get

# frazzled

from feeling  
like a pinball  
bouncing  
to  
fro.

and

Eventually,  
a light turns on  
to help me  
**real-ize**  
that I needed, only,  
to **OPEN** my eyes  
to  
see  
a  
whole  
new  
way.

When this occurs, I am back,  
no longer the same,  
calmly separated  
from a view that clarified  
the past, but

darkened  
the present  
and  
shadowed  
the future.

Today  
is wonder  
full.

Tomorrow  
is  
breath  
taking.

---

The next morning Tom called Doc Know and asked if they could meet after all. Doc Know agreed.

As he had been the week before, Tom was excited about the meeting with Doc Know. Only this time, he was prepared to answer at least some of Doc Know's questions.

"A good day," greeted Doc Know as he led Tom into the room.

"Yes," said Tom as he handed the copy of *Seeing the Way* to Doc Know, "a very good day."

Doc Know scanned the free-verse poem, then sat quietly, as if in gentle contemplation. After a few minutes, Tom started squirming like a child who should have gone to the bathroom before sitting down. Finally, he blurted out, “Well, what do you think?”

Doc Know smiled and said, “About what?”

“The poem!” spewed Tom.

“No, Tom, I believe your question is, what do you *want* me to think about the poem?” replied Doc Know.

“Huh?” spouted from Tom’s mouth like a balloon losing all of its air. After a brief pause, Tom said, “That’s true. I was seeking your approval.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know. “So when we have a desire or a need, it can trigger the development of a thought about fulfilling this desire or need. If our experiences in the past have not been very pleasant in getting these desires or needs fulfilled, our thoughts can turn into unpleasant memories that lead to behavior that reflects our need for something as well as our fear of something less than having that need fulfilled. Is that what happened to you upon your arrival today.”

“Well,” muttered Tom as he attempted to regroup himself, “I suppose it is.”

“Isn’t that interesting?” said Doc Know. “We can have thoughts of thoughts based on our experiences in life as well as on our desire or need

for something to occur.”

“Yeah, I guess so,” said Tom, still dejected.

“What does that mean?” said Doc Know with a light, encouraging tone.

After a brief respite, Tom perked up and said uneasily, “It’s the onion.”

“Precisely,” chortled Doc Know. “However, it would please me to hear how it is like the onion.”

Tom was a little surprised with his “onion” answer. He searched his mind for an answer to this new question, and then he said, “The poem was a flow of thoughts that I allowed to be expressed by letting go, so to speak, like in not trying. My desire for your approval was a desire or need concerning getting your approval for completing a task. The poem is one layer of the onion and my desire for your approval is another.”

“Precisely,” smiled Doc Know. “What does that mean?”

“Well,” pondered Tom, “I suppose my desire for your approval was fighting the flow of thoughts that became the poem. When I forgot the desire for your approval, the flow of thoughts was released. Using the onion analogy, my desire for approval was the first layer and the flow of thoughts that became the poem was the second layer.”

“Does this not occur to you daily?” queried Doc Know.

“I suppose it does,” said Tom.

“How so?” said Doc Know.

A flash of memory jolted Tom as he recalled as a child trying to get approval from his father by trying to excel in sports, as a young adult trying to get approval from his professors by excelling in college, and as an adult trying to get approval from his boss by trying to excel at work. He recalled how he would focus all of his energy in each task with one thing in mind: others’ approval. After what seemed like an eternity squeezed into a few seconds, Tom said, “In most of what I do.”

Doc Know asked, “Can you see where these thoughts came from, Tom?”

“From me,” said Tom, “and, in how I made meaning of different events in my life, especially when I desired or felt a deep need for something to occur. Somewhere or sometime in my life, I must have concluded that to be noticed or maybe to be considered an adequate human being, I needed to excel in everything I did. Hence, I must have a deeply seated thought that I am not good enough as I am to be accepted as I am.”

## Seven

### Looking In

The week seemed like a blur as Tom considered how everything in his life had been based on different thoughts he had held as true. He was shaken to the core with an understanding that, once a set of thoughts are held to be true, they become the foundation for how we act and react to everything in life. Now he understood how these thoughts influenced him to repeat specific behavior over and over without thinking. Once a thought is considered true, it becomes part of the active memory similar to how a computer holds instructions in random access and extended memory until called into action by another instruction. Thoughts held as truth seem to be held in memory until triggered by a situation, event, or another thought.

Now, as he drove to Doc Know's house, he felt very unsettled, as though he wasn't so sure about who he was or whether he was pleased with the person he had become. At best, he was a bit disconcerted. At worst, on a scale of one to ten, he felt about ten points below sea manure.

Doc Know sensed Tom's predicament as soon as he greeted him at the door and led him into the room. After pouring tea for both of them, Doc



Know asked how Tom's week had gone.

"Lousy," said Tom. "Everything seems upside-down or something."

"How so?" asked Doc Know.

"Well," said Tom, "for one thing, I don't like some of the thoughts that I've held as true for most of my life. For example, I'm not so sure busting my butt to get others' approval is such a good thought."

"Why not?" said Doc Know. "It is just a thought."

"Gimme a break," blurted Tom. "We're talking about my whole life."

"Now, **that's** a thought," chided Doc Know.

Doc Know's response stunned Tom out of his mood. He began to contemplate his reaction to discovering how different thoughts had directed his life, and also his reaction to those thoughts. Suddenly, he blurted out, "It's the onion, again."

"Precisely," smiled Doc Know. "As you considered the thoughts that you have used to define, for a lack of a better word, your life, other thoughts were used. Some of these other thoughts were thoughts that you had also held as true. These other thoughts also are part of your definition of yourself or your life. In this case, they clashed."

“Boy, I’ll say!” said Tom.

“The question is,” said Doc Know, “what does this mean to you?”

“Well, I’m not sure,” said Tom. “I guess I need to decide if these thoughts are still true for me. If not, then I need to change them.”

“Sort of,” said Doc Know. “An easier way to think about your thoughts might be to consider letting go of them. This way, they will still be available for use during situations that might suggest them, albeit with a slight adjustment.”

Tom considered Doc Know’s comments for several minutes, then said very tentatively, “In other words, if I let go, as you said, of the thoughts that I no longer hold as true, then I may be able to call them up and use them again whenever I decide that the situation warrants their use in some form.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know. “It is truth as we define it within our thoughts that limits our choices. As such, nothing is good or bad in its basic form, until we attach a thought of ‘this is good’ or ‘this is bad’ as truth. Similarly, nothing is possible or impossible concerning a specific situation until we attach a truth to it. In other words, letting go is accepting thoughts without emotional connotations and/or value judgments. It is accepting ‘what is.’ ”

“What about war?” asked Tom.

“What about war?” retorted Doc Know.

“It’s bad,” said Tom, “all the time.”

“Is it?” smiled Doc Know. “Without the Revolutionary War, there would be no America—at least, as we know it. Without the Civil War, there would be no America —again, as we know it. The same can be said about some country following every war that has occurred. What’s so bad about that?”

“Uh, uh, uh, nothing,” stammered Tom. “But, what about all of the deaths and destruction?”

“More people die in car accidents than in any war. And hasn’t every country that’s been in a war rebuilt itself to be better than it was before the war?”

“Well, yes,” said Tom.

“Then,” smiled Doc Know, “what is bad about war?”

“I’m not sure,” said Tom.

“Precisely,” nodded Doc Know. “However, consider this, Tom: What causes war?”

“Greed and power, I suppose,” said Tom.

As he looked at Doc Know, he realized his answer was not going to get very far. He added, “Thoughts, or the clashing of thoughts, probably cause wars.”

As the words left his mouth, Tom suddenly had a revelation concerning their meaning. “Oh my God!” gasped from his mouth. “According to what we’ve discussed, the common thread of every war has been a thought or a series of thoughts. And every person—man, woman, or child—who participated did so because of like-thoughts that brought them together.”

The revelation seemed to expand and contract simultaneously as Tom rambled on about how patriotism was a generally accepted thought until the Viet Nam War questioned its truth. By revealing the horrors of war through the mass media and also through the demonstrations by hundreds of thousands of young people at the time, the entire country began questioning the validity of war as a solution to anything. In fact, being in the Marines at the time had totally changed Tom’s thoughts about it.

As he recalled how he had accepted being drafted without much fanfare, he explained to Doc Know that he had always known that serving in the military was a good way to pay for his college education. More importantly, like his father and brother before him, he had never even considered not going into the military service. Too many John Wayne movies had instilled a deep sense of patriotism within him. Once in, he discovered just how different it was from the movies. For example, he discovered that he couldn’t go to an anti-war rally, although he was

curious to see Jane Fonda in person. His fellow Marines had informed him that Marines weren't allowed to go to such events. Moreover, the protesters did not want Marines at their rallies. In the land of the free and the home of the brave, Tom wondered why it was not acceptable for him to attend these rallies.

He recalled for Doc Know his gut-wrenching insight while shooting expert scores at the rifle range: the primary purpose of any gun was to kill. From then on, he realized that he was severely allergic to bullets. He focused his attention on only one thing: surviving. However, in focusing on survival, he had learned something about himself that was more than a little surprising. He realized that he could be forced into a position to kill or be killed, if he was sent directly to Viet Nam. At some place within himself that felt as deep as the Dead Seas and as old as the Himalayan mountains, he knew he would kill when faced with the life or death question. Oddly, this knowing felt as if he knew from personal experience.

As Tom completed his self evaluation of his thoughts on war, Doc Know smiled and said, "Now you can decide what thoughts you will have concerning war."

Tom pondered the discussion as Doc Know left the room for some snacks and to refill the teapot. When Doc Know returned, Tom had reconsidered his answer and said, "I still think war is wrong, and I think car accidents are a terrible misfortune."

“Good for you,” said Doc Know.

“Hrumph,” grunted Tom. “What kind of answer is that?”

“An honest answer based on this moment and my thoughts about you,” said Doc Know. “You have created a thought that is a truth for you in this moment. Tomorrow you might experience something and decide to change it. So it is.”

The two of them finished the evening chitchatting and munching on snacks. Before Tom departed, Doc Know asked him to consider how thoughts might have changed him or his life in ways other than how he thought.

## **Eight**

### **Looking Deeper**

Now, as he drove up to the house a week later, he realized that he had not really come up with anything. Rather, he had played with the idea of peeling the onion, so to speak, as a means to rediscover those thoughts that he held as true.

For example, last night he had decided to doodle on his note pad to see if he could unleash some thoughts that might prove insightful. After about an hour of daydreaming, his mind cleared. A thought concerning “searching for himself” sifted through. Playing with that idea, he seemed to allow the pencil to do the talking as it appeared to glide across the paper with a mind of its own. Intrigued, Tom simply observed the process as the words seemed to float onto the paper of their own accord.

A few minutes later, the pencil stopped, as if it were finished. Curious to see more clearly what had been written, he was a bit shocked, as well as amused, as he read it. He was amused because it described the thought he had had while trying to unravel his thoughts (“peeling the onion”). He was shocked because it seemed to describe the process he had been

going through for the last several weeks. He was excited with the discovery and looked forward to his meeting with Doc Know.



## Searching for My-Self

When searching  
for love, happiness, or joy—  
whether it be  
amidst  
the blazing sky  
or  
beneath  
the glistening sea  
or  
amongst  
the golden deserts  
or  
within  
the purity of silence  
or  
inside  
someone else's eyes—  
**always** remember  
that what you see  
is only a reflection  
of your self.  
Look into your heart.

When Tom got to the house, a note on magenta paper was taped on the front door. It said that a situation had come up this afternoon. Doc Know could not meet today. Disappointed, Tom turned around and drove home.

## Looking Back

When he got home, he felt a little tired and decided to lie down for a quick nap. As he had done for years since learning how to instantly relax while in the Marine Corps, he was in what he called “twilight” very quickly. Since learning this relaxation technique, he had refined it.

To prevent himself from going into a deep sleep, he focused his mind to relax and stay awake while telling his body to sleep. By doing this, he would usually wake up within whatever number of minutes he wanted to rest. During these naps, he would go into a dreamlike state. Humorously, he called it “watching the movies,” as one dream after another would flow before his eyes. Typically, he would simply let the pictures fly by without any personal involvement. Sometimes he’d “watch the movies,” sometimes not. Tonight, he decided to watch them.

Generally, the movies were a series of images, objects, and scenes. On occasion, they would include people. Tonight, a comic book advertisement of a bodybuilding course flashed across his eyelids. Chuckling to himself, he wondered where it had come from. A few moments later, it flashed onto his eyelids again. This time, it sat there for a few moments and then disappeared.

“Holy shit, batman!” flew out of Tom’s mouth as he jumped up, slipped on the throw rug beside the sofa, and slid under the coffee table. Had it not been for his chin, he probably would have slid to the other side. However, his chin did an amazing imitation of a doorstop by throwing his body parallel to the floor before dropping him like a bag of potatoes on the hardwood floor. Dazed, he simply lay there for quite a while, then cursed himself for having had the crazy idea in the first place of building a coffee table out of landscaping timber and then bolting it to the floor.

As he got up from the floor, he rubbed his chin and found no breaks or cuts. However, the back of his head, as he discovered when he flopped into the overstuffed chair, had an extra large, grade A goose egg.

