

CALL IN THE ANGELS

J A Y

© 1995, JAY

All rights reserved

Published by:  the periphery

ISBN: 0-910668-12-4

Grateful acknowledgment is made for permission to reprint the following excerpts:

P.13 from *A Course in Miracles*. Copyright ©1975 by the publisher, the Foundation for Inner Peace Inc., Glen Ellen, California.

P.21 from *The Mirror of Life* by Shaun de Warren. Copyright © 1991 by the author. Published by Wellspring Publications, Ltd., London, England.

P. 43 from *Handbook to Higher Consciousness* by Ken Keyes, Jr.. Copyright ©1975 by the author. Published by Living Love Publications, Coos Bay, Oregon.

Cataloging In Publication Data

JAY-

Call in the angels / JAY.

p. cm.

A story about human angels and attitudes.

ISBN: 0-910668-12-4

I. Title.

813.54

To Erika & Tim, Lisa & Jeff, Donna & Tom, Bobbie,
Bobby, Lindsay, and Eden

Other books by JAY:

BANISHED from the Sandbox (Rev. Ed.)

The UPHILL Trilogy (*poetry*)

1. Broken Cookies and Other Tragedies
2. If You Weren't Immortal, I'd Kill You!
3. It's Too Bad You're "Not" Special

The DOWNHILL Trilogy (*poetry*)

1. I Want To Go Someplace...
But, I Don't Know "Where" It Is
2. What You Are...I Am, Too!
3. Beyond...the Garden of Eden

Rapid-FIRE

AUTHOR'S NOTE

So...you think you *know* what angels are!? Well, if you are like most people, you think they are spiritual beings sent by God—that occasionally appear as apparitions—who watch over, protect, and sometimes, guide us.

Actually, they are more down-to-earth than that. We stare into their faces, *every day*...without realizing it!

This book is about the realization of who and what angels are, in *our* physical reality, so that you will be able to effortlessly recognize, honor, and appreciate them in *all* your activities, events, and situations.

Hopefully, from these pages, you will find a better understanding of everyone's purpose in your life.

Contents

Go to Your Room	1
Beyond...the Point of No Return	49
Mingle	87
With No Purpose...of His Own	127
Am I <i>Really</i> Here? Are You <i>Really</i> There? ...	167
Impact	207
Epilogue	247

Go to Your Room

Even at the end of February, southern Florida is fairly warm. Last night, when Jay went to bed at 11 P. M., the temperature was 69°F. This morning he awoke to a very cool (58°F), grey, overcast day with blustery, northern winds, making it seem like a dreary New England fall day. (He grew up there for nearly 20 years and was always happiest living in sunny climates, thereafter.) This remembrance, of that period in his life, put him in a maudlin-mood. So, after getting dressed in his *usual* casual attire (cotton twill slacks—which are normally shorts, on typically warm days; white, short-sleeved polo shirt; Brazilian, casual, hole-y loafers—which are typically, slip-on, burgundy, leather sandals, when it's warmer; and a light-weight, wine-colored, v-neck, cotton sweater), he slouched in his sling-back deck chair and put his feet up on the end of the bed in his room. He pondered the possibility of falling into a “funky,” unhappy mood and having a potentially miserable day because of his starting it with the wrong attitude.

There he sat, in his little, 10' x 10', peninsula-like bedroom, with a double-hung window on each of its three sides, in the turn-of-the century, white-trimmed,

pink beach-house (that was on the local historical register) on the barrier island, a block and a half from one of the nicest and more secluded beaches in the world. Jay had watched his human ego try to put him in a bad mood, before, recalling past unpleasant situations and environments, so he was determined to not let his present thoughts destroy his mood for the day.

He recalled that—even though he was a well-educated, highly-experienced, well-qualified businessman and teacher, with a pleasant, out-going personality and physical presence—his “focus” on his humanness to *any* degree always brought reminders of past feelings of self-criticism and unhappiness stemming from his ego’s self-created, poor sense of self-worth. It was obvious to Jay that his human persona could never be trusted to guide him, in any way...whatsoever! He just couldn’t listen to it. It was tough realizing that *any* form of human game-playing, or taking ego messages seriously, could pull one back into the “dream-world.”

As he continued to slump in his chair with his eyes closed while the wind blew through the live oak and palm trees surrounding the small house, rustling the leaves near the windows, Jay remembered how important it was to look at whatever causes discomfort in his mind. He debated about sitting behind his small, notebook-sized computer and communicate with his right-minded, Spirit-guided, real Self. His ego said “No!” so he didn’t. But...he did sit there for awhile and watch his thoughts. After all, he learned from his writing experiences (three novellas, two books of poetry, and one autobiographical novel, done with his girl-friend) that the **ONLY** way to conquer any kind of fear or personal

discomfort was to look directly at it...or in this case, listen to it.

Just before Jay sallied through his ego's digressions into his past, he smiled at the thought of spending the rest of his life sitting in his comfortable deck chair; tucked away in his tiny, combination den/office/bedroom, with lots of light and a wonderful nature-filled view (he often thought of it as the best prison-cell on Earth); pondering the consequences of earth-life, as he and others react to its drama.

"Since life is a state-of-mind," his humanness argued, "and all minds are joined...and this is merely a *waking*-dream...what difference does it make where you spend your time...and whether or not you spend it physically alone—once, you have done most all of your lessons of looking at your human self with your family, lovers, and close friends? After all, you can reach everyone through your mind where you created all this. Who needs to go anywhere...or do any thing...but an ego?" (Crafty...insidiously sharp...that ego is!!)

First, Jay remembered the period 13 years ago when he wandered by himself, for days, in the desert of southern Utah amongst the sandstone rocks, sagebrush, sparse cedar trees, and red-clay earth and along the cliffs overlooking Lake Powell in the flooded canyon below. How alone he had felt, but how guided that he belonged there. In spite of his physical aloneness, he loved that part of the country and its undulating, multi-colored landscape. The beauty and serenity he found there was unmistakably his special place to get in touch with Himself—although he didn't have any concept of his Reality, then. That came two years later.

After that experience, and many subsequent trips to that area, he learned that he chose not to live alone and wanted to be around people as long as he was in the physical world. Earth-life was to be experienced *with* others. But, he discovered that, no matter how close he became to another, only the *mutual* recognition of their peaceful, contented Heart-mind provided the sense of joining. No other mental, emotional, or physical contact could do it. Consequently, he felt that wandering throughout the world was like walking in the desert—oftentimes, without the beautiful scenery he experienced there—because most people have not been interested in only that realization, like him. Oh, how he longed for that combination of spiritual and physical tranquility, and oh, how he wanted to share it with everyone. No longer did he want to be a “desert wanderer,” alone!

And now, he was living right near one of the most beautiful beaches and in the warmest, year-round, sunny climates in America—without his beloved desert and mountains, though. He still felt very lucky, and fortunate, to be where he was.

Then, Jay’s mind shifted to something he read over a year ago in a book about the various roles that men have historically assumed in society. The role model that his human past most closely resembled was that of the “naïve man.” Men of this genre typically identified with the *feelings* of significant women around them, such as their mother or lover, and frequently had their boundaries, or human needs, controlled by them and lacked any sense of clear-cut role delineation, ambition, and direction in life. Not exactly a pleasant picture...but one that had to be “owned up to” about his humanness!

Along with this, he realized that he was a person of little, or no, imagination—which he did not find upsetting because he knew how this human, questionable “ability” mis-created the dream-world that we think we live in. But, he was humanly concerned about what, if anything, he was supposed to be doing on Earth—since he found it impossible to conjure-up any fantasy, goals, or ambitions that he had not already satisfied. His ego was frustrated because it could not think of a work situation, romantic fantasy, or exciting, adventurous experience it had not had or still wished for...other than living in a Hawaiian-like environment, which is basically his current physical surroundings plus desert and mountains (“scenery,” in other words). The fear of not finding something to do to entertain one’s ego and to feel gainfully employed (in a dream?!) was the only difficulty Jay had. This led to the next thought.

This left Jay only one conclusion, even though his humanness was not in favor of it: the one remaining thing to do was to continue writing his books, as sort of an “earth-life correspondent,” reporting on his experiences in learning to live in a waking-dream, while most people are oblivious to it. Since there were only a handful of people he knew, personally, and one or two around him, who were living their life lovingly on the periphery of the world (i.e., “*in* it, but not *of* it”), this seemed like the most awkward, if not futile, of opportunities!

His ego reminded him, “Who is going to want to read about what they are NOT?!?” Somehow, Jay knew this was the only thing he could do, until intuitively told otherwise...and it kept his ego busy while he remembered What (Spirit) he was in Reality, as he sauntered

through the dream. Writing was his ego's least favorite thing to do—probably, because it didn't like being exposed in his material; and Jay only did it when there was absolutely nothing else to do. He had recently “burned-out” on his last child-like distraction, working and playing with a computer, and he was hard-pressed to think of anything else to entertain his human self with.

Since Jay no longer had fantasies of any kind, the only thing he could write about were his day-to-day experiences of learning to live in the physical universe. It was clear to him that he had NO dream-like imagination, at all...much to his publisher's chagrin. Jay didn't mind not having one anymore, but it did feel strange living with everyone else who had nothing but fantasies. No longer could he focus on “body thoughts” in order to keep them in his mind! (He willingly gave up his last dream of having a compatible female partner two years ago, and no woman could attract him on strictly a human, or physical, basis, as they had so often before.)

He had wanted to be able to make a personal contribution to the world, for years, that was only based on his own effort—without involvement of others. Well, he found that was impossible...particularly, if he wanted to be a published author! (That takes many people.) But, writing about the trials of learning to live in a waking-dream world was the one thing his human self could do, all by itself—even though it frequently found various child-like distractions to keep him from merely settling down to write. His ego wanted to be busy doing fun things and gallivanting around, rather than sitting in one spot by itself for long periods of time. Here he had found

the very thing he had always looked for, but his humanness wanted to throw it away! (Oh, the insane, split mind...that we *all* have to contend with!) Beyond having something to occupy his ego, Jay's Right-minded Consciousness reminded him that he had to make a continual, daily (even momentary!) commitment to remember his Reality—which was really THE only contribution anyone can make.

Jay decided that he could be perfectly happy in his own world—since he created it himself, like everyone else does. So, why not be happy with what *you* “made” ...to include all the people you *projected* in the dream-world?! (That's right...we make everyone's image in our world!) Since it was recently brought to his attention, once again, that what he wanted most in the world was the peace of God, which need only be desired *above all else* to have it, he settled down, grew up, and re-committed to pursuing only that objective. Jay had experienced all the places, women, fun activities, toys (cars and houses), and jobs he had ever wanted, so it wasn't exactly denial that he was going through.

It was time to merely sit-back, relax, and respond to life's momentary calls for help. Angels can rise above the emotional turmoil of the world and *remember* What we all are. That's their only job! Sometimes, they talk with you about how it can be seen anew. And sometimes, they may merely look at you or touch you or put their arm around you...without saying a word. The angels hover all around us. They are Us...with a patient, kind, gentle, light-hearted view that extends a Realization beyond our humanness!

About 5 P.M. that Saturday evening Lindsay, Jay's girlfriend and spiritual learning-partner for the last year, called from her home along a private waterway in an exclusive neighborhood in North Palm Beach. She was a pretty, classy, Southern lady, having been raised in Atlanta society.

"Can I take you to the movies?" she asked.

"Sure. And I'll take us to dinner," he replied. "Is Meg (her 16 year old daughter) out for the entire evening?"

"No. She'll be home much later."

"Well, if you don't mind driving an hour and a half up and back, come on up. See you at 6:30 if you leave right now. The movie starts at 7:10, and I'm starving, so don't waste any time."

"I've got to get gas, and I'll be right along," Lindsay said.

"Okay. Fine. See you soon," he said as he hung up the phone.

When she walked into his house *on schedule* (for the first time), she wouldn't let Jay give her his usual greeting-hug. She just smiled and pulled away when he came toward her.

Lindsay jokingly and playfully holding him at bay said, "I just want to test out your theory (that, if you do not come into physical contact with me, then you have no sexual interest in me)."

When her *human* ego did not have its romantic-fantasy expectations met, it could be very spiteful and refuse the very thing she wanted (i.e., love). He recalled how he used to be that way himself, before he completely accepted the Truth, so he appreciated the mirror of *his* past that she held up and could be patient with her.

After trying to give her a welcoming hug for a few moments, Jay gave up and said, “Okay, let’s go get tickets and eat.” And out the door, they went.

Lindsay said, “We’ll take my car. I need to get gas.”

“But, I thought you were going to get it *before* you came up,” he said, in disbelief that she once again had not followed through on what she said she was going to do.

There was nothing further said by either of them as they were both intent on having a peaceful evening. They bought tickets to see the movie, *Ground Hog Day*; got some bacon-cheeseburgers, seasoned french fries, and drinks for dinner and leisurely ate them in the car; and then they went to the movie. They sat there through the entire movie with Jay frequently commenting (as he usually does) on its unusually-accurate depictions of timelessness and how we have to learn our lessons-in-love *before* we can move on in our spiritual evolution.

In the movie, the main character, a TV weatherman, takes the station’s yearly trip with his pretty female producer and a male cameraman to the small western Pennsylvania town where they hold a “hokey” (but for real), annual Ground Hog Festival on February 2. He is a very miffed, egotistical, TV “personality,” who does a somewhat tongue-in-cheek, sarcastically-upbeat television news report on the townspeople’s ritual of talking to a special ground hog once a year (and then, pretend it talks back to them) about whether or not winter will continue for another six weeks (like it always does). His producer and cameraman are down-to-Earth, nice people, who don’t mind the annual stint, like he does.

After doing the TV-spot and waking up the next morning at precisely the same time to the same song and the same morning routine of the two announcers on the clock radio about how it's Ground Hog Day, he finds himself running into the same characters and life situations of the previous day. This goes on and on throughout the entire movie. He tries vainly (and hilariously) to commit suicide numerous times, but always finds himself reliving his least favorite day in his least favorite locale, *every day*.

Having gone through many attempts of trying to control his environment over a never-ending period of time, from acting bizarre and silly to punching-out the local insurance salesman who accosts him every day at the same place and time, he has a metamorphosis, whereby, he finally begins to change his *attitude* (since he can't kill himself or end the insidious repetition). He takes piano lessons from the local, frumpy teacher; learns ice sculpting; gets to know and help all the local townspeople, including performing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on the town beggar; and basically, becomes the most loved man in a town he once hated. When his attitude had *completely* changed to a totally forgiving, warm, helpful, human being, he finally wins the heart of his female producer, whom he secretly adored for some time, and wakes up with her to a new day—no longer February 2, Ground Hog Day.

The message about timelessness and how we can not escape our life's learning-lessons, if we *really* want to live happily in peace, was unmistakable! Lindsay and Jay walked out of the movie theater, feeling very encouraged

by the fact that such a universal message had been delivered to a vast audience, and drove to his home nearby. They sat opposite each other at the table in the old-fashioned kitchen and reminisced about how things had changed for them—and particularly, her—over the past year.

Jay pondered his human dilemma of not wanting to be locked-up away from the world and then, on the other hand, not being able to fully communicate with others and to have the feeling of being appreciated and understood by them. Lindsay was the only one in his life that came close. But, she had just finally gotten divorced after a year of struggling through the legal system and her own fears to do so. And, he knew that she now needed some time, a year or two, on her own, without a male companion, to establish her own self-worth and self-confidence and completely let go of any remaining major fears. (She had never been totally on her own since she was 19, and it's tough just beginning to learn how at 45, as in her case.)

Jay and Lindsay were also very aware of her neediness, which they had previously discussed as necessary to be released (let go of) in order for her to have a whole and complete relationship with him or anyone. It was a difficult time for both of them. Each not wanting to let go of their physical closeness, and yet, both wanting a relationship with a “whole” person, who understood What they are and lived their life truthfully, unjudgmentally, and warmly.

At one point in their conversation, he reached over to console her, and she pulled away, as he had done earlier in the evening when she touched his neck while she

was driving the car to the movies. Neither of them knew what to do about their relationship. It was very frustrating. He felt he was “trapped,” like the weatherman in the movie. Late in the evening, Lindsay got up from the table to go home, and he walked her out to her car. She held his face in her hands and gave him a kiss, as if it were going to sadly be her last opportunity. Then she hopped into her car and left, as he waved good-bye in the light from the front porch.

Sunday

Dear Lindsay,

I just got through making all the corrections to the errors that you found in the revised edition of *BANISHED from the Sandbox*, and I was very pleased at the effort and skill you used to do so. You did a great job, and I really, really appreciate you and *everything* you have done for me! Thank you.

I am always here for You; and whenever, I “need” to be with great company, I will definitely call upon You. You are the nicest, most trustworthy person in my life. You are my best friend...after Me (my higher, real Self), of course. I feel very blessed by Your presence in my life.

Love, peace, and blessings,



It was sunny and warm (70°F) on Monday, as his tall, sleek frame sauntered down the road toward the beach, with his hands in the pockets of his khaki shorts, his head tilted slightly downward, and his dark brown hair, graying at the temples, blowing in the gentle ocean breeze. Jay was on his usual, morning, mile and a half walk to the post office at the small, ocean-side village, lined with various shops, to pick-up his business mail. With a vacant look on his youthful (even at 49), “preppy-looking,” handsome face, he wondered about how illogical the world was.

When he first began his spiritual journey to discover his real Self 11 years ago, Jay was struck by the incredible simplicity of THE Truth (that God did not make the physical universe). When it was internally revealed to him after he read the passage from *A Course In Miracles* (ACIM): “He knows what His Son needs,” he thought to himself “Of course...if I was God, I would NOT make a world that was less than perfect and where my children’s bodies would require so much maintenance and effort to handle various climates! And God, if He had total, absolute power, as He does, would *not* make anything or anyone unloving or imperfect. Therefore, this has to be a waking-dream that we’re all *supposedly* living in!” To him, THE Truth was very logical. He had a “logical” God, who would only love his sons and give them every convenience and ease of living possible. Consequently, this *real*-ization hit him like a ton-of-bricks. He walked around in a daze (almost shock) for a couple of weeks wondering “What’s everyone doing here? They haven’t got a clue as to what is really happening! What are we supposed to do in a ‘dream’?”

Well, here Jay was pondering his introduction to Reality, once again. After many years of searching for something to do and a way to help wake-up others to the Truth, he realized that he had to be *exactly* like the weatherman in the movie he recently saw. Just live his life as lovingly and helpfully as possible while allowing others to go through their life struggles and personally-created difficulties (learning lessons), *without* intervening—unless truly inspired to do so. He had personally tried so many times to help others (family members, close friends, and lovers) to understand; but often, they merely walked back into the dream-world and continued their life where they left off before they met him.

Many had become more loving and psychically (mentally) aware of their self-consciousness, attitudes toward others, and the people in their environment, though. So...he realized that his *consciousness* had touched them. But, his ego just couldn't take any personal credit for affecting his world. It got lonely when *it* realized that *it* had no *concrete* thing to do, nor did it really matter! It was tough living on the periphery of the world looking in, watching everyone else playing business, arts and sciences, and all the other distractions that he no longer could maintain an interest in. There he was...caught between two worlds...one: imagined and physically-felt real; and the other: internal, eternal, abstract, peacefully-loving, and formless—a state of mind.

As he strolled under the live oak trees forming a canopy over the road, Jay also reminisced about the fact that all the members of his immediate family—mother, father, and younger brother—and now himself, were

“loners.” They all lived in their own world with their separate and rigidly-defended viewpoints and did what they wanted, when they wanted, without need of another’s companionship or concurrence. (Although, they certainly wanted others to approve, listen to, and follow them, if it were not for their inherently poor self-esteem—due to the original, but *unconscious*, belief in the separation from God, and the subsequent guilt that *everyone* suffers from.) Like them, he had become separate from most people—because of his understanding of the Truth.

He felt it was more honest to not hang-around with people who didn’t think like himself than to “play” and talk with them, as if he supported their *worldly* opinions, attitudes, and actions and took interest in any of their activities. He took it very serious when he read: “In order to understand this course, you must question every value that you hold.” To him, that inferred that one should not engage in activities and conversations where one was not of similar consciousness and had a genuine interest. Plus, he looked on all worldly activities as “games that children play,” in view of the fact that life, as we humanly know it, is an illusion. This revelation killed most of his human desires, except for companionship. (But, it did bring a sense of eternal peace to know that he no longer had to strive to own or prove anything to have self-worth and be totally free to be himself.)

For the last few years, he has learned to be merely an observer, and an occasional vocal participant, as he spent about an hour every day “hanging-out” with a varied, diverse, small group of men at the Pipe Den, the local

smoke shop, drinking coffee and voicing their opinions about all local, world, and personal affairs. He had also become a “creature of habit” (“Kind of like an old man with his *required*, daily routines,” he chuckled to himself) since he missed his time there whenever he went out of town. Maybe, he could *act* human, after all!

Jay noticed that as he gave up all negative judgments and attitudes toward the world, and principally his family (which included the belief that they were unwilling to surrender their ego to accept the Truth), and learned to forget all emotional attachments to his past (particularly, with them) that they have very slowly come around and have become more peaceful, loving, and conscious of others’ needs.

With his daily walk completed, he walked back into the house, picked up his car keys, and drove over the bridge to downtown Vero, on the mainland, to have his ritualistic, late-morning session of “male-bonding” with Bob, the very pleasant and congenial owner, and the guys at the Pipe Den.

Early Friday morning, after he had done his usual half hour of exercises, Jay drove to Liza’s (*Hairport* salon), on the mainland, to get his monthly haircut. He walked in and gave her a hug (his usual style of greeting *all* friends), as he asked this young (22), attractive, tall (5’7”), slender woman with a short, dark, pixie-like hairstyle, serene smile, and lightly-tanned complexion, dressed in a white sweat-shirt and white, jersey, stretch pants, “How are ya’ doin’...really?”

“Fine,” she softly said, with her chin on his shoulder, as they gently embraced.

She washed his hair and chatted briefly about her plan to go on vacation the following week with her boyfriend when Jay asked her about what was new in her life since he last saw her. Liza was a very quiet but pleasant soul, who hardly spoke unless questioned specifically about her life (much like his youngest, 21 year old daughter, Erika). She was a gentle, attentive listener—a rare trait, in his experiences of the world—not a bit “gabby” or “flaky.”

He enjoyed her “silent,” peaceful company, as always, sitting in the chair with his eyes closed, while she *meticulously* cut his hair. She was one of the few people in the world who listened to how *he* liked it precisely cut...and did it. Since his body was made by his imagination, Jay felt it appropriate to listen to *it*, rather than just other people’s opinions. And he felt really loved and appreciated by Liza, from the beginning, because she listened and *heard* and was *willing* to do his hair, which he used to cut himself, *his* way. (He met her through her sister, Sheila, who he dated over a year and half ago.)

After rambling on about his personal life for a little while when she asked, Jay suddenly realized, “Here I am baring my soul and my worldly conditions to you... something, I rarely do! Hairdressers and bartenders must hear about everyone’s plight.”

“I just listen,” replied Liza, with an all-knowing, wise demeanor.

“Well, ‘angels’ are the ones who provide a safe environment for people to tell about themselves—over and over—until they stop and realize the things about

their lives and themselves that *they* want to change their attitudes about, stop doing, or see anew—which can take up to a hundred years. You’re really a professional counselor...”

“Listener,” she interjected.

“...more than anything else!” he continued. “Your role as a stylist is your ‘cover’ while your *real* job is to provide an open, loving atmosphere where people can relax, listen to, get in touch with, and share their heartfelt feelings. You...ARE...an angel,” Jay steadily said, with a smile on his face.

A young, female friend of Liza’s came in, at that point, with a hair problem that needed immediate attention. So Jay slipped out of the chair as she finished, put her money on the appointment book by the phone, wished his fellow angel good-bye (“takes one to know one”), and left for home. Time to take his morning shower and wash all those prickly, little, annoying hairs off his head and shoulders and put on some fresh clothes.

Before going about the rest of his day, Jay rested, stretched out in the deck chair in his room with his feet on his bed, and recalled the ancient admonition: “You must know *your* self in order to know others.” “How true...and how sad that many people have been afraid, until recently, to truly look at themselves and their acts. But, the times are changing...rapidly!” he happily thought.

It also occurred to him that, in his experience, angels don’t “hang-out” together because they don’t “need” each other and are whole and complete unto themselves. They are frequently around those who are unlike themselves, so they can help and inspire them.

Angels just “touch base” with each other, every once in awhile, like he and Liza.

Late one evening while he was working on his latest book, Jay decided that it was time that he address his one remaining, obviously unresolved issue in his life: his youngest daughter, Erika, would have nothing whatsoever to do with him. She told Jay some years back, when he came to Florida to live, that she did not want to get to know him or spend *any* time with him. A few years ago, she also said that she did not want him to try to create “guilt” to entice her to willfully communicate with him. (But, he knew she obviously felt some, otherwise, she would not have even brought it up. She was *very* sharp... like her mother.) When he attended his oldest daughter, Lisa’s wedding three years ago, Erika could not even say hello when he walked up to her and acted arrogantly “above” him. His first ex-wife, Donna, said she would hate him forever (“I’ll take it to the grave,” as she put it) for no known reason. But he had no idea why his youngest should avoid him—other than Erika’s mental bond with her mother—since he had never even raised his voice to Erika when they lived together.

After numerous calls and attempts at trying to get together with her to reestablish their internal and eternal connection on Earth, Jay was about to give up and stop trying to do so. Then, he remembered that “the pen was mightier than the sword” and decided that maybe his best course of action was to write her a letter—particularly, since she always tried to cut his phone calls very short (if not “off”) and she lived too far away (two hours)

to just drop-in on. He would prefer a face-to-face talk with her, but Erika always ran away over the last eight years whenever he had established a time (literally, an appointment) with Donna for the three of them (including Lisa) to get together. Lisa would be there when he arrived, but Erika would disappear...and no body *supposedly* knew where she went.

A letter would at least clear the air for him.

The Ides of March (circa 1993)

Dear Erika,

A lot of time has passed for you and me...21 years. You are now an adult, about to graduate from college in the next year, and soon thereafter, to be married since you are currently engaged. I remember how I used to rush home from work every evening when you were born to hold and feed you. I *adored* you! And I remember the one time, when you were four years old (your mother and I had begun the divorce process) and I had just come back home to Fairport, New York from a week of scuba-diving in Florida with some buddies, you threw your arms around one of my legs when I walked in the door, held on tight, and just sobbed. I knew then how much you really loved me. I will treasure that moment, *forever*! (Up until then, you were always a pretty confident, determined, undemonstrative, and independent kid, who occasionally ordered her three-year older, happy, people-pleasing, very sensitive sister around.)

A friend of mine from England recently gave me a gift of a wonderful book, which he published there, from

which the following passage comes. The message is very clear and prompted me to write this letter.

So we chase around the world trying to find love.
We find that the unfinished business turns up in all our other relationships.
If I'm incomplete with my mother, I find myself distant in all the relationships I have with women.
If I feel hurt by my father, I find myself taking revenge in all my male relationships.
The extent to which we are incomplete with anyone in the family is the extent to which we are incomplete with others.
It is a good idea to start resolving it.

... Unless there is love and harmony in our relationships with *all* our family members, it will stand in the way of all our other relationships ...

—Shaun de Warren
The Mirror of Life

Since I have cleared up practically all of my judgments and negative attitudes towards my mother and father (as well as other relatives), my life has felt very free and peaceful. I would like you to know and have the same happy feeling. Avoidance only creates severe later problems with spouses, our children, employers, and many others. I would like you to *not* have to spend your later-life cleaning up deeply-buried, emotional difficulties. If you continue to avoid me and show me the disrespect you have on the phone as well as in person (when you have been rude by not even greeting me as you would anyone else), WE have a problem...and it won't go

away until WE sit down and talk about it. (Actually, all problems are merely “opportunities” ...to learn about our selves and to let go of the past—*after* it is forgiven.)

I remember last night, and a couple of years ago, you said that you don’t remember anything about me; don’t want to know anything about me; and don’t have any feelings for me...for NO REASON. But, that doesn’t make sense. The mere fact that you should even get upset, like you did last night, if I *try* to talk with you is not usual, normal behavior (by societal standards). At least, you were unrestrained and unguarded about your feelings, for which I am very thankful! Until last night, I always felt that I had to “walk on egg-shells” with you by avoiding discussing any potentially sensitive issue, which has seemed to include everything beyond “hello” and “how are you doing.” If you fear me, as you told me you did when you were a little kid “hiding behind the couch” whenever I came to pick you up for visitation (this sounds like one of your mother, Donna’s, notorious, melodramatic, over-exaggerations), then someone other than me (as you will see, later) must have put that fear into you. I will not walk away from you until: you have the answer to *why* you don’t have any feelings for me; and I am confident that you will not become a cold-hearted, hardened, judgmental, “detached” person (i.e., a “tough broad”), with anyone. (It is possible though to be lovingly, *un-attached*...as when one watches [with love in their heart—i.e., non-judgmental acceptance] children playing and “working things out,” for instance.)

Since I can’t seem to get your attention (except for a very few, strained minutes on the telephone), you are now an adult, and you won’t even have lunch with me,

consider this our *once in a lifetime* “father-daughter chat.” [Note: I do NOT intend to cause any guilt in you. If you feel any discomfort, internal tension, or desire to run away, it is your own doing because of someone else’s conditioning. If you will *feel* the fear, which we create ourselves, and continue on in spite of it, you’ll be okay!]

I apologize for taking so long in getting around to doing this. I was just so lost trying to figure out a gentle, diplomatic way to reach you, and I felt I had to wait until you reached legal adulthood. If I thought I was a bad person or I had ever done something bad or hurtful to you, I could at least have understood any fear you may have had toward me and rectified it. (I never even raised my voice at you!) Lisa yelled and cried at me on the telephone when she was 16 for not being there to be a father for her; and I listened and thanked her for doing so. We never had any bad feelings between us after that. You are more than welcome to do the same!

But, to not even be able to talk with your own child, with a *sense* of consideration coming from them, is humanly “crushing.” I have only felt that defeated one other time in my life (when I realized I *had* to divorce Donna to maintain my sanity and run the risk of losing contact with you and your sister). If I did not have an understanding of Reality, I would definitely have terrible guilt about not being able to adequately talk with you, without any sense of fear (e.g., defensiveness) or disdain on your part. I have experienced intense frustration from my inability, and subsequent guilt, to have a pleasant, open conversation with you (which I have shared with you, before, in writing) and to meet with you, in person.

But, I would never do you (or anyone) physical harm, in any way!

No one...deserves to be spoken to like they're "dog meat"—which is the aloof, snobbish, avoiding, contemptuous, parental "attitude" that I have *felt* from you whenever I have called. (I took the same approach with Donna—because of my fear of having made a mistake by marrying her—when we first lived together in Germany. [I asked her for a divorce 11 months later. But she became pregnant with Lisa, shortly afterwards, and I wouldn't leave her alone, at that time.] Therefore, I appreciate your holding up the "mirror" of *my* past, so I can forgive it!) Last summer, when I called you on your birthday and you spoke openly with me about relationships, was the only exception. You even thanked me, which touched my heart, for sending you a birthday card! We have spent so little time together, which I have tried to undo—for years, that I notice each and every nuance of love from you! (Children imitate their parents, their home environment, and their parents' marriage—all their lives [which you will see, later]—until they wake up, see it, and learn to lovingly forgive them, as well as themselves. They also repeat their parents' unfinished lessons. It's the "silent contract" that I have written about.)

I also want to apologize to you for making a statement in a letter I wrote to you and Lisa when you were 13. I mentioned that "I was not your *real* Father" (meaning that God was). I had just discovered the meaning behind Jesus' statement in the Bible: "Call no man upon the earth your father." I explained to Lisa on the phone what I meant, in detail, and that I was not abdicating as

your father on Earth, but you wouldn't talk with me. Donna told me you were upset about it. (So, you must have cared about me, then.) But, she would *not* put you on the phone when I asked her to, so that I could explain my intention to you. In my spiritual quest, which was just beginning then, I *very inappropriately* shared that concept with you (in my usual, very open, naïve, child-like, innocent consciousness)! I AM VERY SORRY!! I have always wanted to be your dad...*if* I could ever have had the "opportunity." I always had a spare bedroom for you and Lisa in my home should (could) you have come to visit...or stay.

Besides the above, I have really wanted to know why you avoid me *like the plague*. The only thing that came to me is that your mind must be so joined, so bonded with Donna's that you appear to have taken on *her* hatred of me (for leaving her...but she always claimed it was because of my financial irresponsibility). Or, you feel some sense of obligation to be her "protector" and "defender," which seems to mean that you have to unequivocally side with everything she believes about me in order to be loved by her. Plus, you have been very insecure and dependent on her—since our divorce. On the *one* occasion, you and Lisa were *allowed* to visit with me for a week or more during the summer (and I had to get a "court order" to get you two), you missed Donna terribly, as you remembered last night, to the point of being in tears every night...so, you were allowed to call her on the phone each day.

It seemed to me that Donna would have taken it as a personal affront if you showed me even a tenth of the love that Lisa has. She was *always* jealous of the very

special, unspoken, accepting, psychic (mental) connection I had with Lisa—similar to the one you have had with Donna. (No one loses love for another by giving it to someone else! Just the opposite occurs...your capacity to love increases, dramatically.) I am very sorry if you feel, or felt, that to love me meant rejecting your mother. I never wanted that to happen, and I would never dissuade you from loving Donna. But, that does not mean that I (or you) should ignore the unharmonious past. And you must learn to be unafraid to look at any of it! I have learned to have “no anger about it,” which only comes from *completely* ACKNOWLEDGING it and then releasing the guilt, blame, anger, fear, or shame from it. (It is not necessary to understand in depth why or how the past occurred—just what did!) Please remember: “You’re as sick as your secrets” (to include the inability to look at the past, *without* reacting to it). This is NOT, and has never been, a “competition” between your mother and me for your or Lisa’s love...from *my* standpoint!

As a sidenote: I could never *talk* about feelings, sensitive or emotionally-charged issues, or anything, for that matter, with your mother, either! When I was in graduate school, before you were born, I once wrote Donna a detailed letter about the difficulties I was having in our marriage. She refused to discuss it with me after receiving it and did one of her old, emotionally-dramatic “routines.” (She came up behind me; pulled my hair and lifted me right out of my chair while I was sitting at my desk working; called me the vilest names possible; and then “dramatically” dropped to the floor as if I had hit her and knocked her down—when all I did

was *gently* [because it really hurt to do otherwise], but firmly, pry her hands off of my hair and away from me.) That ended any possible communication between us... plus, I was frightened of *any* confrontation with her and always took the path of least resistance: “avoidance.” (Sound familiar?!) She took Lisa and deserted me that afternoon and disappeared without a clue for three days (at her cousin Betty’s). I called the state police later that day to no avail. Not even her mother knew what had happened or where they were! I panicked when she called for Donna during those missing days because I thought she went there. (My mother talked me out of divorcing Donna, then. It’s a good thing...because you would not have been born!) Oh, the human drama...that we put our selves unnecessarily through! FEAR is definitely the crippler of all relationships.

I waited until three years ago, when I was 46, to feel, show, and deal with my own “repressed” (to the point of not believing I had *any*) anger. Nice, gentle, victim-like people, such as myself, didn’t have those kinds of feelings!? (*Everyone* has hidden anger for not having their world the way they want it, which manifests itself as *fear* and must be recognized as such to be released.) Well, I let my publisher’s demanding, defiant, “little child”-like, commanding, know-it-all, teary-eyed, emotionally-manipulative personality get to me, and I *exploded*! I slammed a magazine on her coffee table and a lifetime’s worth of HATRED (that is really what is behind all fear) spewed out from me toward her. (You do have to “love” someone, however, in order to hate them; otherwise, you’d only be *indifferent*. That includes you and Donna! So, thank you for loving me!) Plus, I had just stood up to

my (formerly) domineering, angry, emotionally-stifling mother for the *first time*, shortly before. (Since “it takes one to know one,” I can see my formerly-hidden *ego*-self in them. Everyone’s ego is a “closet-controller,” in its innermost depths.) I am happy to say that I discovered the FEAR behind their behavior that enabled me to forgive my unhappiness toward them. And, we all have a very loving (accepting), communicative, and open relationship, today!

My purpose in writing all this is not to make you love me and willing to be my friend (although, that would be wonderful). It is to make you aware of any and all unfinished issues in your life—like any concerned parent would (I hope), so *you* can “deal” with them! You can’t be an ostrich with its head in the sand. Problems don’t go away. They just get buried, to surface 10 – 30 years later (or sooner). It greatly pleases me to know that you are, and have been, very willing to seek professional counseling when needed. (Perhaps, this letter could be of help in some future session. Plus, I would be very happy to make myself available for any counseling with or directly involving you!) It would be real nice to at least sense *some* respect from you, though. And it would be *great* if you would like to talk to me, anytime! I am not asking you to “like” me or anything I stand for! If you learn about me, as well as your mother, *IN* yourself, rather than blocking it, then you will be “free” and forever happy—provided you let go of *any* value judgments about us, including yourself. This takes deliberate practice, at first...so be kind and patient with yourself! Please be free, Erika.

To me, being a father means really caring to help your children live their lives as fully and unfearfully (contentedly) as possible. It does not mean being relegated to “biological-father” status, whose *sole* responsibility is to “shell-out” money (as the only expression of love *wanted*), as Donna repeatedly told me on the phone for the first eight out of 13 years since our divorce—in front of you two. Had she not interfered in our relationship by interrupting and blocking my communication with you and Lisa, I would have been “motivated” to be a lot more helpful than I was. I divorced Donna...not you and Lisa! (As a matter of fact, I applied for *joint custody* of you both—with alternating years of residence between her and me—but was denied! Since I lost my family—you and Lisa, I became an explorer of life-on-Earth to keep my Spirit up.) You two were used by Donna as emotional pawns since our divorce—in *revenge* for my leaving her! (I think you both deserve an apology from her because of it.) After many years, she killed all hope and motivation I and my family had for having *any* relationship with you, prior to adulthood. Fortunately, Lisa was courageous and able to.

If you have learned that “love” is *money* (financial security) or *someone to take care of you*—in any way, you are in for a disastrous, unhappy life! Love is feeling secure with What you inherently ARE...but, you must look at *all* aspects of your humanness to find It! When you have “acknowledged” (exposed) most of your fears and insecurities, *without* trying to dispel them, you will have it...and not until. DENIAL of *any* unfinished family business will *unconsciously* gnaw at you, physically or mentally—such as your developing medical conditions

or feeling unhappy for some unknown reason. (I have never met a person who did not *really* grow-up without being dragged through some sort of life-changing, traumatic experience [i.e., hitting “rock bottom”] and *emotionally surrendering* their ego, at some point in their life. If you will *hear* me and allow me to help, maybe, it can be less painful for you than for others...I hope!)

Since you are anticipating getting married in the relatively near future and I want you to be happy in your marriage, it is imperative that you look at all these things as well as some others. For instance, I was recently at Lisa and Jeff’s new home one night when you called to make “arrangements” for your fiancé, Tim, to go fishing with Jeff and his friends. If Jeff wanted him to go and thought he could have handled the heavy cost of the day-trip, he would have asked Tim. Sorry, but there is nothing written, or realistic, about family members and in-laws *having to* play together or even like each other! This is a form of “mothering” (i.e., a controlling, condescending, superiority attitude), which, unbeknownst to most women, men *hate*. Donna used to do it “to” (not “for”) me, also. I *unconsciously* resented her assumption and disrespect of my ability to function socially on my own. If you have to be “in control” of (or dominate) your partner, like Donna did with me, your marriage is doomed. Plus, something inside of you (your ego) will *hate* him for *not* controlling (i.e. “taking care of”) you.

In my experience, “controllers” are *asking* and *needing* to be controlled. Super-controlling women usually pick docile, “puppy-dog” men for partners; but they resent them (sometimes, unconsciously) for being “wimps,” like Donna did me. During most of our nine

year marriage, Donna used to verbally and physically taunt me (by being provokingly abusive—e.g., using crude labels for me or clawing at me), but I never would, or could, hit her. Nor could I even speak firmly with her because she would go into an *uncontrollable* rage. So, it didn't surprise me that Donna's second marriage was *physically*, as well as emotionally, violent. She quite possibly provoked it!

The dichotomy here is that ALL human egos want to be taken care of, to some degree; and yet, they like to "lead," too. No one can be both secure and insecure at the same time, so we *all* try to hide our fear and shame (i.e., guilt) for feeling "needy." And, everyone does! When you become an *enlightened* human being, you learn to laugh at all, good or bad, aspects of your humanness. "MARRIAGE IS A COMMITMENT TO WORK ON *YOURSELF*!" It is not the romantic *fantasy* that draws everyone's egos together. It demands complete, mutual "respect" with your partner, which does not exist if you are trying to shore them up, to any degree, without their assistance! It is truly commendable when two people can share their total humanness with each other. It builds such trust, respect, and *friendship* (the only element that can sustain any relationship)! The fearlessness that it requires (even if doubted when one begins to expose him-/herself) brings incredible self-assurance, self-confidence, self-worth, and *freedom* to each one's life. I wish that for you and Tim!! Please remember the four destructive elements of all relationships are: contempt and criticism (the active ones) and defensiveness and withdrawal (the passive forms). That does not mean you should not share (i.e., explain and

describe) all of your emotional feelings with your partner, which never require demonstration (a tantrum) *unless* you have his permission.

Your mother and my mother, Bobbie, were very much alike. (That's probably why they ended up hating each other after our divorce. They were quite friendly toward each other, before.) They both have been very emotionally violent people; and therefore, were extremely fearful! (Anger is nothing more than a "mask" to cover fear, which stems from hidden guilt. Rage is nothing more than intense, unchecked, unmindful fear.) My mother's anger emotionally traumatized me as a youngster into being a "silent, obedient, dutiful son," in order to be able to survive. Maybe, the same thing happened inside you (meaning you were afraid of losing your mother's love and/or incurring her wrath), and is the reason why you don't dare have any feelings for me!? If you have been raised most of your life around people who go uncontrollably, temporarily insane when they frequently get angry (i.e., rage), you can start to think that that is *acceptable*, normal behavior for loved ones. It also could be possible to become *addicted* to such personality-types because of our inwardly, and unrecognizably, developing poor self-worth from that kind of rearing. And you can either: become like them; marry someone like them (although you may not realize it, at first, as I didn't with Donna); or spend your life cowering (inside) in their presence, like I did. Or you could develop a "tough," aloof facade. We learn to "love" (?) them by becoming fearfully submissive in order not to provoke their anger. Children often assume guilt for causing their parents' rage, which stems from their need to be "in

control,” even though it has nothing to do with the children themselves. They become brainwashed by fear! Lisa suppresses the past, too, and can not willingly face or deal with your mutual, traumatic upbringing, either.

My dad, who was a very quiet, uncommunicative, “duty-bound” person, rarely displayed his temper; but I feared him, also. (I was always over-sensitive to anger and abhorred any form of it.) Because he was seldom around since he worked 12 – 16 hours a day, six days a week, I was only sporadically in fear of him. And I remember a handful of very loud, emotional, verbal “fights” between my mother and him.

When you told me last night that Donna’s second husband, Mel, was more of a father to you than I, which I can understand from the fact that he lived with you from age 5 to 12, it still “surprised” me. The question that went through my mind was: “How could Erika love a man, who would pick up an old lady’s handbag and almost strike her (my grandmother) with it—if he was not prevented from doing so, more than a gentle, docile, non-violent, and non-confrontational (until right now) person, like me? Why does she only feel comfortable with people who are predisposed to be emotionally violent?

I also don’t understand child-rearing that condones rude behavior as acceptable. For specific instance: after attending Lisa’s high school graduation ceremonies, I walked up to Donna and her current husband, Tom, as they were walking. I greeted them openly and happily; introduced myself to Tom in a very pleasant, appropriate, adult-like manner; and extended my hand to shake his. Donna managed a very restrained greeting, as if she

was afraid to do so. But all he did was stand rigid, with Donna holding onto one of his arms, and angrily “glared” at me, without opening his mouth or extending his hand. (Perhaps, you’re not the only one who bonded with Donna and took on *her* feelings toward me!) Lisa, who was standing with her (then) boy-friend, Rob, behind all of us, said “Oh, NO...!” and broke into tears. (Lisa *knows* she has her mother’s outgoing, emotionally-reactive personality, in addition to her own pleasant, happy disposition.) I was so surprised and felt bad for Lisa—since this was her “special” occasion—as well as very rejected because I had never been so ill-treated in my entire life (to this day). If it were not for Rob’s adult-like courage and strength and kind invitation to attend his family’s graduation celebration for him and Lisa in their home that afternoon, my *ego* probably would have felt very dejected as I drove back two hours north to home. Donna, Tom, and you stayed in one room. Since the tension was precipitously emanating from Donna and Tom to everyone’s awareness, in spite of my “continued” effort to initiate pleasant conversation with you and them, I stayed in another. Rob’s entire family were very warm and consoling to me because it was obvious to them that I was hurting inside, even though I was very happy to be with Lisa...and you. (No matter how old we get, poor, rude treatment from others and rejection from our own children can be reason for us to feel bad...until we can *totally* rise above our humanness and no longer require or need approval or acceptance—in any form.)

Consequently, I have great difficulty in accepting as valid any family “traditions” or universal concepts (such as “Blood is thicker than water,” “Your family is always

right,” and “You can only trust family”) that require or demand loyalty to the family or any inappropriate behavior of its members. Although these values may seem to provide a sense of security in one’s early years, traditions develop “blocks” to love within children, which can hamper their ability to live their lives, as adults, their own way—as well as creating distrust and fear of others. Behind their loving camouflage, children usually hate parents who demand or implant “blind consensus,” over the years, and the insecurity resulting from not being able to “trust” someone they “love.” Oftentimes, children from strong-willed, controlling, parental environments, like the one you were raised in, may put their family members first, rather than themselves, from feeling obligated by parentally-imposed “family” values, rules, concepts, and guilt...of which, you are so aware. (Such adult-children can take a long time to discover what they want out of life...or even how to live it. I, for one, am still learning!)

And now, for the most ego-degrading admission of my life: I was very AFRAID of Donna’s vicious, mentally emasculating, mean-spirited, spiteful, vindictive, rabidly violent temper! I was also scared of and intimidated by my mother while growing-up for the same reason, but she did not have Donna’s vicious-streak. Consequently, I learned as a young child to avoid *any* confrontation with anyone—particularly, women who were to be *respected* (i.e., not “talked-back” to, doubted, questioned, or disagreed with), at *all* times, according to the matriarchal rules I was raised under—and to silently withdraw in any situation where sensitive or delicate (but normal) feelings might arise. (See what I meant

about children—inevitably repeating their past parental upbringing in their own current marriage?) I became a “sensitive” to my parents’ (mostly, my mother’s) inner, intense fear hidden behind their anger and rage. I took on *their* fears, as my *own*. (I know this because my mother recently showed me what I was like as a docile, gentle, unconscious, and oblivious [anesthetized and fearless], little boy when she told me to sit down and watch a television movie called *My Name Is Steven* that she taped.) I went from “battered child” to “battered husband.” When you are taught that you have no boundaries that can not be assailed, you lose all sense of self-worth and tolerate a lot of ill-treatment in your life...until you wake up! (Donna and I actually had the SAME degree of fear [i.e., “like attracts like”], we just manifested it differently—she, *actively*, through her ferocious anger; and me, *passively*, by becoming emotionally comatose. Her treatment of me during our marriage actually did me a service, later on, by snapping me out my naïve complacency in accepting life on face value and being stepped on!)

Donna was THE nastiest, most unpredictable person I have ever had to “tangle” with, and have ever met, in my life! For example, after the second court hearing Donna dragged me into in less than two months after I arrived in Florida (the judge told *her* afterwards that he didn’t want to see us, or her, again), I suggested taking her to lunch. (I’ve always liked to make amends and leave relationships in a peaceful state, even though Donna repeatedly told me that she “could never understand how former partners could be friends” and never wanted to be so with me.) At lunch, Donna *warned* me, in her

usual parental-style, that if I did not adhere to the court order (I was current in all my support payments at that point, by the way!), she hoped the court would put me in jail and that “[I] knew what that meant” (i.e., becoming a sexual “toy” for the other prisoners). As she said with a contorted scowl on her face, “They (anybody) wouldn’t even be able to find ‘it’ (my rectum) after they (the inmates) got through with me!” The paradox was: *she* insisted on paying for both of our lunches! (In control to the very end.)

My concern for you is not that you have personally experienced these actions or intimidations of Donna’s, but that you may pick up her *fear-consciousness* from which they come. You seem to be as strong-willed as Donna but seem to have my *internalized*, hyper-sensitive fear of others’ anger and rage, which is hidden by your outer composure. Children can *mimic* their parents, even if they don’t live with them. All people are joined on the level of the mind—particularly, families. (“The secret is: there is no secret.”) Can you see yourself in me? And how people can become brainwashed, into total compliance to keep peace—out of fear instilled in them by violent parents?

The television movie, *Men Don’t Tell*, which I correctly suggested that you watch last night because it was about “battered” men, like me, showed how even very masculine men can be psychologically conditioned (TRAINED, like a dog) by their mothers to be *obedient* with violent wives and not face the truth about their situation—or be able to handle it, as in my case. Part of the tremendous difficulty I had with everyone outside of my marriage with Donna was that they all *only* saw her

outgoing, happy, innocent side and didn't have any idea of how tense our relationship was. I was so scared because no one knew of her "other" side. And I felt no one would believe me (and *no one* did when I told them, including my mother, her parents, and our married friends)—just like the movie showed!!

Of course, there are other traits children from such familial relationships can assume to compensate for their internal (and usually unrecognized) pain or unhappiness—such as becoming overly-caring, openly-affectionate, happy-go-lucky, "people-pleasers," like Lisa was; or hostile, out-spoken, opinionated, emotionally intimidating tyrants, like my brother, Bob, was. (Incidentally, Bob and Donna were very similar in that they both were very angry about the *past*, which they *constantly* dwelled upon, and seemed to feel that the world *owed* them better treatment for not living up to their expectations. They, as well as Bobbie, held "grudges" and were chronic complainers...and no one can ever find any peace and happiness doing so.)

I *now* speak up, just like you, whenever anyone intimates that they are even thinking about controlling me and my life. I personally dislike doing it, but I hate being taken advantage of, in any way, even worse! It was an unpleasant lesson for me—one who prefers a peaceful, laid-back lifestyle. I learned from all these experiences that I *choose* never to "live" with anyone who is happy-go-lucky, effervescent, nervous, anxious, high-strung, highly energetic, highly active, emotional, dramatic, or temperamental—because they are prone to be either emotionally or physically violent.

Don't forget: I came to Florida eight years ago at Lisa's and *your* request, which you conveniently forgot a few years later—probably out of the need for *self-preservation* because you still lived with your mother and did not know how to deal with, or want to accept, her emotional “swings.” (I didn't know how to handle volatile people, either!) Donna had recently married Tom in April 1985 and apparently had been “acting-out” for a period of time (since their wedding) in one of her usual (although infrequent), emotional, manic-depressive rages when you and Lisa, both acting very upset and scared on the phone, “tracked me down” one evening at a friend's house in Salt Lake City, Utah (where I had been living for nine years prior). I was in-transit, on my way to either California or Florida, at that time. You hardly ever spoke to me on the phone, let alone about or against your mother; so when *you* said “She [Donna] doesn't trust us,” I knew you both were in trouble. (Sorry, Erika, I have a poor imagination and have *never* “made-up” things that people didn't say.) I told you two not to worry, to “hang-tight” together, and that I would be there in four days (the time it takes, driving 12 – 14 hours a day, to cover 2700 miles)!

I arrived on Lisa's birthday (May 5) and called ahead, but Donna, who was *very* angry, wouldn't even let me stop-by to give Lisa her birthday present...because I didn't plan it (the “visitation”) in advance with Donna and get her approval. Consequently, I couldn't get to see you, either. Since there apparently was no life-and-death struggle going on between you two and your mother by that time, there was nothing I could realistically or legally do to have you two come with me. I couldn't get

past the guard at your mother's 14th story condo on the beach. I hope you at least learned that WHEN YOU CALL FOR MY HELP, I WILL COME!! BUT, *you* must reach-out your hand, so I can take it!!

Erika, please help me to pull down the wall that seems to exist between us. It's time...to grow-up and face our fears, to have courage, and to heal our relationship, so that *you* can have a happy life. Let's stop being "cowards" and face our selves. (It was Donna's saying that word to me that gave me the courage to begin taking full control of my life 17 years ago. You can stop imitating me, now!) Deal with me, now...or deal with me, later...but, deal with me, you will! "You can run, but you can't hide!" Only *time* is your choice. You only need *decide* what you "really" want to have It.

I love you, *dearly*...my child, who is now a statuesque (5'8"), lovely, intelligent, capable woman. You are a wonderful example of how one should not settle for less than the best in life—by being very selective in your dating and partner selections. I am proud of What you are and am pleased to be your father.

I look forward to having *one* peaceful, unguarded, and unrestricted *moment* with you before I leave this fantasy-world. Thank you for being my reason to write this, so that I could clear up the remaining "unacknowledged," and therefore unidentified and unresolved, issues of my life! I am very thankful to you (as well as Bobbie, Donna, and everyone else) for being EXACTLY like you have been. Otherwise, I would not have had cause to more appropriately re-evaluate and realign my life. I am "eternally grateful" for your contribution in helping me to become Me!

Love, peace, and blessings,



your dad, Jay

P. S. Because my human-ego is not willing to deal with this stuff any more than you are, it took me over three weeks of concentrated effort to write this letter. Plus, my ego-created fear of possibly setting-off emotional pandemonium with everyone in your family as well as mine—while everything appears so peaceful—is very INTENSE and disturbing to me! (It loves to “guilt” me for not being a quiet, “nice guy.”) But, this is truly the *only* work (i.e., uncovering and looking at all forms of fear and unhappiness in our selves) that people DO—and “must” do to have real peace and happiness in their lives and to live them as fearlessly as possible, as I continue to do as I wrote this letter. Because of the terrible guilt and FEAR that I lived with for so long and because I love you, I feel this intervention is necessary. I did my part (of showing you how it’s done). You’re next. Then, it can be OUR turn...I hope!

Every mind is “split” (i.e., schizophrenic) between the right-minded, loving, gentle, peaceful, intuitive, light-hearted, *selfless* ego (i.e., the real Self—that connects with God) and the wrong-minded, self-indulgent, serious, *selfish* ego (i.e., the human self) that is caught-up in perpetuating “living-for-things” outside our Selves. I often write from *both* perspectives to show you and

others how the human mind works. Of course, the “clinical” schizophrenic (particularly, those with multiple personality disorder) are those who place all their emphasis on the human “roles” they play.

A comical observation: you look and act more like my tall (5'9"), champagne-blond, classy, handsome, somewhat snobbish, sophisticated, reserved, gentle, very considerate (but terribly insecure) second wife, Susan (and me), than physically being a product of Donna and me. Are you sure Susan and I are not your parents?

I have sent a copy to Donna (so you don't have to give her yours), Lisa, Bobbie, and Bob since this letter involves them, too.

While this “stand-off” lasts between us, I will call you four or five times a year—just to make contact and let you know that I am always here for you—around my birthday (April 6), your birthday (July 29), my mother's birthday (October 26), and Thanksgiving and/or Christmas. If you don't “want” to talk to me when I call, then just say that—like you learned with me, last night. All I'll ever ask of you is that you be straight-forward with me.

In the past, whenever I felt lost or incapable of making the difficult situations in my life better, I would simply remember this happy, little thought, and I'd be okay:

Life is just a game we play.

There is no special way.

—Ken Keyes, Jr.

Handbook to Higher Consciousness

“Angels” will appear in your life, in all kinds of people, to help take you beyond all fear—by showing

yours to you, so you can walk through it, or by holding your hand as you go. (And, that is the intent of this letter!) LOVE is “freedom” because it is a *letting go* of fear.

It was 6:05 in the morning when he awoke. The morning sky was just turning a light grey as he cracked open one eye to see what time it was. Jay never enjoyed waking up too early because his human ego would always want to stay in bed, even though he was fully conscious and his mind was very alert. So, he laid there with eyes closed listening to his mind go over and over his relationship with Lindsay.

Jay suddenly realized from his conversation of the previous day with Lindsay that the boy-girl, romantic aspect of their relationship was based upon her *need* of him—from the beginning, over a year ago. He realized that a mind transfer had taken place between him and her. He had taken on *her* feelings for him as his *own*, for her. Her need of him fed, or created, his ego’s need for her. Every ego likes to be “needed”...including his! But, Jay had realized before that dependency, in any form, was not healthy or what he wanted. However, he saw that his humanness could still be “sucked in” by a pretty damsel in distress who called for his assistance—particularly, a dedicated truth-student, like Lindsay was!

Then it struck him, as he rolled over in bed with his eyes still closed, that that was how his relationship and subsequent marriage to Donna had begun! She “needed” him, and he was drawn to her because *no one* had ever expressed a need of him—certainly not to any degree

where he felt important and *wanted*. He saw that “needy” feeling in himself, several times since their meeting and subsequent marriage 27 years ago. Jay had felt devastated every time he lost a close female relationship, over the last 18 years—to the point of sometimes taking two years to completely get over someone. So, he had known the deep emotional pain of wanting and losing a loved one...of not being able to function in the world from feeling absolutely and totally purposeless without a special someone to care for and about.

Consequently, he understood the deep emotional pain that Lindsay was going through the other day, when she stopped by, after he suggested that they curtail the romantic aspect of their relationship. He felt very sad for her! Lindsay had acted spiteful (by her shaking his hand goodbye and commenting about her having sexual relations with other men), just before leaving. Jay knew that he needed to have “his” relationship with her in order for it to work. And he was not sure that he had any more than deep, brotherly-love feelings for her, which he did not want to lose—and told her so! But he knew that without his *own* desire to live with Lindsay—not being influenced by her, in any way—he could not continue the relationship as it had been. Definitely not, after he realized that she had a similar desperate need of him (i.e., insecurity) and subsequent emotional reactivity to him that Donna had had! Forgetting the past can lead to repeating it. And that was one type of emotional situation that did not bear repeating!

Jay felt like his heart was breaking inside when he thought of losing the nicest, most considerate, and most trustworthy friend in his life. But, Something inside told

him that he must be free at all times, without being constrained by the threat of loss of any sort, to do what he *quietly* and *intuitively* knew to be in his best interests as well as those he loved, like Lindsay. One's *first* responsibility is always to live one's life as peacefully and happily as possible, so that we can "give" to others—rather than just take. And sometimes, we have to let things go to grow and move forward in our lives...even if we dearly love them. Only whole, content, peaceful people can have "whole-y" (holy) relationships!

Jay rolled out of bed, ignored his ego further, and decided to get his "act" into gear—all the while, remembering to surrender his human desires and follow whatever his Heart told him to do.

Later that morning, Jay strolled into the Pipe Den through the back door, like all the "locals" do, walked around to the front of the counter, and began to pour himself a cup of coffee when Andy silently came up behind him.

"When you get through *playing* with your coffee, I need some," Andy said to him, in a quiet, pleasantly-civil tone. "Notice, I didn't yell at you this time!"

"Yes, I did!" answered Jay, with a smile on his face, as he backed up out of the way, so Andy could move in and fix himself a cup.

Andy was a 65 year old, 5'9", portly, jowly-faced, gruff, and surly gentleman with short-cropped, grey hair and gold-rimmed aviator glasses, who seldom expressed anything but angry, loud opinions about whatever *he* wanted to talk about. He was a "dead-ringer" for Jay's

dad, Howie, who died three years ago—except that he had a bigger “gut” than Howie and brown eyes instead of green. Howie was uncommunicative, giving off an aura of “don’t speak to me unless I speak to you, first,” like Andy. But he never spoke his opinions until asked, nor as loudly or angrily; and Howie was reservedly pleasant with *everyone* who spoke to him.

Jay chuckled to himself and was delighted whenever he was around Andy, no matter how rotten his mood *usually* was, and had told him that he looked *exactly* like his dad (although Howie was 10 years older, but always looked younger than his age). Andy had replied “Was he as good looking as me?” To which Jay replied in the affirmative.

Jay was amazed at how times had changed! He remembered being afraid of his father most of his life—except for the last five years of Howie’s life—because he was difficult to approach and was not a conversationalist. He had made an effort to befriend his dad eight years ago when they both came to Florida, within two months of each other. And it paid off because they became good companions on occasional strolls along the boardwalk through the jungle and by the river near his home. Howie had even told Jay he was “proud” of him two years before he passed on, which Jay felt was indicative that their relationship had “healed” before he did! (He had said some of the rottenness things about Jay’s character—which did not phase him, at all—about three years prior to that.)

Andy would sit at the side-counter against the back wall of the shop every day and work the crossword puzzle in the daily newspaper. Jay would come in and see

how he was doing—thoroughly enjoying this opportunity to be light-hearted and invulnerable against any insults from him. Andy *used to* frequently ignore Jay and called him “Junior” when he demanded his attention. (Guess he unconsciously recognized their mutual, family-type lesson together, also.) Today, that has all passed ...Andy now says “Hello” when Jay speaks to him!

This situation with Andy reminded Jay that life’s learning-lessons and the people that bring them NEVER leave us, although the form sometimes *seems* to change. They just keep materializing in *other* forms—until we learn to lovingly and unconditionally accept the “messenger,” who has brought it to us, at our request, because we are *ready* (i.e., willing) to handle it. Jay realized that everything and everyone are “blessings-in-disguise” because they teach us to let go of our value judgments, opinions, and attitudes that create FEAR and block peace and contentment. He clearly saw the truth behind the message that “you can run, but you can’t hide” from the past.

Interestingly enough, Jay realized that other people from his past were still around, from time to time, also. There was Bill, a much older, short, pot-bellied man with a pleasant, very talkative disposition, who occasionally hobbles into the Pipe Den with his shorts and combat boots on and using his fancy walking stick for support. He talks too much for some of the other fellows—particularly, Andy, who found him *too opinionated*. (Imagine, that!) But Bob, the owner, told Andy that was because he was exactly like him. (Bob had been hanging around Jay for quite awhile, and apparently “picked up on” his fearlessness [through mind transfer], because it

was uncharacteristic of his own very congenial, non-confrontive personality to do so.) Jay liked Bill a lot because he reminded him of his maternal grandfather, Tom, whom he always adored and had died many years ago. Quietly one day, Jay cautioned Bill about staying there too long (more than an hour), so that he would not feel shunned. And Bill heard him and kept his future visits short. (It was the first time Jay ever had an opportunity to help his favorite grand-father, *in absentia*! But, he loved being able to do so.)

Then, there is a young lady who looks and is built *very similar* to Jay's youngest, estranged daughter, Erika, that comes into the Pipe Den occasionally to buy stuff (soda and chips) but doesn't stay long. She is very pleasant and congenial with all the men there, including Jay, even though she is only in her early twenties, at best. Jay sat there with a grin on his face every time she came in because he knew from their interaction how wonderful his relationship could be someday with Erika. In the meantime, he has a reasonable facsimile!

All of these people, as well as others, reminded Jay that "people don't die...as long as we don't forget them!" What a happy feeling he had from being reunited with all his former family members. It was exciting to know that angels appear, in human form, to pleasantly and gently remind us how, and give us an opportunity, to love all the close people in our lives, past and present. "Almost wonderful!!" he thought, in his typical response to anyone who asked how he was.

Andy interrupted Jay's thoughts when he barked at him, in his usual commanding tone, "What's a five-letter word for 'prophet'?"

Beyond... the Point of No Return

Vero Beach was a “throw-back” to the 1950’s because the townspeople were very warm, decent, family-oriented, friendly, and aware of and involved in everything that was going on and knew most who lived there—very similar to that time period. It was a quiet, little town on the southeast coast of Florida about a 3-hour ride north of Miami. The year-round population was about 25,000, which swelled to approximately 50,000 during the winter season (January – April) with what they called “snowbirds” (people from the Northeast and Canada). Most of the affluent, seasonal transients had nicely landscaped, expensive, stucco, french provincial-styled houses of various pastel shades on the barrier island, which ran the entire length of the state and where the beaches were, across the two bridges from the mainland.

There was a great deal of old-fashioned pride in Vero, which you could tell from the way all the shrubs along the roads and in the parks were so well manicured. The homes and yards on the mainland were usually neat and tidy. Most of the houses were sort of non-descript, functional, small, usually white-painted, wood-frame or stucco-covered, concrete cinder block dwellings with a single-car garage. (Not a place you'd find "materially-oriented" people!) If you spoke to someone on the street or in the stores in the strip shopping centers along U. S. Highway 1 that ran north and south through the heart of downtown, you almost always were likely to be greeted in a very pleasant manner. Strangers still spoke to one another, like most of us used to do before the turbulent times began in the 60's.

The townspeople, through the city planning board, had put a moratorium on commercial development and a restriction on the height of buildings in the town. It was a place where people *lived* but didn't work—except in the shops, restaurants, and service businesses. There were many retired people in Vero as well, usually living in the many planned-communities (never more than three stories high) scattered all about. The beaches were perhaps the finest in the world and the least occupied. The sand was a soft beige. Except for one small area where there were a few condominiums and a handful of hotels and motels no more than six stories high, the beaches felt secluded because of the shrubbed, nice, large, single-family homes and the one golf course that bordered them. A great place for a quiet walk!

On Sunday, Jay drove a mile down the two-lane state highway on the island in his little white sports car to the local convenience store to purchase a large mug of coffee and a chocolate chip muffin. He drove to the beach just a block and a half away around the corner, stopped the car, got out, and plunked himself on the hood overlooking the ocean. He munched away, sipped his coffee, and took in the panorama of the blue-green, white-capped ocean straight ahead...perfectly content with the world. The tall grasses, shrubs, and palm trees that rimmed the beach fluttered in the breeze.

After finishing his noontime repast, Jay hopped in his car and drove down the street on his way home. A half a block from the beach, he passed his friend, Rena's six story condominium building and decided to stop and visit. She was a diminutive (under five feet tall), 60-ish, reserved lady of northern Italian, regal heritage (of which she was very proud) with short, dark brown, curly hair and "teddy bear" hazel eyes, who loved to laugh. He walked into the elevator and pushed the button for the third floor. As he strolled along the outside walk to her end unit apartment, he admired the wonderful view, just above the tree tops, that she had of the ocean, beach, and beautiful, white-roofed homes nearby. He knocked on her screen door.

Rena, who was preparing food for herself and her husband, Martin, in the kitchen right next to the door, said, "Come in!" And in he went.

"Hi. It's just me. I was in the neighborhood and thought I'd stop by and say hello," Jay said, as he bent way down to give his old friend a hug. "What have you been up to?"

They sat down at the table by the window overlooking the ocean and chatted on for about an hour filling each other in on all the “newsy” details of each other’s lives.

Towards the end of their conversation, he said, “All my friends’ lives were *really* coming together and they were finishing up all their ‘loose ends.’ One female friend had finally sold her former marital estate seven years after getting divorced, and another finally divorced after struggling in a mentally-abusive marriage for 24 years. I have healed *all* anger and unforgiveness I had towards my mother and grandmother (who live in Florida), and I feel like my life is really complete, now. And, I have let my girl-friend go, so that she could learn to live on her own, without any dependency upon me.”

“Well, it’s time for you to *move on*,” she said.

“I used to think that, too. But, having been everywhere in the world I’ve wanted to go and all over the United States, I think I’ll just ‘stay’ here, *this* time. I’ve had plenty of moving around. If I am *truly* internally-guided to go someplace else, I will go! No more traveling to entertain my ego...no more escapes,” he stated with certainty.

Jay stood up from the kitchen table, gave her a hug goodbye, and left, feeling like the world was in perfect balance and happy to perhaps have played a significant role in its completion. No matter what, Jay *knew* he led a “charmed life” and that he always would be directed as to where he needed to be and with whom he needed to work or play. He trusted “the Force” *within* himself to lead, at all times!

After his usual mid-day stop at the Pipe Den, Jay decided to go over to the new, two story, modern, light pink, stucco and mirrored-glass library to do some research for his publisher. As he was walking toward the front door, a young woman with shoulder-length, blond hair pulled back in a pony tail, wearing a long-sleeved, white blouse with the cuffs partly rolled up, flared-bottom, high-cut, light beige, twill shorts, and ornate, leather-covered clogs walked toward him with her head tipped down listening to her dark-haired, female friend in a dark, print dress beside her.

He felt something very attractive about the blond woman without even seeing her face. Both were wearing sunglasses, so he couldn't tell whether they noticed him at all. Jay shrugged it off and went inside to the reference section on the second floor.

After completing his assignment, he went downstairs and walked out the front door. As he went through the front door he noticed the same blond woman and her dark-haired companion right in front of him, so he decided to say something to the blond.

Walking up to within three feet of her backside, Jay said in a very light-hearted fashion, "Those clogs sure look great on you! It has been awhile since I've seen anyone in them. Women always look good in them."

She stopped short and smiled at him with her hands in the pockets of her shorts. As he passed her, he touched her arm, hesitated for only a moment, smiled at her, and said, "And, you look wonderful, too!"

Jay hopped into his car and watched the two women get into the dark grey Range Rover with a European, front, license plate (that seemed to be from either Berne,

Switzerland or Berlin, Germany). They were very uncommon, and he thought it strange that it should be parked *directly* in front of him. He didn't remember it when he pulled in, and they must have gotten there at the same time he did. Taking all that into consideration, Jay wondered whether or not he should have taken the opportunity to ask the lady out as he watched them joke and laugh in the car before he pulled out.

"Oh well," he thought as he pulled out of the parking lot, "I need to keep my mind on the public relations side of the business and writing, right now. I don't need any distractions...like a woman can be. If it's meant to be, *she* will just have to show up in my life, again!"

Jay couldn't imagine why he felt so attracted to her. He couldn't even remember what she looked like, except that she had a nice smile and a wonderfully innocent and happy glow about her...an angelic purity. He thought it peculiar since he *hardly ever* finds a woman attractive, regardless of how pretty she may be! Could she have been the dark-haired woman's daughter? (She looked older than that, but who can tell anymore.) If so, that definitely ruled her out! After all, he really did *not* need or want any female companionship, just for the sake of it. He'd only consider a close, live-in relationship with a woman who clearly understood his and her function on Earth, was capable of surviving on her own, and not dependent upon him! She had to be attractive, too... whatever that was.

A week and a half later, Jay went to the movies on Saturday night, by himself, at 7 P.M.. As he sat there

waiting for the show to begin, three women walked into the row of seats just in front of him. First, there was a young, blond woman with a pony tail; then, an older, sophisticated-looking, blond woman; and finally a dark-haired woman about the same age as the second woman, who called the first one by the name of Christina. (That name struck a bell in his mind because it was the name his ex-wife and he had originally picked for their first daughter, Lisa, but changed it when they couldn't agree on her nickname.) They left the end aisle seat unoccupied. A tall, husky man joined them shortly and sat in the empty seat.

After a short while, something seemed unique about these people. Then, Jay felt something familiar as he sat there glancing at them. Intuitively, he knew, because he didn't remember her face at all, that the youngest one was the lady he found so attractive at the library parking lot! He chuckled to himself about the irony of it all. His *ego* suggested that they were all related and that maybe the one he found so interesting was just a young girl, even though she looked older.