After about thirty minutes, he remembered why he had bolted out of his nap: the comic book advertisement. When he was ten years old, he had been on the chunky side. Each night, he had stared at this comic book advertisement, until one night he decided that, when he grew up, he would be exactly like the man in the picture—six feet, one and one-half inches tall and 185 pounds. After that night, he never looked at the advertisement again. For the last twenty-six years, Tom suddenly realized, he had been that exact height and weight. Considering that his parents were five feet six and five feet two, respectively, he began to wonder about the power of thought.

As he sat in the chair, he glanced over at the coffee table and chuckled. Visualizing himself squirming out from under the table reminded him of doing the low crawl in boot camp under barbed wire fences with live

bullets zinging directly above him. He recalled that halfway through the training course, the guy before him had gotten hung up in the barbed wire. Not able to reach the wire without climbing on top of the other guy, he squeezed under the wire to one side of the other Marine until he was next to him. Because the wire was staked down with steel rods, the wire began cutting into both of them. Not really pleased to have the barbed wire poking him, Tom remembered focusing all of his attention on the barbed wire as if telling it to rise into the sky. As he did so, the barbed wire rose straight up, freeing the other guy and himself. He repeated this for the remainder of the training course, with the entire unit following him. Later, he was told that it took the training instructors two days to rebuild the course: all the steel rods were broken. Again, Tom wondered about the power of thought.

As he moved his legs to get more comfortable, he felt a pain in his left leg, which immediately reminded him of his first year playing high school football. He had been moved up to the varsity team as first-string middle linebacker and second-string quarterback. He didn't like the move, because the upperclassmen gave him a lot of verbal static and took a lot of cheap shots at his legs. Halfway through summer two-a-day practices, the treatment got worse. Two and three guys would pile-on him after the whistle. Others kicked him while he was on the ground. While unpiling, the verbal abuse got worse. One night, before he went to sleep, he decided to end the abuse by not being able to play. He visualized in his mind a blind-side block the next day, taking out one of his knees. The injury would be serious, but would not require surgery. He simply wouldn't be able to play.

Forgetting the decision, he went to practice the next morning. At 9:10 A.M., as he instinctively turned to his left to tackle the ball carrier, he noticed, as if in slow motion, that the cleats on his left foot were stuck in the grass. This seemed odd, he thought, as he watched a 240-pound tackle plow into his left knee, his knee bend sideways, and his body flip like a whip. An eternity later, he hit the ground, with pain suddenly searing through his knee and time whirling back to normal.

He had been out most of the season as the doctors immobilized the leg instead of correcting the torn cartilage with surgery. One of the doctors, an old country doctor, said he had a feeling Tom was going to grow in the next couple of years and that surgery would stop the growth in that leg.

Feeling a little unsettled from the memory, Tom decided to read a book. He grabbed *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* from the table and flopped into the big easy chair. As he settled into the chair and started to read, his mind turned away from the book and toward the events that preceded his buying it. He had visited a bookstore. As he glanced over the thousands of books, he seemed to meander toward the back. He wove back and forth between the rows until he suddenly stopped in front of a row of books against the back wall. He remembered being attracted to one particular book, as if its title had appeared clearly, to the exception of all of the other books. Twice he had ignored it and twice he had ended up right back in front of the book. Rather than fight it, he grabbed the book and bought it. When he got home, he flipped through the pages. The next thing he knew, he had read half of the book. It discussed living in the present. This seemed to soothe him.

This had been about six months ago. Now, as he reflected on the event, he also remembered a time nearly twenty years ago when he had been deeply concerned with his career development. Feeling frustrated and a bit out of control with his first job, he had sat at the kitchen table of his apartment wondering how he was ever going to succeed at his job. A few days later, after purchasing some items in a drug store, he casually wandered into the bookstore next door. As with his other bookstore experience, he seemed to be drawn toward a specific section of the store and was attracted to specific books. Buying a boatload of them, he proceeded to get the answers to his questions that led to his meteoric career success.

In a similar vein, just before leaving graduate school, he had felt a deep unsettling within himself, as if he were not supposed to be in school. Sitting in his apartment, he had wondered what was missing from his life and why he felt this way. Shortly after that, a friend stopped by and asked if he wanted to go get a sandwich. While driving over to the golden arches for a burger and fries, she suddenly pulled the car into the driveway of a house. Wondering what was going on, she yelled over her shoulder as she abandoned ship, “It’s a new bookstore!” Inside, he noticed that there weren’t very many books. The owners explained that they were a couple of students trying to scrape together enough money to finish school. As Tom walked around the store, he kept stopping in front of a set of books by Jane Roberts, a psychic medium for someone called Seth. For no specific reason except that he was intrigued by the name Seth, he bought one book. Two weeks after reading it—as well as all of the other Seth books he’d gone back and bought—he left graduate school. He knew he

needed to do something else.

As he now pondered these events, Tom wondered if like-thoughts were attracted to things or objects as they were to people. Suddenly, he remembered how he had bought his home. At that time, his landlord was selling the apartment building Tom lived in. Suspecting that the rent would be raised, Tom decided that it was time to buy a house. After a lot of looking, nothing seemed to appeal to him. A little frustrated, he sat down and wrote out a complete description of what he wanted in a home. Two weeks later, while driving around the countryside, he came upon an open house being held for a property that was on the market. Without thinking, he pulled into the driveway and went through the house. Twenty minutes later, he had signed a contract. The house had everything he wanted, including being underpriced due to the need for repairs that he could do himself. Interestingly, he recalled that the house had been on the market for more than a year. He had passed it often, without ever giving it a second look, until that day.

A little baffled with these memories, Tom decided it was time to call it a night. He hobbled to bed, wondering if there were other thoughts and/or decisions that at the time had seemed like his good fortune or as merely coincidence. He also wondered if he should unbolt the coffee table from the floor.



## Power of Thought

The next morning, Doc Know called before Tom went to work and explained that he had gotten back sooner than expected, and, if Tom wanted to see him, he would be available for a meeting tonight. Remembering all the “coincidences” his memory had dredged up from the night before, Tom said he would be over right after work.

As Tom sat with Doc Know, he felt a little bewildered with everything he’d been thinking about. He hoped his confusion would go away once he explained the discoveries of the last week—especially those of the prior night.

Doc Know sat quietly while Tom explained each detail of writing the poem on searching for himself. As Tom began to describe the memories from the prior evening, Doc Know got up from his chair, walked over to the plants along the wall, and began to look at each one and to occasionally touch them.

When Tom finished, he sighed and sat back in silence. He had learned not to ask Doc Know what he thought, because he would turn the question right back to Tom.

Tom watched Doc Know as he moved from plant to plant. He noticed that, on occasion, he would move the rocks that were as abundant as the plants. It looked like he was feeding the flowers, yet there was no food or water. After a short while, Doc Know sat at the table with Tom. He smiled at Tom as he poured tea for the two of them.

Looking around and noticing again that the room had no windows, Tom asked, "Don't these plants need sunlight?"

Doc Know smiled and said, "Yes."

"Well, assuming that you don't carry each of them outside every day, are these full-spectrum light bulbs?" said Tom as he pointed up to the ceiling.

"Sort of," said Doc Know as he chuckled.

"C'mon," said Tom. "They are or they aren't. Which is it?"

Doc Know looked up and smiled, but said nothing, as he adjusted the pieces of green tree agate and clear quartz sitting beside one of the plants.

"Oh, I know," said Tom smugly. "It's the stones and crystals. My dad always said that they had healing powers for those willing and able to accept the gifts of God within everything. Do they provide some kind of nourishment for the plants?"

Doc Know looked up and said, “The stones and crystals do help the plants. However, that is not what I am doing.”

Doc Know then looked into Tom’s eyes as if to pierce his soul and gently said, “After last night’s experience, let’s see if you can figure it out.”

Nervously, Tom laughed. He had tried to avoid discussing last night’s thoughts, knowing Doc Know would somehow force him to examine them. Suddenly, for some strange reason, the entire situation appeared hilarious. The harder he tried to stop laughing, the more he laughed. As Tom squirmed in his chair, sounding more and more like a hyena, Doc Know quickly handed him a cup of tea, suggesting that Tom try to sip some. At first it was futile. The tea either spewed through the air like the mist around Niagara Falls or dribbled down his face onto his shirt. After soaking Doc Know who was fervidly trying to get some tea down Tom’s throat, Tom swallowed a few sips. Within seconds, Tom regained his composure. The tea still dripping from his chin was no longer funny, nor was the pinkish-brown stain on his shirt. Doc Know was grumbling something to himself as he wiped his face and hands.

“What happened?” asked Tom.

“Too much oxygen,” said Doc Know.

“Too much oxygen?” repeated Tom. “What does that mean?”

“I had not worked with the plants for a few days. Feeling regenerated from

the individual attention, they expelled a large sigh of relief. For plants, their sigh is pure oxygen,” said Doc Know. “I guess you aren’t used to it.”

Tom looked across the table at Doc Know, wondering if he were pulling his leg. Deciding that he wasn’t, he said, “You talked to them, didn’t you? I’ve heard that plants grow better when people talk to them.”

“Not exactly,” said Doc Know, as he smiled.

“Well, then, what did you do?” quizzed Tom. “And don’t tell me that you ‘thought’ food for the plants.”

“Not exactly. Just as you visualized your knee injury some years ago, I visualized each plant as radiant, full of life, and creating clean, clear oxygen for us to breathe,” said Doc Know.

“Whoa!” yelled Tom, as the shock of the answer sent him backwards in his chair. With arms and legs flailing, he tumbled onto the floor.

Grumbling as he got up, Tom picked up the chair and flopped into it. After a lengthy silence, Tom said, “You believe I created my knee injury, don’t you?”

“Don’t you?” said Doc Know.

“Well . . .” hesitated Tom, “not believing in coincidence or luck, part of me says I must have. However, another part of me says ‘No way, Jose.’”

“Now . . . that’s a thought or two,” giggled Doc Know.

Tom looked into Doc Know’s eyes and felt a deep sense of knowing. As this occurred, he said, “I’ve always known deep within myself that I created the injury. However, I was never able to admit it to anyone.”

“Why not?” asked Doc Know.

“Holy cow, Doc Know, everyone would think I’m nuts,” said Tom. “Can you imagine the reaction of people hearing such a statement from a fifteen-year-old? They’d have shipped me to the loony bin.”

“Now, that’s a thought,” smiled Doc Know.

Tom composed himself by taking a deep breath. As he did, he looked at Doc Know and said, “Yes it is. It’s a thought that clashed with the thought that created the knee injury.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know. “By chance, do you have any idea where these thoughts that you hold as truth came from?”

“That one,” said Tom, “about being nuts, I suppose I got it from my parents or watching TV or somebody as I was growing up. The knee injury was a thought that came from deep within myself as I struggled for a solution to my problem.”

“Bravo!” cheered Doc Know. “What does that suggest to you?”

“Well, on the one hand,” said Tom, “it suggests that we accept quite a few thoughts from others as truth without knowing for sure whether they are really true.”

Doc Know nodded his agreement.

“On the other hand,” Tom continued, “it suggests that thoughts are more powerful than anything imaginable. They can literally create what happens in life.”

“Haven’t they always?” replied Doc Know.

“Well, yes, they have,” said Tom. “But, not knowingly from the perspective that I can visualize an event and it will happen or that you can visualize sunlight, food, water, and whatever else you did to those plants.”

“Why not?” said Doc Know.

“Because I don’t think it’s possible or true or whatever it is that I hold as true.”

“Now, that’s a thought,” said Doc Know.

Tom shrugged his shoulders. Sensing that Tom had had more than enough for the evening, Doc Know noted, “It is time to stop. For next week, I would like you to continue considering how thoughts create everything. As you do so, try looking at events and/or people that have

greatly affected you. To help you, I'll provide you with some notes to act as a set of guidelines.”

## Doc Know's Notes

- A. In a relaxed frame of mind, describe a situation/incident that occurred and from which you desire to discover a higher understanding and a possible lesson. Typically, the situation or incident will be one that is significant, troubling, or recurring, but not always.
  
- B. After describing the situation or incident, relax your mind (clear it) and answer the following questions:
  - 1. How do I feel?
  
  - 2. When did it happen?
  
  - 3. Who gave me the incident or situation?
  
  - 4. What could be the higher message or lesson within the situation or incident?
  
- C. Now, list the primary symbols or events or behaviors that seem to trigger the situation or incident, and develop an alternate meaning that coincides with the message in B4.
  
- D. Rewrite the situation or incident. Use the new meaning associated with the symbol or event or behavior and keep the message of the situation or incident in mind.



### Reality Makers

When Tom got home, he looked over the notes that Doc Know had given him. It occurred to him that they would be easier to use if he put them into the computer and created some type of form. He decided to do it the next day.

The next day, Tom forgot about the notes until about mid-evening. Remembering that he had wanted to develop a form, he quickly retrieved the notes and proceeded to work on the form. As he started typing the notes, he decided that fancy was not a requirement. Thus, he typed the notes as written, leaving space between each point for writing his thoughts.

As he typed the notes, he realized that this was a procedure that involved using a form of visualization to change his thoughts concerning people and events. Intrigued with this idea, he breezed through the typing and printed a copy of the form.

As he looked over the form, he decided it should have a title. Based on what had happened the last several weeks, including the recollection of his knee injury, he decided to call it *Thoughts—Reality Makers*. After printing another copy with the new title, he smiled as he looked at it. Suddenly and without knowing why, he grew tense. It was as if he sensed

that the form was going to open another door, just as the poetry had opened his mind to things he had not previously considered (or not wanted to consider).