Jay tried brushing off any interest he had in her after that thought. When she turned around and looked in his direction, he looked straight ahead, so as not to catch her attention. His *ego* counselled him that "He did not need to rob the cradle!" to which he agreed, since he already had two grown daughters in their early twenties himself. Perhaps, it was just her youthful *innocence* that he found so attractive. It was just so unusual for him to be attracted to *any* woman! Romance, which used to be real important to his human-ego, was not appreciated in his life—any more than any "fantasy."

He left early at the conclusion of the movie, before them, so he did not attract their attention. He felt that if he was meant to meet the young blond woman, again, she would be put in his path. At least, he knew her name, and it had a real pretty, appropriate sound to it. However, he still didn't know what she looked like as the theater was dark. But, it didn't matter because he knew he could just "feel" her presence. This was really strange. Something he hadn't experienced, before!

As Jay was about to pull out of the parking lot, a "red" Range Rover with the young woman and her three companions moved in front of him. "Hmm!" he thought. "They sure must have a stable of unique cars. Now, a 'red' one!" Who knew when they would meet, again...or at all...and why?

He lay there for awhile half awake. Finally, Jay decided to get out of bed, even though it was pitch-black out. He looked at the clock. It was 5:09A.M.. Since everything had come to a stand-still in his life, he decided that he was going to learn how to handle "boredom," now. Realizing that that was one hurdle he had not conquered yet, Jay got out of bed, told himself that if he was awake he might as well sit up rather than lying in bed "trying" to sleep when he could not, and sat there in the dark and pondered his situation.

Jay thought about all the times he went from one professional job to another for over 25 years never knowing what he wanted to do next. He only knew what he *didn't* want from what he had previously experienced. But somehow, he always found good jobs in various areas

of business and education. Since Jay had turned to being an author (he never wanted to be a “writer,” in general), he had a lot of free time, which played havoc with his ego. Being open to receive internal guidance and inspiration seemed to require that he be open and available, at all times, to *listen* to it. Regular vocations distracted his ego and caused it to get caught up in trying to control the output of the world (meaning the people in his work environment) to do a reasonably efficient, but excellent, job in whatever he was involved in.

Now, he was going to have to learn how to handle boredom—the last remaining obstacle to his attainment of total peace. Jay knew, somewhere inside, that he had to learn to handle this one, before he could achieve it. When he reached a point where no condition on Earth could affect his attitude and contentment, he would have it all! His physical world now included morning exercises and walks to the post office in the beachside village, mid-day trips downtown for male-bonding and companionship at the Pipe Den, and afternoon walks on the most secluded and private part of the beach, all for about an hour each. Every day was the same. He lived as a truly retired person...from the world. He couldn't think of a “game,” to include working with the sick and needy, that he had not played or wanted to play—no matter how small, insignificant, or trivial.

As he continued to sit there, Jay recalled the message he had written in a letter to his friend Brian, who was a publisher in England:

Let's face it...we *know* each other, and we can not really do much for each other when we *truly* under-

stand What we are. We can be great entertainment
and camaraderie for each other, though!

How peculiar living on Earth was! We only seem to live
or work with people who provide us learning lessons and
challenge. When relationships have reached a peaceful
conclusion (or an impasse where neither party will sur-
render their ego), we move on to the next person or situ-
ation!

Jay had gotten great comfort from and a chuckle out
of Brian's reply in his following letter:

I feel I am on kind of a journey to nobodiness (un-
learning), after which it will be fine to be a "some-
body," instead of a "pretend somebody" (who has
forgotten they're pretending) playing in your sand-
box, because then it doesn't matter, except perhaps
as a game in which more and more "real" love, or
whatever "reality" is, becomes apparent.

It was nice to have company in the physical world who
understood the Reality of what we are beyond our
human facades. He had so longed for more companion-
ship, like Brian's. But then, he realized that if lots more
people understood that they were spiritual beings having
a "human experience" (which is all earth-life is), it
probably won't exist, anymore. If there is no more need
to perpetuate a fantasy (the physical universe) and more
people catch on to that aspect of it and stop all self-
seeking, competition, and greed, then the dream will
end.

He knew that day, or moment, would come—when
enough of us realize What we are! It didn't require that

everyone know. Just enough. And nobody knows how many...because no-body knows anything on Earth (they just “predict”). Until the end of time, Jay would just have to learn to have infinite patience and tolerance with the universe...boredom and all.

May 26, 1993

Dear Lindsay,

The other day I had a revelation. During the middle of the afternoon while I was working on putting together some credit information for our largest supplier so we can really grow and become a successful publishing company, the muscles between my shoulder blades really began to spasm and hurt. That caused tension in my neck, which in turn started to give me a headache later. Also, that evening, my media consultant said he’d have no problem getting me TV and radio interviews for our upcoming promotion of the new book.

It wasn’t until today that I could clearly listen to my intuition, which told me that it was due to my *fear of success* and the subsequent responsibility (i.e., having to run a successful business). Along with that, I discovered that I **HATE** money because *every* significant woman in my life has been “preoccupied” with their own personal (financial) security, *first—before* love, me, or anything else! (That includes my mother, grandmother, first and second wife, publisher, and...you.) I retaliated for their lack of love, or extreme self-concern, by *unconsciously* sabotaging any possibility I had for “success” because

that meant the accumulation of money—for *them*! I personally have no ambition and little need for money, except for ease of living, and I have always had what I *truly* needed.

I realize that we are nothing more than scared, but I know (you do, too) that the *only* way through fear is to acknowledge it, completely. So, that is what this letter is for. *Sharing* fear with another removes the ego's shame and guilt we feel for *having* the fear (i.e., the ego's double-edged sword: be afraid and then be ashamed for being so). I want to break this fear-conditioning of my ego. Since we *make* ALL fear in our lives, we have to face it and go through it to let its power over us diminish.

I was surprised when this came up the other day as I thought I had discovered all hidden fears and guilt in my life. Maybe, we don't get through *all* of it until we die. Earthlife: the training school for letting go of fear!

If nothingelse, it is crystal clear that I can not “hang around” negative, insecure (fearful), money-conscious people, anymore. (My publisher has been told that I will not tolerate *any* lack-consciousness, whatsoever. I had to make that decision!) I hope this helps to clarify for you why we are no longer spending physical time together (since your ego was “feigning” ignorance the other night when you called). Like you, I need trusting (worry-free), secure, confident, positive companionship. That does *not* mean I expect you or myself, or anyoneelse, to be totally fear-free! They just need to be *willing* to expose their fears and learn to laugh at them.

Since “like attracts like,” that means you and I have to individually be the kind of persons we want around us and *decide* to be as courageous as possible

about walking through the fire of our own personal fears, *without* worrying and feeling sorry for ourselves—every time they come up! Time to grow up...particularly, since “we but do this to ourselves.”

Happy trails (and trials)!



Sunday, June 27, 1993

Dear Lisa,

It's a drizzly, overcast, warm, and muggy afternoon with not much air movement, so I thought I would compose you a letter while I sit here at the computer with the fan blowing on me. (I hate air-conditioning and don't physically tolerate it well.)

Please *sit down*...because I am going to open up and say what I truly feel about some issues concerning you—and me. It's not easy since my *human* nature is to always be nice and polite and to avoid any unpleasant, personal issues—particularly, when it involves someone, like you, who I like as well as love (the ego “likes,” and the Spirit *in* us “loves”) and who has had a very loving attitude toward me. Because you have been one of the closest friends I've ever had, it's very difficult to write this. I never enjoy saying anything unkind to you, but I must speak to you in a language that your “ego” can un-

derstand—if that’s the consciousness you are in most of the time. (My ego cautions me that to say how I “feel” is tantamount to destroying whatever love exists between us. But, I LOSE total self-respect, as I have in the past, if I don’t have the “courage” to do so.) This may be the last chance I have to talk to you about unfinished business between us—before: you get too set in your ways; I forget and overlook how hurt my feelings got from your recent lack of recognition, mentioned below; and my ego buries its hurt, which becomes repressed hatred and anger toward you.

When you were 16, you “leveled” with me long-distance on the phone about your feelings toward me and *my inability* to be an adequate, supportive father for you (regardless of the fact that I lived 2700 miles away and practically all of our phone conversations and contacts had been closely-monitored, blocked, and generally disrupted by your mother, Donna, up to, and beyond, that point), which I carefully and calmly listened to—without interrupting or defending—and acknowledged. Please, do the same for me, and us, now?

It is one week after Father’s Day. You did not call, send a card, or acknowledge me in any way, then. I *accept* that you have your own life as well as a wonderful relationship with your husband, Jeff (whom I like very much and am grateful for, for you). Your ego is kept busy, preoccupied, and generally caught up in playing whatever game it wants—be it work, home improvement, playtime, etc. Because we have had so little time together since you were seven, when Donna and I divorced, my *human* ego has felt devastated and so rejected when you were too wrapped-up in your

“humanness” to at least acknowledge me. A very occasional phone call is all I realistically hope for. (Erika is open about not wanting to do so.) Lisa, you and I have always been very close in an unspoken way—with a very special understanding of Reality, backed up by numerous beyond-the-body “experiences” on your part (as well as mine) to testify to its validity—so I don’t understand what has happened.

The older you get and the more involved with your “stuff” and the fantasy-world you become (particularly, with kids and the family-game!), which is typical, normal, and expected, the farther we are separated. If I don’t emotionally dwell (i.e., focus on the “drama”) about our wonderful past together, I view you as a very close and special “friend”—whom I dearly love—with a special ability (i.e., an unconditionally loving Heart-mind) to understand things that others *choose* not to, at this point. (This is why I would prefer that you call me by my *name*, rather than my earthly “title” [Dad], which doesn’t mean that I negate or deny my role in your life or would not want to share with or help you, anytime. It just means that I prefer to clearly honor our spiritual Reality as true and *equal* brother and sister.) It would still be nice to remember each other on special occasions, like holidays, birthdays, and traditional events. Just because I have a non-traditional attitude that doesn’t mean I don’t appreciate love, in any expression—particularly, from one of the few in my life who can understand and has experienced the Truth of what I believe.

“Thoughtfulness” is not a trait of my family. (“Out of sight, out of mind.” Or, we are too cheap to call [i.e.,

“insecure” because of our inherent sense of unworthiness of Love, which manifests as fear of losing or spending money—that has become our “god”] when we do think of someone we love.) And it seemed to be more of a “tradition,” rather than a *heart-felt* gesture, in your growing up. Donna did an appropriate job raising you and your sister, Erika—particularly, when it came to doing the “right” and polite things, like being respectful when speaking to me and adults and writing “thank you” notes when someone sent you something or did something for you.

Living alone as a bachelor for 10 years in New York City and Salt Lake City taught me how to appreciate and acknowledge people. I often invited people, individually and in groups, over for dinner, conversation, or to play games and have fun, during that period. I even used to send out 60 – 70 Christmas cards each year, even though I only got about a dozen back. When I moved to Florida eight years ago, my *ego* insisted that it was time for “pay-back” and that “it” should receive all the benefits of the kindnesses I had extended, through it, over the years. So, I stopped extending love in my usual way of reaching out to others for companionship. I did become very demonstrative, though (and “needy” of it). Some time later, I understood how we do NOT “receive” Love when it is given to us—only when it comes from us. And now, I have come full circle—back to the beginning, where – 65 – I just live my life from my Self and am only rarely inwardly emotionally-reactive to what others do or say.

However, you have never even acknowledged—in a note or a phone call or in passing conversation when I’ve talked with you—anything I’ve ever sent or done for you,

such as my three published books, my books of poetry, tapes, articles, unanswered phone messages asking you if you wanted some “things” I had for you or Jeff, coming to Florida to rescue you (if you were willing to go)... *nothing*! (I didn’t even care if you liked my material. But since you are one of the few people *in* my life who can understand it, I am very surprised, and my ego was “crushed,” you never said anything. Even my mother, Bobbie, finally said *something* about my books—after more than two years—when she recently made an off-hand comment that “the dust jackets were cute”!) Don’t “I” deserve a modicum of respect and attention as a human being?

Don’t *you* want to be acknowledged? Haven’t you almost “demanded” it—like Donna, who used to have to be *center-stage* because she was extremely “needy” of attention whenever people were around? (She was totally pre-occupied and consumed with herself. Bobbie was the same way, as was her mother. And, they both had loud, penetrating, and commanding voices that could be heard *above* anyone’s in a crowd and controlled and monopolized any and “all” conversations—discussing themselves, their opinions, or what *they* wanted others to talk about.) For instance, you told me how well you were doing in sales; and then, immediately asked me if I was “proud” of you—before I could even open my mouth. (Which, of course, I AM, always, and have told you so “in writing” for the whole world to see, which your *ego* now seems to be embarrassed about!)

I think it’s wonderful that you absorbed Donna’s pleasant, out-going, up-beat disposition! (Mine is that way around strangers, too, which is part of my human

act!) But...if the only way you show love is by being “lovingly demonstrative” when people are *around* and “forget to remember” those who love you when they’re not, then it’s just an “act”! We all can be selfish, self-serving, self-indulgent “children” (i.e., *human* egos), caught up in playing out our dreams and fantasies. And *your* children will point this out to you, just like mine are *now*. PLEASE understand...I am *very* thankful to you and Erika for doing so!!

There are a few other things that have puzzled me. Jeff and I have both enjoyed skiing and living in Salt Lake City, Utah (near all the ski resorts) and have had little opportunity to share any similar interests. But, *you* chose to go to Colorado when everyone else in your ski-party this past year wanted to go to Utah. I probably would have joined you there to share with you why I loved living in Salt Lake and some time and a common interest with Jeff. (If Jeff chooses not to do any “thing” with me, that’s fine! And he may tell me so, as I did to Donna’s father when he “pressed” me about why I didn’t share *everything* that was going on in my life with him.)

You have a very special understanding about the world and an ability to perceive it differently than many do today—when you’re not busy playing all the games I mentioned before. Yet, when the world puts you through the “hoops” (i.e., a royal-Hell trying to buy your current house and having to give up your dog, Buddy, because he bit a child), I don’t understand why you live your life in such a way—focused on its “drama”—as to get emotionally caught up in its turmoil and un-reality. Historically, you’ve been occasionally over-sensitive and emotional (i.e., would cry too easily, and verbally wallow for short

bursts, if someone spoke unpleasantly to you), which causes me to ask “Why don’t you change your ‘internal’ attitude about your reality and how to live it, so you don’t get emotionally-stressed to your limits (i.e., take ‘the dream’ too seriously)?” I am *very* sorry about your dog because I know what it’s like to lose loved-ones! I *started* to learn that one with you and Erika when I divorced Donna. (You seem fairly relaxed and mellow when I’m around, though!) I do NOT expect you to not experience the world or to not have fun! I merely assume that people who have your Knowledge have a higher focus (purpose) in life.

Maybe, Something would like your attention?! Are you ready to *begin* to surrender your ego and listen to “It,” *again*? When you are, you’ll find out that It is “You,” your God(Spirit/Love)-connected, right-minded, higher, intuitive, and real Self—that is always with you to guide you and keep you company. You will never again *feel* alone when you find your Self! Unfortunately, for most of us, my self included, we have to get emotionally “trashed out” *several* times before we *start* to surrender! It usually takes a severely-traumatic, *life-altering* event to wake us up to our Reality...and freedom from drama.

Wait until you have kids (if you choose to do so)! They’ll put you through the *same* Hell *you* put your mother through, which was nothing more than a replay of the Hell she put her mother through! (I know enough about your mutual pasts to see the similarities.) It’s all a game of “mirrors”—where we hold up the screen of our *parents’ past* until we recognize them *in us* (and hopefully, *they* recognize, and forgive, themselves in us),

similar to what happened to Scrooge. This leads me to my final point: both you and Jeff *seem* to not want to deal with your pasts because they have been “unspeakable” issues, once before, when I expressed a mere curiosity about and willingness to discuss Jeff’s or your previous family situations (i.e., your parents, to include me—as there is hardly anything I can’t and haven’t handled).

This is my FINAL WARNING: “If you don’t deal with your past family situations NOW, your children will hold up your FEARS, and inability to deal with them, ‘in your face’ for 18+ years—which may be MASKED by their (your past) hidden or outward anger, rebelliousness, emotional reactivity, or withdrawal through substances or an inability to communicate.” (A fear, or feeling of poor self-worth, “exposed” is a fear *removed*—provided you don’t hold onto it by re-focusing on your past and belittling yourself as a mere human ego!!) The first 5 – 10 years for each child might go really well, until their (our) *ego* surfaces and begins, as it does for all of us, to establish its own identity and “control.” (Therein, the battle begins!) Donna can even tell you the same thing about this last part...she psychically (intuitively) “knows” it because she has told me so, before!

I chose to verbally admit, rather than deny, to you and Jeff the last time I visited there, a month ago, that I have unintentionally become a “free spirit” (in-training) because I believe that I must practice what I preach (i.e., total openness—and honesty, which really means “consistency” in that what you *say* is what you *do*)—if I want you and Jeff to do the same with me. It is also the reason why I wanted to drive down three hours to take you out on your birthday. I thought, after living far away from

you for so long, “What a horrible thing it would be if I moved out of Florida and didn’t take the time that I had available to visit with my kids and family while I lived there!” So, I make moderately reasonable efforts to – 69 –attend to people I love while I am around them—since there is only *one* “real” law on earth: What (the love) I give to *you*, I give to (receive for) my *self*. (My second wife, Susan, always said I was the most “moderate” person, in everything I did, that she ever knew.)

I apologize for being such an unhappy or unpleasant person to be around or converse with during seven of the last eight years that I’ve been here in Florida. My ego was feeling sorry for its *self*, for a long time! My humanness just wanted some “company” in the form of friends (and family) who *know* the Truth and were willing to *live* their life focused on their Reality. I felt really horrible, deep down inside, when my *human* ego focused on the fact that my two kids were either rude toward me (Erika) or thoughtless of me (you), even though it’s because of the “fear-conditioning” from their upbringing.

Last year, with Lindsay’s help in showing me *my* past *dependency upon others* for happiness and a sense of security, I finally succeeded in learning to not require anything or anyone outside my Self to be happy. It took 10 long and lone years of *constant willingness* to surrender my ego, by acknowledging every aspect of it, to get it!! No more fantasies. No more dreams. No more dependencies. “Inner” peace and contentedness! I now live only by calm and quiet *internal* direction, moment to moment. (Thank God, literally!)

I am sorry, also, (for you) if you dislike being held up as an example of appropriate, loving (Truthful) behavior in any of my past writings. (I was, and am, *very pleased* with and for you and happy to have you around for some great company—when you *choose* not to “play stupid” and forget What you *really* are!) Your human ego should be very happy with this letter since I didn’t this time. But, it’s not happy, at all, that I pointed out the following about “its” *human* qualities: neediness of attention; thoughtlessness of others when they’re not around; deeply-buried tendency toward (insane) rage; tendency to be emotionally “dramatic” (over-sensitively human); and unmindful of the Truth as it pertains to the priorities in living your life. As far as *you* are concerned, *Jay’s Clean Out/Clean Up Service* is now going out of business!

This was NOT fun to do! But, I must be getting better at it as it only took me a week to write and re-write and re-write and re-write this letter. I hope it’s the *last* time I feel the I need to “intervene” in your life! If you will uncover all positive and negative aspects of your ego and “call yourself on your own *game*” (which will release you), you can *begin* to “know” your Self. And then, you will know, and truly forgive, others... when you are WILLING to look at all of you! Happy hunting (exposure)! Learn to laugh at your ego’s silliness, and you’ll be your own best entertainment. Strangely enough, this was finished on July 4th, the day we celebrate our “liberty” in this country. So, good luck to you in obtaining total freedom! Please, come “Home”...to where Your Heart is. I miss You.

I am here for you (and Jeff) and love you (both), dearly! Peace and blessings to two really nice, pleasant people, who are great to be with!



P. S. Times up...I QUIT. This is the end of our “father-daughter chat.” The rest of your life is up to *You*. Have a nice life! You can’t make a mistake...only DELAY the inevitable “realization.” But, you can help your self and everyone in your life by *remembering* What you are (the Essence of Love).

Speaking of “remembering,” the reason I said I don’t *miss* Lindsay since she recently moved to Atlanta (when you asked a month ago) is the same reason I don’t miss you: “You are always with me in my Heart-mind!” The next stage in our relationship would have been for Lindsay and me to live together, which *she* is not ready for because she has never learned how to survive (live) on her own for the last 26 years (without being dependent) since marrying at 19. But, there were some personality differences between us, as well as her youngest, 16 year old daughter, that would have caused us difficulty had we done so. Since I remembered what has caused me difficulty in living with other women in my past, in Lindsay, I’d be pretty dumb to go into a live-in situation with her...wouldn’t I?! (“Those who forget the past, are doomed to repeat it.”) I love her, dearly...just like you! Lindsay is *the* nicest and *most* thoughtful, dependable, and trustworthy person I have ever known, and I

consider her passing through my life a great blessing. But, Love is “freedom,” and I give it to her...and me. My insecurities drew her to me, and my late-developing sense of security let her go.

It was after 9 P.M. on Monday night (August 16th) when Jay’s 25 year old daughter, Lisa called, all enthusiastic. He was watching television.

“Hi, Dad, guess what?” Lisa asked in hurried anticipation of being able to tell of a happy surprise.

“You just ‘killed the rabbit’ (an old expression from years ago when they used to use them to test if a woman was pregnant or not),” Jay instantaneously replied.

“Not only did I kill the rabbit, but the whole herd! You’re going to be a grandfather,” she said.

“Well, that’s great. Congratulations! Just remember, this is the beginning of a life-long commitment for you and Jeff. You can’t stuff the kid back if things don’t go easily,” he said, jokingly.

“I know,” Lisa responded, cheerfully. “Guess when the baby’s due?”

“I don’t know.”

“On your birthday...April 6th!”

Jay unintentionally replied, “Well...now that my – 73 –replacement will soon be here, maybe, I can leave. Let me give my congratulations to Jeff.”

“You can’t. He’s out on the road on business. Well, I’ve got lots of people to call, so I gotta’ go, Dad.”

“Give my best and congratulations to Jeff when you talk with him next. Bye. I love you, dearly!!” Jay said, real cheerily.

“I love you, too. Bye.”

Jay sat there for a moment and thought about the *real* learning lessons that Jeff and Lisa were about to go through. He was surprised because he did not think they would have kids. Particularly, so soon—since they are still paying off a college loan; have a brand new house; have two new cars (with payments); just got two, brand new, puppy dogs; have two, well-paced, busy careers between them; and both are very sociable with lots of friends and guests visiting most every weekend—as well as still being occupied with personal, fun-type, joint and individual activities. “Oh well,” he thought, “time will tell what’s in store for them.”

After much deliberation during most of the morning concerning the previous night’s conversation with Lindsay (the second one that week), Jay felt that “talking” about life-altering improvement techniques was not doing the “trick.” One thing was for sure: people don’t “grow up” until they *decide* to stop protecting and defending their “ego” by not feeling sorry for themselves when their earth-life fantasy doesn’t go the way they want it to (which is inevitable). Writing a letter to be mulled over was the only potentially effective way to get the message across to her (or anyone). The spoken word just didn’t seem to have *any* lasting value!

Sunday, August 29, 1993

Dear Lindsay,

I am always glad to be here for you and to help you deal with adjusting to life, in view of the fact that this is just a *waking dream*. I am concerned, however, that we are not making as much progress as we—and specifically, you—could. After two phone calls within three days of each other (as well as all the others this summer) it has become apparent to me that “talking things out” about your dissatisfaction with the *fantasy* elements of your life is not really helping you. It just seems to compound and embellish them by discussing them repeatedly as we have done. Time to stop doing what doesn’t work for you, like *any* tearful melodrama. It is important to discover our innermost feelings, though. It just doesn’t do any good to go over and over the same items, fears, and concerns, *continuously*—unless you take steps to stop dwelling on them, in your own mind!

Because we were predominately raised by mothers who were overly self-centered and preoccupied with themselves and their social condition, people like you and I felt “deprived” of love growing up. Consequently, when someone comes along who seems genuinely interested in us, our hidden, past, desperate “need for love” from childhood, surfaces. I was thrilled to have someone to talk with who seemed as sincerely interested in living truthfully when I met you. Although I can’t speak for you, you have clearly indicated your sense of loss of my company since moving to Atlanta 2½ months ago. (And, it is good that you are open about your feelings rather than denying them! I know how horrible it is for our human ego to miss someone we come to *depend* on, as I have been in your shoes many, many times.)

I hope you will now begin to accept that my love for you changed back to a “brotherly” love three months after we started spending time together, over a year and a half ago. Once the *dependency* of “romantic” love goes (thank God)—and that’s all it is in reality, it can not be retrieved. (We are really “in need”—not in Love—of maintaining *our* “fantasy-image” of the other person since we can never humanly know them.) Two years before I met you, I began to lose my human ego need for romantic love and what a woman represented in my life. Prior to that time, I would have given up God and my understanding of Reality to retrieve past lovers. And, I desperately tried to get them back, so I know what it’s like to be in your position! This past year and a half together reinforced my realization that I no longer seem capable of playing in the “dream world” the way others do—to include romance.

Seldom do I find a woman attractive. I just can’t remotely *sustain* any relationship on a physical basis. I went too deep into the understanding and *acceptance* of our Reality to come down from the emotional and mental periphery of the physical universe and turn back and join in “human-play.” (Believe me, my ego has tried!) To me, it *all* seems like “child’s play.” (And yes, I still “play” to some degree, like writing with a computer, for instance. Since I am still here in physical form, I do *not* deny or intentionally rise above my humanness, as some do.) Learning to let go of the need for romantic involvement is probably *the* toughest lesson any of us will have here. But, it does *gently* “occur” in our mind when we *finally* tire of hurting our ego-selves because of human

dependencies—and truly realize What we are and *act* like we “accept” It. Eventually, we learn to be totally content with only our Selves when it becomes internally clear to us that all we have is a relationship with OUR “image” of the other person.

On your birthday, last March 28th, I took you to see a movie called *Point of No Return*. If you remember, it was about an extremely tough girl from the streets who was reluctant about being trained to be a sophisticated lady and assassin/agent for the government. At the end of it, her trainer/mentor/guardian, Bob, set her “free” from the organization by declaring her dead to his higher-in-command as she walked down the street from her lovely apartment and left her boyfriend, possessions, and previous life behind. I was hoping that you understood from it that I was like Bob in your life. I came to help you to grow to become the real, unneedy, confident, Self-sustained person you can be—without losing your unconditionally loving nature for everyone. As for me, I am now beyond the point of no return where I no longer have typical human desires and fantasies, of any sort... and it’s okay! I am here to follow my intuition and help those that I am *guided* to, like you.

The rest of your journey seems to be to uncover the remaining fears, anxieties, anger, and insecurities *you* have created with your family members, who become your mirror. I came to Florida eight years ago to do the same thing. When you become sufficiently unaffected by them and secure with your Self, alone, you will move on in your life, mentally, emotionally—and maybe, physically. The day you no longer “need” anyone or anything outside your Self for your peace and contentment

you will know where I am. You will be “whole” for the *first* time in your life. (And, we *both* know you’ve had a glimpse of it when you experienced “fearlessness,” once, last summer.) Even though you may continue to have occasional, *human* “remembrances” of past desires to play like others, it will be impossible to go back for any lengthy period of time—as I found out with you during this past year.

If you have a tendency to fall back and emotionally wallow (as you have done a lot in the past) about missing me physically in your life (i.e., tearfully feeling sorry for your self) when you “talk” with me on the phone, then maybe, you should not call until it is sufficiently gone. My ego used to have the same kind of “pity-party” with Lisa, for years, about not having more (or any) company with the same attitude and desire to live truthfully—until I recognized my selfishness for doing so—rather than merely accepting, like a spiritually-adult person, my life-script as “I” set it up...as well as my “wholeness” in a dream-world. I *do* truly appreciate your openness about it, which is the one quality that has enabled me to keep contact with you. But, solitude (i.e., self-imposed alone-time) with one’s Self and *deciding* that you don’t want to *act* that way anymore will help to let it go. If you don’t “make” that time, like early morning, and choose to “grow up” by not feeling sorry for your self about the life that *your* ego set up, then you lose...and it is your own fault! Part of learning to be whole is learning to forgive your ego self for the life, fears, and insecurities *you* let it establish by buying its victimization game.

I just heard an interesting quote: “What you *hate* the most in someone else you deny about *your* [ego-] self.”

Your “neediness” *repels*, and the possibility of having to live with it used to frighten me (and perhaps, your children and others) because it reminds me of my own past. Whenever I was the slightest bit insecure or there was any chaos in my life, my two ex-wives and past girlfriends would panic and shun me. *No one* likes to deal with people who express *repetitious* self-concern, fearfulness, and snivelling self-pity—beyond a very short period of time or a momentary crisis—because it reminds them of their own uncertainty about their Reality.

Only “relaxed confidence” *attracts* positive people! And, it must be retained in your consciousness by *not forgetting* (or immediately regrouping when you do) What you are and that this world is just a dream. In the beginning, it may take great *discipline* and *practice* to get into the “habit” of remembering—until it’s ingrained. That...is when a person becomes a REAL adult.

Along with this, “demands” (which are nothing more than ego attempts to control and manipulate another to meet our *fantasy* needs), such as telling me to “Call [you], sometime,” can create guilt in the receiver’s ego for not wanting to (particularly, if they love and desire to please you)...and *self-hatred* for even having to suggest it. This is the flip-side of the SAME insecurity that YOU express (when you have the *slightest* concern about your financial future), which you experienced with your former husband’s bossiness. I noticed *mine* in my parents, siblings, and work and social partners; that’s why I can see yours. The only gift you give, to your Self and others, is your *consciousness*, so please be at peace.

After being raised by, married to, and working with emotional (angry or tearful), self-consumed, nervous,

fearful women, with intense, *habitual* insecurity (such as your *ego-self*) most of my life, I choose not to “tie” myself to that kind of temperamental woman, ever again. Enough is enough. I only want peaceful and content *close*, intimate relationships, from now on. (But, I can’t imagine having a “live-in” relationship with a woman in the future, at this point. As a friend of mine jokingly said at the Pipe Den, one day recently, “I *LOVE* women. I just don’t want them in my house!”) I am not detached from people...just unattached from their *drama*. I can be “intimate” (and therefore, *fearless*) with anyone, as I have been in my previous writings, for instance.

I know how desperate we can feel when we physically lose someone we love. But, the “freedom” that lies just beyond it is what we *really* want. Come Home to your Self! You *are* an incredibly strong and confident person as demonstrated by the fact that you can do THE most difficult task, for anybody, by talking “on stage” in front of groups of people, for *hours*. (Consequently, I don’t understand your “contradictory,” self-pitying melodrama...unless, you are just being *unwilling* to grow up and give up your past Southern-lady “traditions”!)

Thank you for showing me the *depth* of MY previous desperation and earthly delusions, and therefore, allowing me to forgive my ego-self (by learning to not take it so seriously and by choosing to not feel guilty because of its silly behavior). Again, thank you for... *everything*!

I would like to retire as your mentor and teacher, now, and merely become your brother. When you attain wholeness, you will no longer need me or any man in

your life. Good luck! I wish for you the “willingness” to do so...that’s all that it takes.

I love you, dearly...my brother, Lindsay!



Since it was such a lovely, warm afternoon the day after Labor Day (September 7), Jay decided to go for a swim and a walk at the nearly-deserted beach a block and a half from his house. The bright, turquoise-blue waters were very warm and relaxing as he dove in, after wading past his knees. Nothing like a serene environment, *every day* (as they all were for him), to make life feel so peaceful and content.

After floating on his back for awhile, Jay climbed out and started walking south past the few lovely homes and the golf course to the public bath house 25 minutes away. During the trip, along his usual daily route, he recalled all the highlights of the past year. He wondered how many understand the difference between the “mythical” and the “mystical” qualities of the physical universe. The mythical being the psychic and “physical demonstration” of unexplainable situations and occurrences on earth through the *human* ego; and the mystical, being the *internal* “knowing and understanding” (i.e., sensing) of our collective reality as Spirit—beyond separateness, awareness of individuality, and form. While Jay had experienced the former, from time to time,

he at least very clearly understood that it was *NOTHING*, compared to the latter! Few knew the difference.

Jay remembered discovering his “base” *ego* hatred of women, in general, because they imposed a double-standard. They could hit or physically and verbally assail a man, but he was not supposed to touch or harm them, in any way—nor speak to them using vile or threatening language. They expect (demand) “special” treatment, such as having doors held open for them, letting them enter a room first, watching your language around them, foreplay/romantic drama before sex, and providing them with favors (e.g., flowers). Of course, his *ego* hated anyone, male or female, young or old, who *expected* special attention. (“Mildly disliking” someone or something has the *same* degree of negative affect, internally, that “hatred” or fear does!) Jay felt no guilt about owning this aspect of his humanness because he knew that the further and further “in” one goes the more of their hidden, human ugliness they will see—until they learn to merely look at themselves without reacting and value-judging. That’s what the process we call “life” was for, as he saw it!

Then, Jay recalled the night he took his mother, Bobbie, and Eden, his publisher, to dinner this past summer. Bobbie monopolized the whole conversation, which was an amazing task considering that his publisher had always “demanded” some attention—if not being the center of it because she was a strong-willed, controlling personality. She didn’t even ask one question of Eden, who felt badly about it. Also, when he suggested stopping by her summer vacation home later on that

summer, his mother told him not to. But, she said his friend, Lindsay, was very welcome!

He recalled saying, in a serious manner, on the phone to Lindsay (after relaying that conversation and after Lindsay's remembering his brother's inhospitable and rude treatment of them the previous summer when they stopped by on a cross-country tour to take him to dinner), "If my family didn't belong to me, I would have nothing to do with them. And that includes my kids—one of which 'throws me for a loop' because she already knows better, spiritually. It seems that the older we get—until we have a life-altering experience or reach a point in our life where we decide to grow up and find our spiritual nature and reality—the MORE self-serving and selfish we become pursuing our dreams and fantasies (if not the reverse, 'doormat' type). I may understand their and my Reality, BUT that does not mean I have to like or put up with any of their childish behavior—or hang around it! There are no points for getting into Heaven by putting up with family members or for living or being around them! After all, this is everyone's 'dream' until they individually wake up, which seems to mean when they tire of hurting themselves emotionally and/or physically! For some, that means holding onto their human self-pity and controlling attitude until their dying breath. And, that's the way it will probably be until the end of time. When we are 'perfect,' meaning we truly realize What we are, we won't be here, anymore. Living-in-limitation is only for the *un*-enlightened! The best I can do is learn to 'not react' to them with a judgmental attitude. I see them and everyone as mere children *playing* adults."

Then there were the business and worldly-living incidents that occurred that summer, too. At the first of June, Jay had to call in the company lawyer to sue a Tennessee businessman who reneged on his 3-month old, previous offer, thereby, costing his publisher's company thousands of dollars and a serious delay in their production and media schedules. When his publisher and Lindsay asked Jay why he did not just drop the matter (in their view, "spiritual" people did not *attack* people by suing them for breach of contract), he stated "In this world, you have to speak to people 'in a language they understand.' And, in this situation, or any like it, this worldly, non-spiritually actualized person broke his word at the expense of someone else. Bringing legal action—*without* any intention of malice, or getting even—was the normal, worldly way of handling such matters. It would be inappropriate on earth not to do to so—to not stand up for one's self while they were in the physical universe!"

Next, there was the incident with the company's printer, who wanted to charge 12% more for items that were "specified" on their proposal—*after* it had been approved by both parties. Jay had to write a detailed, lengthy letter to several people in their higher command to get it rectified (reduced). Also, there was the personal incident where an optical company, by improperly securing the lenses in the frame of his glasses, caused a lens to fall out and get damaged through no fault of his own. But, they were not willing to replace the lens for free until Jay made a call to their corporate officer (for whom the local manager was very reluctant to give out his name), who took care of it at no charge, immediately.

The last, personal lesson, or test, for Jay (to see if he had the courage to stand up for himself in the world and deal with it in *its* terms—rather than avoiding and running away from its challenges as so many “spiritual-thinking,” but irresponsible, people do) occurred at 4:30 P.M. on Labor Day (September 6) less than a half mile from his house. A police officer stopped him for speeding (53 m.p.h. in a 35 m.p.h., nonresidential zone, according to the town cop) when, in fact (because Jay looked at his speedometer as he passed the police car along the side of the road, without slowing down), he was doing 45 m.p.h., which used to be allowed there. The road construction crew apparently had changed the speed sign to 10 m.p.h. lower, north of the officer’s car coming from the opposite direction, just prior to the holiday weekend, without Jay’s knowledge. So, he decided to go to court in October to get the speed reduced (not the ticket), rather than not stand up for himself. Jay recalled learning that “spiritually-acting” people, as he had been, do themselves a gross dis-service, as well as others around them, by not having the courage of their conviction to take care of “earthly” matters in “earthly” ways! He remembered being taken advantage of when he allowed himself to be *humanly* vulnerable—versus being spiritually invulnerable and mature enough to take action like an “adult,” human being (since this is where we **are**—in the dream-world).

Finally, Jay remembered being somewhat reluctant to read his friend, Ken’s old, 1969 article on the difference between schizophrenia and mysticism at the beginning of the summer—after Lindsay found a copy of it in some obscure magazine. Ken was a well known authority on both areas and had a similar understanding of the

Truth. So, Jay felt relieved to know that he really has had a classical, mystical-type experience (over the last 11 years), without becoming antisocial and withdrawing totally from society deeper into the individual *fantasy* experience—the way the schizophrenic does.

All in all, Jay smiled to himself (as he so often did these days), while he sauntered along the pristine beach, about his inner contentment from having exposed so many of his deeply hidden, obscure, and unrecognized ego resentments, fears, and hatreds with his family members, these past eight years in Florida. That's what he came here for. Hopefully, this was the last of the *major* acknowledgments of his humanness. But, Jay knew that his, and our, work would never be done as long as the dream-world (i.e., the physical universe and cosmos) existed. "Someone" had to stop dreaming—because to hold onto "one" fantasy was the same as holding onto "all" of them. He had none.

Around noon the following day, Jay was walking along the beach when he came across two women wading in the water.

As he passed them, he heard one of them ask the other, "What time is it?"

She said, "One o'clock."

"*It's really 12:30 P.M.,*" he then thought.

And, as soon as he did, the woman changed her mind and said, "12:30."

Jay chuckled to himself "I forgot that we can reach each other, 'telepathically'—but not always, when our egos *intend* to" as he remembered that *all* minds are

joined. He then realized that maybe he was wrong when he thought about the “necessity” of *writing* to Lindsay the other day. “Written communication wasn’t the only form that could ‘reach’ people” he recalled, when he thought back to the numerous examples he had seen where *thoughts* (including prayers) were very powerful and actually changed the world: first, the Berlin Wall coming down and the end of separation between the two Germanys in 1989; next, the end of Communism in and the threat of world domination by Russia in 1991; and now, at the end of the Summer of 1993, Israelis and Palestinians recognizing each other’s right to live peacefully side-by-side, thus ending an age-old feud between them. “What more powerful demonstration did you need!?” he thought.

How quickly we forget that **WE** made this world through the power of OUR *thought*.

Mingle

Jay woke up early in the morning as the sky was just beginning to lighten and realized that he no longer could remain anonymous. It was time to give up his “freedom” and...mingle. He had no idea what he was going to do. Up to this point, he had been a “reporter,” through his books, on the absurdity of life-on-earth, in view of Reality, and the unwillingness of those who *intellectually* knew the Truth about its illusory quality but *refused* to lead their lives as if they “accepted” it.

No telling what was next. But now...he was willing to do whatever he was gently and internally guided to do to open the hearts and minds of everyone who came into his life! He knew that it was time for us all to wake up—otherwise the world would just keep getting more and more complicated and impossible to manage. (Its mere existence as a “collective dream” was actually a statement about everybody’s lack of self worth and selfishness.) Jay also unfortunately understood that sometimes that might mean that he might have to say or do something that was unpleasant or seemingly unkind to his ego, or others.

One thing that seemed to be changing about him was that he was becoming much more verbally open with others about his feelings in face-to-face encounters. Jay was losing all of his ego's self-created fear of disapproval and nonacceptance by others, more and more, lately. No "human being" likes to be shunned because of their feelings, attitudes, and beliefs, so most people keep theirs to themselves...including him, until now!

This was the end of the "Summer-in-Hell": learning to handle all chaos and fearfulness of being rejected by others—lovers, family, friends, and now, work associates (as you will soon see)—for standing up, completely and *appropriately* (when "inspired" to do so) for what he believes, in his Heart, to be correct. It was time to risk anyone's and everyone's nonacceptance or disapproval and do whatever it takes to be available to help others—even with the possibility of embarrassing himself through his own words or actions; losing the love of friends, family, and business associates; becoming labeled as being too intellectually "far out," bizarre, weird, or "crazy" in his views and being rejected by the public for them.

"Oh well," he thought, "it's just a *dream*! Why should I be concerned or afraid about what other 'dream-figures' think of me, or I, of myself? All I've got, and ever had, is my Self! No one—no matter how spiritually-advanced they get or love another—can ever KNOW someone else. They can learn about the universal dynamics, as manifested by their ego in others, though!"

“This is W-A-S-H, 97.1 FM, Minneapolis. I am Diedre Kaye, your morning host for news and commentary. Our guest today is Jay, a new author who has been defined as an ‘ordinary’ mystic and has recently published *Banished from the Sandbox*. In his late 40’s, Jay is described as having the high intellect of a college professor and the agelessness and heart of a spiritual master. He has been a businessman, a model, a college instructor, management consultant, spiritual teacher, orderly, chauffeur, laborer, poet, graphic designer...an ‘explorer’ of life-on-Earth.

“All right,” says Diedre, in a very smooth and silky voice, “let me begin with...you have been described as an ‘ordinary’ mystic but not a psychic. Tell me, how do you differentiate the two?”

Jay quickly responds in a very relaxed, laidback tone, “Very simply, a mystic is a person that learns to trust his or her ‘internal knowing’; whereas, a psychic will take that same type of intuitive knowledge—when they see something take place in the world *after* they become internally aware of its occurrence—and believe that ‘they’ *caused* it to happen. A mystic takes *no* responsibility for ‘how’ things happen, personally; whereas, the psychic usually *personalizes* the internal knowledge, the internal wisdom, that *everybody* has access to...”

Diedre softly acknowledges, “Ah...hmm.”

Jay continues, “And the psychic tends to believe they have a special gift that is their’s alone—uniquely their’s—that makes them ‘special,’ and *better* than someone else.”

Diedre starts to interrupt, “I see, so...”

But, Jay proceeds, “A mystic does *not* think he or she is better than anybodyelse!”

Diedre solidifies her understanding, “Okay. So, in publishing your thoughts, and what you’ve discovered, you’ve done it from a mystic’s standpoint in terms of just sharing something that is available to *everyone*?!”

“Exactly.”

Diedre, feeling satisfied, responds, “All right.”

To clarify his point, Jay goes on, “And...to show people that there is another way to go and that everybody, when they start to get internal wisdom *after* they begin to surrender their egos and learn to internally understand things from a higher point of view.”

“Uh...hmm,” responds Diedre, listening very attentively. You can sense that she is extremely interested in discussing the subject matter!

He finishes, “They don’t assume that they’re in a better position because of what happens. We are so used to believing that we ‘know’ things, *intellectually*—and our ‘mind’ *is* a special gift! We tend to glorify that so-called knowledge, but a mystic does *not* glorify his or her internal awareness.”

Changing the topic, Diedre demurely asks, “Okay. Tell me then, what is the overall purpose of your book? What do you hope to accomplish from people reading it?”

Jay answers, in his confident but relaxed tone, “Probably, a number of things. I think—when I began writing the book—it was written from a standpoint of ‘Isn’t there somebodyelse out there like me?’”

“Uh huh...”

“And then...I thought, ‘Well...the only way I am going to find out is to put down [on paper] what ‘I’ am like to really get a grasp of that—and what happens when one learns to ‘surrender their ego’ and to trust their *internal* wisdom, their internal guidance...their ‘higher Self,’ if you will.’”

Diedre pauses and internalizes Jay’s message. “Okay.”

He firmly states, “It is still a *human* self. It is *not* ‘beyond’ the world. A mystic is *not* a person who is ‘non-worldly’....”

“Okay,” acknowledges Diedre, again, very intently listening to his every thought.

“And, in conjunction with that, one of the things that I wanted to discover—the writings were basically a ‘process’ for me to understand what was going on in *my* world—was a *new* realization about a ‘different way’ to look at *everything*.”

She interprets, “So, it was therapeutic, in a sense, as well as a vehicle for possibly helping others?”

Emphatically, Jay replies, “Extremely! A *lot* of people may not realize this, but...whatever you do is always for yourself, *first*! And, a writer always writes for himself, first; and everybodyelse, secondarily.”

Surprised by his answer, Diedre perks up, “Uh huh. That’s great!” She then moves on to another topic, “What do you mean by the phrase ‘The physical universe is nothing more than the mis-creation of limitations’?”

Jay chuckles, “I am glad you asked. That...is one of my favorite points.”

Diedre, anticipating the answer, queries, “Okay?”

“Very simply, it deals with the fact that the world, as we know it—the physical universe—is basically an ‘illusion.’ It has a very illusory quality to it, and anything that has physical definition—such as our selves in human form—is automatically limited by it. For instance, we have to wear certain clothing to keep ourselves warm in particular climates; or in other climates we have to take clothes off; or we have to have air conditioning; or we have to have heating, and so forth. Also, because of our physical structures, we are limited in terms of our physical capabilities. Therefore...*anything* that is in physical form is an example of ‘limitation,’ and our spiritual nature—beyond our physical form—has *no* limitation!”

To clarify her understanding on this point, she asks, “So, focusing on getting *beyond* our physical sense is where we begin to *really* explore what is available to us?” and pauses.

Jay supportingly resounds, “Correct!”

Feeling reassured, Diedre mutters, “Okay,” hesitates, and mulls over what he has just said for a moment or two.

Realizing his comment needed to be corrected, Jay jumps in, “BUT...it is *not* our purpose to ‘go beyond’ our *physical* limitations! It is just an opportunity to ‘understand’ that there is *more* to ‘us’ than our physical limitations. And that it is a ‘process,’ an *intuitive* process, where we just *internally* realize things about the world and our selves, in a unique way. We see things *differently*. We see things more *lovingly*. We see things more *tolerantly*; we have greater patience. And...we have *far less* ‘value’ judgments and opinions and ‘attitudes’ about the people and the situations in the world.”

Proceeding on, Diedre asks, “You describe ‘life’ as being as simple as listening to your *heart* and *hearing* how to respond...”

Jay, acknowledging her, says, “Yes...”

And she continues, “And yet, people *relish* reciting the popular saying that ‘Life is a bitch, and then you die,’” and chuckles.

Jay does, also.

Diedre finishes her question. “If ‘life’ is really so *simple*, why do most people find it so difficult?”

He responds, “This world—because of the fact that it is a *physical* realm and because of its very nature—‘implies’ limitations...because of what I just mentioned, before. Umm. We *never* get beyond the limitations! That is not the ‘mystical’ approach to *internally* understanding what the world and people are all about. It is a matter of learning to *accept* ‘where’ we are...and to *see* it—in other words, to *understand* it differently—in a more loving, open-minded way.”

She asks, very piqued now, “So, *how* does a person get there? How do they get beyond that physical constraint?”

“Well, they *don’t*...get beyond it, per se! Because, the *only* way one gets totally beyond physical constraint is they *literally* have to die.”

“Uh huh.”

Jay goes on, “But we think of death as a very *un-nice* proposition.”

Diedre adds, “And the end!”

“Yeah...and the end!” he jokingly replies. “We need to *learn* to ‘surrender’ our selfish, *human* ego! By *selfish*, human ego, what I am describing is the *part* of us that

says ‘What’s in it for me?’ The *selfless*—loving, caring, tolerant—aspect of our ego, as I described in the book, is basically connected to God. ‘It’ is that *part* of us that is eternally and internally loving towards *everything* and *everyone*.

“Once we get to that point—by learning to *openly* look at or play out *all* of our selfish desires, wishes, and dreams and realize what they will and will not do for us, we reach *saturation*. Sometimes, it is called ‘burn-out’—and people experience it in their jobs and marriages, for instance. Those are the most typical examples. They *start* to ask the ‘basic’ questions...and there are really only two: ‘What am I *really*?’ and ‘What is my *real* purpose here?’ When we do that—when we realize we *can’t* be satisfied or fulfilled by our jobs and the people in our lives as well as various activities and fun ‘escapes’ that we have...and we start to ask the REAL questions...and when we really *desire* to have the answers to those two questions, we learn to SURRENDER and not try to figure ‘life’ out! At that point, the internalization, the intuitive knowledge—that basically is everyone’s ability to connect with God, if you will, because everyone is a *part* of God—*begins!*”

“Uh huh,” murmurs Diedre.

“When they do that, then the ‘internal’ understanding comes, and we are intuitively told the answers to all questions. But, they are *not* always given in the ‘form’ that we expect or demand them.

“And, isn’t there a fear in that?” asks Diedre.

Jay hesitates for a moment. “Well, the basic fear we all have—it’s part of our training here in physical form, in earth-life—is to not ‘know’ things. We want to be

educated and experience life and be able to take *past* situations and use those experiences and knowledge gained from them as the ‘basis’ for *all* future decisions and judgments.

“When one learns to surrender their ego ‘intellect’—from the standpoint of *not* trying to ‘figure out’ what the world is doing and *how* one is supposed to live their life, work, and interrelate with everyone in it, then they merely learn to *surrender* and follow their *heart* and do whatever they feel *guided* to do...particularly, if it comes from a loving, gentle, kind perspective, where they *don’t* try to ‘manipulate’ the world and the people in it.”

“Hmm,” Diedre ponders for a instant. “So. What kinds of problems—in just dealing in a society where the *majority* of people don’t think and live that way and when you choose to follow your heart and go against the grain—do you encounter?”

“Well, you shouldn’t really encounter *any*,” he replies, in his continual relaxed style. “I think the only major problem that I have ever experienced and have witnessed in others—who understand what I understand, and ‘live it’—is that when we do *not* do things as someone *typically* does when others do something to us...uh, let’s say they call us a name or they make a judgment about our character...we learn to be tolerant and not attack—or counter-attack and defend ourselves. That ‘defenselessness’ we exude tends to be a bit *unsettling* for some people. Because, for many of us, we’re taught to ‘stand up’ for ourselves, and traditionally, that seems to imply for some that we *should* attack back.

“A truly mystically-oriented person who is internally guided by the Love that is within them—and all of

us, actually—will not fight back. That *doesn't* mean that we don't speak up! It means that we don't *exhibit* the same behavior that other people do, and sometimes, that may seem like we are *not* standing up for ourselves in similar situations. All we are doing is merely recognizing that this person, who may be attacking us or making a value judgment about our character, is merely calling for *help...for Love*. We recognize that this person is not angry at *us*, or mad at us, but has a fear or guilt that has come up for them in 'relating' or working with us. And they become uncomfortable with 'it'—but think it is us! A mystically-oriented person recognizes that and doesn't counter-attack the person, back."

Diedre then asks, "Tell me how a mystically-oriented person would deal in a situation where they are a victim of a rapist or the parent of an abducted or murdered child?"

"Okay," Jay responds, and then waits a few moments. "In the situation of a rape, for instance, in the moment, when the actual event would be occurring—the attack—and I recognize 'this person is physically attacking me'...or some other person, be it a female... what the victim—understanding this consciousness—would do is they would try...because remember, we are still here in *human* form and this is a *lifelong* process..."

"Uh huh..." Diedre utters, awaiting the answer.

"To relax enough to get to the point of *beginning* the process—assuming that we have enough awareness when the event occurred and we are being assailed or raped. Then, what we would want to do is to surrender to *listen*—ask 'internally'—to what we feel *guided* to do. And, this takes place in an *instant*! In these kinds of

situations, you don't have a minute or two to say to the perpetrator 'Hold on a minute! I have to turn within to God'...or to my higher Self or whomever we like to imagine as our vehicle of internalized strength.

"One has to *have* enough of a 'foundation' to know 'Okay, I am in a chaotic situation right now that I don't like. My body is being *physically* assailed by someone else. This person is *not* attacking me, *personally*. They are calling for help. This person is calling for Love.' That is the transition! That is *all* that needs to be done! You then have to internally and peacefully follow what you need to do—whether it be to fight or to submit in that particular situation."

Clarifying her understanding, Diedre thoughtfully states, "So, depending upon the person, the action would be different."

Jay quickly and supportingly responds, "Absolutely! Every situation is different, and every situation has to be taken on its own merits. The *only* thing that is different about the process—the internal process, that we show in our book—is that one 'learns' *not* to judge the situation as just an attack upon themselves, personally."

"Uh huh," she replies.

"Now...if this cannot be done because the situation is so violent and so chaotic...umm...then the next best thing one does is—at the first point, during the situation or after the situation—try to be as quiet and as calm as possible...and again, this depends upon the individual and the situation...and ask, *internally*, to 'see the situation *differently*.' The *difference* that you learn to see is that this person is not personally attacking me but is merely calling for Love.

“There is something inside of them—just like a waitress who is having a ‘bad’ day and gives lousy service—that seems to be attacking us *but...* is really calling for us to accept them *beyond* their actions! And that’s what we are doing. The mystical-consciousness approach is to understand that, first of all, and then to try to be calm by really understanding that—by surrendering our *value* judgments: ‘Oh, *I* was attacked!’ and ‘This was a *horrible* thing!’—and not form opinions about the *quality*, or degree, of attack. Attack is attack in any form—be it only sarcasm! It just seems that the more physically-oriented and the more violent and the more rapid it is—etcetera—we believe it to be a more serious crime.”

Diedre jumps in, “That can be taken on an *individual* level as well—when a person learns about their *own* internal pain...”

Jay, giving her the lead, acknowledges, “Uh huh.” Since Diedre had shown such *great* interest in and respect for him and the concepts he presented during the entire interview, Jay took an *equal* “interest” in her feedback and input. They were having a mutually-wonderful time sharing together, like “old pals”! They were a very good example of like-conscious people joining on the level of the Heart-mind—*total* “acceptance” and *recognition* of their “sameness.”

She continues, “And begins comparing themselves ‘Oh, this wasn’t so bad...I mean...it could have been worse.’ And then, comes up with an idea that is even *more* physically horrendous.”

“Yeah...umm...that’s a typical situation for most of us to cope with a fearful situation to say ‘Well, it could have been worse,’” he interjects.

“Uh huh, it *negates*...” she begins.

Knowing where she was going, without her saying more, Jay expands on Diedre’s thought, “Right. And the mystical approach, the higher-conscious approach, would be not to do that. But to say, this is the situation and not try to ‘sugarcoat’ or ‘whitewash’ it and *accept* it, completely, for what it is. This was—on the surface—a violent crime or attack by one *body* upon another.

“When one learns to surrender their *ego*, they realize that they are a *mind*—and not just a body—and that their mind can *never* be assailed and *never* be attacked. Once one learns that—no matter what happens to them in the physical world, even though it may be displeasing to the human ego...and we never *totally* get beyond that as long as we are within the physical realm, they will be able to handle *all* chaos in a peaceful manner.”

Diedre adds, “I listened to a reporter who was attacked here in Minneapolis during the Rodney King uprising; and as a result of the attack, she was paralyzed and in a wheelchair for about 18 months...”

“Uh huh,” Jay thoughtfully responds, listening intently to her story.

“I heard her speak a couple of months ago, after she had been through *incredible* rehabilitation and was able to get her physical abilities back—to the point where she ‘walked’ into the interview. And when people asked ‘What happened to the assailant? How do you feel? Tell us about your anger!,’ she was *so calm* and said ‘I have nothing but sadness for that person.’ It was incredible!

The *silence* that came over that group and the *feeling* that she was sending out, in terms of recognizing that HE *couldn't* take away her drive, her love..."

"Right..." he utters, studying her every word.

"And he damaged her, *physically*! But, he couldn't touch her *mind*, and I attribute that to her being able to 'give' to that person and recognize the sadness that existed in him that was so angry over *his* own pain. She said 'He wasn't hurting *me*' and named herself. You know, it was just an *act*, and I happened to be there.' It was an incredible experience to hear that."

"Uh huh!" Jay replies and adds, "what she did is what is known, in new terms, as having a *miracle*, which is really a 'correction in perception.' What she did—and the example you gave, by the way, is *excellent*—is exactly what we are talking about...developing a new *attitude*. And when we develop that new attitude—in what is typically a horrendous situation, the majority of people have historically reacted—but, this is changing—only to the 'outer' manifestation. When someone appears to be able to forgive that, people don't understand the *internal* wisdom that 'comes' and how we learn to view these situations. They have difficulty understanding that because they don't have that same perception."

"Uh huh," she acknowledges as she continues to pay close attention to what he has to say.

"And that is where the difficulty for someone like that reporter—not for her, but for the people around her—comes. It is *their* discomfort with the fact that she is 'not' angry and *their* value judgment and *their* opinion and *their* attitude..."

Diedre interjects, “That’s what she should have said.”

He continues, “Their ‘opinion’ is that she *should* react, *should* be angry, and *should* be hurt. If we don’t take that attitude...once we realize that we really *are* a ‘mind’ that can never be assailed—that is the *spiritual* part of us, our ‘Reality,’ that makes us unique, above all *things*, we will ‘know’ that we are FREE, at *all* times, and we can never be hurt. That is all there is to it.”

She jumps in, “I remember when I heard her. I felt such comfort, and I just wanted to applaud her—and within my heart I did so. But, I was surprised by the fact that she was a young woman. She is probably 28 – 29 years old, and my immediate thinking was ‘My, what a wise person for being so young!’ Why is that?”

Jay comments, without answering, “I agree.”

“Most of what we read about people who have found this calmness, this higher Self...” she continues.

“Uh huh...” he attentively utters, anticipating her question.

“Tends to be people that are over 40. Why do you think that is?” Diedre finishes.

Jay cheerily answers—since she has hit upon one of his favorite topics, “It is *real* simple. It *usually* takes a life-changing, life-altering situation; and typically, people over 40 have been through *enough trauma* in their life with children, with their own family and siblings, with their job situations and job histories, with the people they work with to be *open* to finding it. By the time people are in their 40’s, they have experienced the ups and downs of life sufficiently, have been through enough chaotic situations, and usually have had *at least*

‘one’ life-altering, life-changing situation to *start* to question the ‘reality’ of the physical world. And when that happens—once they begin to *question* it, the ‘*internal wisdom*’ comes—when they *surrender*.

“It is amazing that someone as young as that reporter in her late 20’s had the ability to be that open-minded and forgiving. I have seen it in people in their *teens*, and particularly, in children *below* the age of 12—before they start to develop an ego-identity where they want to assert themselves, which seems to take place at about seventh grade, junior high, age 12! Up to that point and usually after ‘40,’ that’s when people tend to be more open. They start to go back to find a better and simpler way of living in a chaotic world.

“This world does nothing but get more and more chaotic, every day—as it *progresses*—because there are more and more people. And more people means there is more input into the world and the more demands there are placed upon it—and us.”

With her soft and silky voice reaching a slight crescendo, Diedre adds, “I also have a theory, and I am wondering what your thinking is on this. As we teach our children—and you wrote about your relationship with your daughter and her intuitive abilities—about this ‘openness’ and encourage them to hang onto it...and I believe that they naturally *have* it from the time they are *born*, they will continue to *develop* it. Interestingly enough, this reporter was a native-American, and when I heard that, I was not surprised—because of the spirituality that is in her culture.”

“Right!” agrees Jay.

“But, I am thinking that being over 40 is the ‘common’ factor?”

He disagrees, in a thoughtful, gentle tone, “No. It is just my experience that most people go through this—what I call the mid-life ‘reality’ crisis—*usually* between the ages of 30 and 55, clinically speaking. I think the medical profession, psychiatrists and the doctors, would find that most people in that age range start to experience a physical change, in addition to a mental change, that starts to make them want to see things differently. But, there isn’t anything hard and fast that defines this phase.

“And what people, who understand this, *know* is... that we are *all* ‘connected’ on the level of the mind. It *doesn’t* mean that we can necessarily hear each other’s *thoughts*. But—and this can be very unsettling to people—there are several situations people experience every day in their life where they *intuitively* ‘know’ what other people want or need. For some *unexplainable* reason, they just ‘know’ what to provide—whether it be an answer or a service or what have you. And maybe, it is totally unbeknownst, consciously, to themselves, but the *other* person may recognize it. It is this *internalization* and this *internal-linking* between ALL of us that we learn to trust.”

Diedre concludes, “That’s what you are talking about when you say that ‘*all* minds are joined’!?”

“Exactly!” he exclaims.

Diedre announces to the listening audience, “We’ll be right back.” There is a delightful and soothing interlude of mesmerizing music, and the interview pauses for

a couple of minutes while the radio station takes a commercial break.

They come back on, and Diedre begins again, “I have another question for you. Help us to see the difference between responsibility and obligation. In your book, *BANISHED...from the Sandbox*, you stated that ‘we often confuse responsibility with *obligation*.’ Would you expand on that?”

“Very simply. Responsibility, typically in the world—and I am saying this from a *historical* perspective because everything that I say about the world is *up to this point*...and it can change in a *heartbeat*—seems to *only* mean obligation. When we say ‘this is your *responsibility*,’ we are *really* saying ‘this is your *obligation*.’ In other words, it is a *demand* placed on us to perform or to take action or to...umm...be obligated *for* another person or group.”

Diedre thoughtfully acknowledges, “Okay.”

“Whereas, obligation means obligation! And the reason I wanted to delineate the difference between the two in my book is the fact that there is a *new way* of looking at responsibility. If you take this word—as a matter of fact, if you take all words, and look at them and their root derivation—the one thing that you’ll learn is that words are made up of *parts*. For instance the word “responsibility” means—if you look at its *root* form, *not* its colloquial or its common usage—‘the *ability* to respond.’

“But, we don’t particularly look at responsibility that way, and we don’t typically *teach* that here! And that was my reason for bringing it up in the book. That is what we *have* to do.” Becoming more emphatic, now—

departing, somewhat, from his laidback style—Jay states, “We have to *learn* to be ‘able to respond’...in the *moment*—without necessarily using *prior* judgment!”

And returning to his more gentle tone as Jay relaxes in his seat, he finishes his thought, “What we are talking about here is *SURRENDERING*. That is our *real* responsibility...our need to respond, in the moment...to *internally listen* to our higher Self, our real Self—which is *us*—‘It’ is *not* something ‘beyond’ us...and to do what we *truly* feel ‘guided’ to do from a *loving* standpoint. That is what we are talking about here.”

Appearing as if she was about to change the subject, Diedre asks, “Did you have...this is just a thought that just popped into my head, remembering that you spent time in Utah...did you encounter Stephen Covey, at all?”

He obliges, “No, that name doesn’t ring a bell. I’m sorry.”

“He’s from the Salt Lake City area,” and he has written a best-seller, “*The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People*.” That *very* topic is one of the things that he focuses on as well as the ‘ability to respond’ and that we have to look at that in terms of our *obligations*!” Diedre cheerfully adds, as if she had just realized a common truth for herself, for the first time.

“Well, see...I’m *not* unique!” Jay chuckled. “And that’s....”

“Well, isn’t that the mission?!” chimes in Diedre, cutting him off in mid-sentence.

“That really is! I mean the *truly* mystically-oriented person—and this is *not* to put labels on people—who learns to *trust* their ‘internal’ wisdom recognizes that we are *all* joined together on the level of the mind. And we

all have access to the *same* loving consciousness and the knowledge—the intuitive-understanding—that goes with it! We have...I mean...there might be hundreds...or hundreds of thousands...and maybe, even *millions* of Jays and Steve Coveys that ‘know’ this but have never thought about it *until* Steve or Jay ‘said’ it! And then, it comes to *their* mind, ‘Of course, I’ve known that...all along!’ That’s typically what internal wisdom is. It’s like, ‘Oh, of course...ah hah...that’s *the* answer!’”

Quickly moving on, as if she doesn’t want to miss any area, Diedre says, “I think another point that you brought out in your book—that is *so critical* for us to remember—is the *need* for ‘repetition’...”

Jay agrees, in his usual mellow tone, “Exactly.”

She continues, “And...umm...it’s how we can—to not only have them go ‘Ah hah!’—have them *keep* hearing it. And that’s important! That is *the* important part—for it to get to the point where *all* people do.”

He adds, “That gets into another book that I’ve written, which isn’t out, right now. That is in my second book, where we get into putting it into practice and...uh...the discipline—the internal discipline—where we *finally* have to make the decision to say, ‘I’ve heard the ‘ah hah’—that realization...now, what am I going to do about it?’ In other words, we typically act like childlike people on Earth and go ‘Ah hah...yes...that’s great, that’s wonderful,’ BUT we *don’t* put it into practice!”

“Uh huh,” agrees Diedre.

“It’s like people who go to church every Sunday; and then, as soon as they walk out of church, they will make a *judgment* about their friend or something, which is totally anti-Christian. If they were *really* practicing

it, they would NOT make value judgments and have opinions and ‘attitudes’ about *anybody* or *any* situation! But...it takes a *lot* of practice, and we shouldn’t beat ourselves up when we catch ourselves doing it. We should just ‘recognize’ when we do it, *stop* doing it and *want* to see things *differently*.”

Diedre remarks, in a concerned manner, “That’s a good reminder!” and moves on to another area. “So, tell me, Jay, how did the women in your life help you to become the person that you are today?”

Jay chuckles. “Well, in my case, I happen to be a bachelor. I have been married twice, but between marriages and since my last one, there were goodly periods of ‘alone’ time. Your intimate, or in my case, my intimate relations—whether they be with family members or lovers, wives, girlfriends, boyfriends—are the relationships where you really learn to see *yourself*. And the people who we are partnered with, whether it be for life or for a moment, *offer* us—in *every* moment—an ‘opportunity’ to see how we ‘are’—by how we judge them, and therefore, ourselves! So...to say ‘What did these women do for me?’—they did *wonders* for me. They showed me *every* ‘fear’ I ever had because it *always* ‘takes one to know one’!

“You can’t ‘see’ something in someone else *unless* you have it within *you*...let me fine tune that a little bit because someone will say, ‘Well, I’ve seen someone murder a child, but I’m not a murderer.’ ‘No,’ but we *all* have a ‘sense of attack’ within us. ALL of our *egos* have a sense and a ‘need’ to *counter-attack*—to *defend* themselves—when we feel violated. And it can be done sarcastically with *words* or in a little *expression*, but it is all the *same*.

An attack is an attack is an attack; and if I counterattack your attack upon me, then 'I' am doing the *very same* thing to you that you did to me!"

She adds, "Then perhaps, the better question is 'Where is it coming from...why am I doing that?'"

He emphatically responds, "Yes!! And to go back to your reporter...what she was doing was saying 'I CHOOSE *not* to attack...I CHOOSE *not* to counter-attack...I CHOOSE *not* to defend my ego—my human-ness!' And *that*...is the difference between an 'internally-guided' person—coming from a *loving* consciousness, understanding that we are more than our mere human form—and one who is not. They understand that there is a 'reality' beyond our physical limitations. And once we tune into that, we 'surrender' our neediness-aspect of our human ego and let it go. Then internal wisdom and invulnerable-defenselessness 'comes,' more and more, every day of our life, every moment of our life...*sometimes*, but not *all* the time! Because...let's face it, as long as we're here, we are going to have *human* needs that should *not* be overlooked and should be taken care of...within reason."

Diedre, excitedly interjects, "I have another question—in terms of your reference to the 'mentally-androgynous' state of mind. And my question—being a person over 40—is: are you sure it is contributed to 'being'—working—*within* your higher Self...and not just a mid-life shift of *hormones*?"

Jay laughs, briefly. "Well...again...things that take place physically are due to an internal, mental condition *within* ourself. I don't want to get into any lengthy discussion, right now. But basically, I want to say that *all*

physical manifestations have a *mental* cause, per se. Usually an 'attitude' is the *cause*—*not* necessarily a 'thought'! A non-Christian—an un-loving—'feeling' toward someone or something can create this same kind of a negative attitude about What we all are."

Diedre, projecting the need to wrap up the interview, asks, "And finally...do you include yourself in 'New Age' thinking, or do you separate yourself from that...and how?"

"Well...'New Age,' unfortunately, has a stigma attached to it, so I don't think of myself as that. New Age, metaphysics, psychics, and all of that—crystals, channels, and so forth...there is a relevancy to *all* of it. So, we need to look at everything with an 'open mind'—where we don't have an opinion or an attitude based upon a previous judgment about these things. I don't see myself as a New Age person. I see what we are talking about as a 'new awareness.' But...that has been happening since the *beginning* of time; and its an *on-going* process, so it's *not* really 'New Age'! We have been *in* a new age, or a 'new *consciousness*,' since the very start of life-on-Earth because we have evolved mentally and dramatically—with *astounding* results! Look at what has happened in Berlin and Russia, for instance. I mean ...if that's not astounding, then I don't know what is!?"

"So, your book is available at local bookstores?" she concludes.

He answers, "It is available at *all* bookstores. If they don't have it on their shelves, yet, because it has just come out, they can order it through BookMasters, which they can find by calling '800' directory assistance. Or...if

people would like to read the book 'for free,' they can go to their local public library and ask them to order it."

Diedre responds, in a perky but sultry voice, "Great! *BANISHED from the Sandbox*. Thank you *so much*, Jay. We really appreciate your being with us today!"

"Thank *you*, Diedre!" he replies, in an equally upbeat tone.

The mesmerizing music returns...and fades.

Saturday evening, around 5 o'clock, Jay was slumped in his sling-back deck chair in his room thinking about going out to dinner. Even though it was the beginning of October, it was still warm, balmy, and in the eighties—such is the contemplative life in Florida, the land of perpetual summer. He thought "Maybe, I should give my mother a call and take her to dinner." (She lived an hour and 15 minutes south along the coast in Jupiter, just 13 miles north of West Palm Beach.) After debating about it for a few minutes, he decided against it—primarily since her birthday was later that month and he would take her out for dinner, then.

Although Jay was tolerant of most people's ego judgments, he preferred the company of those who did not "voice" their negative attitudes about other people and situations. His mother had traditionally and frequently been one of those who strongly and habitually did so—because of her upbringing (i.e., her mother's chronic complaining and childlike, self-centered focus) and the generation she was raised in. (She was getting much better at *not* doing it, though—possibly because he always picked her up on it whenever he caught her in the act. As

Jay always said to her, “Why are you having an *attitude* about a ‘dream’...an illusion...a fantasy? Why make it ‘real’ and unpleasant for your self, and others who are around you, by doing that?”) Therefore, he thought “I think I’ll just have a nice quiet meal out by myself—since I truly am the only real ‘company’ I have—rather than listening to someone’s dissertation about the world, or my own, if asked!”

Jay hopped into his white sports car and drove to a local fast-food restaurant he enjoyed. As he walked up to the counter, a diminutive woman about his mother’s age (70-ish), height, weight, and physical appearance and demeanor came up behind him and hurriedly stepped in front of him to the young black girl, who was the server. In a style very reminiscent of his mother, she slapped a “coupon” down on the counter (his mother hardly ever went out to eat without one) and placed her order ahead of him—as if she didn’t even notice him there.