## Thoughts—Reality Makers

- A. In a relaxed frame of mind, describe the situation/incident that occurred and from which you want to discover a higher understanding and a possible lesson. Typically, the situation or incident will be one that is significant, troubling, or recurring, but not always.
- B. After describing the situation or incident, relax your mind (clear it) and answer the following questions:
1. How do I feel?
  2. When did it happen?
  3. Who gave me the incident or situation?
  4. What is the higher message or lesson within the situation or incident?

- C. Now, list the primary symbols or events or behaviors that seem to trigger the situation or incident, and develop an alternate meaning that coincides with the message in B4.

Symbols/Events/Behavior

Meaning/New Meaning

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.
- 9.

- D. Rewrite the situation or incident. Use the new meanings associated with the symbols and keep the message of the situation or incident in mind.

Date:

One question on the form intrigued him:“Who gave me the incident or situation?” At first, Tom considered it a stupid question. “Who else, but me?” he had thought. Then, recalling that Doc Know was full of surprises, he realized that there might be more to it than he had suspected at first.

As he recalled the events of the last few weeks, he wondered who else but himself could cause any incident or situation to occur when it involved him. Reflecting on this, Tom drifted off into a daydream of thoughts floating about with no meaning at all. After about fifteen minutes, he suddenly came to his senses and, without any hesitation, quickly began typing into the computer. His fingers flew over the keyboard. Occasionally, he would pause for a brief moment and then start again, as if he were trying to capture something flowing through his mind. About an hour later, he finished.

A little tired, Tom got up, stretched, and walked around the room a few times. As he sat back down, he reviewed what he had written. He had flashes of memory from books he had read several years ago by Seth (Jane Roberts), Shakti Gawain, Sanaya Roman and Duane Packer, Michael Harner, Arnold Mindell, White Eagle, and Tony Stubbs. He had read these books because he kept sensing that he was supposed to do something. Although he wasn't able to figure out what it was, he had been attracted to these books at different times. Each book had made a lot of sense, yet he had dismissed each of them at the time as being a bit too avant garde for his inner sanity. As he considered these books and why he had dismissed them, he suddenly began typing as quickly as before. An hour later, he finished. Tired, he shut off the computer and went to

bed. He decided to wait until the next day to look at what he had written.

## INNER VOICES

The years  
well-up  
from places all  
too familiar  
slicing  
piercing  
slithering  
through  
a forgotten  
self.

“I want out”  
echoes from  
not within  
my-head  
or mind, but  
from within  
my-self.

“I know it's  
scary”  
cackles  
as my-eyes  
look around  
for guides

and ghosts.

“My god, it's  
been 20 years”  
rumbles like  
thunder  
fading  
in the distance  
as a constant  
reminder  
of the prior attempts  
to fulfill  
a compulsion.

“Follow the  
signs” flashes  
before  
my-eyes as  
the  
newspapers,  
video tapes,  
and TV  
programs,  
**coincidentally,**  
plead for

another try.

“Come on”  
encourages  
another  
glimpse  
of a mission  
to be  
fulfilled.

“We're  
different”  
over-dubs  
a viewing  
of reruns and  
instant replays  
of the travels  
and travails  
come and  
gone.

“It's time  
to fulfill  
our work”  
strangely soothes

the past  
pangs  
and fears  
into a  
gentle  
knowing.

“Yahoo”  
screeches  
in child-like  
chants  
as the first few  
steps  
are taken  
inward  
to reunite  
with my-self.

“Ah cha cha cha”  
floats out  
like smiling  
bubbles of  
excitement  
growing  
deep  
from within.

“We’re off to  
see the wizard”  
playfully  
sings reminders  
of the joys  
and tears  
to be  
or not to be  
along the way.

“Here comes  
da judge”  
wisely suggests  
to leave  
past  
perceptions  
so that present  
illusions can  
provide  
their lessons.

“Riders  
on the storm”  
taunts  
the fears  
gnawing in  
my-mind

as each step  
is taken towards  
the light.



## THE WANDERERS

Hiding  
within,  
separated  
by the social stigma  
connected  
to antiquated beliefs  
amidst the maze  
of unexplored ideas,  
live  
the spiritual  
wanderers,  
seeking more  
while using less,  
finding life  
amidst the death,  
knowing much,  
but telling  
little.

“They’ll think  
I’m crazy,”  
muffles the joys  
of new-found  
truths

given birth while  
lying beside  
the stony brook,  
walking amongst the  
faceless,  
or  
begrudgingly  
in the daily escape  
during the drive  
to work.

“Oh God,  
it makes  
so much sense,”  
erupts  
from the heart  
as an osmosis  
of well being  
to be squelched  
with the fearful  
thoughts  
of rejections,  
dejections and  
subjection to

society’s rules  
and the way we  
were.

“If only,”  
they could see,  
feel, or  
understand,  
the sense,  
the joy,  
the simplicity  
reels  
on the imaginary  
screen  
of today’s  
movie.

“Alas,  
it cannot be”  
flashes  
on the screen  
as the latest  
prime time  
commercial

selling  
another  
reality  
in an unreal day.

“Why must”  
people,  
places,  
and things  
hold onto  
beliefs  
so tightly  
that they  
choke  
the very joys  
they seek.

“Why can’t”  
they  
let go  
to get more  
of the  
joys  
of  
life,  
liberty,  
and the

pursuit of  
someone’s happi-  
ness.

Suddenly,  
“why won’t”  
clashes with  
“I can’t”  
as the buried  
fears  
rumble  
deep within  
trying to erupt  
past the daily  
patronization of  
“because,  
you’ll think  
I’m riding a bike  
without wheels,  
paddling  
without a boat, or  
treading water  
in an empty pool,  
when I am.”

## Twelve

### A Glimpse of Reality

The next evening, Tom looked over what he had written. Both poems reminded him of thoughts that he had had at different times in his life. *Inner Voices* reminded him of several events that occurred after he had read several New Age books. *The Wanderers* reminded him of different thoughts he had had while in college after reading Seth's books by Jane Roberts.

As Tom read them a few times, he felt a sense of knowing within him. It was as if he knew that he was being urged to "keep on keeping on"; however, he wasn't sure what that meant. Rather than belabor the issue and get an Excedrin headache, he set them aside and began looking at the form, *Thoughts—Reality Makers*.

As he finished reading it over a few times, a memory of his grandpa flashed through his mind. Tom was three or four years old. Grandpa and he were visiting the neighbor for some reason or other. As grandpa

finished his conversation, the neighbor called Tom over to his great big desk. He was a very big man. After talking with Tom a little bit, he gave him a nickel for some ice cream. Tom mumbled a thank you and jammed the nickel into his pocket.

When he got outside, grandpa asked Tom to let him keep the nickel so Tom wouldn't lose it. Tom refused. The more adamant grandpa got, the more determined Tom became. Realizing it was a no-win situation, grandpa finally relented and took Tom to get his ice cream cone.

As Tom recalled the incident, he felt a deep sense of anger toward his grandpa. As he considered this anger, he realized that he had no other memories of his grandpa—not even the fact that shortly after that incident his grandpa had gotten sick and died.

Catching himself staring through the form, Tom decided to try the form with this incident. Maybe it would tell him something.

Not quite sure that he was comfortable with the form, he decided to let the answers simply flow out of him. Whatever crossed his mind he would put in as the answer. As he completed the form, he noticed that he was getting mixed answers to the questions. It was as if he were getting answers from two sources: himself and an inner, small, childlike voice. Intrigued, he continued answering all of the questions until he was done.

When he began to rewrite the memory according to the new meanings, he replaced the words as noted in the instructions, then rewrote the entire

incident. As he completed the exercise, he began paying more attention to what he had written. The more he read, the more he felt a deep pain within himself starting to grow. As if from a distance, he heard a tiny voice, calling, then pleading over and over, "Grandpa, where are you?" As this continued to get louder, he saw himself as a little boy, Tommy, crying, then yelling with anger. Suddenly, Tom felt a deep pain within his heart. As it overwhelmed him, he felt the heartbreak of the little boy. Emotions began to rumble out and tears filled his eyes. With muffled words, he asked, "Grandpa, why did you leave me?"

As he sat looking at the form, Tom noticed that he had not included the message from the first page of the form. Slowly, he rewrote the last sentence, realizing that he had never mourned his grandpa's death, nor had he allowed anyone to love him or to have his love like grandpa had. A sense of relief rippled through him as if he had let go of something. Very tired, Tom went to bed.

## Thoughts—Reality Makers

- A. In a relaxed frame of mind, describe the situation/incident that occurred and from which you want to discover a higher understanding and a possible lesson. Typically, the situation or incident will be one that is significant, troubling, or recurring, but not always.

*I was three or four years old. Grandpa and I were visiting the neighbor for some reason or other. As grandpa finished his conversation, the neighbor called me over to his great big desk. He was a very big man. After talking with me a little bit, he gave me a nickel for some ice cream. I mumbled a thank you and jammed the nickel into my pocket.*

*When I got outside, grandpa asked me to let him keep the nickel so I wouldn't lose it. I refused. The more adamant grandpa got, the more determined I became. I jammed my hand holding the nickel even deeper into my pocket. Realizing it was a no-win situation, grandpa finally relented and took me to get my ice cream cone.*

- B. After describing the situation or incident, relax your mind (clear it) and answer the following questions:

1. How do I feel? *Angry/abandoned/hurt*
2. When did it happen? *Now/often*
3. Who gave me the incident or situation? *Myself/Tommy*
4. What is the higher message or lesson within the situation or incident?

*Let go. It is all right to love someone without fear that they will abandon you. Grandpa didn't abandon you; he simply died. He still loves you, if you will let him.*

C. Now, list the primary symbols or events or behaviors that seem to trigger the situation or incident, and develop an alternate meaning that coincides with the message in B4.

Symbols/Events/Behavior	Meaning/New Meaning
1. <i>Nickel</i>	<i>Money/love</i>
2. <i>Neighbors</i>	<i>Family/loved ones</i>
3. <i>Ice Cream</i>	<i>Chocolate/happy</i>
4. <i>Pocket</i>	<i>Pocket/heart</i>
5. <i>Hand</i>	<i>Thoughts</i>
6. <i>Conversation</i>	<i>Explanation of his Gone away/died</i>
7.	
8.	
9.	

D. Rewrite the situation or incident. Use the new meanings associated with the symbols and keep the message of the situation or incident in mind.

*I was three or four years old. We were visiting the family. I ran into the house to see grandpa. I was told he had gone away (died). The family talked to me. They were all very big. After talking with me a little bit, they reminded me that he had been very sick asked if I wanted grandpa to be happy and feel better. I said yes. They gave me a token of grandpa's love/affection for me to buy some happiness. I mumbled a thank you and jammed the token of affection into a pocket in my heart.*

*When I got outside, family and loved ones asked me to let them have/keep the token of affection so I wouldn't lose it. I refused. The more adamant they got, the more determined I became. I jammed my thoughts holding the token of affection even deeper into the pocket in my heart. Realizing it was a no-win situation, they finally relented and took me to find my happiness.*

*I finally let go and accepted that grandpa did not abandon me. He didn't take his love for me when he died. It is all right for me to love and be loved, to be happy, and to experience joy.*

Date:

## Thirteen

### Letting Go

The remainder of the week was uneventful. Tom muddled through the motions at work. As he pulled his car alongside the curb in front of Doc Know's house, he wondered what discoveries would be revealed today.

After telling Doc Know of the events since the last meeting, Tom sat quietly while Doc Know read the two free-verse poems and the form Tom had created from Doc Know's notes.

About ten minutes later, Tom looked over at Doc Know, who was sitting there with a rather large shit-eating grin. Taken somewhat aback, Tom instinctively blurted out, "What?"

"You've been very busy," smiled Doc Know.

"I'll say," said Tom.

"Any thoughts," chuckled Doc Know, "concerning your poetry?"

"Well," said Tom, "*Inner Voices* suggests that there is a part of me that



wants out to play or something. *The Wanderers* suggests that I have been afraid to explore a lot of the issues we've been discussing for fear of how I might appear to others—like I am concerned that others will not like me if I am not normal, so to speak.”

“With those thoughts in mind,” said Doc Know, “what does the exercise reveal to you?”

“Well, uh . . . uh . . . uh,” stammered Tom, “I have a small child within me that wants out, but is afraid because it was emotionally hurt when my grandpa died, I think.”

“Isn't that an interesting thought?” said Doc Know. “Could it be that we have thoughts we created as children that remain as truths guiding us as adults?”

“I suppose so,” said Tom. After a brief pause, he added, “It seems that I have thoughts concerning loving people and being loved by other people that I created when I was three or four years old. Not realizing that I had stored these thoughts somewhere in my memory, I wasn't aware that these thoughts still influenced my life.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know. “Because we create thoughts as truths throughout our lives, most people have no idea that these thoughts continue to direct their truths many years later.”

“In other words,” said Tom, “by allowing my mind to relax, it revealed

another layer of the onion.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know with glee. “Does that suggest anything to you?”

“Sure,” said Tom. “It suggests that if I want to know all of my truths, I must relax and allow them to come to the surface. Once this is done, I can decide if they are still true for me. If not, I can change them.”

“Sort of,” teased Doc Know.

“What do you mean, sort of?” barked Tom.

“You tell me,” said Doc Know.

Tom sat quietly as he considered what had been said. Then he smiled and said, “I can let go of them.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know with a pleased smile.