When the lady’s order came, she argued with the girl about the “cost” (which was also typical of his mother), stating that *she* (the young girl) “Better go figure it out because she gave her the wrong change.” Then another server, this time a young man, tried to help the girl figure the change. No one could get it right, including an older member of the restaurant staff, to suit the lady.

Suddenly, Jay—who was standing next to the lady at the counter, at this point—felt this urge and mechanically, *without thinking*, reached over to the coupon and spun it around so he could read it. (It was unusual for him to involve himself in other people’s disputes!) And, without having paid any attention to the details of the conversation as to the exact amount involved, he stated

in a matter-a-factish, non-judgmental tone to the lady “The price for the two sandwiches is ‘\$2.**69**’...not \$2.00!” Thus, explaining to her why the amount of change she got from the girl was correct, but not what she *expected* because she was in too much of a rush to read the coupon more carefully. (He had seen his mother do the same thing many times, over the years.)

The lady, looking very sheepish, then apologized to Jay for her error. He, not wanting to be parental toward her, did not look her in the eyes and said in his typical, off-hand tone, and jokingly “Don’t apologize to me...apologize to her (meaning the young server behind the counter, who she had been giving the hard time to).” To his surprise, the lady did so! And he silently thought to himself “Maybe, IT’s working (meaning his *realization* of the Truth about the unreality of the physical universe and the recognition of the Love that exists within everyone—over several years!)” The lady left and then he got his order.

As Jay walked over to the table with his order to sit down and eat it, he contentedly acknowledged how wonderful it had been that the lady could surrender her ego and apologize to the young black girl. He felt very pleased and happy for them. Then he rolled back in his seat while eating his sandwich and silently chuckled to himself “And here I thought I was going to escape a typical evening with my mother and ended up meeting her in *another* form!! I guess there is just no escaping life’s lessons!” He finished his meal a little while later.

When he walked out to his car in the warm night air with the sun starting to set and the sky slightly aglow, Jay pondered the possibility that he might be involved in

other “less than pleasant” encounters with people, in similar situations like that evening. “Boy,” he wondered, “who would ever have thought that being an ‘angel’ would mean being less than saintly and innocent and silent?!”

Driving home, Jay realized that the character of Jonathan Smith, an angel sent by God to Earth to help people, in the old television show, *Highway to Heaven*, really exists in all of us! (Only, God would never send us, or anyone, here.) In other words and unbeknownst to most people, Jay realized that *everyone* is an angel helping each other to work through their ego-stuff and attachments here in the illusion—until they become aware of the Love that is their very Essence and of the fact that this is a “dream of limitation” that God would never have created because of its lack of perfection.

“Who would ever have thought that angels would demonstrate un-pleasant situations and characteristics for each other?!” he pondered. And then, he thought of the strongly-worded letter he felt guided to write to a difficult individual he worked with that past summer—principally, to overcome his previous reluctance to deal with outwardly-confrontational issues and loss of self-respect for not doing so; and secondarily, to assist her (another fellow “angel,” who provided him with the “opportunity” to practice his new found courage to speak up in the most effective and tactful manner possible, while being sufficiently forceful—*without* being vindictive) with her “learning lessons” about not having to always be “right” and in-control and have her way. The letter follows.

October 12, 1993

Cynthia Howard
Customer Service
Reilly Press International
5476 Collins Road
Richmond, Virginia 22101

Dear Cynthia:

I chose to laugh last night at 7 o'clock when I received the 3½" computer disk from you, for our last job, *triple*-wrapped within two, "large" padded-envelopes and a cardboard floppy disk mailer (which would have been sufficient by itself!). There certainly have been a comedy of errors associated with this past project. I have *never* felt the need to write to *any* person I have worked with, until now—and this is the second time! If this had been our *first* job with Reilly, it would be our LAST—because of all the events chronicled below:

- July 30: You informed us that we would have to pay *more* for two items that were "specified" on our proposal submitted by Reilly (in Carlton). From the beginning, this job seemed like *yours* rather than ours—looking back on it. (We took your suggestion of utilizing the "Devon" cover-stock material—after seeing flat samples you provided. This turned out to be "far inferior" when actually *applied* to a book than the Arrestox B that we have been using...but we approved the change as well as agreeing to pay additional

monies for the carton divider materials. My letter, dated August 8, detailed the circumstances surrounding that.)

- At that same time, you *casually* mentioned that the “ship date” for the book was “the first week in September” (see my letter to you, dated 7/30, and my *unmailed* [until now] letter to you, dated 9/20), which turned out to be a week later (9/17)—*officially*, on your schedule—and was very late for our needs (that we could not tell you about because you were unavailable [on vacation] when we were notified about it, at the last minute, *during* the first week in September. Subsequently, there were two more production delays, which put it out to 9/27. (Fortunately, you were able to improve that to 9/25, for which I thanked you—as well as the general appearance of the advance copies we received on 9/27.)

- In that same 7/30 letter, I requested that 200 extra, flat, dust jackets be produced, with half of them to be sent directly to us and the remainder to be shipped with the books. (*All* of the them went with the books, *without* any word from *you* that had happened. I had to call around to find out what happened to them. As a matter of fact, when I called you on 9/30 about them and left you a number to call me, which I was at *all* day, you called *Darla* instead and had her relay the information to me! I feel sorry that Darla, who is extremely helpful and gracious [over the last three

years, that I have had the pleasure to work with her], has had to take care of a lot of *your* “loose ends,” as you will see below.)

- On September 27, when I called and thanked you for expediting the job at the last minute, I apologized for being negative and said “But only 4 of the 5 ‘change’ pages on the ‘blue-lines’ were taken care of...leaving one of the most critical, uncorrected.” (Someone should have checked to make sure *all* were taken care of. As I told Pauline, who was filling-in for you while you were gone, “I don’t need blue-lines for such a few number of page changes...if I can’t ‘trust’ you [i.e., Reilly] to make them, I shouldn’t be doing business with you!”—when she asked if I wanted them, then. Plus, there also wasn’t enough time to get them back and approve them without seriously jeopardizing the then already-critical shipping schedule.) You calmly and courteously took down the pertinent information to correct the appropriate film and *agreed* to send me a “blue-line” of the remaining uncorrected page (#4)—*before* returning the computer disk to me. (The films for the entire job were shipped to Carlton, per my request to Darla, and arrived there on 10/7. *They* have not received the cover dies, however! And, I just received the computer disk last night. BUT...I *still* have not gotten the “blue-line” of that one page!! During a quick phone call to Darla today [10/12], she informed me that you told her that “Richmond” *made* the changes on the film [but, again,

you did not let me know that you, or someone else, forgot to make me a “blue-line”], and *she* would locate it and have it done—even though it was *not* her job to do it, in the first place!)

- On that same day, we received two advance books—that we desperately needed, one of which had a bent spine and wrinkled jacket and could not be used for anything. The outside box and the interior packing were in *excellent* condition, so I have to assume that it was damaged being “placed” *in* the box. (This may seem “trivial,” but it demonstrates the *lack* of concern and reasonable care from you, that I have witnessed during this entire project in Richmond—and *this* is the first mentioning I have made to you about it. The next item, below, elaborates on this. The packaging of the disk was the *reverse*—“overkill”...and perhaps, an attitudinal “message”?! Also, it seemed like *half* the time—when I briefly spoke with you on the phone, during the previous three months, you were “preoccupied,” *doing* things, other than listening to me.)

- On September 30, we received the special shipment of two cartons of books that we requested. *Half* of the books in one box were “water damaged” because the carrier, who picked them up the next day (10/1), obviously let one side of the box sit in water (i.e., it was “soggy”). The rest were fine. The other box was a different matter. *Half* of the books in it were clearly damaged (i.e., bent

spines and wrinkled dust jackets) *prior to* or *during* packing because the outer carton was perfect and the dividers were well in place. (I would *not* expect you to have *any* responsibility in that operation! You'd have to tell someone to deliberately do it—the damage was that *unnecessary*.) We ended up with one carton, in other words. We are still awaiting to hear from the carrier on it, who, on their own accord, said “They would ship them to you (*Richmond*) after they inspected the damage.” (I hope you [or Darla, if need be] will have approximately \$140—to cover the total damage of *both* cartons [I put the *damaged* books from the other carton in the carton with the “soggy” books]—deducted from our overall invoice since U.P.S. has told us that they will *not* reimburse us...*only* the sender, Reilly in Richmond! The carrier still has not told us anything, so I assume they will notify Richmond. Will you, *please*, let me know what's going on with these as soon as you know?!)

The reason that I have even bothered to write this is so that you can personally learn from this and take whatever steps necessary to not let similar situations occur again. I *hate* to write this kind of a letter...and *twice* (both to you) has been a real bother. I never have felt the need to do this, before...and I hope I *NEVER* feel the need to write another “nit-picky” letter like this, again—ever! Please understand, I am *not* looking to “harpoon” you or for an apology, which you did once already, three months ago...and I was impressed with you for doing so—and

gratefully thanked you. (We even laughed, together, about improving our future working-relationship, *then*—which “throws me for a loop,” *now!*)

I just feel that it’s important to *not* let these issues “slide under the rug” unresolved...as “I” *have*, in the past. I have worked with several people at Reilly, from all different departments, over the past three years—on five jobs, now...and there have been some *major* “screw-ups,” like missing headbands and footbands and half of a title missing on a cover. But, *no one* has ever “avoided” me or delayed in taking care of the problems in a timely manner, before! The sales and customer service persons in Carlton were *extremely* efficient in taking care of them. Because of our past working relationship with them, we will probably continue to do so and is the reason I asked Darla to have all the production materials sent to them *after* you corrected the one film-page and sent me a “blue-line” of it.

I have a feeling that if I was from a major account, like HarperCollins, I would not have personally received the treatment, or lack of attention, I got from you (and/or Richmond—since you don’t correct film and pack cartons of books). Since I accept that I have a role in this situation with you, I have sincerely and deliberately taken a long look at how I might have caused it. The only thing I have been able to come up with is that I am not a bit “stand-offish” with most people and like to work with them the same as friends and family—and have, for the most part. Maybe, that’s the problem because no one can get “under our skin” like *family*

members. They help us to see *our* worst traits, which doesn't make us happy to have to deal with our "feelings"! Maybe, I remind you of someone, like that, who you dislike? I also have had the courage to "speak-up" and write to you (i.e., my first time with a non-family member or non-intimate relationship) when I thought you were incorrect or inappropriate about some things. No one's ego likes that; but "adults" own their *act*, take steps to correct it, and move on.

Cynthia, I *sincerely* hope you benefit from this because...it's the last *direct* effort I am going to make on your behalf. Thank you for the opportunity to do so! Good luck!

Best regards,

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be the name 'Jay'.

JAY
for Eden Gray, Publisher

enclosure

P. S. My publisher asked that I not send the enclosed letter *until* the last job was done. So, I apologize for its lateness.

(Note: All the supervisory people involved, to include the head of the division, were copied-in to ensure that

this matter would be addressed by Cynthia and them!
The enclosure follows.)

September 20, 1993

Dear Cynthia,

I am writing this as a reminder that it is imperative for *us* to maintain the latest “scheduled ship date” of Monday, September 27 and that we need to have two “advance copies” here no later than September 28 (per our phone conversation last Friday, 9/17)! If we don’t receive them by then, we may miss all opportunity—which is “chancy,” at best, at this point—to be on display, as scheduled, at the Frankfurt Book Trade Show in Germany, which is very important for us to secure international rights.

Out of five jobs we have done with Reilly over the past three years, this is the first one to be late. (And, the first one we’ve done in Richmond.) You sounded *adamant* last Friday when you stated that “The original scheduled ship date has *always* been 9/17!” after I asked you “Do you remember *your* telling me, back when we first began working on this project [around the end of July and the first of August], that ‘the ship date was the first week in September’ [Friday, September 10 would have been okay for us]?” You then suggested that I “must have heard that date from Darla or someone else ...but not you!” (“Overly-quick assertiveness,” without the willingness to be open-minded, is not always indicative of correctness, however, and can be a *defensive*, ego

maneuver to maintain one's "control.") Even though I disagreed with you and told you that I was confident that "I heard it from you and not Darla because she was not 'in the loop,' as far as schedule went, at that point," I dropped the subject because I had no desire to start an argument with you.

Admittedly, at the beginning of the project, "I" may have misinterpreted your verbal quote on the cover-stock material needed as \$125, instead of 125 *yards*—which I misquoted in my letter of July 30. So, I am not perfect or beyond reproach...nor have ever thought myself to be! But...in that same letter, I re-quoted *your* "casual" statement to me over the phone during those negotiations that "the [job] will *ship* the first week in September," as follows: "When the job is finished (estimated to be *the first week in September*)....," as confirmation. Even though I was *certain* that I had *only* heard that time period mentioned *once*, and by you *then*, the letter you sent back in reply on August 2 to clarify the cover-stock material issue made no attempt to correct that understanding on my part or your misstatement. I chose not to make an "issue" of it on the phone the other day. The facts speak for themselves.

I actually heard that the "scheduled ship date" was 9/17, for the *first* time, during the week of 9/7–10, while you were on vacation. When I called Pauline, who was filling-in for you while you were gone, on Tuesday (9/7),—after the holiday weekend—to confirm the arrival of the corrected "blue-lines" and the computer disk (which she did), she then told me that was the "original"

ship date when I asked her if there would be any schedule delay “to incorporate the changes on five pages of the text” in our book. (She didn’t *think* so—while she confirmed to me that they merely “strip-in” the corrected film pages, which are directly generated from my computer disk, into the “signatures” [16-page films].) I was shocked and concerned because Friday, 9/10 (the original ship date to my knowledge, until just then) would have permitted us ample opportunity to get an advance copy to the Frankfurt Book Trade Show by the *required* 9/28 date! I was not sure that I might be able to with the 9/17 date.

You can imagine how perplexed I was to hear from your Tuesday, 9/14, message, that you left with our answering service at 6:09 P.M. (which told me things were not going well *there* because of the lateness of the hour of the call—two hours later than normal), that the ship date was now being delayed until Thursday, 9/23. (To us, that was the second, and by now catastrophic, delay in a week!) By the time I got your message, you were out of the office for the next two days on a business-charity function. Since your supervisor, Carol, was out then, too, I didn’t know where to turn to determine the severity of the situation, how dependable the new date was, or how to recover from it. But, I did leave a message on your voice mailbox *pleading* with you to call me *as soon as possible* on our *private*, direct-access, telephone number, up until 11 A.M. or after 2 P.M.. I had to wait *two days later*, until Friday, 9/17, to talk with you and figure out how to possibly make our trade show commitment (which is also a very “big deal” for us, *financially*!)

When I got back from lunch at 1:45 P.M., after having waited anxiously *most* of the morning for your call, I called our answering service and found out that you called *them* at 10:47 A.M. and left the message that “the books are now shipping: Monday, 9/27.” Because that is the *day before* I needed to have a copy in Frankfurt, panic set in! When I called you as soon as I could, you informed me that due to production delays and the fact that two presses were down there was no way to improve that date. Even though it is possible that production of a “bestseller” can *bump* another’s schedule there in Richmond because they have priority, as I had heard, you reassured me that was *not* the case in this situation! (I found out today that Carlton has the same policy for major contractors, which doesn’t make “small fish,” like us, feel very secure if we have an important deadline.)

Being unaware of your official schedule has caused us both needless hassles. If I had known that the original ship date was 9/17, not Friday, 9/10, we could have taken steps early to minimize our schedule risk and eliminate any tensions between us. I would never have felt the need to write this letter! And, you and I could have prevented this situation and concern on my part to meet our business objectives.

Additionally, “blue-line” production printing-proofs are normally expected to be returned by the customer (us) *after 2–3 days*—for a total cycle of 4–5 days including shipping. On this job, we had *less than 24 hours* because we got them around 1 P.M., Friday, 9/3, and had to have them at the post office by noon the next day (Saturday) to

get them to you on the requested date of Tuesday, 9/7, (and I assumed the *required* one, in order to maintain shipment schedule) since Monday was a holiday. According to you, there is “*no* time allowed” in Richmond’s schedule to permit corrected changes noticed by us on the “blue-lines”—which I find amazing since you had the material for at least four weeks prior to production! (Carlton anticipates 2 – 4 days for this “in-house” in their schedule, for anything other than major changes. We had five pages that needed to be changed, which is relatively minor.)

Cynthia, this has been an incredible, personal learning experience for me, and I thank you for it since only *you* could have brought it to me! (I hope you have gained something from it, too.)

Best wishes,

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be the name 'JAY' written in a cursive, flowing script.

JAY

(Note: A week later, Jay received a letter from Bradley Rockway, the division vice president and head of the Book Group for the 128 year old printing company, stating that he was “amazed” by the information in his copy of my letter; that he had taken steps to insure that major communication breakdowns of this sort do not occur again; and that he hoped that Jay would *continue* to do business with them.)

With No Purpose... of His Own

One evening, Jay was sitting in Eden's living room when she fell across the following passage from a book. She read it out loud:

"Forget about likes and dislikes. They are of no consequence. Just do what must be done. This may not be happiness, but it is *greatness*."

—George Bernard Shaw

"Well, that certainly says it all...from my perspective!" said Jay, after she read it, as he had always wondered what he should be doing here—in addition to learning the Truth. Since he seldom got any internal direction—other than to put his feelings down in writing, external corroboration of the lack of *necessary* actions while in the physical universe provided comfort for his ego.

Later that week, Jay's friend Lindsay sent him a cartoon, which showed a dog, lying on top of his dog house, muttering silently to his human friend below that

in life “We just deal with the hand that we have been dealt.” Again, this provided solace for his “ancy” ego.

After being apart for six months, Lindsay came to Florida to visit Jay for a three-day weekend, the second week in December. (He felt that she had grown enough since their last phone conversation a month ago that it was “safe” to invite her, meaning that she no longer seemed obsessively-attached to him.) He drove two hours northwest inland to Orlando to pick her up early Thursday night. Since it was fairly cool (in the low 60’s) and breezy, Jay wore his khaki trousers, wine-colored, cotton, v-neck sweater, casual, holey loafers (without socks), and his usual white, short-sleeved, cotton polo shirt—instead of his usual khaki, twill shorts and form-fitting leather sandals.

As soon as she got off the plane dressed in her distinguished-looking business-attire (dark brown wool skirt; autumn-colored, houndstooth-checked, collarless sport coat; cream-colored, silk blouse; color-coordinated, patterned silk scarf draped over her shoulders; dark brown pumps; and, of course, her Southern-belle pearl necklace and matching earrings)—which was appropriate, considering she had just come from her position as the Director of Development for the new natural history museum in Atlanta, she walked very slowly and cautiously up to Jay with a pleasant smile, but a somewhat perplexed attitude.

He took the lead and leaned down and gave her a short, brotherly kiss on the lips and a brief hug because he sensed her dismay. Then Lindsay expressed her sense

of confusion or disorientation: “It feels different [being back here with you in Florida]...sort of strange...not what I expected”—rather than “Hi...it’s nice to see you...after all this time!” Jay said he understood, still smiling and maintaining his pleasant, content disposition (that he is noted for). They walked casually side-by-side and talked about general news in each others lives since they last spoke, like “family” members do when they have been apart for awhile. There was no neediness (of him) in her demeanor, which pleased, and somewhat surprised, Jay.

Since neither of them had dinner, they stopped at Jay’s favorite Chinese restaurant an hour directly-east on the coast. This time they sat across from each other—rather than next to each other, as they used to. (It was obvious to both of them that their relationship had lost that tension-riddled edge that *needy*, romantic, hormone-pumping ones do...much to Jay’s relief. He happily took it as a sign that theirs was finally and truly *healed* or matured into a brotherly relationship.) They drove back to his place in Vero Beach and got there late in the evening, so they went straight to bed.

The next morning, Jay took Lindsay for his usual walk on the beach in the bright, midday sun. It got up to the mid-70’s. She thoroughly enjoyed it. At noon, they went together for his usual Friday catfish-dinner lunch with the boys from the Pipe Den at the newly-refurbished country-style cafe in the small downtown section. She enjoyed that, too. Bob, the owner, who used to be from Atlanta, was happy that Lindsay joined them. That night they went out to an early-evening movie in a neighboring town, since the theater was under renovation in Vero, and for bacon & cheese hamburgers and fries afterwards.

Jay had noticed during the afternoon, when they stopped by the house, that Eden had received the check for \$31,943 “they” (i.e., he and Eden, acting as publishing-partners in Inspiration House) had been expecting for a week and a half. The deposit information written on the check stub was lying “prominently” on the desk in their joint office. As soon as they got home and walked into the house, Eden greeted Lindsay and chatted awhile, since it was her first time seeing her since her arrival. As Lindsay walked into Jay’s bedroom, Eden then very excitedly asked Jay “Did you see what ‘we’ got, today?!” To which, he acknowledged, in his typical relaxed fashion, that he did.

Then, Jay reiterated how “*they* could use it for ‘holding’ purposes (in the company bank account) to improve their credit-rating for future business endeavors,” like printing jobs, which run from \$15–50,000. At that point, Eden balked from what he thought was their previous agreement, a couple of weeks prior, when he discussed, at length with her, in their office how “they” (meaning the business) could take that money along with \$50,000 she was supposed to get from a land sale in January to obtain a “high five (figure)” credit-rating with their bank so that they could get a much-improved and much-needed higher credit approval from their printing service, which was a big, major company, for impending future jobs. (They had *always* been stymied for money for 3½ years, up until then. And now, Eden was going to change her mind from what *they* had agreed...he thought.)

Eden then informed him that she was not going to put all of it there, but only a portion. Because Jay was so

tired of trying to scrape up money for their publishing business for so long and so tired of repeatedly coming to her for “handouts” (of money), like he would have to do if she were his mother or grandmother, that he almost “lost it” (meaning flew into an angry rage). Instead, he looked into her eyes and said “What’s this ‘WE-stuff’? What you mean is ‘ME’! He was very angry and discouraged because he had been through this “change-of-mind” tendency of his publisher, many times, over the years. (She had gone against “her word” from the very beginning, in August 1990, when she convinced Jay that she wanted to publish his books because she thought they were very good and believed in their message—rather than doing so as a vehicle to keep him *personally* in her life. A few months later, she confessed that it was really the latter.) He was worn out this time! So, after a short burst of firm but agitated discussion, with Eden haughtily holding her ground on her position having just informed him that “their agreement was not hers—although she didn’t want to bring it up until now,” Jay said that they would discuss it later (when Lindsay was gone).

When he went to his 10' x 10' bedroom/office, Jay, obviously irritated, looked at Lindsay, who was sitting on his futon reading and had been listening to the entire discussion. She looked up at him and said “Don’t involve me in this.” So, they just made the futon into a bed and went to sleep without much discussion. But, Jay was not happy that Lindsay was still avoiding unpleasant, personal issues and chose not to be a sounding board for him to work out his frustrations and any possible solutions. He felt that she was more concerned, as always,

that his anger might be turned on her because she always chose not to get involved so as to avoid taking sides in any emotional issue, regardless of who was involved. Jay found that her reluctance to do so kept her from being a *real* friend to himself...which he had missed for a long time. He was tired of dealing with “adult children” who couldn’t face their own egos...to include her failure to deal with her fear of involvement! (Lindsay repeated later, the next day, that “he had remarkable patience [in dealing] with Eden, his mother, and his grandmother,” which she had told him, before.)

Saturday morning, they got up, did morning exercises, and went for a walk on the beach. Again the temperature was in the low 70’s and the sun was warm and bright as it beat down on their bodies clothed only in swim attire as they strolled down to South Beach. Half way there, Lindsay said “I guess it’s true: you can’t go back...to old places, the past, and old relationships. I know now that I came here for ‘closure’—on our relationship and Florida.” Knowing where she was coming from because he had been there many times himself, Jay said, with a terrific sense of gratitude for her spiritual evolution, “I am very pleased *for* you!” (“*She was ‘free,’ at last!*” he thought.). They continued their peaceful walk and then returned home to get showered and changed for their traditional “desert for lunch” (i.e., chocolate-chip muffins and coffee) around noon.

That afternoon they drove an hour and a half south to West Palm Beach to visit with some old friends of Lindsay for an hour, and then over to Jay’s mother’s house to take her out to dinner. Knowing how much Bobbie, his mother, liked Lindsay, he arranged for them to have

dinner together that evening. The extra bonus for him was that his oldest daughter, Lisa, had driven up, unexpectedly, and he was able to take her out, also. So, since they “all” got along well and liked each other, this was a very nice surprise.

Jay took them to a new, very fine, and expensive restaurant. He was never “tight” with money when it came to treating his friends and family. But, after the waiter brought the menus, Bobbie insisted on knowing the prices of the “specials” they offered. Since he was paying, Jay gently said “Never mind...have whatever you want.” A moment later, she again asked the market price of the fish “catch of the day”. In the past, her preoccupation with money (i.e., prices and costs of things)—even when she *wasn't* paying—would have bothered him, but he was so used to it by now that he was impervious to her actions.

Later on, while they were ordering, Jay asked Lindsay if she would like to have “chateaubriand” with him, to which she said “Yes.” As he was sharing with Lindsay about how they served it in Europe (he had lived in Germany for two years), Bobbie interrupted him by stating “What do *you* know about that?” Without responding to her inappropriate comment, Jay glanced up to his daughter’s eyes, directly across from him, peering over the top of her menu, which dropped down at that point—as if to say “Oh well, there goes Grandmother, again...horning in.” The rest of the meal went well. Bobbie did most of the talking, but they were all used to that.

After dinner, Lindsay made a quiet, aside comment (“Bobbie bitch!”) to Jay as they were strolling to their car in the parking lot. He was *very* surprised because she was

the only woman who had openly expressed a liking for his mother (in his *entire* life!...even though she was basically a nice person—just “controlling” and always the leader of any conversation). And Lindsay was *not* the type to comment about anything negative or the slightest bit derogatory about anyone. She usually was reluctant to acknowledge anything negative, particularly, in someone she liked, like Bobbie. Jay confidentially murmured to Lindsay, “Now, you know.” But he was glad for her that she was no longer “sugarcoating” the world and the people around her. However, he did not want her to stop liking Bobbie or anyone else and told her so. They left Lisa and Bobbie, at her house, hugged and wished them both a Merry Christmas, went to a movie, and then drove home to Vero.

On Sunday, Jay and Lindsay went through their usual morning routines. But, this time they had lunch with Eden, as her guests, at the Riomar Yacht Club, where she was a member. After spending the afternoon just relaxing around, Jay drove Lindsay to the airport that evening. He thought he left with plenty of time to spare. But, as it turned out, they got there barely in time to get her on the plane. They ran to the terminal gate. Just before the lady ticket-taker whisked her onto the plane, Lindsay said “Looks like we won’t have time for *me* to do any ‘drama’ (i.e., getting emotional about our physical parting)” — openly acknowledging, and therefore releasing, her past tendency to do so. He gave her a quick kiss on the lips just before she boarded the plane.

Jay strolled the quiet halls of the terminal back to his car. While thoughtfully and contentedly driving home over the next couple of hours, Jay recognized

that this trip had been a wonderful demonstration of Lindsay's "healing" (i.e., becoming emotionally strong). He felt very blessed and wished his dear friend well, silently in his heart. "What a nice Christmas present," he thought...to see her doing so well and becoming "whole," at last.

Before he left for the airport late in the afternoon, Jay turned on the table lamp in his room and the front, outside light. (He liked coming home to a warmly lit house. It was one of last remaining "human" things that he truly appreciated.) When he got home, Eden had turned them both off. As Jay walked into the house, he said "Hello" to Eden, who was sitting in her old, worn, stuffed chair next to the front door. (He always took the initiative to greet her "warmly" whenever he saw her first thing in the morning and whenever he returned home from an errand.) When he walked into his room and saw the light out, he immediately turned around and walked back into the living room where Eden was reading.

Feeling frustrated and upset with Eden's habitual and perennial "penny-wise and pound foolish" ways (even though she had an annual income of around \$50,000, had her house paid-off, was in very good health—particularly for someone who was 92, and had relatively minor living expenses), he firmly announced, showing his agitation with living around her, "I can't stand your NIGGARDLY ways. You are so 'preoccupied' with saving a *few cents* that you have to turn the light off in *my* room—when I've 'repeatedly' asked you not to—rather than leaving it on for a *few* hours until I return! But then...you can go out and spend \$40 on a vegetable

juicer that you will probably use a handful of times until you get bored with it or tired of cleaning it—which *usually* doesn't take very long for your childlike 'ego'!"

When he pointedly asked her, like a parent (which he had become, working and living in her home, with her non-senile, childish ego—regardless of her age—every day for 3½ years), with an angry scowl on his face “Do you know what ‘niggardly’ means?” She looked away from Jay, in her typical, defiant, rebellious, haughty attitude, refusing to answer him—until he badgered her into doing so, which was typical of many of their discussions about sensitive issues dealing with her historically slovenly, poor self-esteem living habits. As usual, she only, reluctantly and sheepishly, nodded her head, ever so slightly.

He was really tired of always having to drag out any acknowledgment about her ego, that he silently said to himself “*This is it...I can't deal with her humanness... anymore. This petty crap, combined with her foolish hoarding of money and undermining the credit position of her publishing business, is the last straw! I won't put up with this anymore.*” Afterwards, he sat down in the nice, stuffed, rocker-recliner that he helped pick out for her, years ago (but she preferred the old worn out chair, regardless of its condition—typical of her old attitude of poor self-worth), and watched TV with her. At 11 P.M., Jay wished her “Pleasant dreams,” as always, and went to bed.

The next day, on Monday afternoon, Jay resumed his discussion with Eden about the urgency for improving the company credit standing by depositing her recent windfall of money in the company account, for

“holding purposes” for up to three months, rather than her personal account. She still seemed adamant in preserving her prideful ego stand of the previous Friday evening, so Jay told her that he would give her until noontime Friday (one week’s notice) to change her mind. Otherwise, he would no longer treat her business as a “partnership” in which he had an equal concern and personal interest and involvement. In other words, he would not give so freely of his time to help if she was not going to cooperate by adhering to sound business practices.

Jay had been an independent business consultant and art director for her publishing business. As part of his contribution to the business, Jay charged “minimal” times and rates for his services and lived very meagerly, but comfortably, in her house to keep his expenses ridiculously low. From the beginning, he knew she appreciated his company, but he always hoped and counseled her that their joint effort to promote the “message” of his material, through her company, took precedent over any and all aspects of their, and particularly her, personal business and desires.

Every couple of days, over the next week, Jay briefly reminded Eden of how the money placed in her business account would provide the much-needed credit from her major suppliers. She said she understood—but was *not* going to change her mind. So, he restated that she still had until the end of the week, at which time he would disenfranchise himself from the business since “it was clear to [him] that it was no longer a ‘partnership’ since ‘we’ meant ‘me’ (her).”

It was a very tense week, during which Jay pointed out three major aspects of Eden's ego that he chose no longer to tolerate—after so many repeated occurrences over the years. Continuing with her miserliness and hoarding of money, he pointed out how degrading it was for her self-esteem to always wrap presents in only tissue paper (usually white) tied with red yarn—like a child that didn't know better—when she had plenty of money to afford wrapping paper. Eden, in turn, in her usual arrogant-defiance, “defended” her ego (as was so typical of her) by stating how she did so because “she didn't want to be so commercial and traditional as other people.” She always wanted to be unique. She thrived on attention and being different...just like every *ego* does!

This characteristic reminded Jay of what a “phony” Eden was because she always claimed and “acted” as if she was a spiritual leader. She had been a practicing metaphysical minister for several (30+) years. Yet, Eden has never fully accepted that this is a dream-world that God did not create (i.e., it's a figment of our own imagination) as evidenced by the fact that she is terribly blocked in her ability to willingly acknowledge any derogatory, self-deprecating aspect of her human ego. She lives in intense denial. She never understood the message that “understanding oneself is enlightenment.” However, if Eden wants something, she has no qualms about asking for or pursuing it, without any consideration of anyone else's personal needs. Her 65 year old son once told Jay, “She has no sense of [other people's] boundaries...she doesn't understand that she can't have what she wants.”

To Jay, Eden was just a spiritual “talker,” not a doer, because real spiritual people do not hide or preserve their

egos nor are they ignorantly or selfishly inconsiderate of other people. And they “listen” and hear other people when they talk, and Eden never listened to Jay when he spoke...unless she was asking the questions. During this same week, she also admitted that she would “never share anything on a 50/50 basis [with anyone]”, which effectively said “I don’t want a partnership with you, or anyone else”—even though she implored him to continue their working partnership!

Along with her phoniness, Jay realized that he chose not to tolerate her two-faced lying anymore, either. In August 1990, she convinced him that their involvement would be *strictly* based upon their “business arrangement” and *her* commitment to accepting the Truth (about this world) and *living* her life in accordance with it—rather than *any* involvements in his personal life and personal interest in him. Two months later, she unwillingly admitted that she lied. Last Friday night, he learned that “we” (i.e., their partnership) meant “me” to Eden. Jay could not handle any further reneging on her part to what he thought was *their* “working partnership” and their *mutual* desire to assist others in understanding and improving their lives with the story-like information in his books. Also, he pointed out to her how she repeatedly “expected” him to take interest in her, but she never listened to him or understood anything about him.

Jay had a radio interview over the phone, one morning that week. The door to his room was closed to eliminate any distractions as he was ill-prepared for this one, even though he had done several before. Eden silently walked in after it had begun and sat down on his futon-couch and quietly listened. He was fumbling with the

answer to the radio host's question, at the point she did, which threw him off for a few seconds. When the interview was over, Jay admonished her for doing so because it has a tendency to upset his responsiveness. Eden said "As your publisher, I am entitled to come in and listen to you do your interview." To this, Jay replied "The door was shut to keep you from coming in and distracting me. I do not come into any room where the door is shut without knocking or where you or other people are engaged in their personal business. I will not put up with anymore of your *old* 'presumptive-controlling' ways! If I wanted you here, I would invite you in as I have in the past—when you asked ahead of time. Because you're my publisher, that does not mean you get to involve yourself in anything I personally do for the company—whether it be designing a magazine ad or doing a radio interview. You do not own or control me in any way or shape. Is that clear?" Eden begrudgingly agreed.

By Thursday afternoon, Eden was still holding to her position. But Jay further clarified what assurances he needed from her to put his mind at rest as to the viability of their continued working partnership. He knew that "fear" was what kept Eden from putting her money in the company account for a few months. So, he told her "If you agree to put *all* the [extra] money [you got recently] into the business, I want you to tell me what the *fear* was that kept you from doing so, in the beginning, when you said 'Did you see the money that we got today?' I cannot be confident that *you* are taking control of *your* ego if you cannot do that, and your putting the money into the business *without* being able to define your fear will just allow it to hover over and control you

and our business, forever. It must be *willingly* acknowledged by ‘you,’ for us to continue *our* business relationship. This is for *your* benefit, more than ours! As a matter of fact, disclosing your fears, and therefore uncovering your ego, is ‘the’ most important element of the 12-step program you began a short while back...besides ‘recognizing that you are powerless against your [ego-]consciousness’ (the first of the 12 steps).”

When Jay got back from lunch on Friday, Eden said nothing to him but “What bills do you want me to pay?” After telling her what needed to be taken care of first, he told her he knew that she had not changed her mind because she couldn’t even tell him what her fear was that kept her from doing so and that she was losing on two accounts—personally and business-wise. She was very calm and unemotional. (Eden played primarily two roles: “staunch and emotionless controller” or “teary-eyed emotional dramatist/manipulator.”) Jay informed her that he would only continue to work with her under certain conditions, which he would go into later when she had time to digest it all.

Nearly a week later, on the following Thursday afternoon, was the first time Eden had available, and Jay had to *ask* for the time. Jay went into detail and reiterated the conditions of their 1990 agreement. Eden became very emotional and tearfully, self-pitying when Jay refused to go along with any of her demands for some “personal” involvement with him, like having dinner together once a week. It was all just a matter of time, now. He would probably move out from her house at his earliest convenience once he was internally guided to do so. He gave her every ounce of instruction he could to run every aspect of the business. His job was done.

Jay learned two things from all this:
“Being angry is the *same* as feeling sorry for your self! Both are attempts to *blame* someone else for not getting *your* way.”

and

“Self-pity and anger are nothing more than passive and active, selfish efforts to *control* others into doing your *personal* bidding.”

When he realized that there was “no difference” between Eden’s self-pity and his anger toward her, he realized that he never wanted to get angry at her or anyone (to include himself), ever again! Jay then knew that this was “the” most important lesson of his relationship with Eden. It took him 3½ years to get it...but he finally did. This was the *best* Christmas present he could ever possibly get...and he thanked Eden on Christmas Eve for it!

Jay got another Christmas present that week: the prime headline on the top of the editorial page of the *Miami Herald*, the major newspaper in the state, read “To Cure Violence, Look To ‘Inner Life’.” The subtitle of that same article stated “Our problems are not economic and political. They are moral and spiritual—and must be addressed on that level if real solutions are to be found.” He stated out loud at the Pipe Den after he read that, “This is my Christmas present, from the universe, this year. Thank You!”

Christmas Eve, the phone rang.

“Merry Christmas,” said Lindsay in her quiet, sultry, mellow voice.

“Oh...hello! Merry Christmas!” replied Jay, with surprise. “I was wondering how you were doing during your first Christmas on your own.”

“Wonderful,” she answered.

“It is nice of you to call. I was thinking about calling you, but I assumed you’d be busy with your family—particularly, with Hallie (her oldest daughter) being home for the holidays. I called all my family members last night to avoid the phone traffic tonight and tomorrow.”

They chatted awhile about each other’s plans for the holidays. Jay shared his Christmas “presents” (that he learned through his publisher) with Lindsay, and she took it all in in her usual, quiet amazement. He also reflected back to the time period, eight and a half years ago, just prior to leaving Salt Lake City, Utah, when he fell across a book on “narcissism.” Jay pointed out how it had emphasized to him the importance of Self-love and that he hoped that she would continue to develop hers. Lindsay said she would. He thanked her for the internal support of her friendship, and then they hung up.

Christmas was like any other day for Jay, except that he went over to a longtime friend’s house for dinner with her family and friends, in the early afternoon. His mother flew over to the west coast of Florida to share Christmas with her mother. Since he was over there for Thanksgiving with his grandmother and just took his mother out for dinner two weeks prior, he felt it wise to let them spend time alone, together, this holiday. Jay drove around late one night and looked at all the Christmas lights, but this holiday season was very different from all the rest because, although he felt very content, he had

absolutely no sense of emotional drama, or sentimentality, at all—which pleased him. (Seems like he had truly become a “free” Spirit, without any emotional entanglements.)

The day after Christmas, Jay was sitting in Eden’s living room discussing various sundry things about what it takes to be successful in the publishing business when *inadvertently* Eden blurted out, “I never wanted [our business] to be successful! I just wanted to be a small, ‘Mom and Pop’ type business.” With tears in her voice feeling unworthy, and consequently scared, of success, “I never wanted to be a ‘big’ company—that success would bring!”

While relieved that Eden had “finally” been OPEN about something—without his prodding her, Jay was aghast and perplexed as he replied, “Why have you been *wasting* my time for three and a half years?! If I had known you felt that way from the beginning, I NEVER would have begun working with you!!”

“What a ‘strange’ Christmas this had been!!” Jay thought. “Here I’ve gotten some of my greatest presents from my ego’s greatest ‘enemy,’ who desperately and dependently needs me, on one hand, and hates, defies, and deceives me, on the other. And now...after knowing and trying to help her ‘live’ the Truth, for over six years (the entire time I have known her), by teaching her to not be afraid to acknowledge her ego’s attributes (something ‘it’ has always vehemently blocked!), Eden has finally exposed one of her fears! Amazing! I never would have thought that I would receive so many miracles in such ‘roundabout’ ways. I feel blessed!”

When Jay got home from his usual noontime repast with the fellows down at the Pipe Den, he found a message on the answering machine from a man named Boyd, who was with *New Age Bookstore Magazine*, to whom they had sent a half-page ad to place in their next issue, asking Jay to call him. Intuitively, Jay felt that they had some difficulty with giving them (Inspiration House) the 15% agency discount that he had insisted (with Sonya, their Advertising Manager) that they get if Inspiration House advertised in their magazine in the future—since they did the same creative design-work in-house that advertising agencies did.

When Jay called Boyd, who greeted him in a very sweet, innocent, childlike tone of voice even though he was a grown man, he could not remember why he called Jay. Jay then said “You mentioned something about ‘discounts’ in your message.” Then Boyd remembered, after shuffling through some papers on his desk, what he called for. He immediately stated that their “policy” was not to give the discount to in-house agencies (i.e., within a company), which Jay knew.

Jay then attempted to explain why he felt they should reconsider their policy in light of what the majority of magazines do and the validity of companies doing their own advertising agency type work in-house, without being financially “penalized” by them for doing so. Boyd cut Jay off several times in mid-sentence as he was trying to explain his position and challenged Jay’s “lack of fairness” to their other clients that they had not offered that kind of discount to (even if they deserved it, according to Jay’s point of view).

After realizing, several minutes into the conversation, that their discussion was going no where and nothing was being resolved, like whether or not they intended to run this second advertisement for Inspiration House (in view of Jay's firm position of getting an agency discount to do so), Jay asked, with a desire to resolve this amicably, less confrontationally, and with someone who would at least be courteous (loving) enough to "listen," who the head of the publication was and could he speak to him or her. Boyd then informed him that he was the one responsible person for all business matters and the final decision-maker—only his decision mattered, even though they set their policy by group consensus. Jay then asked to speak to Jess, who was the editor. After leaving the phone for a moment, Boyd returned and said "He (Jess) has overheard the whole conversation and doesn't want to talk with you." At that point, Jay left his telephone number and asked that Jess please call him at his earliest convenience. They hung up.

Late the next day Jay called the *New Age Bookstore Magazine* and asked to speak to Jess. Perry, the young-sounding man who answered the phone, came back on and said "He doesn't want to talk with you, but said you should write to him." Feeling chagrined that he was being rebuked by "New Age" people—of all people—without being given an opportunity to openly discuss both sides of this situation, Jay thanked Perry, hung up, and thoroughly disliked the possibility of having to write "another" letter! After a couple of days, over the weekend, Jay sat down and wrote the following in hopes that it would enlighten them and benefit others:

January 17, 1994

Jess Anderson
Editor
New Age Bookstore Magazine
104 18th Street – South
Seattle, WA 98104

Dear Jess:

Per your request, I am writing this. I prefer to *talk* with people, rather than becoming reclusive and intolerant of people, as so many writers do. I *hate* to write (even though I've written four books and have two in process); but since this is such an important subject that can benefit your relationship with others, I'll just have to sit on my ego and do it.

Prior to the advent of desktop publishing and the proliferation of computers in business with graphic capability, advertising agencies were the prime source of advertisers for most magazines. Today, most publishers have the trained staff and the computer hardware and software to generate quality work and have the business-savvy to solicit their own advertising media and get the agency discounts—appropriate for *giving* the media their business. (After all, if we do the same work that advertising agencies do, why shouldn't we reap the benefits?) Our experience has been that most all media companies (and we have done business with approximately 15 this quarter) offer a 15% discount to us—only you and one other, who we no longer do business with (also, a New Age publication), do not. The general-audience magazines, like

Psychology Today, *freely* offer them, without our asking (i.e., “Don’t forget to take your 15% discount!”); whereas, *some* of the others (mostly New Age, by the way) will give it *only* if we “ask” for it...but never begrudgingly (that would demonstrate pretty severe “lack-consciousness,” on their part).

While I clearly recognize Boyd’s concern for fairness to all advertisers, I do not think that we and others who do our own advertising work and solicit you, as we have, should be “penalized,” which is what will happen if you don’t freely give it to us and others who deserve it. Even though I *personally* have “two other unrelated clients” (per your requirements) that I do consulting/advertising work for—in addition to Inspiration House—and could easily qualify for your discount, I would prefer that you bill Inspiration House, directly. (If I choose to pass along the discount to my clients, that’s my privilege—as I am sure you will agree.) But, please, do *NOT* grant it to me, personally, because it is more important to me that you understand and appreciate the position that businesses, such as the one I service, are in today. Because I have no desire to play any “games” with you, I will not ask for a separate billing to me or to a third-party agency to get the appropriate discount, that we are entitled to. (Whether you *want* to freely give it to all businesses that do their own work or only to those who ask for it, that is your business...and I have no opinion either way—you know in your Heart the right thing to do. I do *know* that “no” person or business loses by *reasonably* giving to all their suppliers and customers...and that “There is *no pride* in Love.”)

I hope you and your staff will benefit from this, as it has been a labor of Love for me. (*Believe me*, it would have been a lot easier on my ego to just ignore you, walk away, and not even deal with you! Plus, a 5K circulation publication won't make or break us. But, you are my brothers—whether your human-egos like it or not—and I felt *inspired* to write. I never walk away from “learning lessons” [life], *anymore!* I *did* for 46 years...all the time!) I am sorry, Jess, that you would not speak with me when I called, two days in a row, last week. (We missed an *opportunity* to “connect” by not doing so, and...it would keep “the ego” from contriving any of its *typical* hateful perceptions or negative judgments of each other.) If Boyd would have “listened” to me, without *constantly* interrupting and attempting to put me on the defensive, I would not have had to take an inordinate amount of time to explain this, and with him, on the phone, last week...nor would I have requested your involvement. (Shouldn't New Age people be enlightened, open-minded, loving...and courteous?)

Please let me know if you can *willingly* run our ad and provide the 15% agency discount—since Boyd and I did not resolve anything. If you can not do so please return the camera-ready artwork as soon as possible and remove us from your mailing list *until* your policy becomes less restrictive. When I placed our first ad insertion order, at the full rate, last October with Sonya, who explained your policy, I told her that we would *require* that type of discount in the future to do further business with your publication. (Over a year ago, I promised Carol, your previous advertising manager, who I

thoroughly enjoyed, that I would do so at the first chance I could incorporate it into our budget.) Sonya, who I also like very much, said she understood.

Thank you for your consideration in this matter. I wish you well.

Best regards,

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be the name 'Jay'.

JAY
for Eden Gray, Publisher

After reading the above letter, prior to its being sent, Eden said, “They’re sure going to hate you.”

“Well, don’t forget...*he* was the one that suggested that I ‘write.’ I didn’t want to!” Jay responded “But, if I don’t care enough—to ‘love’ them, in other words—and speak up, who will? Most people just walk away from unpleasant situations...as I used to! And you *know* how difficult it is to reach *some* people...look how frequently you and I have gone over and over your (and my) learning lessons!

“Plus...it *amazes* me that so-called ‘enlightened,’ New Age people can be so rude and discourteous because they are fearful, and therefore, unloving. They give others of their kind a bad reputation. And *these people* are in the forefront of their movement because of their position. I think it’s in their best interest, as well as their readers, for them to clean up their ‘act’ since their

fearful, unloving consciousness negatively affects that of the universe. It's really too bad that many New Age people can be as narrow-minded, fearful, and unloving as 'born again,' fundamentalist Christians...no different!

"Here in the world, we sometimes have to speak in a language, and tone, that can 'reach' people, even though it may be unpleasant—*provided* we're not just out to 'attack' them. After all, one of the main *human* functions that we have to do is to uncover all of our hidden guilt, which manifests as anger and fear. And, that includes me, too.

"When we learn to forgive it all, to include our ego-selves, nothing and no one can disturb us; and we'll remain in a peaceful consciousness—no matter what. I often wonder what I am doing here since I have no purpose or desires of my own. I *guess*...it's just to lend the world my forgiving consciousness.

"People will not give up 'the dream' until they realize it can *never* bring them peace and happiness. It is the job of all 'angels' to wake the others up to their Reality. Usually, that means merely being in the right consciousness and helping people work through their personal, everyday issues and attitudes. Maybe...I am here to help others see themselves—in all their 'ego glory'—as I have done my self? But, it sure isn't a fun job...regardless of what anyone's ego thinks! And, I'm obviously not completely 'There,' yet, or I wouldn't still be here!"

Eden just smiled at Jay as he walked out the front door to put the letter in the mailbox.

Jay woke up between 9 and 9:30 A.M., as he did just about every morning over the last year. He often lay in bed with his eyes closed for a half hour—or more, if he woke up much earlier than usual—and wondered if he would ever look forward to waking up, again. (He did not dwell on it, though!) He assumed it was just his ego's self-induced depression (i.e., self-hatred) that kept him from waking joyfully because he was here.

Even though Jay had been a “morning person,” for several years now, he noticed how reluctant he was to still being here on Earth. He really disliked walking around in a “dream”! His holy-playing ego was too smart to ignore the irrelevancy of the unreality of the physical universe for the past 12 years. But, Jay was afraid that he might have to come back and do “earth-life,” again, if he followed *its* desire to jump off a cliff. So, he reconciled himself to stay here until he had cleaned up all of his unresolved unhappiness and could live here peacefully and contentedly. Then, he could leave! (Jay was what you'd call...a “reluctant angel.”)

Later that afternoon, Jay returned home from downtown and walked into Eden's office. Sprawled across her desk were annual sales tax forms that she was in the process of completing. To help her out (it was his normal tendency to do so—when he was sure she would not take advantage of his kindness by abdicating “her” future responsibility in such matters), he sat down and rummaged through all the records pertaining to wholesalers and retailers (the bulk of their business) and completed the tax data on them for her.

She usually did these taxes herself, “out of habit” from her old days as a bookstore owner, as well as a

publisher, in New York City. Until this past year, the majority of their sales had been in small quantities to individuals and retail outlets and organizations. Since it was more complicated, now, Jay thought it would help her greatly if he completed most of the form. When Eden got home, he showed her what he had done—so she did not duplicate his work because she was prone to not paying attention to anything she had not done herself.

When he walked into her office in the early evening and looked at the form she had continued to work on, Eden had erased his penciled figures, which formed the bulk of the data! He was shocked and went “ballistic”! Jay yelled at her, practically frothing-at-the-mouth, “Why did you erase my figures?! Do you know how much work was involved in generating them?! Why, in God’s name, do I ever bother to help you out—when you obviously pay *no attention* to me when I point things out and explain them to you, like I did with that data?!”

Eden mumbled some defensive remark to save her ego, like “she knew what she was doing since she had done them for years before” (BUT was incorrectly going to leave out the data on wholesalers and retailers)—rather than openly admitting her error, which would have defused his anger.

At that point, Jay slapped his hand on her desk, with such force that it made a loud “crack” sound, and looking into her down-turned eyes, as she tried to avoid him, said “This is the LAST time I am going to ‘help’ you! You *always* ‘think’ you know better—when you don’t! You are more interested in preserving your *miserable ego*, at all costs, than receiving assistance and guidance from anyone else—particularly *me*! Out of the kindness of my

heart, I go out of my way to assist you and make your job easier...and you throw it away! This is THE reason I no longer will help you, in any way, form, or shape...period...no matter how simple the task.”

Jay was “livid” as he stormed out of her office and went to his room and tried to calm down. She abruptly left the house in her car. Only Eden’s defiant, childish, arrogant attitude had ever been able to cause his anger to surface. Although Jay was grateful to her for being the “vehicle” of bringing his dormant ego-attribute to his attention, he *never* wanted to feel or express anger, again! (He subsequently realized that *no one* is without anger—and the fear of the loss of control of one’s life that it manifests.)

From these experiences with Eden over the last three years, Jay had learned that expressing or dwelling on one’s anger or rage—beyond mere recognition of it (which is very important, rather than denying that it exists)—was nothing more than a “bad habit” that he had fallen into. It took him 46 years to even realize that he had any anger; and now, he very much wanted to stop verbally and physically demonstrating it...but not acknowledging it!

While Jay sat playing on his computer, trying to get his still-fuming ego into check, his mother, Bobbie, called to ask him to come down and replace an electrical timer-switch. Even though she bought it 3 – 4 years ago and no longer had the sales receipt, Bobbie asked him—if his schedule permitted it—to come down, within the next couple of weeks or so; take out the defective one so she could take it back for a free replacement (that she

thought she was entitled to); and then reinstall a new one.

Jay asked her why she didn't just go around the corner to the local hardware store where she bought the last one. But, his mother *insisted* that she bought it from the "discount" home center, a half hour away (because she would never have paid the high prices of the local store). When he asked why she thought they would take the defective one back *without* a receipt, she just ignored him. As usual, both had conflicting remembrances, but Jay said he would come down in a couple of weeks and take care of it for her.

Although Jay hated his mother's focus on saving money (and she wasn't poor), he realized that he *never* got visibly or outwardly disturbed by it. (He could only remember *one* "outburst" of childlike, hurt feelings he demonstrated in her presence, eight years ago—in his entire lifetime.) But, Jay knew that his expressed anger toward Eden was indirectly an attack on Bobbie (due to his primary resentment toward her preoccupation with money—above all, and everyone, else). He asked himself "*Why haven't I gotten angry at my mother, who can be just as aggravating with her 'save-a-buck' and 'I'm-never-wrong' attitudes, like I have with Eden?*" So, he felt that a lot of his anger toward Eden was a result of his pent up, submerged resentment toward Bobbie.

Consequently, Jay decided that he would address this matter in a letter to her—hoping that it would keep him from taking it out on others. Plus, it would be less confrontational than a face-to-face discussion with her, which usually ends up with her ego being emotionally-charged and threatened—and then, she wouldn't get the

message or understand the intent. Jay wanted to *finally* eliminate any and all remaining resentment and unfinished business he had with his mother, in the most effective and mutually beneficial manner possible! The letter follows.

Wednesday, January 26, 1994

Dear Bobbie (alias Mom),

After our conversation a couple of nights ago about *where* you think you bought your timer-switch for your outside, front lights (because of its “cost”) and my rift with Eden, just prior, I decided it was time to try to identify the *root* of all my anger that lay dormant for 46 years—but has been unleashed upon Eden...bless her heart.

I had lost my temper in a “frothing-at-the-mouth” rage toward her. (Something I have only done with her, off and on, over the last three years.) This was typical of the way you (and Howie) used to “terrify” me as a young child. (Perhaps, my *role* was to play the “comatose kid” to bring it out in you?!) You two never just got angry or mad: Dad had severe temper-tantrums, and you went into rages. Since then, and up until three years ago, I have *always* been intimidated (to the point of becoming emotionally paralyzed) by other people’s rage or visible anger when expressed in my presence. In spite of that, I have become like you *used* to be! (It seems that the older we get the more our parents’ not-so-pleasant attributes show up in us! Probably, so we can see their humanness in our selves [usually brought to our attention by

someone else who is close to us]; make a heartfelt, “conscious decision” that we *truly* don’t want to continue *their* behavior pattern; and move on with forgiveness in our heart—for them and our ego-selves.

My ego is very averse to writing this letter and has “blocked” all memories of any *feelings* I might have had about the past. (The guilt *it* conjures up for even *thinking* about doing it is tremendous!) I have put off dealing directly with you about the main subject of this letter for a long time. We are so trained and conditioned by *fear* of the “ultimate retribution” from our parents (i.e., that they will stop loving us) to *never* question their actions or thinking that we *frequently* take out our unfinished business (i.e., fear of and anger toward them) on *other* people, like our spouses, lovers, children, and coworkers. And, I don’t EVER want to ever do that, again!!

ALL the significant women in my life (Gracie; you; my first wife, Donna; my second wife, Susan; my very close friend, Lindsay; and my publisher, Eden) have been “consumed” with fear about or “preoccupied” with their own financial security, *first*—before and beyond anyone or anything else in their life! I think this is the “heart” of my primary, buried, indirect resentment of you—which I have experienced in my serious boy-girl relationships, that were wrecked by their “need” for money, the *pressure* they put on me to “provide” for them, and my hatred of them for it. (Since I am aware of the environment you came from and What I really am, I do *not* hate you! But...I do hope this *pattern* has ended in my relationships, by this acknowledgment!)

As a result, I always *unconsciously* hated anyone who was *overly*-concerned about money or anything

that had to do with it. To me, *money*, and anyone's need for or obsession with it, is the total opposite of love! (I view those who "worship" it, by focusing their whole life and existence on it, as nothing more than insecure adult-children.) I *unknowingly* sabotaged my success in life because it would have brought "money," which I abhorred and usually spent as fast as I got it (to get *rid* of it). And, I *still* have little use for money, personally—even though I do prefer *nice*, as well as necessary, things (like good food, clothes, car, and living accommodations).

Consequently, I have a favor to ask you. Please, do not talk to me about or involve me in any way with any of your financial matters where you are concerned about *saving* money or getting a *discount* of any sort. You *always* seem so preoccupied with money that I feel your concern over it and *your own* financial security takes precedent over me or any other family member. (I want to "know" that you love me, and them, *more*.)

I am *very pleased* that you no longer engage in discussing any negative opinions and making comments and value judgments about others in my presence! (Thank you.)

If you had ever read my books, you would have seen that I have unmercifully exposed *my* ego's characteristics and attitudes...usually not to its advantage. (But, the process of self-confrontation and self-parenting that my books and 12-step programs espouse are not part of our "normal" training here on Earth. The ego thrives by maintaining its "judgments" about others, situations, and events and *never* looking at itself.)

I hope you will take this in the Spirit of Love that is intended and will benefit from it. (Guilt is a wasteful

emotion! But, acknowledgment of our *fears*, attitudes, and beliefs that cause our inappropriate behavior and our heartfelt *desire* to correct it is very valuable...for us all!)

I love you, dearly. As I've shared with you before: "If you had not been *exactly* the way you were, I would not have become the person I *am*—whom I like. So, I am extremely thankful to you!" See you soon.



P. S. I am sorry you take exception to my addressing you by your *name* rather than your role/title. A Christmas card signed "*love, Bobbie*" has more meaning than one just signed "Mom." I may be your "son," but that is not my title or role! Nor would I ever want to be called that (or "Pal," as you have occasionally done). It takes more than a title to make someone a mother. And, I have never forgotten you are my mother...nor wanted to! I would like you to drop your "role" and just be Bobbie, "my good friend" (like you were while I was a teenager when we had several heart-to-heart talks, together, many nights at the kitchen table, after dinner and when my brother, Bob, went to watch TV)—who *fortunately* happens to be my mother, too. (A parent is typically nothing more than a "controller," teacher, and disciplinarian. I don't need you to be mine, anymore. And, I am *sure* you don't want me to be yours!)

After feeling relieved that he finally addressed what had been troubling him, for some time, and because he wanted Eden to know what benefit came from his recent outburst with her, Jay strode into the kitchen with a copy of the letter for Eden, who lowered her eyebrows to examine it as she stood there and asked “*Another* letter?”

“Yep!” he said gleefully. “It seems it’s what I’m here for. Even though I *don’t* like doing it, it’s what I do best...expose everyone’s ego—including my own. If you are in my life and hold up your ego ‘in my face,’ I’m going to tell you about it—in the *most* effective way possible. It seems that my ego is the ‘Killer from the Keyboard.’” Jay laughed out loud at the silliness of what he said, as did Eden. “Letter writing seems to be the *most* direct and the *least* confrontational way of dealing with very sensitive issues with people because it doesn’t forcefully challenge them the way an argumentative or angry face-to-face situation does. And it is *very* important that we deal with them, rather than avoid them the way those with fearful, victimization attitudes have done, such as people like you and me!”

Eden continued to stand there, intently listening.

“I wanted to learn to deal with confrontational and chaotic, personal matters. And this past year has been nothing but one right after the other: starting with Lindsay’s neediness of me; then, a businessman’s breaking a verbal contract with us that almost put our business in dire financial straits; our public relations firm not listening to the appropriate direction to go in for us and perhaps wasting her media expenditures; our printer’s representative screwing up our last book production run,

and so forth. Yet, all these people are *nice* people...and nice people who are closest to us provide the toughest lessons for our *egos*! I hope this is the end of it, but more than likely it's not. Earthlife is loaded with these kinds of situations...it's what it is all about—conflict—and how we deal with it.”

Jay turned and walked outside to put the letter to his mother in the mailbox, with a sense of *final*, real fear-resolution.

The next day, Sunday, Lindsay called to thank Jay for a travel book he had just sent her that week and to tell him about *A Course in Miracles* workshop that she recently attended, which he was interested in hearing her reaction to. She had decided that she wasn't interested in workshops and seminars, anymore (which pleased him, tremendously, because she had learned that becoming whole was strictly an “inside job” that no external program or discussion could provide).

Then, Lindsay told him that she was “dating someone” and said “Well, that's it. That's what I *really* wanted to tell you. Bye.” And then, she gave a sigh of relief.

“Hold on a minute!” Jay cautioned. “Thank you for telling me. I am grateful for your forthrightness in doing so.”

“Well, I thought you should know,” she replied.

“I appreciate your openness and thoughtfulness. It doesn't matter. I love you just as much, now, as I did in the beginning. You are *the* most thoughtful person I've ever known, and you've set a ‘standard’ for me that is a

requirement for any future (female) person I chose to live with! I won't settle for less."

Jay asked her the name of her new boyfriend. Lindsay hesitated, at first, until he told her that they would always be true friends and she would eventually tell him. She acquiesced and told him and answered "Yes" when he asked if her new male friend had "money" (he is a doctor)—because he knew how important financial security was to her, and he wanted her to be comfortable. Jay pointed out how interesting it was that *both* she and her ex-husband, Bruce, had boy-girl relationships with medical doctors then.

"If I ever run into a woman who *doesn't* care about 'money,' I'll probably marry her!" he joked. "But, I don't really *need* someone to be happy. And, I can't imagine living with someone else, *ever again*, at this point—although...*anything* is possible!"

Lindsay laughingly agreed with him.

"Thank you for being such a good 'Truth' student," Jay continued. "You are the *best* I've ever known."

"You are an *incredible* person," Lindsay reverently answered.

"Coming from *you*...that is a 'great' compliment!" he thanked her. "I am *always* here for you"!

She thanked him, graciously and tenderly. And then, they hung up. Jay felt very happy for Lindsay. He only wanted the best for her.

The following Saturday, Jay drove an hour south, down to his mother's house in Jupiter, to help her install her timer-switch. She didn't seem particularly happy to see

him, as she had before. But then, considering the tone of his recent letter to her, he was just pleased that she had not called and told him not to come!

After saying hello, he went right to work and dismantled the old switch since Bobbie was watering the garden in the back of the house. When Jay finished, she then volunteered to take it back to the “local” hardware store around the corner (where he knew she had purchased it)...instead of the discount home center a half-hour away, as she had originally intended the week prior. (He was silently pleased that perhaps his letter had made an impression on her!)

When they returned home, Jay showed Bobbie how to install it, as well as any electrical outlet-switch. She was very open to learning to do things for herself, now—after he made a comment to her, many months ago, about how it would improve her self-esteem and confidence and give her a great, personal sense of security (i.e., fearlessness) to be able to do so. (Again, he was pleased with her...this time with her *willingness* to learn.)

After taking care of that, they went off to do some errands. Jay asked Bobbie if she would mind stopping at a particular store so he could pickup some computer software. Uncharacteristically, she was *very open* to doing so and even took him there, first! (Jay was thrilled by her thoughtfulness to put her needs “second” and her willingness to do something she had absolutely no interest in...for the *first* time!) They then did her errand and went to dinner. Bobbie paid. Following dinner, Jay took her to a movie that she wanted to see. (A year ago, he couldn’t get her out of the house to do so. So, he was happy to take her.)

On the way home, Bobbie casually mentioned that she was “lonely.” (Jay was surprised by her openness about her feelings—another first!) He asked her “how could that be” since she spent a fair amount of time with other people doing numerous activities. She didn’t respond. Because of the lateness of the hour, Jay left shortly after dropping her off at her house to drive home, before he got sleepy.

During the pitch-black ride home through one of the last remaining unpopulated areas along the interstate in southern Florida, Jay pondered all the wonderful “blessings” that his mother had bestowed upon him that day. He was extremely grateful and felt very rejuvenated, by her loving demonstrations, in continuing his efforts on Earth—whatever they were (because he never knew, from one moment to the next). Jay did feel badly for her sense of loneliness, though; that he had not pursued her concern more deeply when she mentioned it; and wished that he could do something about it. So, Jay thought “I’ll call her tomorrow when I’m more clear headed and less tired.”

When he got home, his weekly check from Inspiration House was lying on his computer, along with a note from Eden thanking Jay for the excellent work he had done. This was something totally new for her—to willingly, openly, and thoughtfully be appreciative! She had been putting a similar note on each check, for the last four weeks, since the beginning of the new year. Jay was very pleased for her and had his faith restored that, maybe, all his efforts to “reach” her, over the years, had continued to pay off!

As happy as he was with the realization of all these recent achievements in his mother, Lindsay, and Eden, Jay could not overlook the fact that his ego did not deal well with “children”—particularly, the childlike tendencies in these three people, who were closest to him!

He really hoped, with all his heart, (i.e., prayed) that he would learn to *never* “react” or “feel unlovingly” toward anyone, ever again. With this admission, Jay felt that his next task and commensurate lessons would ultimately test, and verify, his patience and tolerance. Who knows, he might even develop a genuine and continual “sense of humor” in dealing with the childish aspects of people close to him. (He had no trouble with those not close!) In spite of his apprehensions about “who” his next vehicle for learning this lesson was, Jay knew this would be the most important one for his total peace and contentment as well as truly permit him to beneficially affect the consciousness of the universe—which was his only contribution!

Am I Really Here? Are You Really There?

It occurred to Jay that during the past year he had become the very thing that he despised in most of the significant women in his life: a “little old lady” determined to have life *exactly* his way and a temperamental child when things didn’t work out as he thought they should ordinarily. He had Eden, his publisher, to thank for her similar qualities that drove him “wild” enough to bring them out in him. (No matter how nice we act on the surface, we all have hidden familial traits that lay dormant until someone comes along to “tweak” us into releasing them. Children, family members, and co-workers are best at this.)

Knowing that the only way to release these qualities was to acknowledge them fully, he sat down and wrote the following list:

To the Universe,

I AM a “little ol’ lady” and a temperamental child about “basics.”
I have no tolerance for the following:

- Irresponsibility (procrastination in tending to things in a “reasonable” period of time)
- Inconsideration (not being thoughtful and loving toward others)
- Slovenliness (making messes and leaving piles of “stuff” laying around)
- Disorganization (not following a rhythm of taking care of daily routines and necessities)
- Denial/lying about one’s ego-self (refusing to acknowledge the obvious aspects of one’s personality, particularly, when exposed by others)
- Negativity/poor self-worth (having opinions, judgments, and predispositions about others or blaming them for the consequences of our lives)
- Lack of integrity (frequently violating or reinterpreting one’s “word” or making excuses about it to suit one’s momentary needs)



During the first week of April 1994, Jay turned 50 and became a grandfather for the first time. “All in one week!” said his mother, Bobbie. Neither event phased him, at all! “*The dream just goes on and on,*” he thought.

He drove down two and half hours south with his mother the following weekend to see his daughter, Lisa, her husband, Jeff, and his new granddaughter, Jordan Danielle. He also took Lisa and Jeff his 3-year old notebook computer and other related, peripheral equipment to enable Jeff to do his Master’s degree work at home

rather than staying late at the office to use his company's computer. Jay knew that Jeff would probably prefer to be home with his burgeoning family, which includes two cats and two dogs, as well.

They had a good visit, enjoyed the cute, new addition to the family, had lunch, and then Jay went over the computer with Lisa and Jeff for 2 – 3 hours—the most *uninterrupted*, focused time he had ever spent with them.

Being so preoccupied with themselves, their lifestyle, and their new arrival, neither of them acknowledged Jay's birthday a few days prior! (And they are real nice people, in their own right!) Even though he was no longer a sentimentalist, he did like to see close loved-ones expressing thoughtfulness and caring enough to remember others. Consequently, approximately a week and a half later, Jay called and spoke with Lisa to see how things were going and to thank her for her “thank you note” for giving them the computer, for which they were very appreciative.

During the course of their conversation, Jay obliquely mentioned “Did you realize that you forgot my birthday?” To which, Lisa made excuses about just becoming a mother and the turmoil that it causes in her life and the fact that she only acknowledges Jeff's birthday and the rest of the family on “national holidays” (like Christmas); got angry and emotional (Jay's least favorite attribute, in anyone); threatened to hang up the phone on him and would do so if he called back; and then she hung up on him, without his so much as getting one word in after mentioning their neglect. In response, he wrote the following letter after receiving a belated

birthday card, a week later, with a written apology from Lisa for her previous actions:

4/28/94

Dear Jeff & Lisa,

Enclosed are the old version of my computer page-layout manuals and three new version disks that the software manufacturer sent me to correct errors in the previous one. Simply follow the instructions on the first disk. I have also enclosed a write-up on the new page-layout manual that has come out that I thought would be valuable to you...since I can't give you mine because I use it from time to time.

I hope all is well with you and that you are thoroughly enjoying Jordan.

Thank you, Lisa, for your acknowledgment about our last phone conversation! (Apologies are *never* needed with me, *but* I always appreciate maturity in people when they don't deny inappropriate behavior... particularly, you! Because I am always willing to admit when I am wrong, I don't accept others' actions if they "refuse" to look at themselves—*when* they are no longer children, chronologically, and *informed enough* to know better.)

You can mess up thousands of times a day! As long as you can truly admit your error (to your Self, at least)—*without* defending or making excuses for your ego, in any way—and wish, in your heart (mind), to undo it and *forgive* your self. Then, you will always make THE most, and only, meaningful contribution to the world (to

include your children and loved-ones) that you can possibly make! Your “consciousness” is your only contribution...so, thank you, thank you, thank you...from and for all of us!

Also, thank you for the card. (I hope you realize, by now, that the only thing that is important to me is that you [because of What you know...in your Heart] *demonstrate* “thoughtfulness” toward *all* people. Gifts and cards are not important...caring enough about loved-ones to personally acknowledge them, from time to time, IS. You get the drift! I know your ego resents anything that remotely resembles a parental-lecture, as does everyone’s.)

Love, peace and blessings,



Jay was sitting at his desk leaning way back in his high-back, brown-cloth executive chair with one foot propped on one its legs to keep him there while his free leg was crossed over the other. He was sitting there, in his khaki shorts, white polo shirt, and leather sandals (his usual, everyday attire), thinking about all the chaotic events of the past year and how well he had handled them by never getting angry or upset with the people involved or blaming them in any way for the discomfort they had brought into his life. Nor was he looking for vengeance against them.

It was amazing that most of these had been resolved amicably in his favor, *without* any effort on his part. The headman at his printing service took note and counseled the offending employee responsible for their problems last summer. The judge “withheld adjudication” on Jay’s traffic citation for speeding last fall, which effectively rendered him guiltless, after two court sessions on the matter this past winter. In the spring, a judge found the remainder business, who defaulted on their offer to Jay’s publisher a year ago, guilty and ordered them to pay the monies owed. (They were even denied their motion for retrial!)

But the one event that brought Jay his greatest reward was his publisher’s finally learning to “openly admit” when she was wrong, without defending her actions by trying to give an explanation, or an excuse, as she habitually had done all of her 93 years. The first occurrence happened during the first week of April, the week of his 50 birthday, for which he expressed profuse gratitude by saying to Eden, “Thank you, thank you for giving me ‘the’ greatest gift for my birthday of ‘your’ *defenselessness* and *fearlessness*, which is what your *openness* represents when you acknowledge you are wrong or you made a mistake. I have waited six years for this moment, and I want you to know that it is *the* best gift anybody could give me. It has made all of our struggles together worthwhile!”