After a brief break to answer Mother Nature’s call, Tom asked, “What does letting go really mean?”

“You tell me,” said Doc Know.

“Well, I think,” said Tom, “it involves not only the logical meaning of the thought held as a truth, but the emotional as well.”

“How so?” encouraged Doc Know.

“From using the form, *Thoughts—Reality Makers*, I relaxed and simply followed the instructions. Somehow, the questions allowed answers to be provided that I would not normally have given. It seemed that my emotions had buried this truth as if to protect me,” he said. “It’s like the emotional pain of losing my grandpa was so great, my emotions or something pushed it deep within me.”

“Exactly,” said Doc Know. “Emotional pain—or as you said ‘or something’—that pushed the truth deep within you?”

“Huh,” gasped Tom. “Well, it seems that the emotions charged the event in some way. So, maybe the emotions acted as a fuel or source of energy to propel the truth deep within me.”

“Interesting thought,” chuckled Doc Know. “Not one I have heard described like that. It brings images of a rocket ship blasting off into some deep, dark, inner space.”

“Gimme a break,” said Tom, a little miffed.

“Lighten up,” said Doc Know. “This does not have to be so serious, nor does it have to be painful.”

Tom sat stunned as he looked across the table at Doc Know. His peaceful presence seemed to calm Tom. Without thinking, Tom’s eyes glanced at

the answers he had written on the form, *Thoughts—Reality Makers*. As he read the answers to the questions and then looked at how he had rewritten the incident, especially the second ending, he bolted upright in his chair and, per his prior experience, rolled right on back, crashing into the floor. Quickly, he jumped up and blurted out, “The emotions somehow were so charged that they blocked the event from my memory. It’s like something was trying to protect me.”

“Well done,” said Doc Know.

“And,” said Tom, “having relaxed my mind through the poetry and the exercise you provided, I was able to peel the blockage and examine the original thought.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know.

“Now,” said Tom, “I can decide if the thought remains true for me and let go of the emotions I felt.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know. “But what is this ‘something’ that is trying to protect you?”

“Well,” said Tom, “I dunno.”

“Okay, let’s try this,” said Doc Know. “How did you feel when answering the questions from the form you created, and how did you feel when you rewrote the incident with the message from the questions?”

“Well,” said Tom, as he sensed a tightening sensation deep within himself about like a pinball machine screaming TILT, “It felt like there was a very wise and loving adult within me.”

“What else?” encouraged Doc Know.

“It felt like I was three people: a child, special or sacred in some way, myself acting as an onlooker, and this wise, compassionate adult,” said Tom.

“Interesting,” said Doc Know.

“Yeah,” said Tom sarcastically, “if you’re into multiple personalities.”

“Suppose,” said Doc Know, “instead of multiple personalities, you replaced your words with ‘your inner child,’ ‘your self,’ and ‘your higher self.’ Does that make you feel any better?”

“Sort of,” said Tom.

“Tom,” asked Doc Know, “don’t you feel playful at times, much like a child excited at just being alive and where everything is fun?”

“Yes,” answered Tom, “occasionally.”

“Don’t you,” continued Doc Know, “feel wise and loving sometimes, like a deep and wise, knowing person is within you?”

“Yes,” answered Tom.

“The rest of the time,” said Doc Know, “aren’t you your ‘self’?”

“Well, sure,” said Tom. “But what’s that got to do with the price of beans?”

“It seems to me that at times everyone is one of the three ‘selves,’ ” said Doc Know.

“So?” said Tom, not too impressed.

“You tell me,” retorted Doc Know. “How does this apply to what you wrote?”

“Well,” said Tom, “it seems that I define myself through various experiences. Based on the form, I chose to define love according to my inner child, as you called it, based on my grandpa’s death. Until recently, I lived my life according to this inner child’s definition, wherein that anybody that loved me and I loved would die. However, the form suggests that my higher self, as you call it, has suggested that I don’t need to live according to the definition of love from the inner child.”

“What else?” said Doc Know.

“It suggests,” said Tom, “that if I take the time to listen to my inner child and higher self, I can examine all of the thoughts that I hold as true. In addition, it suggests that I can choose to listen to my inner child and

experience the joy of life as well as listen to my higher self for guidance concerning any decision or action I am unsure of.”

“Bravo,” said Doc Know. “Bravo!”

As Tom considered what he had said, he asked, “Why don’t we rely on or use these other selves in our daily life?”

“You tell me,” said Doc Know.

“Well, in my case,” said Tom, “I don’t have time to sit down with a form every time I want to make a decision or take some action or anything.”

“So, don’t,” said Doc Know. “No one else does.”

“Well, then,” said Tom, “how can I find out what my other selves have to say or whatever it is they do?”

“By taking the time to listen,” said Doc Know. “For example, have you ever had a problem you couldn’t solve until you did something else?”

“Sure,” said Tom.

“What happened?” asked Doc Know.

“Well,” said Tom, “I usually tried doing some no-brainer type of work, like taking a shower or cleaning my desk.”

“Is it fair to say that you let go of the problem and allowed your mind to wander?” asked Doc Know.

“Sure,” said Tom. Suddenly, he understood and blurted out, “I opened my self to the wisdom of my higher self by doing the no-brainer work. Listening means letting the mind rest so that the higher self and inner child can be heard.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know.



## Fourteen

### A Long Road

The next week, Tom considered the discussion. He wondered how other thoughts he no longer remembered might be affecting the relationships and encounters of his life. One particular relationship bothered him, as he recalled the details that had occurred over the course of the last twenty years.

When Tom was 19, he had been riding with a friend during a Corvette rally. At the end of the rally, everyone met for a brief party. As they drove into the parking lot, Tom spotted a young woman standing beside a tree with some friends. Without thinking, Tom bolted out of the window of the moving car to get a better look. Luckily, his friend grabbed him by the seat of the pants just as Tom was about to fall out of the moving car.

As they walked over to the group, Tom laughed it off as a silly stunt; however, it seemed to be more than that. Even though he had never seen her before, he had a distinct feeling that he knew her. This feeling grew when he joined the group and was introduced. He asked if they had ever met before. She said that they had not, even though they concurred that they seemed familiar to each other.

Over the course of the next few weeks, Tom got to know her a little bit, as

they seemed to keep bumping into each other at various stores and social events. Her name was Mary Hawkins. She was five feet six inches tall and very petite. Long, black hair flowed around her face, highlighting her mystical, crystal-clear, blue eyes. Besides her physical beauty, her vivacious way of approaching life seemed to create a resplendence about her. On a scale of one to ten, she was easily a twelve.

During the summer, they got to know each other. Strangely, they never dated. They would see each other someplace or he would stop by and visit at her home. Frequently, he would show up just as she was going out on a date with one of her many boyfriends. Each time, she would kiss Tom goodbye as she went out the door with her date. At first he had thought this odd, but he just dismissed it as her way of being friends.

In the fall, she went to college and he continued to work, waiting for the military draft. On occasion, he would visit her at school, but they did not see each other very often. It was as though they were going off in different directions, ever mindful of each other, yet never allowing a relationship to develop.

During his stint in the military, he called her off and on—usually after going out and getting drunk. Strangely, whenever he was overseas for a NATO training exercise, he always bought her a present from each of the foreign ports. It never occurred to him to consider why he had done so; it always just seemed to be the thing to do.

During this period, Tom had a very upsetting experience that later startled

him even more. While stationed in California, he went to the base theater to watch the movie *Straw Dogs*. During the movie, a woman was raped by her childhood friend. As the scene of the rape came onto the screen, Tom began to feel very sick. His heart began to ache, his chest tightened up so much he couldn't breathe, and he thought he was going to pass out. Quickly, he got up from his seat and left the theater. For the next two days, he felt deep emotional pain. On the third day, he felt compelled to go back and try to watch the movie again, even though emotionally he didn't know if he could. As he watched the movie, he discovered that the woman was raped a second time by another childhood friend. Like the first time, he became very sick, but managed to stay for the entire movie. For some unknown reason, he knew in his heart that he had seen Mary being raped, instead of the character in the movie. He dismissed his reaction as an illusion caused by homesickness.

Before this incident, he had been writing letters to Mary, but suddenly, she stopped writing. This upset Tom so much that he wrote her a rude letter, chastising her for not writing. Within it, he made a statement, totally unrelated to the rest of the letter, about her acting as if she had been raped.

For years after Tom left the Marines, he and Mary tried to date off and on, but it never worked out. One of them would do something that upset the other and they wouldn't see each other for several months. During this time, Tom finished college. As he prepared to go to graduate school, his mother called him to say that Mary had gotten married. Tom felt a deep pain within his heart, but he dismissed it as a wise decision on her part,

because the two of them never seemed to be able to get on the same wave length.

While at graduate school, he got a telephone call from Mary asking for help. Her marriage was not working. Tom jumped into the car and drove straight to her. Unlike in the past, they seemed to get along perfectly. He made several suggestions concerning her marriage and supported her talking with her husband. In time, Tom got to know Mary's husband. After a few months, Mary and her husband decided that the marriage would not work and divorced.

After her divorce, Mary revealed to Tom that she had been raped several years before. Besides the horror that it was committed by two friends, she had been totally shocked to get Tom's letter stating that she had been acting as if she had been raped. As Mary explained the events, Tom's heart started aching, just as it had in the theater back in the Marines. He asked her when the rapes had happened. From her response, Tom learned that the first had happened at the exact day and time that Tom was sitting in the movie theater, sick because deep within himself he had known or felt that he was watching Mary being raped. The first rape was followed by the second, three days later, again, while Tom was sitting in the movie theater.

During the next several months, Tom moved back to the area and got a job. They began to see each other regularly. Shortly after that, Mary pressed Tom to get married. He deferred her requests for several months. Finally, she gave him an ultimatum: get married or break up. Not wanting

to get married, he had left. But on the drive home, something triggered deep within his heart, and he turned around and drove back to her house. Once there, he agreed to marry her, but only under certain conditions. Seven months later, they were married.

On the day of the wedding, Tom had a nagging feeling that he should not go through with the marriage. Something was wrong—or at least not right—about it. As he drove around, he wondered if he were making a big mistake or simply experiencing the jitters. Deciding that it was the jitters, he went to the church. As the ceremony began, a deep sense of horror overcame him. Every part of his being seemed to be screaming to stop the ceremony. Again convincing himself that he just had the jitters, he forced himself to go through with the ceremony, even though his body tightened up and his face literally became contorted and quivered. When the ceremony was over, he felt sick inside. After the wedding, Mary sensed Tom's misgivings about the marriage and offered to have it annulled. But, being a man of his word, Tom thanked her and said no. He continued to rationalize that he had simply been nervous.

Over the course of the next fifteen years, the marriage was an experience in patience and tolerance. Many fights erupted, as it seemed that Tom was constantly on trial to prove his love for Mary. As a result, Tom isolated himself from his friends and, in many ways, from his family. Without the ability to recharge himself with other people, he buried himself in his work. Working twelve to fifteen hours a day, sometimes seven days a week, he quickly climbed the ladder of success.

At various times during the marriage, he had wanted to explore new things, but didn't for fear of a fight with Mary. Finally, Tom hit bottom, so to speak. He had felt like he was going to explode emotionally. Knowing he needed to get in touch with himself, he began to explore different concepts and ideas. Most importantly, he focused on getting in touch with his intuition. When something seemed to be the right thing to do, he would do it, even if it was contrary to logic or to the way he would normally have done it.

Mary did not like change, and she expressed grave concern with Tom's new behavior. However, Tom made it clear that he was not going to stop. In his heart, he sensed that he had buried something very precious that needed to be nurtured and expressed.

As part of the challenge of opening himself up, Tom began to ask himself questions, such as why he was in this marriage and what he was learning from it. No startling answers presented themselves until he had a dream. In the dream, it was the late 1800s or early 1900s. He approached a petite woman sitting on a park bench in full Sunday dress with a parasol. She seemed to be waiting for someone. Interestingly, she was two people at once. In one sense, she appeared as a radiant and beautiful young lady. In another sense, she was very old and seemed to be very bitter. As Tom approached, he recognized her as Mary. Seeing him, her bitterness melted away. As he sat with her, it seemed that Tom separated from himself. As he watched a tall man with thick, sandy-brown hair in a dapper tan suit walk up to Mary, Tom somehow knew that he had once been this man, and that the man and woman were, or had been, husband and wife.

The man in the suit began to explain to Mary that she had died some years ago, and that it was time for her to let go so that she could finish her journey. He explained that he had died so that she could learn to love herself. Unfortunately, she had never overcome her fears and, instead, she had become very bitter over his death. The man smiled at her, picked her up in his arms, and began walking. As they walked, the essence of the bitter woman disappeared and the radiant, young woman beamed from his arms.

While watching these events, Tom had a deep sense that this was not a dream, but was actually occurring. He sensed that this was real, as was the marriage between the couple. As he watched, he saw them drift away into a luminescent house. Though it seemed real, Tom sensed that it would exist only till the lady healed enough to continue her journey.

When Tom woke up from his dream, he wrote down all of the details before going back to sleep. The next day, he began to look at his marriage in an entirely new way.

Over the course of the next few months, Tom sensed that his connection to Mary was somehow related to that dream. He also sensed that he had married her because of some odd sense of responsibility to help her complete her journey, whatever that was. Finally, he sensed that he needed to overcome his sense of guilt for having died, leaving her to a life of suffering.