Jay remembered receiving an urgent message from his local computer dealer, recently, on the company answering service. The man asked him to bring in his computer as soon as possible, which Jay was extremely unwilling to do because he had lost so much time in

their business due to severe computer problems. (They had gone through *five* new computers in *two months*, which finally broke Jay's ego down—to the point where he could not react, in the slightest, when they lost the *entire* database on their last computer. He was in the process of reconstructing it when he received the call.)

Jay had lost track of time when he got the message and did not realize that it was an *old* message from two days ago, when he had taken care of the dealer. Consequently, Jay spent many hours, and dollars, working with several members of the computer manufacturer's corporate staff trying to get them to take care of his local dealer—who later called Jay and told him that the phone message was from two days prior, when they mutually resolved the computer warranty issues.

Jay told his publisher how foolish he felt for getting so concerned and “strung-out” that he didn't realize what date the phone message was. She volunteered “Had *I* gotten the messages [when I was supposed to] (which is her normal, but often forgotten, responsibility) then you would not have had to deal with that [because the message would have been taken care of or deleted on the day it was received].” Jay complemented her by saying “Thank you...for *listening*...for the first time in your life, to my knowledge. That's what ‘*internal* listening’ for all answers is about. Now you know! One has to be *still* and *not* defend themselves in order to be able to ‘be told’ the answers to *all* things, in their own mind or through their own words, like you just did. Very good, Eden! This is a wonderful gift *to* me, and *for* you.” He remembered patting his friend on the shoulder as she sat in her office chair when he got up to leave, feeling very relieved that she *finally* learned what “real” listening was all about.

Next, Jay was thinking about and appreciating all the wonderful changes that had taken place in Eden's home over the last couple of months. She had the antiquated electrical system replaced; had ceiling fans installed throughout the house; had two dingy-colored rooms and all the yellowed woodwork throughout the house painted a bright white; replaced a failed water-heater and all the air conditioning duct-work; bought a new, full-sized washing machine and dryer (which she refused to buy, before) and a new stove; installed new linoleum over the shabby-looking kitchen floor and new, top-grade, wall-to-wall carpeting in all the bedrooms and offices; and had numerous small repair items taken care of all throughout her property. All of which indicated an overall *internal* housecleaning of Eden's consciousness and an astounding improvement in her self-worth—which was practically nonexistent two months ago.

He knew this was indicative of *the* most major “healing” of her entire life...and his, too. She would never have attended to these had he not been in her life, and Jay felt extremely grateful for being able to play *the* significant part in her development of self-esteem and appreciation and responsibility for her *whole* physical environment—for the first time in 93 years! (She only took care of her physical body, to some degree, prior to his arrival in her life. Her house was internally dark, depressing, and very cluttered, as she never threw anything out—unless she *had* to.)

The next thing he knew, Jay's thoughts were interrupted by Eden's cat meowing near his office door. Calico was such a quiet cat and avoided all men, including him,

that it seemed rather strange that she would sit outside *his* room, while the door was open, calling to him for attention. Then, it occurred to him that she had been “locked” in the guestroom while there were workmen in the house repairing the air conditioning system—since she was terrified of strangers and would try to escape the house. Jay got up to see who opened the door and let her out, but everyone was gone from the house and when he got to the guestroom door where Calico had been confined it was *still* locked. “*No way she could have gotten out of there on her own,*” Jay thought. “*This cat must have been teleported out of this room.*”

This did not surprise him, at all, as Jay recalled an incident that happened four years ago while he was staying with a friend in her house in Salt Lake City, Utah. She had a pet cat who stayed in the house, all the time. One early morning, before his friend had arisen, Jay thought he heard a muffled cat cry coming from the basement as he stood in the kitchen. So, he went down the stairs searching for the source of the cry to see if everything was alright. There was no cat anywhere, even though he could still hear the cries of a cat. Then, Jay walked over to the extra, old refrigerator his friend had in the basement and pulled open the top, freezer door. Inside was her cat, sitting there *warm as toast*. He pulled her out. About an hour later, his friend awoke and walked sleepily into the kitchen and Jay asked her “Where do you think I found your cat this morning?” When he told her, she looked dumbfounded at him! Then Jay said, “Maybe now, you can *accept* that this truly is a *dream-world* and anything can happen here.”

Two days before the official beginning of summer, this Father's Day was far different than last year for Jay! He received so many demonstrations from his family members and close friends that they had "healed" their poor self-esteem and had gotten beyond their ego centeredness. His oldest daughter, Lisa, sent a card, which contained the following handwritten message: "Thank you for your unending love and support of us [she and her husband, Jeff]. We are grateful for all you've done to make our family life easier." (*"Now...that's a real nice compliment!"* thought Jay, feeling very happy that she took the time to at least acknowledge him, this year.)

His friend and publisher, Eden, strolled into the kitchen and announced, for the *first* time in her life, "I resist *ANY* change [about my self or my environment, regardless if it's for my betterment]!! But, thank you for recommending [i.e., badgering me into] removing the broken, full-length mirror from the guestroom and installing a new one in my room. I check to see if my clothes look rumple-free, clean, and whether my shoes match my outfit—everyday!" To which, Jay replied "You're welcome. It's nice to see you really benefit, enjoy, and take advantage of any and all suggestions that I, or others, make to help you live a more convenient and easy life. It's nice to see your self-worth improve!" He knew this was a major acknowledgment and indication of her self-healing and felt very blessed by it!

That same day he received a note from his mother, Bobbie, along with a brochure that he lent her, written by a friend who teaches commodity trading. (The message of the material was that "most everyone is 'asleep'

to themselves” and that they *must* learn what they are all about. Of course, this coincided with Jay’s philosophy that the world is merely a dream and that one must realize this, first, before they can begin to understand What they really are.) In it, she stated that the material was “Very interesting!” and the most recent review of his first book, *BANISHED...from the Sandbox*, was “marvelous!” When he drove down to take her to dinner the previous weekend, Bobbie brushed the windblown hair on his temples into place with her fingers, and said “You’re getting quite grey...it looks nice!”

Jay’s brother, Bob, “thanked” him on a birthday card, two months ago, for a copy of his latest book that Jay sent him last Christmas. When Jay called Bob during the third week in May to wish him a happy birthday, Bobby (as he liked to be called) thanked him for having a noticeable impact on their mother’s attitude, and subsequent, pleasant behavior! While acknowledgments, like these, would appear normal to most, to Jay they were “monumental breakthroughs of a lifetime” because *no one* in his family *ever* made any “positive” statements about another member (or anyone else) or their achievements—as if frightened that by recognizing them, it would magnify their insignificance or the other’s successes degraded them in some way. Poor self-esteem pervaded his previously very critically-judgmental family... as well as most of the world.

As Jay relaxed on his futon-couch in his office/bedroom, reminiscing, with his eyes closed, about how truly wonderful these demonstrations have been, he recalled what his friend, Lindsay, had written in a letter to him for his recent birthday, “I can see you serenely walking

along the beach with a warm glow and peace about you.” He could *feel* it, now! How wonderful it was for him to be recognized for What he really was; to see others close to him content and improving their attitude and life’s condition; to live totally anonymous, and therefore, totally free; and to not depend on anyone or anything else for one’s peace and happiness!

This is the moment that he had been waiting for 12 years—to “see” the coming-together of every family member and close friend. “*Maybe being a full-time angel isn’t so bad, after all?!*” Jay thought, having realized his true function here. “*All the struggles, careers, romances, travels, trials, and drama were merely to get to this point! And, it has all been worth it.*” He got up, converted his couch into a bed, turned out the light, and went to sleep—feeling totally accomplished and actualized...but knowing that the *rest* of the dream-world needs the ongoing contribution of his consciousness, and others like him...until The Dream ends.

Around noontime, Jay strolled into the Pipe Den, through the back door as usual. As he walked through the dark, narrow aisle to the front of the store, he was warmly greeted by, the always congenial owner, Bob “Hello there! How are you today, sir!”

“Almost wonderful!” answered Jay, his typical upbeat retort.

Jay walked around from behind the counter, where Bob was standing, to the back corner with his daily mug of decaffeinated coffee and a large chocolate chip muffin, sat on his favorite stool, leaned back against the side

counter, and placed his goodies on the front counter. No one was in the store but the two of them, which was very unusual for this time of day. Bob, uncustomarily, then came out from behind the front counter and sat down on one of the other nearby stools. (He has a much nicer stool with a seatback behind the counter about six feet away from where Jay was sitting.)

As Bob sat there eating his lunch and while he sipped his coffee, Jay looked up and pondered the quiet atmosphere of the store over the past couple of months as an indicator of the peace in Bob's life. "Have you noticed that you no longer have *any* grumpy, unhappy, or unpleasant people in your store...now, that Tom (a very old, nearly-blind, feeble, and unhappy man who recently was taken to a nursing home by the state) and Andy don't show up? (Both of these men used to spend *hours* just sitting in Bob's store!) Leroy, who used to talk very loudly and sometimes angrily, now talks quietly and calmly. Larry, who talked in a very loud, 'know-it-all' fashion, hogged or horned in all conversations in the store, and laughed after everything he said, now talks and acts more reserved (i.e., normal)."

Bob stopped eating, scrunched up his face as if deep in thought, and, after deliberating about Jay's comment, said with astonishment, "You're right!"

"As you have gotten your life together and have taken back the control of it from your wife and mother-in-law, as well as others, things are falling in place for you and the peaceful, friendly atmosphere of your store is the *outward demonstration* of that," continued Jay. But, he knew that all of this was proof to him that *his* "consciousness" had worked in Bob's life, as well as in that of

all the others around him in the Pipe Den and, of course, everywhere else!

After they sat there and chatted for awhile until customers came in, Jay's thoughts drifted to other demonstrations that his consciousness was finally working toward bringing total peace and contentment in his *entire* life.

A couple of months ago, Jay had received such tremendous, friendly, and superior assistance from all the sales and technical support staff at a computer company that he wrote his first congratulatory letter to the president of the company (who, he discovered later, distributed copies of Jay's letter to everyone in the entire company).

Jay recently discovered through a brochure from the president of the company that trained him in commodities that this man had the *same* purpose that he had: "to wake people up to their reality and to know themselves, first." This *thrilled* Jay to visibly see someone else doing what he tries to do everyday of his existence and to know that others were doing it under the *guise* of showing others how to achieve material wealth! He dropped a line to the president to personally thank him, who in return responded with a cordial note and a box of "gourmet" jelly beans. ("How appropriate," laughed Jay, "from an *advanced* soul!")

After an informal request a week prior, a technical support representative from another, major computer company called Jay with a handy solution for his nuisance problem with their program. Jay was so impressed by the man's cordiality and helpfulness, and by the mere fact that a person would work on *his* problem over the

course of an entire week (“when they had time”), that he cranked out another appreciation letter—this time to the representative’s boss.

While his commodities broker, Jeff, has been busy and out of town for several weeks, Jay had chagringly, at first, been working with his assistant, Mark. Mark, as it turns out is “terrific” because he is even more dependable, reliable, friendly, and conversant than Jeff, who impressed him as well. Jay liked working with Mark so much that he thanked him for these qualities and asked him if he would like to become his full-time broker when he became certified for the same company, in about a month! Mark thanked him and said “Yes”...and that he “thought Jeff would not be insulted or hurt” if he switched to him, when Jay asked. (Practically all of his commodity placements have been through Mark, except for one. Jeff was the first broker Jay met and who could answer most of his questions from the beginning stages of his involvement in commodities, months ago.)

Jay then recounted how wonderful his whole life seemed and for those all around him, friends and family alike. All the marvelous changes in their attitudes and lifestyles were almost “unbelievable,” months ago! He reveled in the fact that everything wonderful that has occurred just “came” to him, or for others around him. That he has never had to do anything to “make” them happen! He recalled how he has seen sea turtles lay eggs on the beach in the middle of the day, twice—rather than at midnight on a non-moonlit night, as is customary. He then appreciated the fact that Eden’s cat, Calico, no longer jumps up and runs out of the room whenever he entered it. As a matter of fact, she will lie sleeping and

not even flinch or look at Jay when he walks close to her, which is amazing because she used to be so timid!

Jay had not expected to do well in commodities, at first. (He expected to “lose” money, actually.) But, he had been doing very well and having fun with it utilizing his computer, from the beginning—when he started investing. Here he was, a man who used to *hate* money, now having a good time—unemotionally “playing” with it!

“I guess my consciousness has finally paid off... after all these years!” thought Jay. He then got up off the stool; bid Bob, who was helping customers, a good day; and walked toward the back door and to his white sports car, parked in the municipal lot out behind the store.

“What a great day!” he thought as he drove off. *“In a few days, it would be the Fourth of July where we celebrate the ‘freedom’ of our country. And it sure is wonderful to see everyone around me experiencing theirs by breaking their enslavement to their negative ego habits and past traditions.”*

Lindsay was sitting on her couch in her new, Georgian colonial, townhouse condo outside of Atlanta (the first home she bought on her own, just last month in the middle of June) reading a magazine when the phone rang. “Hello” she answered in her typical perky, warm, proper-Southern accent.

“Hi, Lindsay!” replied Jay from the other end.

After hesitating a moment, her voice dropped to the soft, sultry tone he fondly remembered from their days together, when they were lovers as well as close friends

and spiritual brothers, as she purred, “Hi,” sounding very pleased to hear from him.

“I was talking with Eden the other evening about her learning to *listen* to the internal guidance within herself and to silence, or turn off, her ego-intellect in order to become able to ‘know’ what was going on in the world around her, at all times. We were watching a movie. And as I was describing all the indicators of our spiritual evolution in it—that she was unable to see *without* my pointing them out, I realized that you were one of the *few* people I ‘know’ who is able to *spiritually discern* what is really taking place in every situation—in terms of the lessons people are learning to wake up to their Reality.

“As I told her, ‘When you become *miracle-minded*, like Lindsay, you will be able to see these wonderful occurrences taking place in all *everyday* events. As a matter of fact, Lindsay is the *only* person, currently in my life, who *clearly* has this ability. It takes a *complete* acceptance of one’s Reality beyond their human ego, while they are in it, and the willingness and committed dedication to listen and be continually *open* to observe the world around them.

“‘It requires that you step back from the *trees*, as it were, and take in the *whole* forest—or the big picture—from a spiritual standpoint! If you live in a childlike *fog*, caught up in your fantasies, prejudgments based upon past experiences and attitudes, and intellectual rationalizations, you’ll *never* become miracle-minded...capable of seeing the wonderful spiritual evolution taking place, *all the time*, within everyone and every situation! It *only* requires the willingness to surrender your ego—and **not**

defend or *protect* it by denials or by making excuses and explanations for *its* actions and thoughts. You have done very well by recently learning to *admit* your ego's actions when they have not been in your best interest or others. But, it does require *continual* effort—for the rest of your life—to see miracles by becoming open-minded, non-opinionated, and aware.'

"So, as a result of that conversation, I wanted to say 'Thank you for your commitment to learning to be miracle-minded,' and I really appreciate Your Presence in my life!"

Lindsay demurely uttered, in deep gratitude of his appreciation, "Thank you."

"Eden is apparently *finally* arriving at a sense of total peace and contentment as she said, just the other day, 'I feel complete with everything in my life should I die, now'..."

"Oh, Jay!" Lindsay immediately responded, amazed at Eden's arriving.

"Which *really* surprised me!" Jay continued. "Because...I always thought her ego would hold on 'kicking and screaming' until the bitter end. Her former daughter-in-law died this past week. That probably triggered her to acknowledge and appreciate her life to this point, which has been more than full—in terms of activity, achievements, and accomplishments (e.g., she had written three, still-successful books twenty years ago; appeared in Broadway and off-Broadway productions as an actress; served as an Army medical technician during World War II; was married to a successful author and screenwriter for 25 years; has one son and two grandsons, plus two great-grandchildren; had an all-night radio

talk show, on advanced spiritual subjects, in New York City; ran her own combination bookstore/publishing company in New York; has been a metaphysical minister and a spiritual practitioner for 30-odd years; and she has painted and done ceramics, pottery, and marbling on fabric).

“By the way, I forgot to thank you for your nice compliment, last April, in the letter you wrote me for my birthday, where you stated that I ‘was the most thoughtful person you have ever known.’ Coming from you, who are also *the* most thoughtful person *I* have ever known, that was the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me. So, thank you!”

“You’re welcome...and thank you, Jay,” she graciously responded.

“How is your new home working out? And how does it feel to finally prove to yourself that you can be totally self-sufficient—now that you have purchased your first one on your own?” he asked in rapid succession.

“Wonderful!” Lindsay cheerily responded.

“Do you have a sense of total freedom and Self-reliance that you did not have before?” he further queried.

“Yes. I now have the complete sense of being on my own without the ‘need’—the dependency—I used to have to have someone take care of me. It feels real good,” she warmly answered. “The only problem I have, now, is that I work so many hours that when I have time off I practically have no time to myself. When I’m home, Meg (her youngest, 17 year old daughter) is usually here; and if she’s not, Pete [her new boyfriend] is.”

“Lindsay, before it slips my mind, I watched a really interesting, unusual, and entertaining movie the other evening called *Baghdad Cafe* that takes place at a run-down restaurant and motel in a desolate part of the Southwest desert. It has such a weird ensemble cast, including a young, black woman manager; a German tourist who gets dropped off by her husband in the middle of the desert; and an old, male, Hollywood scene-painter. It had the most haunting, introductory melody and song I’ve ever heard, called ‘Calling You.’ It and the movie brought back wonderful memories and feelings of my spiritual beginnings in the Utah desert. I think you would enjoy both the movie and the song.”

“I’ll look for it at the video store,” she replied.

“A couple of weeks ago, I called Donna (his first ex-wife and mother of his two daughters) looking for Erika, who was staying with her on a temporary basis while Tim, her fiancé and housemate for over a year, was visiting his biological father for a couple of weeks for reconciliation purposes. She admitted that she no longer had any hatred of me since Lisa’s wedding, four years ago, which pleased me. Donna said that she has no way of correcting the rift between Erika and me because she was just their ‘friend’ from now on since Erika and Lisa were grown up and on their own. So, I told her that it was up to *her* to rectify the separation between us by ‘admitting her accountability’ to Erika for creating the situation. I said it would *free* Erika from her own, *self-created* fear to deal with me—which only she can do since I can’t reach Erika to even talk with her—plus, probably gain her greater respect from Erika for having the courage to do so!

“On Saturday morning last week, July 2, while I was lying on the floor in my room doing my usual exercises, it occurred to me that that was the day Erika and Tim were to get married. Of course, they didn’t send me a wedding invitation. So, I called Erika at Donna’s to wish them success in their marriage. When I told Donna, who answered the phone, why I was calling she *denied* that they were getting married that day! Feeling surprised and knowing that Donna would not give me any information pertaining to Erika, who supposedly was not there, I just hung up after saying goodbye.

“A couple of days ago, I spoke with Lisa, and Jeff—who, by the way, has suddenly taken an interest in talking to me now that I am into commodities, possibly because he is an investment major in graduate school—and was informed that Erika and Tim did, in fact, get married on July 2. I was very upset that Donna lied to me, and consequently, that I did not leave a message congratulating them on their pending marriage. I got over it the next day and wrote them a nice check for a wedding present.

“But...here’s the interesting part: as it turns out, and as I understand it, Tim was unable to reconcile his relationship with his father just prior to their marriage and changed his last name to that of his stepfather’s—apparently in retaliation. Suddenly, I realized the similarity between Tim and Erika—specifically, their major forgiveness lesson. It really blew me away when I realized that Tim married his *father* ‘in her’ when he married Erika because she in turn rejects me the same way Tim’s dad did him—for no *apparent* reason! And, Erika, of course, married *me* ‘in him’! Amazing! There’s no way

we escape our life's lessons. And, in this case, these two kids *married* it...unbeknownst to them!"

Lindsay uttered, in a low, astonished tone, "Oh, wow!"

"While I am mentioning Erika, something else came to me, yesterday. It seems that I have become a 'sensitive,' particularly, to the *feelings* of people who I love and am close to, in my heart-mind. Because, when I have called Erika—and in the past, girlfriends who no longer wanted to communicate with me in any way, I *felt* a tremendous fear inside me—as if it were my own—*after* I dialed her number. I do not have any fear *before* calling or while dialing.

"Robert Bly called this type of man the 'naïve man' in his book, *Iron John*, which I believe I read to you. This kind of man, having no boundaries of his own, usually *takes on* the feelings of the *women* closest to him. And, I can certainly see that this has been the case for me in several, past circumstances. It was embarrassing for my male ego to acknowledge this and weird to realize that you can be so easily affected by another's consciousness. People have no idea how their thoughts and feelings affect others! That's why it is so important for many of us to develop a consciousness that can benefit all! Ultimately, when enough do so, the *dream*, we call the world, will end."

"Hmm," she thought out loud.

"Oh...my adopted sister, Maureen, recently wrote me a thank you note for the material I sent her (and you and my other close family members) about spiritually 'waking up' to one's Self. She mentioned that she has been getting books and stuff with spiritual messages

from all sorts of sources, lately, and that ‘maybe it’s time to learn my lesson(s).’ That would be great! The interesting thing is that Maureen knew about *A Course in Miracles* long before I did. She went out to California and got exposed to it there through a group of people she met. Because...when I found it, she knew all about it and commended me on ‘becoming.’

“Forgive me for hogging the conversation, but there has been a lot going on, and you are the *only* one I would even bother talking to...the only one who can see things the way I do,” Jay apologized.

“That’s fine,” Lindsay consoled him. “It’s not that often that we talk, and I am happy that you chose to share with me.”

“I feel very blessed to have you in my life, Lindsay.”

“Me, too,” she softly agreed.

“You know what’s really interesting, lately, is that *everyone* that I have been involved or work with in commodities has been *very* nice—from my broker to my data service to *all* the computer-support people! Since I spend an hour or two a day watching the markets, it’s really great to work with so many wonderful, pleasant, helpful, friendly, and supportive people. I feel like I am ‘surrounded’ by these types of people—and *only* these types, *now*! What a great feeling. I’ll bet it is like the same feeling you had when you went back to Atlanta and relished all the love and support that all your family and friends provided—particularly, after all those years without it from Bruce.”

“That’s wonderful, Jay. I’m glad to hear that everything is going so well for you.”

“Before I let you go, Lindsay, I wanted to share with you something I’ve noticed in people for some time. And that is that people’s ‘emotional’ ages are what cause their egos difficulty in being able to relate. When people get caught up in their ‘drama’ or their emotions, their ego gets locked into a certain, emotional age; and if you’re not at the *same* age-level as them, you cannot communicate. People’s chronological age usually has no bearing on their emotional age.

“For instance, my emotional age seems to have been 19, Eden 9–13, Bobbie 15, and you 16. These are the ages we *act* when our egos are ‘playing’ or we get trapped in some emotional difficulty. Anyone can easily tell what theirs is by looking at the *youngest* age of people that they can *clearly* relate with. If you can talk with and enjoy the company of a nine year old or like activities that someone that age participates in, then your emotional age is nine.”

Lindsay was starting to squirm in her sitting position on the couch in her living room, feeling uncomfortable—as usual—whenever Jay mentioned her ego’s characteristics. Sensing this, he stopped her before she could interrupt “Now...just hold on for a minute, and I’ll explain what I mean!

“I don’t communicate well with or personally enjoy anyone who *acts* below age 19, so I avoid any intimate, long term associations with people who act younger than that. I discovered this while teaching in a community college where I found a great compatibility with 18 and 19 year olds. I enjoyed 19 year olds, in particular, because they are at the threshold to adulthood and are the most ‘open-minded’ to learning how to

become an adult and the ways of the world while still retaining their innocence—like your oldest daughter, Hallie, for instance, whose *presence* I enjoyed immensely, even though we did not have a long interchange when we sat together for the first and only time at your apartment in Florida.

“I caught Eden bringing home a toy, plastic sprinkling can from the club pool, one day, that had been left behind by a very young child. (I made her take it back in case the child’s parents went looking for it later, plus the fact that a 92 year old had no business ‘playing’ with children’s toys at her age!). She *already* has a toy alligator sitting on the front porch, that she later admitted that she took from the same place. Whenever I point out anything about her ego’s attributes—when they are working against her *stated* heartfelt desire to be a spiritual master—she used to *immediately* become defiant and protectively defend it by refusing to even listen to *anything* I said, much like a rebellious, fiercely-independent 13 year old.

“Bobbie has *always* been like a 15 year old, which, to me, typifies the ‘independent-initiator’ aspect of the teenage period that we all go through, where she always wanted to learn all the dance steps (and had me practice them with her), be familiar with *all* the trends of my generation, and enthusiastically watch the TV dance show, American Bandstand, with me most afternoons when I was a teenager. (I didn’t mind, at all, but I thought it strange that an *adult* would want to *continue* to act like a kid!) Today, at a very young-looking 72, she is out country dancing, one night a week. (It wouldn’t surprise me if she was the *only* one her age there!)

“Now, you, on the other hand, I see as more of ‘social-joiner’ type of teenager that I perceive a 16 year old to be—one that goes along with the crowd, but only when it is *with* it. When you *enthusiastically* told me of riding around town on a fire engine with the members of your brother’s wedding party last summer, you sounded just like someone your daughter, Meg’s age. (She was 16, then.) The way you used to cry about your plight in life or the past was also indicative of someone of that emotional age.

“My experience has been that women (and men, too) usually act somewhere between the youngest and oldest child’s emotional age of those living at home. How else would they be able to communicate and relate with each other unless there were that common ground. Parents are learning to ‘grow up,’ too...right along side their children! It’s perfectly normal and natural, *but* they wouldn’t want to admit it—more than likely.

“The reason I am sharing this with you is so that you will learn to recognize *every* aspect of your ego so that it can be *completely* dispelled by the Spirit within you. Also, it helps us, humanly, to be able to ‘know’ our ego-selves so that we can work with it in dealing effectively with others and recognizing our limitations so that we don’t get stressed out and can avoid internal as well as external conflict.”

“I don’t know if I agree with you,” offered Lindsay with doubt lingering in her mind.

“Well, my *competitive* friend, that *doesn’t* surprise me. After all, who else but you would try to teach the Teacher?” Jay said jokingly, remembering back to their beginning times together where she would often repeat

what she had recently read to him. “Just mull it over for a while. The truth of it will ‘come’ to you as everything else has.

After a pause, “Oh, I almost forgot! Guess what Eden said to me this morning?!” Jay exclaimed.

“What?” answered Lindsay, in anticipation.

“She walked up to me first thing—just as I was on my way to my morning walk on the beach—and said ‘I have been reading *all* these magazine articles by *famous people*, like Wayne Dyer, Deepak Chopra, and now, James Redfield (who wrote the very current, runaway bestseller, *Celestine Prophecy*), and they are *all* saying what you’ve been saying and writing about...*for years!*’ with great surprise in her voice. ‘*How* have you *known* about all these things, for so long??’ I merely told her that ‘All it takes to be *open* to learning anything and everything of spiritual importance, in anyone’s life—to be guided by the *internal* wisdom that exists within all of us—is to be *willing to surrender* our ego, **completely**... without *any* attempt to protect or defend it, in *any way!*’ The mere fact that she *finally* recognized What has been around her, in me, all these years, is a major miracle! Never mind the ego stroke, which is always superfluous!” concluded Jay.

“Oh, Jay,” sighed Lindsay, who in knowing Eden, recognized the once-unbelievable, spiritual significance of her revelation.

“Be happy, take care, and remember that I love you, dearly! It’s time for me to let you go. It’s always nice to share with you, Lindsay. Until next time....”

“Bye...I love you, too. Thanks for calling,” said Lindsay as she gently hung up the phone, pondering all that they discussed.

After he got off the phone, Jay wondered about the significance of a quote he remembered from a movie, which said “People never die as long as we remember them!” He thought *“As nice as it is to talk with Lindsay—and she’s the only one ‘in’ my life who can truly understand me and the significance of what I am saying, the real importance of people seems to be to have them around to be ‘sounding boards’ so we can **listen** to the thoughts coming through **our Selves!** If I did not have Lindsay here to talk with, I would merely ‘think’ my thoughts, as in writing a letter, to her. The results are just as significant. And in that way, she is always with me—no matter what. I guess the question is: ‘Am I really here? Are you really there?’ If you really exist in my mind, as determined by my ego-created perception, then you never really existed, anyway, and therefore, can never die! Amazing...when you see the logic of it!!*

*“Twelve years ago, I ‘realized’ that God would never have made a world like this—so imperfect—where we require so much bodily maintenance to just live here. After all...if we were God—all-seeing, all-knowing, all-powerful, as most of our religions teach, wouldn’t we have made our bodies impervious to climatic changes and maintenance-free and been endowed with every material need we could ever imagine?! Well, He would have, too—if, in fact, He did create us, as **human** beings!*

*“Also, there would never have been a need to compete within anyone, in any way, for anything. Therefore, this has to be one gigantic dream that **we** imagined! To me, it just seemed so logical. You didn’t need to be a college graduate to figure it out! But...you ‘do’ need to learn to become fearless because you will ultimately realize that you are responsible for **every** aspect of your life—which, in turn, is determined by your attitude of self-worth.”*

Moving toward his bed to lie down for the night, he smiled to himself as he remembered what a female friend said of him, to someone else: “Jay is so ‘logical’...I love talking with him.” *“It was nice to be appreciated for your real qualities!”* were Jay’s last thoughts, as he lay his head on the pillow and closed his eyes.

It was late for him, the middle of Sunday afternoon, when Jay dove into the ocean to cool off before he went for his daily walk. Before he did so, he noticed a youngish woman with long, sandy-blond hair in a bikini, sunglasses, and carrying a water bottle in her left hand walking toward him from the north. It was seldom that he found anyone, let alone an attractive woman, walking in the southerly direction that he took every day. But, he thought *“If it’s meant to be for us to walk together for awhile, I’ll just have to catch up with her later—if, she walks real slow.”* Then, he plunged under the water.

After a quick soak, Jay swam to shore, smoothed the excess water out of his preppy-length, brown hair, and proceeded south along his usual path. He noticed the

same woman, again, only a 100 yards or so ahead. Without walking fast, he caught up to her going his typical leisurely pace.

Jay commented to her, “I didn’t think anybody walked as slow as me,” as he began to pass her.

She looked up, gave a slight smile, and said, “This is my special time each week to go for my stroll on the beach.”

They *sauntered* easily together—a fact that did not escape Jay’s notice since it was the first trait he looked for in a woman—all the way down to the immaculately-kept public bathhouse and beach area before turning around to walk back. (She decided to stop there, where he always stops to go back, to use the facilities.)

Her name was Drue; she was twice-divorced, like himself, and had a 12 year old son and a four year old daughter; and she was a local businesswoman involved in kitchen remodeling. Jay was fascinated by her relaxed, mellow disposition and her rare ability to *fearlessly* talk with a male stranger on the beach. They talked fluidly about everything from living out West (she in Oregon and he in Utah) to Mormons and spirituality to relationships, sex, and their mutual, proper upbringings. It was a very easy, pleasurable time for both.

Jay suggested some thought-provoking books for Drue to read since, as he explained to her, “no one meets another by chance” and they immediately got into his favorite topic, Reality, after he admitted that he was an author—something he rarely does! After stopping at the staircase leading off the beach to where she was parked, they chatted for several more minutes—primarily about the intimate aspects of her recent relationships with

a few men in her life, Jay, feeling the time was right to end their time together, said “I have *thoroughly* enjoyed my time with you, and I particularly appreciate your personal gift of ‘fearlessness’ that you extended to me, today! Thank you.”

“Well, thank you. This has been great for me, too!” Drue replied, in a very relaxed but happy tone.

They exchanged information as to how and where to reach each other and indicated a mutual desire to meet again—whenever either was so inspired. He *even* expressed a willingness for her to bring her children with her, the next time, for their walk together on the beach!

“May I give you a hug!?” he cheerily asked.

“Yes!” she answered, positively.

Then their scantily-clad bodies embraced completely, warmly, and briefly—but without any romantic passion as *true* friends do.

Then, Jay released her and said, “Bye, Drue!” with joy in his heart, face, and voice.

As he turned to walk home, Drue sounded out, “Bye, Jay!” which brought a deep sense of gratitude in him for this very special and rare meeting.

That evening around 11P.M., after watching television together, Eden and Jay began to retire for the night to their respective rooms in opposite ends of the house. While Jay was turning out the lights in the living room, she stood in the doorway to her bedroom and—with tears in her voice and holding a hankie to her eyes (her ego’s normal routine)—said, “Thank you so much for being in my life.”

Jay immediately stopped what he was doing, approached her standing there and very gently reminded

her with tenderness in his voice, “You know...if you’re *happy*, you cry...if everything is okay, your ego gets rebellious and goes looking for trouble by finding fault with situations between us, which are perfectly normal in most relationships, and cries!”

All of a sudden, it struck him, “I think your ego does this just so it can play its favorite game of ‘pity poor-me.’ It *loves* to cry—no matter what the occasion! If things are great, you cry. If your ego isn’t getting its way, you cry. This is a ‘no-win’ situation for you, and for us. Your ego keeps you from having *any* self-esteem. And, until you recognize this and let it go *it* will prevent you from having *any* peace and happiness.”

“Well, I am just so happy that things are going well between us,” Eden interrupted, as she continually tried to do whenever he was counseling her.

“Well then...**tell your face!**” Jay resounded, jokingly. (This comment usually got her to stop crying and feeling sorry for herself *long enough* to at least smile...as it did, once again, this time.) “Happy people don’t cry! That’s just your ‘ego’ telling you that you are not *worthy* of love—in any form—which is its *sole* intent. You know what just came to me?” She soulfully shook her face with reddened, tear-soaked eyes “No” from side to side, barely moving it. “Your ego’s favorite tool for this feel-sorry-for-myself *game* of yours are your hankies! I bet...if you got rid of them, it couldn’t play this game anymore!” Jay said with great elation, feeling as if he had just been just given the greatest revelation of the century.

“NOT my precious hankies...my *treasures*! They are *so soft* on my eyes...and a tissue is not,” she immediately retorted.

“Yes...your hankies! They are like *needles* to a heroin-junkie!” Jay severely countered. “And just like ‘druggies’ can’t be around drugs, drug paraphernalia, and others who do drugs, you can’t have your hankies. They are *enabling* your ego’s ‘habitual’ pity-party. Without them, you’d have to *stop* and go looking for a tissue. If you stopped long enough to do that, the holy Spirit *in* you ‘might’ be able to get enough of your attention to get you to listen, internally, and stop your game...because that’s *all* it is! Tearful melodrama is your favorite ACT—*all* your close friends and family members know that—and you were a stage actress, for years, by training and desire. You haven’t fooled anyone—but your self—by ‘absolutely refusing’ to look at your ego and acknowledge it for what it is and does!

“Let’s throw out every single one and give *You* a chance to lead your life like the truly spiritually-actualized person that, in your Heart, you truly *want* to be. After all...you would not have ‘called’ me into your life as part of *our* ‘silent contract’ to help each other through this madness we call ‘life’ unless the Spirit of you wanted to come forth to be recognized. After all, you are the one who wrote a book called *Recognition*. And you know, *now*—because I’ve told you—that your real Self is all you are seeking to ‘know again,’ which is what that word means. I guess ‘it’s time’ for you to do this because I don’t know why this *simple* solution to your drama didn’t come to me before!?” Jay concluded.

Eden consented. Even though her face continued to quiver as her sobbing subsided (it always took her quite a while to settle down), they went throughout the house looking under seat cushions for any hankies. She used to have them buried *everywhere* (for so-called “emergency purposes”)—usually, stiff and wrinkled from use. After locating all of them, she gave them to Jay to ceremoniously tie up in a plastic garbage bag and put in the trash for early the next morning when the local sanitation service came.