One day while thinking about the dream, Tom spurted out that he was

sorry that he had died and that Mary had suffered so much from it. He added that he forgave himself. Suddenly, he had a sense of profound relief, as if a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Shortly after that, they got a divorce.

Now, as Tom drove to Doc Know's house, he reflected on these events. He wondered how his thoughts had created his connection with Mary while she was being raped. What thoughts had spurred him to turn around even though he sensed that he should not get married? What thoughts had caused him to shake from his very soul as he repelled the urge to scream "No!" and stop the marriage ceremony? What thoughts had kept him with her when it was not a happy situation that led him to withdraw from his friends? What thoughts had triggered the dream that finally led him to leave?



### What's Real

As he and Doc Know sat down together, Tom conveyed his experiences with Mary. Doc Know was unusually attentive, in that he seemed to be filled with compassion, understanding, and a little surprise. When Tom finished, Doc Know suggested that they take a break. After stretching for a few minutes, they ate some finger sandwiches, drank some tea, and chitchatted.

About thirty minutes later, Doc Know noted that Tom had, in fact, surprised him. The series of events and his thoughts concerning them revealed a very high sensitivity to his inner and higher selves. He added that it was a very difficult task to examine so many sensitive areas and unusual for someone to have so many experiences in one lifetime.

Tom shrugged his shoulders, saying that he had no idea what Doc Know was talking about.

Doc Know smiled. "Tom," he said, "you have been blessed with a willingness at times to listen to your inner selves. For a while, you went off on a side trip, so to speak, but you came back to it. Your use of intuition enabled you to discover and experience thoughts that others ignore or barely sense. For example, what do you think happened during Mary's

rape?”

“Well,” winced Tom, “I decided that we were connected somehow. At times, it seemed to be an emotional connection; other times, it seemed to be a spiritual connection; and still other times, it seemed to be a mental or psychic connection, as quite often we knew each other’s thoughts. In terms of the rape, it felt like we were connected emotionally. I felt the pain and horror of it.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know.

After a brief pause, Doc Know asked, “What is this connection, as you call it?”

“It’s a sort of knowing or feeling something, but not knowing why,” said Tom.

“Have you always had this ability?” asked Doc Know.

“I suppose so,” said Tom. “I remember as a child, when I would tell somebody something I ‘knew,’ people would say I was imaginative. As I got older, it would upset some people. For example, when I was fourteen or fifteen, my older brother couldn’t figure out what was wrong with the engine in his race car. While talking with his friends, I blurted out that the problem was with his pistons. Not particularly pleased with my answer and knowing that I didn’t know squat about cars, he went on to embarrass me in front of his friends. Later, when he tore the engine down, he discovered

three cracked pistons.”

“What did your brother say?” asked Doc Know.

“Nothing,” said Tom. “However, from then on, I didn’t tell people when I sensed something.”

“What did you do with it?” asked Doc Know.

“Well,” he said, “on occasion, it would help to protect me. For example, when I was about 18 years old, I was riding a tandem bike with a girlfriend. She wanted to stop at the Greenville Falls, a local place where the river had cut through solid rock and created a beautiful waterfall. As we started to turn into the lane, I sensed violence or a potential horror and didn’t want to go into the lane. But I went ahead at her urging, with much regret. The feeling of horror grew significantly as I felt the surge of violent energy from three guys running through the trees to intercept us. I knew they had seen the bicycle and expected to find two girls on it. I knew they had planned on sexually ravaging the two girls. As I watched them, I sensed a separation from myself. It was like I was both a deep soul-person and myself. I knew that they saw my eyes turn black and watch them at a soul level, which I later learned occurs every time I have this feeling of separation. The violent energy slowly subsided as the three guys and I peered into each other’s souls, as if in some form of communication, all the while bantering back and forth at a physical level with evasive conversation to test the waters of what might or might not occur. Finally, we left them as the violent energy diffused and they

decided that satisfying their primal urges at that moment on that day was not to be. As we rode away, the adrenalin-induced hyper-energy of raw fear and razor-sharp sensing subsided. Today, I remember that this was the same feeling of horror that permeated me a few years later when Mary was raped 3000 miles away while I was in the Marines.”

“What do you think happened?” asked Doc Know.

“I don’t know,” said Tom.

“Do you use your sensing ability in other ways?” asked Doc Know.

“Well,” Tom continued, “several years ago, when I sensed that something would help someone, I would try to lead them to the issue I had sensed. On occasion, if I sensed they would not be threatened, I would be more straightforward. For example, one of my fellow workers was having a difficult time at work. When everything was going well, something would happen to keep him from getting a promotion or something else he had earned. Early on, I sensed he had a tremendous amount of talent but that it was blocked by a wall. In casual conversation, we talked about his luck. Over a period of time, I kept referring to barriers to success and how we could break them down if we only knew what they were. At first, he agreed and kept referring to how someone or something else was the barrier. Over time, I gave him an example of how I had changed a thought to eliminate a barrier. One day, he walked in and confessed that he had held a thought that he didn’t deserve to succeed. As of that day, he no longer held that thought as true, and since then he has no longer had any bad

luck at work.”

“Do you still use it, your sensing?” asked Doc Know.

“Funny you should ask,” said Tom. “I had stopped, except on rare occasions, until the last few weeks. Since recalling the events from my marriage, I’ve noticed that I’m doing the sensing more often.”

“Getting back to your marriage, what do you think happened when you turned around and agreed to get married?” asked Doc Know.

“In retrospect,” said Tom, “I sensed a need to go back, like in taking care of some unfinished business.”

“How so?” asked Doc Know.

“Well, it was just a spur-of-the-moment thing. As I was driving, I knew I should turn around and go back. Rather than question the feeling, I just turned around and went back,” said Tom.

“What do you think happened at the church?” asked Doc Know.

“I’m not sure,” said Tom. “Sometimes I think I was not supposed to get married. But I’m not sure, because without getting married I wouldn’t have had the dream.”

“That’s a thought,” said Doc Know with a smile.

“What?” said Tom. “The dream, or not having the dream?”

“Both,” said Doc Know. “Suppose the thought that led you to turn around revealed a thought that you held as true, similar to the one you held true about your grandfather and love. Suppose this same thought is what spurred you to turn around and go back to get married.”

“How so?” asked Tom.

“You tell me,” replied Doc Know.

Tom began squirming. Sensing Tom’s discomfort, Doc Know called the meeting to an end. He asked Tom to use the form he’d developed to examine his decision to turn around and get married. He also asked Tom to consider his ability to sense things. Specifically, he asked Tom to consider the implications of his ability to sense violent sexual behavior.

## Sixteen

### Subtle Influences

A few days later, Tom sat down to examine why he had turned around when he did and why he had gone ahead with the marriage ceremony even though his entire being screamed out for him not to do it. Using the form, *Thoughts— Reality Makers*, he described the entire situation in as much detail as seemed comfortable. Next, he took several deep breaths to help him relax. At the same time, he let his mind wander by doodling on a pad beside his computer. Once he felt relaxed, he began answering the questions with whatever crossed his mind. He followed the same procedure for converting the symbols to new meanings. Finally, he rewrote the incident using the new meanings and the message.

Still maintaining a relaxed focus without judgment, he reviewed the information for clarity, then got up to take a break. After stretching and walking about for a few minutes, Tom sat back down and reread the form. As he finished reading, he realized that he had been holding his breath. Quickly, he let out a big sigh.

For the next two hours, Tom sat staring at his computer screen. He had

begun to daze off into emptiness as he wondered how many thoughts he had gotten from his parents that he unknowingly held as truth. Upon realizing that he had been sitting mindlessly at the computer, he turned it off, closed up the house, and went to bed. He was tired—really tired.



## Thoughts—Reality Makers

- A. In a relaxed frame of mind, describe the situation/incident that occurred and from which you want to discover a higher understanding and a possible lesson. Typically, the situation or incident will be one that is significant, troubling, or recurring, but not always.

After moving back home, I got a job. I began to see Mary regularly. Shortly after that, Mary pressed me to get married. I deferred her requests for several months. Finally, she gave me an ultimatum to get married or break up. Not wanting to get married, I got in the car and left. On the drive home, something triggered deep in my heart. I turned the car around and returned to her house. Once there, I agreed to get married. Seven months later, we were married.

On the day of the wedding, I had a nagging feeling that I should not go through with the marriage. Something was wrong or at least not right about it. As I drove around, I wondered if I was making a big mistake or simply experiencing the jitters. Deciding that it was the jitters, I went to the church. As the ceremony began, a deep sense of horror overcame me. It was like every part of my being was screaming to stop the ceremony. Having accepted that I had the jitters, I forced myself to go through with the ceremony, even though my body tightened up and my face literally became contorted and quivered. When the ceremony was over, I felt sick inside. After the wedding, Mary sensed my misgivings about the marriage and offered to have it annulled. Being a man of my word, I thanked her and said no. I continued to rationalize that I was simply nervous.

- B. After describing the situation or incident, relax your mind (clear it) and answer the following questions:

1. How do I feel? Bound up
2. When did it happen? 20 years ago
3. Who gave me the incident or situation? Myself
4. What is the higher message or lesson within the situation or incident?

It's not nice to ignore your other selves. We were trying to help you release some fears by encouraging you to turn around. However, you ignored us and buried the fears even deeper. Let go and continue to learn to love yourself.

- C. Now, list the primary symbols or events or behaviors that seem to trigger the situation or incident and develop an alternate meaning that coincides with the message in B4.

Symbols/Events/Behavior	Meaning/New Meaning
1. Marriage	Commitment/bond of spirits
2. Ultimatum	Decision/entrapment
3. Turned around	Decision/fears
4. Ceremony	Uniting/losing myself
5. Nagging feeling	Inner child/higher self
6. Man of my word	Parental pressure to get married

- D. Rewrite the situation or incident. Use the new meanings associated with the symbols and keep the message of the situation or incident in mind.

After moving back home, I got a job and began to see Mary regularly. Shortly after that, Mary pressed me to get married. I deferred her requests for several months. Finally, she gave me an ultimatum to spiritually bond or break up. Not wanting to spiritually bond, I got in the car and left. On the drive home, a fear surfaced deep in my heart. I turned the car around and returned to her house. Once there, I agreed to get married.

Seven months later, we were married. On the day of the wedding, I had a deep sense of knowing that I should not go through with the marriage. Something was wrong or at least not right about it. As I drove around, I wondered if I was making a big mistake or simply experiencing the jitters. Deciding that it was the jitters, I went to the church. As the ceremony began, a deep sense of horror overcame me. It was like every part of my being was screaming to stop the ceremony. Having accepted that I had the jitters, I told the inner child/higher self to shut up and forced myself to go through with the ceremony. My body tightened up and my face literally became contorted and quivered. When the ceremony was over, I felt sick inside, as if I had lost something very dear to me. After the wedding, Mary sensed my misgivings about the marriage and offered to have it annulled. Accepting the pressures of my parents as truth, I thanked her and said no. I continued to rationalize that I was simply nervous, knowing full well that I had shut down a part of myself.

Several years later, I realized I could no longer ignore my inner turmoil. Slowly, I tried to reopen the link to my inner child and higher self. Recognizing that I had succumbed to parental pressures instead of listening to myself, I let go of the thought as my truth. I let go of the marriage and reached out to myself.

At the meeting with Doc Know, Tom sat quietly while Doc Know read what Tom had written. When Doc Know finished, Tom gasped, “I am astounded by the influence parents have upon our thoughts and what we hold as true.”

Doc Know smiled and said, “That’s a thought.”

Doc Know’s response shocked Tom. As he considered it, he answered, “Yes, it is—maybe two.” Then he smiled, with a glint in his eye.

“How so?” asked Doc Know.

“Well,” said Tom, “parents naturally influence us as children simply by helping us to grow up. How they influence us and for how long depends on our ability to peel back the window-dressing of each of our decisions to reveal whether the underlying thought is still true. If not, we can let go of it.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know. “However, does this apply to your marriage?”

“You know it does,” said Tom. “Without understanding this source of pressure to get married, I accepted it as a truth. Unfortunately, I was not very confident at the time and chose to ignore my own truths. This caused the clash and physical reaction.”

“What else did it cause?” asked Doc Know.

“Uhhmmmmmm,” hesitated Tom, “I made a decision to follow my parents’ truth to the exception of my own truth. In time, I realized that my parents’ truth was contrary to my own truth. More important, it revealed that I was wrestling with my truths about loving someone else and being loved.”

“Superb!” yelled Doc Know.

“Sort of,” said Tom, less enthusiastic than Doc Know. “It took me fifteen years to finally examine this conflict.”

“So?” said Doc Know. “A discovery is a discovery. Rejoice that you have discovered the cause of the clash. It is one more step to end your uneasiness and to find the joy you seek. In your case, it is two steps. First, you discovered that you held a truth from when you were a child, and now you discovered that you held a truth from your parents.”

Tom looked quizzically at Doc Know and asked, “How did you know that it is joy in my life, in myself, that I seek? I never told you.”

“Simple,” said Doc Know. “Joy is what everybody seeks. We know it exists, some haven’t quite figured out how to get it, and others are still trying to figure out how to keep it. I sensed that you had it at least for a while and lost it. Now I know it.”

“In other words,” Tom replied, “at our own pace, everyone is trying to peel the onion.”

“Precisely,” smiled Doc Know.

They ended the meeting with Doc Know suggesting that Tom continue to examine his marriage by using the form.

## Seventeen

### More Influences

Work was exceptionally busy, so Tom didn't get around to looking at other parts of his marriage until the night before the next meeting. Deciding to look at the next phase of his marriage, he wrote the details as he had described them to Doc Know.

As he had the week before, he went through a series of relaxation techniques to prepare for filling out the form. In short order, he answered the questions and developed new meanings for the symbols, etc.

After answering Mother Nature's call, he sat down and began rewriting the incident with the new meanings and the higher message. As before, he focused on being relaxed and without judgment until he had finished.

As he rewrote the events, he began to visualize each of them. It was as if he were reliving them as a bystander or observer. He felt the emotions of each event as if they were happening at that moment. Oddly, he felt a sense of strength begin to grow within himself—as though he began to feel more real, more here, more himself. After he finished, he sat at the

computer for another half hour, simply trying to maintain the experience. As it faded away, he shut off the computer and went to bed. As he walked to bed, he thought to himself, “Doc Know will have a field day with this exercise.”

## Thoughts—Reality Makers

- A. In a relaxed frame of mind, describe the situation/incident that occurred and from which you want to discover a higher understanding and a possible lesson. Typically, the situation or incident will be one that is significant, troubling, or recurring, but not always.

Over the course of the next fifteen years, the marriage was an experience in patience and tolerance. Many fights erupted as it seemed that I was constantly on trial to prove my love for Mary. This resulted in isolating myself from my friends and, in many ways, my family. Without the ability to recharge myself with other people, I buried myself in work. Working twelve to fifteen hours a day, sometimes seven days a week, I quickly climbed the ladder of success.

At various times during the marriage, I had wanted to explore new things, but didn't, for fear of a fight with Mary. Finally, I hit bottom, so to speak. I felt like I was going to explode emotionally. Knowing I needed to get in touch with myself, I began to explore different concepts and ideas. Most importantly, I focused on getting in touch with my intuitive sensing. When something seemed to be the right thing to do, I did it, even if it was contrary to logic or to the way I would normally do it.

Mary did not like change and expressed grave concern with the new behavior. However, I made it clear that I was not going to stop. In my heart, I sensed that I had buried something very precious that needed to be nurtured and expressed.

- B. After describing the situation or incident, relax your mind (clear it) and answer the following questions:

1. How do I feel? Breaking free
2. When did it happen? 5 years ago
3. Who gave me the incident or situation? Myself
4. What is the higher message or lesson within the situation or incident?

Letting go is never easy. Dig deeper and set yourself free. The joy you seek is not far.



- C. Now, list the primary symbols or events or behaviors that seem to trigger the situation or incident and develop an alternate meaning that coincides with the message in B4.

Symbols/Events/Behavior	Meaning/New Meaning
1. Fights	Clashes of wills
2. Proof of love to Mary	Insecurity/different needs
3. Isolation	Withdrawal from self
4. Working	Hiding
5. Explore	Look within
6. Explode emotionally	Open up
7. Intuitive sensing	Reawakening
8. Not going to stop	Loving self/listening to self
9. Something very precious	Myself

- D. Rewrite the situation or incident. Use the new meanings associated with the symbols and keep the message of the situation or incident in mind.

Over the course of the next fifteen years, the marriage was an experience in patience and tolerance. Many clashes of wills erupted as it seemed that I was constantly trying to resolve our different needs. This resulted in withdrawing from myself. Without the ability to recharge myself with other people, I buried myself in work. Hiding from myself twelve to fifteen hours a day, sometimes seven days a week, I quickly climbed the ladder of success.

At various times during the marriage, I had wanted to look within myself, but didn't, for fear of a fight with Mary. Finally, I hit bottom, so to speak. I felt like I was to going open up emotionally. Knowing I needed to get in touch with myself, I began to explore different concepts and ideas. Most importantly, I focused on reawakening my whole self by loving myself and listening to my inner self. When something seemed to be the right thing to do, I did it, even if it was contrary to logic or to the way I would normally do it. I was letting go by digging deeper and trying to set myself free. I sensed that the joy I sought was close.

Mary did not like change and expressed grave concern with the new behavior. However, I made it clear that I was not going to stop. In my heart, I sensed that I had buried something very precious that needed to be nurtured and expressed.

Date:

Tom was amused as he watched Doc Know read what he had written for the exercise. His face seemed like an animated movie. As he watched, Tom realized he had never watched Doc Know's expressions. He had always been too worried about what Doc Know would ask him.

When Doc Know finished, he looked up and smiled at Tom. After a few moments, he asked, "Did you have a nice day, today?"

Tom was taken aback and stammered that yes, indeed, he had had a nice day.

Doc Know asked, "Do you know why?"

Stunned even more, Tom said, "No."

"I see," said Doc Know. "Did you by chance have an interesting experience while completing the exercise?"

"Yes, I did," choked Tom, totally surprised with Doc Know's question. Tom then went on to explain how he had felt the emotions as if he had relived the events described in the exercise.

When he finished, Doc Know asked, "What do you think happened?"

Tom paused, then blurted out, "I let go."

"Precisely," said Doc Know. "Do you know what this 'letting go' is?"

“Well,” said Tom, “I sense it has something to do with being true to myself by listening to my inner child and higher self and then letting go of thoughts that are no longer true for me. When this occurred, it was like the emotional charge attached to those thoughts released, or something like that.”

“Now,” said Doc Know, “do you know why you had a good day?”

“I guess so,” said Tom.

“When we are living in tune, or if you prefer, in sync, with our inner child and higher self, we feel whole, we feel good, and we feel joy,” said Doc Know as he smiled and tilted his head in approval to Tom.

As Tom left the house, Doc Know suggested that Tom adapt the form *Thoughts—Reality Makers* into one for dreams and try recording all of his dreams for the next week or, if he preferred, to try to understand the dream about his marriage.

## **Eighteen**

### **Dreams Are Real**

The next night, Tom began adapting the form, *Thoughts—Reality Makers*. As before, he felt that it needed a title. After playing with the idea for a while, he settled on *Reality—Dream Makers*.

Over the course of the next week, he attempted to record his dreams. However, it was not working well. Either he didn't dream or he forgot them before he had a chance to record them.

Frustrated with the situation, he decided to experiment with the form, using it to describe the dream about Mary and himself. At least, he figured, he'd get a feel for how to use it when he finally did have a dream.

After about an hour, he decided it was not such a good idea, after all. He had trouble focusing on the dream. So, instead of driving himself into a frenzy, he set the form aside and went to bed.

The next morning, as Tom woke up, he remembered one of his dreams. He was so excited, he jumped out of bed and hurried to his computer. As

he slid into the chair, it started to turn over. Quickly, he grabbed the desk and caught himself. As he turned on the computer, he realized that he'd forgotten the dream. Frustrated, he slapped the desk and marched out to the kitchen to make some coffee.

## Reality—Dream Makers

- A. Before going to sleep, state your desire to consciously remember your dreams. Upon awakening, immediately describe the dream in as much detail as possible:
- B. After describing the dream and awakening is near complete, relax your mind (clear it) and answer the following questions:
1. How do I feel?
  2. What year is the dream?
  3. Who gave me the dream?
  4. What is the dream message?

- C. Now, list the primary symbols in the dream (buildings, appliances, objects, clothes, trees, people, animals, flowers, pictures, etc.) and add a meaning to them that coincides with the message in the dream (B4).

Symbols

Meaning/New Meaning

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.
- 9.

- D. Rewrite the dream. Use the new meanings associated with the symbols and keep the message of the dream in mind.

Date:

As he stood waiting for the coffee to get done, it dawned on him that dreams were like his watching the movies on his eyelids during naps. He wondered if he could use the form with the movies. He also wondered if the trick to remembering dreams was the same as watching the movies—staying consciously focused on what he was doing while remaining relaxed.

The next morning, Tom woke up and remembered his dream. Instead of running like a bat out of hell, he slowly got up while focusing on the dream. While consciously holding the dream, he turned on the computer. When it was warmed up and ready, he cut loose with a flurry of fingers flying across the keyboard.

About thirty minutes later, he stopped. Typing the dream was easy. Rewriting it so that it made sense took some time. He decided that the next time, he would type more slowly when trying to record the dream.

As he tried to relax and answer the questions, he felt a little out of kilter, as if he were struggling with himself. Afraid he wouldn't be able to answer them, he sat back in his chair and took several long and deep breaths. Feeling a little better, he answered the questions and added the meanings to the symbols in the dreams.

When he moved down to rewrite the dream using the new meanings for the symbols, he felt a tightening within. Again, he sat back and took several deep breaths and tried to relax. After a few moments, he started again and completed the rewrite. Without really considering what he had



written, Tom got up from his desk and headed for the shower. He was going to be late for work, so he'd wait to look at what he had written that night.

When Tom got home that night, he discovered that he had not yet incorporated the message into the rewritten dream. After about an hour, several long, deep breaths, and a couple of tries, he stopped and sat staring at what he had written.

He was shocked. Over the course of the last several years, and more often over the last six months, he had a nagging feeling about leaving his job. He had taken the job as an opportunity to continue to refine his writing skills and make a good living. Over the course of the last ten years, he had written several technical books and climbed to the top of the corporate ladder. However, he was not writing creative books, which is what he had always felt compelled to do. He had never felt capable of making a living at it, so he never really tried.

The rest of the evening, Tom sat in a living room chair staring off into the walls, wondering if he should listen to his inner child and higher self. The dream had reminded him that he had heard them calling and giving him messages that he had chosen to ignore. Now, he had to face the issue. They had entered his dreams.

## Reality—Dream Makers

- A. Before going to sleep, state your desire to consciously remember your dreams. Upon awakening, immediately describe the dream in as much detail as possible:

I'm working with a client. I discover that getting contracts is a major function of the business. In serving the client, I decide to help them and assist in getting several contracts.

Somehow, things changed. Instead of working with the client, I'm working for them. I feel like I'm getting absorbed by them. No credit is given for a good job and I feel like I am losing myself.

Realizing my error, I quit.

- B. After describing the dream and awakening is near complete, relax your mind (clear it) and answer the following questions:

1. How do I feel? Frustrated/bewildered
2. What year is the dream? Now
3. Who gave me the dream? Higher self?
4. What is the dream message?

Dedication to serving others is great. However, such effort at the expense of forgetting who you are is another matter.

C. Now, list the primary symbols in the dream (buildings, appliances, objects, clothes, trees, people, animals, flowers, pictures, etc.) and add a meaning to them that coincides with the message in the dream (B4).

	Symbols	Meaning/New Meaning
1.	Client	Relationship
2.	Firm	Present employer
3.	Working	What I love to do
4.		
5.		
6.		
7.		
8.		
9.		

D. Rewrite the dream. Use the new meaning associated with the symbols and keep the message of the dream in mind.

I'm working with a client in a job that I love. I discover that getting contracts is a major function of the business. In serving the client, I decide to help them and assist in getting several contracts.

Somehow, things changed. Instead of working with the client, I'm working for them. I feel like I'm getting absorbed by them. Feeling like I am losing myself, I quit.

In the process of helping the client, I lost sight of who I am. Instead of continuing to do what I love to do, I became an employee and worked for them. Realizing my error, I quit and went back to being a writer.

Date:

## Nineteen

### Dreams

After showing Doc Know the form he had developed, Tom handed him a copy of the dream he had recorded. After Doc Know finished reading, Tom explained all the details of what had happened when recording his dream. When he finished, Doc Know nodded as if Tom should continue.

“Well,” said Tom, “I dunno. On the one hand, it’s an interesting dream. On the other hand, using the message brings it a whole lot closer to thoughts I’ve had since I was a senior in high school.”

“How so?” asked Doc Know.

“Well,” said Tom, “the last six weeks of my senior year, for some reason or another, I learned to write poetry in English class. Apparently, it struck a nerve with the teacher, because she suggested I submit one to a contest. What’s more important, I felt like I was home or was doing what I was supposed to do whenever I wrote them. I seemed to be able to get lost in them, as you could probably tell from the ones I wrote over the last few months. To make a long story short, I never believed that I could

become good enough to make a living at it, especially after receiving over 200 rejection letters from publishers.”

“So?” asked Doc Know.

“For the last year or so, I’ve had this feeling that I’ve lost myself within my work and that I should be writing creative books instead of technical manuals for industry. The dream reflects what I’ve been feeling and thinking.”

“Now,” chimed Doc Know, “that’s a thought.”

“Precisely,” retorted Tom in mockery of Doc Know’s usual answer. Both laughed as they took a break to go to the used tea room to answer mother nature’s call.

After the break, Doc Know asked, “What do you think about dreams now?”

“I suppose dreams are a reflection of our inner thoughts and feelings,” said Tom. “If people would take the time to try to understand them, they would probably discover a whole lot of thoughts they hold as true but have ignored, including some that are conflicting with each other.”

“Precisely,” said Doc Know. “More importantly, what are you going to do about the dream?”

Tom had known that Doc Know was going to ask this question, so he had prepared. “For the moment,” Tom said, “nothing.” After a teasing pause, he added, “However, I am going to look into leaving my job and becoming a writer.”

“And, so it is,” smiled Doc Know.

## Twenty

### Fact or Fiction

Over the next week, Tom busied himself with the idea of becoming a creative writer. Even though he had published twenty-six technical books, the idea of writing a creative book of any type gave him goose bumps. The night before the next meeting with Doc Know, he realized that he had not done any “homework” for the meeting. With all of the excitement, he had completely forgotten about trying to record his dreams. Feeling a little desperate, he got the notes he had sketched from the dream he’d had before ending his marriage.

As he sat at the computer, he noticed that the idea of trying to find the higher message threatened him a bit. Rather than allow this feeling to overwhelm him, he began doing the relaxation exercises. About ten minutes later, he focused on writing the dream.

As he wrote, the entire dream seemed to open before him, as if he were experiencing it all over again. Without hesitation, he answered the questions and developed new meanings for some of the symbols.

As he rewrote the dream, Tom sensed a realness to the dream, like discovering something vaguely familiar, yet very alien. He felt like a wise, loving man watching over his children. As he finished rewriting the dream with the message incorporated into it, Tom felt as if a burden had been lifted from him. It was the same feeling he had had, but couldn't describe, when he had the dream.



## Reality—Dream Makers

- A. Before going to sleep, state your desire to consciously remember your dreams. Upon awakening, immediately describe the dream in as much detail as possible:

It is the late 1800s or early 1900s. I approached a petite woman sitting on a park bench in full Sunday dress with a parasol. It was as if she were waiting for someone. Interestingly, she appeared to be two people at once. In one sense, she seemed to be a radiant and beautiful young lady. In another sense, she was very old and seemed to be very bitter. As I approached, I recognized her as Mary. Seeing me, Mary's bitterness melted away. It seemed like I separated from myself. Instead of sitting with Mary, I watched a tall man with thick, sandy-brown hair in a dapper tan suit sit with her. I knew they were, or had been, husband and wife.

The man began to explain to Mary that she had died some years ago, and that it was time to let go so that she could finish her journey. He explained that he had died before her so that she could learn to love herself. Unfortunately, she never overcame her fears and instead became very bitter over his death. He smiled at her, picked her up in his arms, and began walking. As they walked, the essence of the bitter woman disappeared and the radiant, young woman beamed from his arms.

While watching these events, I had a deep sense that this was not a dream, but was actually occurring. I sensed that this was real, as was the marriage between the couple. As I watched the couple, I saw them drift away into a luminescent house. Though real, I sensed that it would exist only till the lady healed enough to continue her journey or something.

- B. After describing the dream and awakening is near complete, relax your mind (clear it) and answer the following questions:

1. How do I feel? Intrigued/bewildered
2. What year is the dream? 1880-1920
3. Who gave me the dream? Higher self
4. What is the dream message?

Let go. You are not responsible for her bitterness. She has to learn to love herself, and she never will unless you let go.

C. Now, list the primary symbols in the dream (buildings, appliances, objects, clothes, trees, people, animals, flowers, pictures, etc.) and add a meaning to them that coincides with the message in the dream (B4).

Symbols	Meaning/New Meaning
1. Two people at once	Multidimensional
2. Young/old	Time is space
3. Radiant/bitter	Each life has a theme without losing the true entity
4. Separated from myself	Past life
5. Luminescent house	Spirit plane
6.	
7.	
8.	
9.	

D. Rewrite the dream. Use the new meanings associated with the symbols and keep the message of the dream in mind.

It is the late 1800s or early 1900s. I approached a petite woman sitting on a park bench in full Sunday dress with a parasol. It was as if she were waiting for someone. Interestingly, she appeared to be multidimensional, like two people at once. In one sense, she seemed to be a radiant and beautiful young lady. In another sense, she was very old and seemed to be very bitter. As I approached, I recognized her as Mary. Seeing me, Mary's bitterness melted away. It seemed like I separated from my past life. Instead of sitting with Mary, I watched a tall man with thick, sandy-brown hair in a dapper tan suit sit with her. I knew they were, or had been, husband and wife.

The man began to explain to Mary that she had died some years ago, and that it was time to let go so that she could finish her journey. He explained that he had died before her so that she could learn to love herself. Unfortunately, she never overcame her fears and instead became very bitter for his having died. He smiled at her, picked her up in his arms, and began walking. As they walked, the essence of the bitter woman disappeared and the radiant, young woman beamed from his arms.

While watching, I had a deep sense that this was not a dream, but was actually occurring. I sensed that this was real, as was the marriage between the couple. As I watched them drift away into the spirit plane, I said goodbye to Mary. I sensed that she would heal and continue her journey or something.

As Tom turned off the computer and headed for bed, he remembered that

the dream had helped him to end his marriage. He recalled that it had given him a sense of relief that everything would be all right for Mary and himself. However, now he sensed that it was not a dream. It was real—and **that** thought more than rattled his chain, especially after he looked at the title he had put on the dream form.

## Twenty-one

### Past Lives

As Tom drove up to Doc Know's house, he noticed how vibrant everything looked. The trees and flowers and rolling meadows seemed to be illuminated or something. Instead of trying to figure out why everything was so vibrant, he simply enjoyed it.

After some small talk, Tom handed the dream-maker form to Doc Know. Doc Know read it and smiled. "I see that you overcame your fears about this dream," said Doc Know.

"Huh?" said Tom. "Uh, yeah, I guess so . . . , even though I hadn't realized that I had any."

"I see," said Doc Know with one of those oh-shit-here-it-comes smiles. "Had you not felt a bit uneasy with the realness of the dream?"

"Well," mumbled Tom, as if caught with his hand in the cookie jar, "yes, I did . . . and still do."

“Why so?” asked Doc Know.

“When I had the dream and then again when I recalled it last night,” said Tom, “deep within myself, I sensed, no, I **knew**, it was real.”

“So?” smiled Doc Know.

“So . . . ,” snorted Tom, “dreams are not real.”

“Why not?” asked Doc Know.

“Because, everyone knows dreams aren’t real,” snorted Tom.

“How does everyone know dreams aren’t real?” asked Doc Know.

“They just aren’t,” blurted Tom.

“Now, **that’s** a thought,” retorted Doc Know.

After a few minutes, Tom composed himself and asked, “Are you saying dreams *are* real?”

“Maybe,” said Doc Know.

“How so?” asked Tom.

“You tell me,” said Doc Know.

“Well,” said Tom, “I’m not sure. Last week you agreed that dreams are a reflection of our inner thoughts and feelings.”

“So?” smiled Doc Know.

Getting a little more focused and a bit more than determined to box Doc Know’s ears with a good answer, Tom said, “If thought precedes all action and we repeat these actions until we change the thought, then if I think that dreams are not real, they will not be real for me.”

“So?” encouraged Doc Know, as if trying to pull more from Tom.

“Well . . . ,” said Tom, “it follows that, because dreams are a reflection of our thoughts and feelings, then if I think that dreams are real, they will be real, or something like that.”

“Or something like that,” chortled Doc Know.

After a brief, contemplative pause, Doc Know continued, “Tom, in your dream, you wrote that you were two people at once and you provided a new meaning that it meant that you were multidimensional. What does ‘multidimensional’ mean?”

“Whew!” gasped Tom, “It’s like I felt that I am more than the person sitting here. It was like I had been the man in the dream, only in a prior life.”

“So?” chided Doc Know.

“So, what?” said Tom. “Are you saying we have many lives and that once we know this as a thought that we hold as true, it is possible to somehow connect with these past lives?”

“You tell me,” encouraged Doc Know.

“I did, or think I did, or it felt like I did, or something like that,” rambled Tom.

“For now, I’ll accept that,” said Doc Know as if letting Tom off the hook. “However, you wrote that Mary seemed young and old at the same time. You interpreted that to mean that time is space. What does that mean?”

After several deep breaths, Tom said, “It felt like I was in another time by somehow shifting my conscious awareness to another space. However, I am not sure what another space is or what it means to shift my consciousness.”

“Could another space be a slightly different type of awareness than, say, when you are awake?” asked Doc Know.

“You mean,” asked Tom, “like in a dream?”

“Maybe,” encouraged Doc Know, “or like in a meditative state or like in the sensing of horror you felt pertaining to violent sexual acts.”

“Let me get this straight,” pondered Tom. “Dreams and meditative and

altered states of consciousness are like windows to alternate realities or past lives or whatever it is that is not here and now.”

“You tell me,” teased Doc Know. Sensing Tom’s growing frustration, he continued, “Try to assume that your dream was real and that it was multidimensional. What does that suggest to you?”

“Well,” said Tom, “it blows the hell out of my self perceptions concerning what is real.”

“How so?” asked Doc Know, trying to get Tom to go deeper.

“This is real,” said Tom, as he hit the table with his hands. “I can see, feel, touch, and smell it. I can’t do that in a dream.”

“Why not?” asked Doc Know. “When you sat on the park bench with Mary, did you not see the bench, touch it, and feel the wood slats?”

“Yes,” mumbled Tom.

Trying to shift Tom’s thoughts, Doc Know changed his approach:

“Assuming you are multidimensional, what do you think occurred when you sensed the impending danger at the waterfall and later about Mary being raped?”

“I don’t know,” said Tom.



“All right,” said Doc Know. “Then, what could you do or learn by visiting previous lives?”

“Based on this dream, I could visit my other lives and find out if I have any other issues hanging out there, so to speak, that are influencing me now,” said Tom.

“What else?” asked Doc Know.

“I could discover what other lives I’ve lived and how I lived them,” said Tom.

“What else?” asked Doc Know.

“I don’t know,” said Tom. “I suppose I could discover what thoughts I’ve held as truths in each life.”

“Interesting,” said Doc Know. “What might such knowledge do for this life?”

“It would explain why I know a thought is true, even though I’d never considered it before,” said Tom.

“Indeed?” said Doc Know.

“Sure, there have been many times I’ve been in a conversation and said something I knew was true, but had never thought before. The same thing

has happened many times when writing a book. When I finish it and look it over, I am surprised with what was written.”

“When this has happened, how did you feel or what did you think?” asked Doc Know.

“While in college, I used to jokingly tell myself that a spirit guide had written my papers or given me the thoughts, and I had only acted as the recorder,” laughed Tom.

“What did you feel like when this occurred?” asked Doc Know.

“Well,” said Tom, “I seemed to feel totally focused on what I was doing, yet very relaxed, like when I watch the movies on my eyelids when taking a nap. I used to call it my writing trance.”

“Interesting,” said Doc Know hoping that Tom would take the next step. Seeing no twinkle of insight in Tom’s eyes, Doc Know asked, “How are these naps, writing trances, and your clairsentient experiences concerning violent sexual behavior different from how you felt in your dream?”

Realizing that there were none, Tom choked on the large gulp of tea he’d just taken. Like a beautiful rainbow with whispers of a silvery mist trailing behind, a stream of tea arced over the table and hit Doc Know in the chest. Had Tom not laughed at what had happened, the meeting might have continued. However, soaked to the bone and a little miffed at Tom’s theatrics, Doc Know ended the meeting.

As Tom left, Doc Know asked him to continue to record his dreams and to consider the possibilities of past lives and that he might have had clairsentient experiences.

## Twenty-two

### Real or Not

Since the last meeting, Tom had not been able to forget two incidents that had happened to him some years ago. First, after reading Dan Millman's *Peaceful Warrior* books, he had requested a life reading tape. The tape had a personal section concerning a past life as a judge. Second, he had become interested in the healing powers of stones and crystals and gone to a couple of healing sessions. Interestingly, both incidents resulted in a theme that he should forgive himself.

As he contemplated these incidents, he decided to use the dream form to examine the past life described on the Dan Millman tape. He was a little uneasy, because he sensed that the form would reveal some interesting issues about himself, as well as further insight into the possibility of past lives.

After writing down the past life described on the tape, Tom found that he had trouble focusing. Until now, he had considered the tape interesting, but not necessarily real. After several attempts to answer the questions on the form, he got up and walked around the room. Suddenly, he remembered a technique Millman had suggested to get in touch with

himself. After taking several deep breaths, he placed one hand over his stomach and asked for help. As he sat there, a deeper sense of relaxation rippled through him. As this occurred, he began to answer the questions and to create the new meanings for the symbols.

As Tom read the answers to the questions and the new meanings for the symbols, he felt more uneasiness. As he tried to decide what this uneasiness was, he felt queasy. Oddly, the feeling was not within his abdomen, but within his heart, as if his heart were trying to barf. Curious, Tom tried to feel the source of the strange sensation. In doing so, he felt like a bystander watching and feeling at the same time, just as he had during his dream about Mary.

He could feel the life within himself seem to drain as his body became very weak and a cold sweat exploded on his forehead and neck. Under normal circumstances, he would have immediately lain down. However, as a bystander, he felt the urge to allow the experience to flow. After a few minutes, the feeling subsided.

As he composed himself, his eyes traveled to the computer as if indicating that he could now rewrite the past-life description. Without hesitation, he breezed through it.

As he reread the form, he had an odd feeling. Although he did not sense the realness of the past life, as he had with his dream about Mary and himself, he had a deep sense of knowing that he had changed the outcome of the judge's life, or Tom's life—or something.

## Reality—Dream Makers

- A. Before going to sleep, state your desire to consciously remember your dreams. Upon awakening, immediately describe the dream in as much detail as possible:

It is the 1800s. I am a man of the law, a judge. I am very rigorous, exacting, moralistic, very demanding of my self (self-critical) and others. The law is the law.

A friend is charged with a crime. He is convicted in my court. After he is sent to prison, he dies (from disease or something, not executed). Shortly after that, new evidence is revealed that clearly proves the friend's innocence.

I am devastated with the situation. I lose confidence in my ability to make judgments, especially as a man of the law. I cannot forgive myself for the error. I live the remainder of my life in misery over my self-inflicted guilt. I cannot accept my humanness.

- B. After describing the dream and awakening is near complete, relax your mind (clear it) and answer the following questions:

1. How do I feel? Numb

2. What year is the dream? Early 1800s

3. Who gave me the dream? Higher self

4. What is the dream message?

Let go. Before you can love others, you must love yourself and all that you are. This includes any ideas/illusions of perfection or imperfection. There is no such thing. There is only experience leading to acceptance of yourself and all that is.

- C. Now, list the primary symbols in the dream (buildings, appliances, objects, clothes, trees, people, animals, flowers, pictures, etc.) and add a meaning to them that coincides with the message in the

dream (B4).

	Symbols	Meaning/New Meaning
1.	Judge	Ego (experiencing limits of physical existence)
2.	Crimes	Selected experiences
3.	Punishment	Self-induced experience
4.	Evidence	Interpretations
5.	Innocence	Gift of learning self-acceptance
6.	Humanness	State of being
7.	Man of the law	Spiritual being
8.	Demanding/critical	Loss of self
9.		

D. Rewrite the dream. Use the new meanings associated with the symbols and keep the message of the dream in mind.

It is the 1800s. I am a spiritual being, experiencing limits of physical existence. I am very rigorous, exacting, moralistic. I have lost any sense of my Self. The law is the law.

A friend selected an experience to be convicted in my court. After he is sent to prison, he dies (from disease or something, not executed). Shortly thereafter, new interpretations reveal the friend's gift of learning self-acceptance.

At first, I am devastated with the situation, because I do not understand the gift of learning self-acceptance. I lose confidence in my ability to experience the limits of physical existence, especially as a spiritual being. In time, I realize the gift and let go of my illusions and forgive myself for the error. I live the remainder of my life as a judge full of compassion who could sense the appropriate experience to help heal the spiritual needs of all those brought before me.

## **Twenty-three**

### **Rocks or Not**

The next evening, Tom reread the past-life reading. As he read the rewritten version, it reminded him of the stone layout he had had done about the time of his divorce. He had been bound up with tensions and feelings of conflict concerning what to do. On the one hand, he felt a need to leave the marriage. On the other hand, he had a deep sense of responsibility to take care of Mary.

One day at a bookstore in Dayton, Ohio, he saw a couple. They reminded him of his college days of long hair, parties, and lots of friends. They had nodded to each other, but said nothing. As Tom browsed through the books, he had an odd feeling that they were staring at him. As he turned around, he saw that they were, indeed, looking at him. However, he noticed that their eyes seemed out of focus. This gave him a feeling that they were actually looking into him. Finding this a bit unnerving, he moved to another section of the store, and then left.

Over the course of the next few weeks, he ran into the couple several times and got to know them a little bit. They were Linda and Carl



Hendricks. In the course of the conversations, it was revealed that they did stone layouts for healing and “clearing blockages.” Recalling his dad’s enjoyment of rocks and crystals and intrigued with the idea of getting relief from his sense of conflicts, Tom asked if they would do a stone layout for him. They agreed.

When he arrived at their home a few days later, Tom wondered what he had gotten himself into. He had no idea of what to expect. He had thoughts ranging from voodoo magic, to large boulders being dropped onto his body, to an LSD trip. One thing he knew for sure: he wasn’t going to lie bare-assed naked with rocks all over his body and have people dancing in a circle around him singing strange incantations. There were a few things he would not do—at least he hoped there were.

Linda and Carl apparently had sensed Tom’s uneasiness and had explained that stones and crystals have been used and treasured since the dawn of civilization. Spiritual and healing ceremonies were performed by Mayan, Native American, Aztec, Inca, African, and Celtic cultures. They noted that the Bible refers to crystals more than 200 times within its text.

They said that they were going to do a form of general healing called a chakra alignment. They were going to use various stones and crystals to clear the energy blockages and align the chakras. They explained that the body is comprised of seven wheels of energy called chakras. Each chakra is an intersection of vital energy represented by specific colors of the rainbow that correspond with specific areas of the body. By placing stones

and crystals of corresponding colors on or near the chakras, the chakras could be cleared and/or opened to allow a freer flowing of the natural energy system.

They said that the first or base chakra is located near the base of the spine. It is considered to be the source of vitality, physical energy, and self-preservation. It directly affects the kidneys, suprarenal glands, and spine. Most often, it is referred to as the grounding chakra. The colors and stones associated with this chakra are red, as found in rubies, garnets, and red calcite, black, as found in black tourmaline, black obsidian, apache tears, and smokey quartz, and silvery-black, as found in hematite, galena, and iron.

The second or sacral chakra is located about two inches below the navel. It is thought to be the source of desire, emotion, creativity, sexuality, and intuition. It affects the health of the digestive system and reproductive organs. The color associated with the second chakra is orange, as found in carnelian, joaquinite, and orange calcite.

The third or solar plexus chakra is in the area of the solar plexus, below the breastbone. It is considered to be the source for personal power, ambition, intellect, astral force, desire and emotions based on intellect, and touch. It affects the stomach, liver, gall bladder, sympathetic nervous system, pancreas, and adrenal glands. The color associated with the third chakra is yellow, as found in citrine, diaspore, heliodor, and yellow calcite.

The fourth or heart chakra is located at the center of the chest. It is

believed to be the source for compassion, love, group consciousness, and spirituality. It affects the heart, thymus, circulatory system, blood, cellular structure, and involuntary muscles. The colors associated with the heart chakra are pink, as found in rose quartz, pink tourmaline, pink calcite, and pecos diamonds, and green, as found in apophyllite, diopside, green calcite, seraphinite, peridot, prehnite, and wavellite.

The fifth or throat chakra is located at the base of the throat and at the top of the collarbone. It is thought to be the source of communication, sound, and expression of creativity for thought, speaking, and writing. It affects the thyroid gland, throat, jaws, alimentary canal, lungs, vocal cords, and the breath. The color blue is associated with the throat chakra, as in celestite, blue tourmaline, blue calcite, azurite, albite, apatite, and benitoite.

The sixth or brow chakra is located between and slightly above the eyebrows. It is believed to be the source of psychic powers, such as precognition, higher intuition (a sense of knowing), the energies of the spirit, magnetic forces, and light. It affects the cerebellum, nose, central nervous system, pituitary gland, and the left eye. Indigo is the color associated with this chakra. Typical stones and crystals are amethyst, clear quartz, lepidolite, and tanzanite.

The seventh or crown chakra is located at the top (crown) of the head. It is considered to be the fountainhead for spirituality, enlightenment, dynamic thought, and energy. It affects the cerebrum, right eye, and pineal gland. Violet, as in amethyst, tanzanite, and purpurite, and golden

white, as in clear quartz, phenocite, danburite, amblygonite, diamonds, and herkimer diamonds, are the colors associated with the crown chakra.

Carl and Linda said that stones and crystals have energy that vibrates according to their God-given color. By placing the appropriately colored stones and crystals on or near the chakras, each chakra can be aligned and opened. When this is done, the life force of the person can flow freely and unencumbered by the stresses created by emotional trauma, work, and other inflictions.

After Tom lay down, Carl and Linda put small stones or rocks at different parts of his body. Some music played in the background, and then it got very quiet. Not sure what to do, Tom lay very still. Slowly, he began to notice that he felt completely relaxed, and a wonderful warmth was spreading throughout his body, similar to being under a pile of quilts on a cold winter day. What felt like ten minutes later, the music seemed to expand and move from his ears to the center of his head and radiate like a warm, golden, glowing ray of light up and down his body. Shortly thereafter, the music stopped. Carl and Linda proceeded to retrieve the stones. Sensing that it was over, he opened his eyes.

Tom was surprised to discover that over an hour had transpired. As he sat up, he realized that he felt surprisingly well rested and a bit giddy. The couple explained that the blockages had been cleared, but that Tom might need another stone layout to open the chakras all the way. Still not sure what chakras were, Tom said he'd consider it. Then both of them looked at him with a we-know-something-you-don't-know kind of smile. Not sure

what to think, he left.

Over the next two months, Tom ran into Linda and Carl several times at the bookstore. Each time, he seemed to feel better after seeing them, even if they only said hello to each other. On one of the encounters, without thinking, he requested the second layout, as they had suggested. As he recalled the incident, he wondered why he had made the request. It just seemed to slip from his mouth. Regardless, they agreed upon a date and he had left.

A few days later, he arrived for the appointment. As before, he lay down and they placed different rocks or stones at several locations on his body. But instead of the relaxing feeling of the previous layout, this time he seemed to just be there, but not. Tom recalled that he had visually watched the rocks or stones being placed on his body, even though his eyes were closed. He also recalled that each stone seemed to light up like a Christmas tree bulb. One by one, he saw a flash of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and white. A short time later, the session was over.

As he tried to sit up, Tom realized that he couldn't. It was as though his mind was saying "Get up," but his body refused to move. Suddenly tired, he gave up and lay there for about fifteen minutes.

When he finally sat up, Linda and Carl were sitting with that we-know-something-you-don't-know smile again. This time, Tom asked what that smile was about. Linda hesitated, then said, "It is time to let go. You are not responsible for others' happiness. It is time to forgive yourself for what

has happened in prior lives and for what you will probably do in the future.”

Without thinking, Tom said, “I know.”

As Tom now recalled the events, he remembered that he had not understood at the time why he had said this, even though he sensed that somehow it was true.

## **Twenty-four**

### **Ready or Not**

As Tom sat down, he handed Doc Know the dream-maker form and proceeded to discuss all of his experiences since the last meeting. As he finished, he noticed for the first time since starting to meet with Doc Know that the room was full of rocks and stones and crystals, as well as all of the plants.

“My, my,” said Doc Know, “you’ve been busy. In fact, it appears that you are finally opening up.”

As Tom looked back towards Doc Know, he said, “How so?”

As Tom’s eyes focused, he noticed that Doc Know had the same look in his eyes as the Hendricks had had at the bookstore, like Doc Know was looking into or right through Tom.

“You tell me,” smiled Doc Know.

Still taken aback from Doc Know’s dazed look, Tom said, “Well, I think

that the human spirit is a form of energy that radiates throughout our bodies. I sense or suspect that we all live many lives. These lives are a series of experiences that seem to be geared toward learning to love our self (or selves) as well as all others. We are able to do this because our spiritual energy or life force moves from one lifetime to the next accumulating experiences and learning the unconditional love of God.”

“What else?” asked Doc Know.

“It seems that these lives can be viewed or looked at or somehow tapped into to get insights into the lessons we cannot see for one reason or another,” said Tom.

“Such as?” encouraged Doc Know.

“Well,” stammered Tom, “between my dream, the life reading by Dan Millman, and Linda and Carl Hendrick’s statement, it appears that I haven’t learned to love enough to forgive, especially myself.”

“Bravo,” cheered Doc Know. “Bravo!”

“And,” said Tom, “it seems that through the thoughts that we hold as true, we can get a glimpse of these lessons.”

“How so?” asked Doc Know.

“Well,” said Tom, “because the thoughts we hold as true are repeated



until we change the original thoughts, they are like a road to our inner self. By examining our thoughts, we can figure out our truths and determine if we want to maintain or change them.”

“What else?” asked Doc Know.

“Emotions seem to be like road signs. They can give us directions to a truth that may reveal a conflict to be resolved or a lesson to be learned. When we ignore the road signs, then our dreams seem to try to help us get back on course by giving us a view of the conflict. If we are able to relax our minds and look a little deeper into the dreams, the road signs will show us ways of understanding the situation. In other words, our inner child and our higher self will give us the answers.”

“So?” said Doc Know.

“So,” said Tom, “when we have problems, instead of blaming everything on somebody else, we can try to determine the source of the emotion. Until we get used to doing this on our own, we can use the form *Thoughts—Reality Makers* or, if it involves a dream, we can use *Reality—Dream Makers*.”

“What else?” asked Doc Know, sensing that Tom was on a roll.

“Based on the stone layout and everything we’ve talked about these last several months, it seems that everything, including thought, is energy of some sort. It also seems that once we learn how to read or sense or

comprehend this energy, we can look at past lives and maybe even create our own lives.”

“Maybe,” teased Doc Know.

“Maybe?” gasped Tom. “What kind of answer is that?”

“One you will discover after you finish writing your book,” said Doc Know.

“What book?” choked Tom.

“The book about our meetings and all that you have discovered,” said Doc Know. “Tom, I am a teacher. When we first met, I felt a need to teach more people and had been looking for some way to do so. I realized that the reason we met was for me to teach you. As our meetings progressed, I realized that the teaching would enable you to realize your path for being a writer. In turn, as a writer, you would enable me to teach more people by writing about our meetings. Remember, we’re all interconnected by our thoughts—like-thoughts attract each other.”

Tom was a bit baffled and more than a little shaken over the idea that he was destined to write a book. Even worse, he was not ready to end the meetings with Doc Know.

As he began to dispute Doc Know’s request, Doc Know sent Tom scooting out the door and told him not to come back until he had finished the book and given serious consideration to the clairsentient experiences

pertaining to violent sexual behavior. Doc Know added that he was going to work with his plants and he wasn't up to Tom's reaction to too much oxygen.

As Tom drove away from the curb, he wondered when he'd see Doc Know again. As the question passed through his mind, Tom heard Doc Know say, "Now, that's a thought."