Jay walked into his room, after that, feeling that he had stumbled upon *the* greatest miracle in Eden’s life. He knew that she no longer had *any* ‘vehicle’ to fall back into her worst enemy, her ego’s drama. This was quite a day—two gifts: one recognition of brotherly love and the other, the most major release of his business partner’s life! “*What an incredible day!*” he thought as he shut the door.

The next evening, Jay had to do a late night radio interview. Knowing that Eden liked to listen in and that he had a telephone with a speaker installed in her office (much to her former, parsimonious chagrin), recently, he told her about it early in the evening. She said that she would like to listen to it. He was happy to not have her sitting in the same room with him—which she had *insisted* upon in the past—as a potential distraction upon his consciousness.

When it was time for him to do the interview, Jay called to Eden, who was sitting watching TV, from the doorway leading into the living room. Knowing that she

is very typically slow to respond—or hear him at all—whenever he speaks to her (only when *she* initiates the conversation, does she listen!) and being short on patience, he condescendingly called out, “Get up off your ‘ass’ and go into the office! It’s time!” After very slowly making it there, Jay showed her how to work the listening buttons on the phone before he went to his room to receive the call from the radio station.

After the interview was finished, Jay walked into the office. As Eden sat in the upholstered barrel-chair in the corner, he walked over and sat on the desk and put his feet on the seat bottom of the chair in front of it. She immediately and happily said, “That was wonderful. You did a great job!”

“Thank you,” responded Jay. “It was okay.” Then after a momentary delay, he said, “You know...I *don’t* treat you nicely (referring to his earlier command to her). I apologize for *not wanting* to do so!”

She immediately interrupted, as usual, “Well, why don’t you?”

“For the moment, this recognition will have to suffice,” he continued, trying to finish what he was saying. “I guess it must be a ‘throwback’ from my memories of resenting your past actions and lack of responsiveness to my needs and feelings—in spite of what I know (meaning The Truth). At least by *completely* acknowledging it, I can *allow* it to be released—provided I want it to be, and I do! Well, good night and pleasant dreams (his regular nightly sign-off to Eden),” as Jay swung his legs off the chair and began to walk out.

“Good night,” responded Eden as she turned out the light as she was leaving.

It was Wednesday, two days before Erika's 23rd birthday on July 29, when Jay called Information to get her and her new husband, Tim's, brand new telephone number—and address, which they don't usually give out. (He didn't want to involve Lisa, in any way, and Donna already told him that she would not give him any information pertaining to Erika.) After getting it, he called them to confirm their zipcode because he wanted to send Erika a birthday card. Jay would have preferred to take them to dinner, but that was seemingly a dead issue, for awhile.

Surprisingly, Tim answered the phone, in the middle of the afternoon. Jay was expecting Erika to answer because she hadn't been able to find a job, according to what he had heard from her mother. Tim was home because his new job as a football coach and special-education teacher (he will teach reading to high school students with learning disabilities) wasn't going to begin for another couple of weeks.

As soon as Jay heard Tim's voice, he said to him, "Tim, this is Jay." And remembering the first and only time he had ever spoken to him, over a year ago (Tim answered the phone and passed it immediately to Erika—almost as soon as Jay introduced himself—before he could strike up any conversation with him), Jay continued, "Please...*don't* pass the telephone to Erika... just yet."

"You must be Erika's father?!" Tim happily asked, in a youthful, but manly, voice.

"Yes, that's right!" he replied, equally upbeat—but stunned that he received a pleasant greeting, from anyone close to Erika.

“Well, thank you for your ‘generous’ wedding present!” Tim immediately and warmly interjected.

Feeling very touched by his new son-in-law’s very genuine, heartfelt gratitude, Jay answered, “Well... I thought you could buy a TV, microwave, some major appliances, or pots and pans with it.”

“No. We put it towards the downpayment on a new house that we just bought,” he proudly stated.

“Wow, you two *just* got married...and already you’re in your first house!? Amazing! That’s really great! I am very happy for both of you!” Jay responded, in sheer delight at their good fortune.

This, their first conversation went on and on like this for two hours! You’d think they had been buddies for years. (But then, that’s how open-hearted, fearless “angels” communicate—particularly, with each other!) Tim said that Jay was “easy to talk to.” Jay enjoyed talking with him, too. Tim was *very open*! He felt that his daughter was extremely fortunate to have a partner who was (and he told Tim so). Early in the conversation, Tim mentioned that others might think he was sissified because he was emotionally sensitive and expressive. Jay stated that “the ability to be that way was, in fact, indicative of *true* manliness and maturity” because it took *fearlessness* to be that open about one’s feelings and self!

Tim stated that he liked to learn things and was very inquisitive—without being “nosey”—about Jay and his philosophies on life. Rarely having a truly-interested audience, Jay was very happy to get into them, briefly, with him...even at the risk of exposing his true, core beliefs—as radical as they are. They shared a mutual interest in writing poetry, so Jay said he would provide

Tim with copies of his two unpublished books of poetry when he expressed a desire to read them.

Not having experienced very much about his daughter for such a long time, Jay was *very* interested in Tim's perception of Erika and their relationship. But, he did not ask any questions about it or pry in any way. Tim just casually talked and said they were not extravagant or wild in their wants and needs and that they were pretty much "homebodies" with simple desires. Tim found Erika to be "very kind with her friends," which was the one quality that really drew him to her.

Before ending their conversation, Tim said that he would like to meet Jay—which pleased him very much because he also had been wanting to meet Tim, for some time—and suggested getting together for a bite to eat, soon. However, Tim acknowledged that Erika was very reluctant to spend *any* time with Jay and hoped she would "get over it"—for her *own* sake (rather than Jay's). He had no more idea than Jay what her fears or concerns were about him, so he could shed no light on the matter. Jay said he understood and that "I do not expect her to like me or love me. I just don't want her to be 'afraid' of me—or anyone or anything else—because: *fear* is the **only** problem that she, and we, will ever have...and **we create it** ourselves"! They made tentative plans to get together—with Erika, if it was comfortable for her—within the next couple of weeks.

As they were about to hang up the telephone, Erika came home from her third day of her first, full-time job. Tim asked Jay if he would like to talk with her, to which he said "Yes...please!" Erika was her reserved, but not unpleasant self on the phone with Jay. He had to carry

the conversation, as usual, with her only answering specific questions. He then wished her a happy birthday (in two days) and mentioned that he and Tim had talked about the three of them getting together. She balked at the idea so he suggested that she just discuss it with Tim. He said goodbye and hung up.

Jay was *tremendously relieved* after talking with Tim. Most of all, he felt that Tim would be very good “for” Erika and bring her the openness, emotional expressiveness (feelings), and fearlessness that *he* had hoped to. But, it did not bother Jay, at all, to be replaced in her life! He felt very happy for her; very thankful and blessed knowing that, with these qualities in Tim, she would be exposed to many of the same concepts and be provided with many of the same learning opportunities—that he previously thought only he would be able and willing to give; and perfectly willing to never be “in” her life—if that is what she chooses.

FINALLY...Jay felt very “complete”: most of his work was done and *all* of his family members were well taken care of and with people who could give them the best chances of arriving (i.e., waking up to their Reality)! There was a sense of reverence and eternal gratitude that permeated his entire essence. He had waited, what seemed, a long time for *this* moment—of accomplishment...and freedom.

Impact

As Jay was sitting on the floor doing his morning exercises, this Thought came into his mind (he never heard voices) and forcefully queried him, “*SO... what happened last night?*”

“You mean when the local cop stopped me late at night for speeding while I was on my way home from shopping in Melbourne (an hour north from where he lived)?” Jay thought back.

“Yes,” *He prompted.* (Jay always viewed his Higher Consciousness as an aspect of himself that he could always turn to whenever he felt lost, alone, unhappy, or confused. It was his “connection” to God and the consciousness of the universe and the only Source, and thing, he could ever depend on! Sometimes, like now, It demanded Jay’s attention, which he could ignore—as most do—if he so chose.)

“The man told me I was going 47 m.p.h. in a 25 m.p.h. zone—when, in fact, I was going approximately 30 m.p.h.!” Jay continued.

“*And...how did that make you ‘feel’?! His Thought pressed him onward.*”

“At first, and in my typical, undefensive manner, I wasn’t upset...just ‘caught off-guard’ by the difference in what the officer ‘said’ I was doing and what I ‘know’ I was going,” Jay replied. “But then, several minutes later, as I continued on home, I got really upset: first, with my ego-self for not standing up for what I was truly doing, speed-wise, and secondarily, for being *intentionally* ‘lied to’—by a representative of our so-called ‘justice’ system!”

Directing him toward a clearer understanding of the lesson involved, His Thought probed, “And...what was so important about that?!”

“Well, I discovered my ‘pet peeve’: I HATE being lied to...or anybody who engages in intentional deception, such as denial or refusing to look at themselves and the consequences of their actions and statements!” Jay vehemently responded. “That also includes past lovers, who knew The Truth about this world, and yet, they walked back into it to be a part ‘of’ it, again—which I could never understand!”

*“Did we hit a nerve?! Find your ‘hot button’?!” It acknowledged. “What happened to you...and what effects do ‘your’ **thoughts** have?”*

“I get your point!” he answered as the message sank in.

“What are you ‘doing’ as a result of someone’s actions?” He continued to press Jay toward conclusion. “Be thorough!”

“I am falling into my ego’s trap of ‘finding fault’ with others, which keeps me and them focused on the illusion we call ‘life-on-earth.’ Therefore, I am adding to its perpetuation every time I get angry at someone or

something in it because that is my ego's attempt to 'blame' them and thereby deceive me into falling into its game. So, I must learn in all situations to never do so and to always stay calm and listen to You, my Intuition, as to what to do," he concluded.

"Good! Just keep remembering What you are in all situations. It is your 'forever' task...as it is everyone's. And be thankful to the policeman for showing you just how devious and sneaky your, and everyone's, ego is!" He added.

"I am!" Jay finished.

"Oh, there is one other thing," He continued. "You were given instruction by Me to turn into a parking area next to some other cars as the police officer turned around to follow you that evening."

"Yeh. But...because I didn't think I was doing anything wrong, 'I' assumed he was just turning around to respond to an emergency call on his radio. So, I ignored it, and You," he chagringly acknowledged.

"Had you done what I told you to do, you would have avoided a traffic ticket because he would have driven on past you. In other words, had you 'trusted' what you were told you would have been taken care of!"

"I learned from this: that I must always listen and 'trust' when I *feel* You guide me, as I did that night, to do what You tell me. In other words, to follow my Heart in all things...to learn to be a truly-free Spirit," Jay responded.

"Very good," He softly concluded.

It was September 6, 1994, exactly 12 years after Jay had learned The Truth about the illusory quality of the physical universe. Although this time every year was important to him to reflect upon the occurrences of the last 12 months and those around him—in terms of his continuing spiritual evolution in living The Truth, this year was more special than the rest. It reminded him of the 12 years in the life of Jesus, the only “hero” of his entire life, missing in biblical reference, prior to the beginning of his active ministry to help himself and others to understand The Truth. Jay regarded him the same as he would *any* “true” brother (who accepted The Truth) and realized that Jesus was just like the rest of us—except that he caught on first. That was the beauty of his message. Jesus never intended to be a hero or a spiritual master and realized that “he” did *not* actually perform the miracles that were attributed to him! They simply occurred through the Grace of God (i.e., the *acceptance* of His Love) in the consciousness of *all* involved.

Jay sat tilted-back in his desk chair and reminisced about all the events of the past year and casually wondered what was next. He only recently recognized that all the significant people who have been intimately involved in his life are “loners”—to include himself. Whether they were living with or married to others or not, they usually tend to live life *their* way, rather than following the dictates or personal desires of those around them. Even though most are fairly sociable, they are not dependent on others to be “whole” and can successfully and happily live their lives *alone* (as many do). These included all the members of his immediate family

(mother, brother, and maternal grandmother); his adopted sister, Maureen; all of his longtime friends: Mickey, Linda, Kent, Kathleen, Joan, Carol Ann, Lindsay (and her two girls), and all of his previous girlfriends. His deceased father was also this way.

While reviewing his past, Jay became aware that because his parents never took *any* interest in him or what he was doing (they lived the axiom: “children are to be seen and not heard”), he never learned to take a *real* interest in others. His brother, Bob, was the same way. No one in his family ever truly showed they cared about each other! They were totally self-consumed by their egos (as most of us are)! This also included his two daughters with whom he lost contact because of a bad divorce—who like him didn’t really care about Jay, either. He was the one who usually took the initiative for any time they spent together. Consequently, Jay had “no investment,” at all, in his family or the world and was totally “free” of sentimentality and traditions! (He did love them and the lessons they brought, however!) *Anyone* could be a member of his family...if they so chose! His only desires were that people be their real, unpretentious selves (rather than an ego-act), unprotective of their egos, able to admit when they are wrong, open-minded, and not overtly judgmental or opinionated.

Another interesting thing was—recalling that he never had as much time at “parenting” his kids as he wanted since they were seven and four when he got divorced—that Jay became a parent, again, when he first met Lindsay. For the next two years, his role reversed with his publisher, Eden, and he became her parent—teaching her many ways to exemplify the life of an adult who

loved herself (which was every good habit that she “rebelled” against as a youngster and most of her life); and Lindsay’s, too, in many instances. He chuckled to himself “*I guess I couldn’t leave Earth without playing **all** the ‘roles’...fully.*” But now, Jay decided that he no longer wanted to be anyone’s parent, ever again!

Then Jay remembered a recent telephone call he got from a marketing survey company who called him regarding his reasons for no longer using another company’s computer software program in the commodities market. He gave Kristin, the girl who called, a very candid assessment of the quality and ease of use of the company’s product compared to the one he ultimately went with; and he was very impressed that they hired a consultant to learn more about their marketplace. After giving her all the information she wanted, Jay said to Kristin “Of course, this survey has been nothing but a ‘ploy’ for us to meet for some unknown reason (to us)!” Then, they got into discussing life in general. As it turned out, she had the *same* understanding of people’s egos that he had, which really piqued his interest and made him feel very grateful that he was not alone in his understanding of the world!

Jay suggested some books for her to read, including *A Course in Miracles* (often referred to as “the *Course*”) and his first book, *BANISHED from the Sandbox*, before hanging up. After that, he heard this Thought, which said “*Give her a copy [of your book].*” So he called Kristin back because he didn’t have her address. When answering the phone, she said “I knew it was you. I was just sitting here catching my breath [from our previous conversation].” Then she muttered, under her breath,

“You are the most spiritual man I have ever met.” After getting the information and chatting a while longer, Jay asked Kristin if she would like his book autographed to her and her husband, and she answered “Just to me,” which surprised him since she previously mentioned how happily-married she and he were for the past 15 years...they even work together!

The next day, Jay received a call from his friend, Linda, in Phoenix, Arizona, who had returned his call from several days prior. He hadn’t talked with her in quite awhile, and she was thrilled to hear from him. She said the message he left on her phone had her “in stitches” with laughter. After bringing each other up to date with all the happenings in each others’ lives and just as they were about to hang up, Linda said “Whenever I am in trouble, I hear your voice saying ‘Linda...it’s *all* an illusion!’ and I’m okay.” Jay then complemented her for being one of the “whole” people in his life. She was taken aback by his comment and deeply appreciative of it!

Jay felt honored and pleased (but never “proud”) to have such a positive impact on people, particularly, these two! He always felt blessed whenever his comments helped people to see themselves and the world in a different light and to grow up into real spiritual-adults.

The previous weekend, Jay drove an hour and a half south to West Palm Beach to see his friend, Lindsay. She had come in from Atlanta to hear a woman speak who was a celebrity well-versed in the *Course* and to personally meet her since the speaker was helping a friend of hers set up a center there for those with living-life issues. He arrived over an hour late just prior to the

intermission. While strolling the halls of the performing arts center dressed in his usual khaki twill shorts and white polo shirt with a wine-colored, cotton sweater draped over his shoulders and “holey,” casual shoes (he called them his “dress up” shoes because he always wore sandals), Jay held his hands loosely clasped together behind his back.

The next thing he felt was this gentle, but firm, silky hand slip into his as he sauntered on, which he unmistakably knew belonged to Lindsay. He wheeled around, and they both hugged for a few moments until she pulled away. They spoke for a few minutes before the performance began again, but the words were superfluous and really unnecessary—which they *both* knew. Since she had commitments with others following the performance, Jay left feeling grateful to momentarily have had the opportunity to be in the company of a truly dedicated, spiritually-actualizing person, such as Lindsay. He also knew that his consciousness would benefit the others in attendance as much as that of the guest speaker, whom he had seen years ago in California—before she became famous. Wherever Jay felt guided to be to lend his presence to help elevate the consciousness of others, he was happy to do so.

While reliving his past in Utah, he recalled his middle-aged, married friend, Don, saying to him “You are a ‘relationship maintainer’ and I appreciate it!” He was referring to the fact that Jay would stop by and visit from time to time. This prompted Jay to note that that must have been his way of bringing love into the world because, even to this day, *he* is the one that maintains contact with all his family, children, and friends. They

seldom initiate contact with him. *“Rather strange and rare,”* he thought, *“since I am an adult male. Usually, it’s the women who do that sort of thing; and children are the ones who ‘bring’ love to their parents—not vice versa, as it is in my case!”*

Along with that, Jay noticed that the more whole and self-content he became the less people were “intimately involved” in his life because this world thrives on dependency and neediness (and like attracts like). Since no one he knew wanted to live The Truth, as if they believed it, Jay led a fairly solitary life. However, he knew that people were self-deceived into believing that they could really communicate and commune with each other, which was impossible since individual *perception* precludes that from ever being possible. To him, everyone lives a “solitary” life (unbeknownst to themselves), even when they are with others! Of all the people he associated with, only he knew it. The first time Jay learned that this world was a dream he walked around for a few weeks—feeling as if he was floating two feet above the ground—looking at everyone and wondering *“What are you doing? You think you’re living. Everyone thinks this is real!”* He never thought that he’d be spending the rest of his life wandering amongst “sleepwalkers,” who *think* they are alive and awake.

Jay recalled discovering several years later his overall anger at being deceived by everyone into believing that this physical life was real. He felt “duped” from being lied to by the universe...but not his parents. Even though he had no hatred toward them nor blamed them for bringing him into this fantasy, Jay was not happy to be here. But, he was greatly relieved to understand

“why” it was impossible for him, and everyone, to achieve lasting peace and contentment. They were all like “dogs chasing their tails” in search of success and happiness...in spite of the fact that it is unattainable here!

Ten years later, he became disgruntled with all the so-called spiritual leaders and ministers and anyone associated with learning The Truth because he found that none of them truly “lived” it...they just wanted to know and spout stuff! Therefore, he stopped “socializing” with them. When Jay discovered he had anger with their egos’ behavior, he realized that he was doing the same thing as them by getting caught up in his ego’s attitude. So, he “acknowledged” (owned) it and continues to work on having no opinions about anyone or anything—which he knew would be an ongoing, forever process...because, *no one* can live on earth without an ego (otherwise, they wouldn’t be here).

On the subject of anger, Jay took stock of the few people that he felt “enraged” with in his life—to the point of wanting to be emotionally and physically demonstrative with them. Until the last three years, he seldom felt any anger toward anyone. (Jay’s favorite ego-ploy was to be a comatose victim, who couldn’t recognize or face issues, most of his life.) He remembered once wanting to (but never would or could) beat-up his first wife, Donna, slowly with a baseball bat for interfering with the communications, and therefore, creating the lack of a relationship he has with his children. His youngest daughter, Erika, he wanted to kick in the ass, once, for her stubbornness in not being willing to even meet with him—under any circumstances—for no

specific reason (other than she didn't want to) or to disclose what her fears about him were.

His publisher, Eden's arrogant, childishly-defiant, demanding, emotionally-manipulative, super-controlling ego drove his repressed, hidden anger out into the open—to the point that he angrily held her face next to his while he railed at her, several times. And once, Jay lost control and smacked the bottom of her shoe several times with his hand (she had her feet up on a foot-stool in front of him)—out of sheer and total frustration—when Eden made one of her repetitive, rebelliously-defiant statements, to defend her ego, that taunted him.

In spite of the power, absolute control, and impact his mother, Bobbie, had over his growing-up years, Jay only twice showed his resentment toward her. Once he threw a book on the floor in intense anger with her, in her presence; and once, blocked her from leaving her chair to keep her from escaping from dealing with him on a sensitive issue. He was extremely grateful to all of them for showing him that even the most emotionally-timid, to include his past ego-self, has a “darkside.” (He knew he would never have discovered it, without them “playing” these roles!)

Recently, his friend from Los Angeles, Carol Ann, stated during a phone conversation “You’re the one who ‘opened’ my mind [eight years ago].” Surprised by this revelation, Jay asked her, again “Really?!” “Yes...” she said “you, alone!” He was very honored and felt terrific to have a positive impact on people’s lives. And, this has been the year that Jay has repeatedly seen his beneficial effect on others.

In reviewing his entire life, Jay felt that the sometimes intense, physically-incapacitating lower back discomfort or pain that he had experienced over the last four years was symptomatic of the fact that he never felt “supported” by anyone in his life, other than his publisher, and his unhappiness resulting from his ego-created sense of unworthiness stemming from it. He was elated that his back felt very comfortable, during the last couple of months—for the first time, in what seemed like a millennium! Jay thought it would continue.

Recalling his childhood, Jay remembered never liking “costume” parties—even though he had occasionally gone to them and went “trick-or-treating” (in costume) on Halloween up to age 12. He never liked being or acting like something other than what he was! After Jay learned The Truth, he realized “why” he was that way (meaning that he knew inside that there was more to life than the “games” we play here). For several years now, he has viewed life as “the big costume party,” or movie, where everyone is merely trying out different things, people, and jobs to entertain their egos. And, he chose not add to it by getting caught up in his ego. But, it took discipline and commitment!

While trading in the commodities market over the last four months, Jay surprisingly discovered that he had been violating the principle rule of good investing: he had allowed his ego to determine where a potential market was going—rather than following the trend. He had been trying to “drive” the markets he was trading in rather than merely letting them tell him where to be! Fortunately, Jay admitted this to himself, in time to change his ways and not lose more money, recklessly.

(He had done a little better than “breaking even,” to date, after being in and out of several commodities markets.)

There were very few instances that Jay remembered any of his (sleeping) dreams...or even dreaming, at all, for that matter. However, he could recall one dream, in which he was the guest speaker, of world renown and importance. He was to speak on world peace before “the” international council of dignitaries, who were already on stage, and was attended by throngs of people from all walks of life in a huge, natural amphitheater. Someone had stolen his clothes right before he was to go on the podium. Realizing that his presence was “vital” to internal peace for everyone in the universe, he strode naked on stage, without any concern for himself and delivered the address ad-lib from his Heart-felt consciousness. Recalling the intense embarrassment to his ego and its fear about going on, Jay realized that this dream was “the” indicator that he had *arrived*—and could rise above his ego (i.e., naked-vulnerability) to serve man-kind’s spiritual interests.

Recollecting the past 12 years, Jay noted “*I have yet to meet the woman for whom the Course has had the same impact.*” He knew he could not have an intimate, live-in arrangement with one who did not. As a matter of fact, he has yet to meet any men for whom it has had the same effect, either. His friend, Lindsay, had his “dedication” to learning The Truth, but she needed time to learn to be on her own and to become saturated with the world’s games, first. It was strange to be living on the periphery of the world—watching everyone else playing in “the dream,” as if it were Reality.

He concluded by belatedly acknowledging that not only has he always read slowly but that he writes slowly as well. Jay thought “*Words should be read slowly, and pondered, so that one does not miss the ‘intent’ of the message’s content*” (meaning the personal, internal guidance for the reader)!

In the nine years, Jay lived in Florida only two family members came to visit him; twice each—in spite of his numerous invitations. Lisa came one time for about three days when he first moved here, and she came with her daughter, Jordan, (but without husband, Jeff, who had graduate school work to do) to visit during the last weekend in September 1994 (nine years later). He had been invited, once, to visit her when she was in college (six years ago); and once, in her and Jeff’s new home, shortly after Jordan was born (last March).

While Lisa visited this last time, Jay apologized to her, twice. The first time was about giving her some instructions on the computer. Jay said “I’m sorry for talking fast—rather than being my usual, more relaxed self, taking my time. But, I feel I have to do so to keep your attention because your attention-span seems short.” (He noticed that young parents seem to grow *backwards*, emotionally, to the age of their children.) Without any denial or defensiveness (i.e., fearlessness), she acknowledged that it was! Remembering his own deep resentment about being *brought* into a meaningless and purposeless dream-world, Jay also told her “I would like to ‘apologize’ for bringing you into this world. That doesn’t mean I don’t love you and am not glad to

have you here—because I do, and I am! At some point in the future, when this world begins to ‘wear’ on you, you will understand why I said this.” Again, being very secure with herself and having understood The Truth (which he explained to her when she was 16), Lisa accepted it, without any reaction, whatsoever.

His mother, Bobbie, also stopped by, twice: on her way to and from a meeting north of his home, a few years back (she stayed overnight, both times); and she stopped by, recently, to take him to dinner one Sunday, the first weekend in October, on her way back from another business meeting. It made him feel very good when his family extended themselves in a loving way.

Friends had stopped by, periodically, over the past years. But, Jay acknowledged that he had not made many friends in Florida—and definitely not near as many as he had in Salt Lake City, Utah, most of whom stopped by, fairly frequently. As he became more whole, unto himself, and without hardly anyone around him—who have even heard of the illusory quality of this world, Jay found it humanly unsatisfying to be in the “company” of people who were totally consumed with their ego-role in the physical universe.

“Hi, this is Jay!” he answered the phone, in his usual upbeat manner.

“Jay...(long pause)...I thought you should know that Gram (his maternal grandmother)...(another long pause)...passed away tonight (Wednesday, October 12, 1994),” his mother, Bobbie, said softly. “She apparently had trouble breathing and called downstairs for help.

(She was living at a very nice, large, nine-story apartment building for senior citizens on the west coast of Florida, near Clearwater, that was affiliated with the hospital, right next door.)”

After waiting until Bobbie said everything she wanted (she sounded very remorseful but was not tearful), he calmly stated, “Well...she was 99...I guess she got her nickel’s worth”—trying to make the situation less tense.

“I just feel bad that she was alone when she died,” she continued. “I have to call some other people (acting somewhat scattered, as if she couldn’t think of who and that there were many, which there weren’t), would you call your brother, Bob, for me?”

“Sure,” he replied. “Is there anything else I can do for you?”

“No,” she answered. “I’ve got to call Mitey, and others, right now. Thanks. Goodbye.”

Jay signed off in his typical way, “Goodbye...I love you!” And then, he called Bobby, who was not at all surprised by the news. (Bobby lived pretty much in his own little world up in Columbia, Maryland, just north of Washington, D.C., where he worked for the federal government, as he rarely made contact with anyone in the family—typically once a year.)

During their discussion, Jay recalled that after their father died four years ago he and Bobby got into a discussion about the family properties (their parents had three houses in Florida—two were rented). He discovered that they *both* wanted the house in Jupiter where Bobbie was currently living. Jay volunteered to his brother, “Since deaths in the family bring up materiality issues for most

people, I wanted you to know that you can have Mom's house in Jupiter when she passes on. I don't want it, anymore, or any 'stuff' for that matter. As a matter of fact, I will probably leave Florida when she goes...if not sooner. Vero Beach, and particularly where I am currently living, is the only place I moderately like in Florida. I do love the weather here, though!"

The next day Jay called twice, at different times during the day, to see how his mother was doing and what assistance he could be and got her answering machine both times. So, that evening, Bobbie called him. After the normal pleasantries, his inquiry into how she was holding up, and convinced she could talk about her mother's death, Bobbie repeated her concern that her mother died alone when he asked her more details.

"Mother called the on-duty nurse downstairs that evening when she couldn't breath well. The nurse came right up and helped her to bed. And then, when she couldn't sleep, she helped mother to her recliner. The nurse called for the (four) paramedics who were with her when she died, but they couldn't resuscitate her," Bobbie finished the story.

"Well...Gram wasn't alone, then, when she died!" Jay pointed out, feeling surprised by her revelation that his grandmother apparently had immediate and continual attention during her most difficult time.

"Well, she didn't have anyone there that she knew...like family or friends!" she defended herself.

"At least, she *wasn't* all by herself. In those moments, you are so preoccupied with yourself that I don't think it matters 'who' is with you! I am glad that she had someone there to comfort her," he concluded,

feeling somewhat frustrated by his mother's guilt-inspired drama. "I hope you are not feeling *any* guilt for not being there or for anything of the past between you and her" he counseled his mother, trying to keep her from slipping into any self-imposed depression.

Two days later, on Saturday morning, Bobbie called Jay up sounding somewhat urgent. "I just got into a fight on the phone with Jim (her brother and only sibling, who lives up in New Jersey). He wants to go through mother's jewelry and to give his [two] girls some of her rings. I told him that was [all] mine...that mother wanted me to have it. So, I am going over to her place, soon! (A four-hour ride...and she *hates* to drive, any distance!) You need to be there for your computer update of your commodities ...don't you? Maybe, I can get my friend, Susan, to go."

"Yep...but only Monday through Friday," he answered, feeling very glad that she ruled him out—because he didn't want to be part of this "scavenging of the remains"...of anyone!

In a nice, very pleasant voice, Bobbie abruptly said, "Bye" and hung up the phone—almost not leaving Jay enough time to say goodbye himself.

Later that afternoon, Jay called Jim to extend his condolences. Jim, obviously emotionally distraught, sincerely thanked him.

After all that, Jay thought about how quickly people become selfish after the death of a loved one when it comes to dividing the spoils of that person's estate. He remembered being concerned with his interests first, too, after his father died when talking with his brother about the family properties. (His younger brother "told" him that he could have the two rental properties up

north and that he [Bobby] was going to have the house in Jupiter—even though he had only come to Florida twice in the nine years that their parents lived there.) “*Deaths in the family sure bring out the worst in everyone’s ego!*” he thought. “*They turn us into ‘competing scavengers.’*”

The sudden impact that this situation had on Jay was that he quickly realized that the best he could do was to just accept (love) his mother. And, he didn’t even have to stop and listen to his internal Guide...this time! He just let it go as he forgave himself for wanting to interfere in the dream that he “made” (since we all contribute to creating this world)! He immediately realized his ego’s desire to blame her for her actions, which in effect add to their credibility and perpetuate the fantasy world by focusing outside of itself.

Jay had been living and working alone for the last two weeks since Eden left on a three week trip. He had been taking care of the cat and the plants while she was gone. As he sat swaying back and forth in the patio rocking chair in the screened section of the artist studio behind the house drinking his coffee and smoking a cigarette (without any chemical additives) and looking out over the palm-laden, jungle-like field next door, Jay pondered life. These alone times were especially good for this.

One day, he had a discussion with Mark, his commodities broker, about different types of cattle to invest in. As it turned out, Jay had switched two different types of cattle around. It took him the longest time to let go of his previous understanding because he kept questioning Mark since the correct definitions of the two were

illogical in his mind. Then Mark profoundly stated, in his typical, matter-of-factish tone without any sarcasm, “Sometimes, it takes people awhile to let go of old beliefs.” Jay was astounded by Mark’s comment and felt embarrassed that he let his ego get the best of him...but thankful, that he was trained enough to stop and listen when he heard “the message” for himself in it!

Then Jay let his mind wander into all kinds of esoteric areas. His “logical” ego-mind wondered “*Why should I stay here in a meaningless, purposeless world?*” And then he silently chuckled “*Maybe, it’s to piss off my ego!*” He realized that he had been a “slave” to the fantasy, primarily because of his hormones, until age 46. For the last 12 years, Jay felt he had been basically “marking time” since he had no real dreams of his own. To him, *real* success meant having a *meaningful* purpose in life (and being *aware* of it)...not fame and money! The only purpose for his existence in the dream-world that he could come up with was to write for others—as well as for his own therapy—to help them wake up to their Reality.

Remembering how bored his ego had gotten about sitting around without any investments in the commodities markets, over the last few weeks, Jay thought “*No matter how much you understand the ego, you can still fall victim to its whims, as I did in commodities when I recently made—what now appear on the surface as—several ‘obviously-stupid’ investments, which may have cost me my entire investment portfolio (i.e., thousands of dollars).*” That was one lesson that had the most major impact in gaining respect from him for his,

and everyone's, ego—and learning to always be vigilant against it!

Then Jay's thoughts drifted to one of his favorite subjects: Jesus. He always liked rhetorical questions which had obvious and evocative answers (provided you accepted The Truth), like his favorite: "If *you* were God, would you have made an unpeaceful, unhappy, competitive, and imperfect world like this...realizing full well—that since you were 'all-powerful'—you could have made it *perfect*?" When he thought about Jesus' personal life, he wondered "*Do you think Jesus had even one friend on Earth (who even came reasonably close to understanding what he did)? Do you think he would have liked one (or more)? Do you think he preferred to be alone like an 'ethereal' mystic?*" He knew no one could truthfully answer them to their ego's satisfaction...and still be able to realistically justify "its" existence!

Recalling his second wife, Susan's comment to him when she went with him on several business sales calls, years ago, (i.e., "You get [physically] too close to people when you're talking to them. They back away from you because you get right next to them and that makes people feel uncomfortable when you invade their space.")—which he listened to, immediately took to heart, and followed thereafter, Jay chuckled to himself. There was a fellow at the Pipe Den where he hung out every day, who does the same thing. And he became aware of what Susan was talking about, then, because this man always gets right in front of your face, which he found annoying—but was thankful for his holding up Jay's mirror of his own past so he could forgive it.

Wondering why he was this way himself, Jay realized that he has always fearlessly treated *everyone*, including strangers, as “family.” He could always go up to *anyone* and talk about anything—including intimate and personal things about himself. Therefore, many times people were equally intimate and friendly with him. (Those who feared intimacy would not, of course.) In this moment, Jay relished his past childlike innocence and openness—regardless of its acceptability by professional standards, which he always adhered to and prided himself on while he was in the business world.

Then Jay wondered “*What’s next? I have had good-paying careers using my personal talents and intellect that enabled me to live wherever and do almost everything I wanted. I had ‘socially-responsible’ jobs where I put the homeless to work for three years and worked with the sick in a hospital for several months. As an adult, I tried every job imaginable, including some that I resisted as a kid because of laziness or disdain. I wanted to be of service...and I have been!*” When he realized there was no answer, Jay listened, internally, and heard “*Just be ‘available’ for whatever lesson comes up next! If you surrender your need to know or decide what to do, you will be doing it.*” His ego didn’t like that, but he was at peace with “not-knowing.”

One thing was for sure: the silliness, craziness, and insanity of the “dream-world” was NOT going to cease, Jay realized! Recently, two young, fairly attractive, seemingly sweet and innocent mothers in their early twenties were being held for killing their young children—in two states, Florida and South Carolina. Eden still goes around turning lights off that he deliberately turned on, such as

the outside light when he goes out at night, even though she has ample funds to cover the few pennies that it costs to leave them on. Bobbie, his mother—who also doesn’t financially “need to”—still clips coupons for whenever she goes out to eat. For instance, his daughter, Lisa, came up to West Palm Beach and wanted to take her “out” for lunch on her birthday. Instead Bobbie wanted to eat in the cafeteria in the hospital, where she was working that day; and then, she pulled out a senior citizen coupon so that the meal only ended costing Lisa 50 cents!? When Jay looked at all of it, all he could do was laugh out loud.

His moral, from all this: No matter how horrible, silly, and idiotic anything and everything in this world is...IT’S STILL JUST A DREAM! The lesson is to learn to *not* emotionally react to it—*internally* as well as externally. As he concluded his afternoon reminiscences, Jay thought “*If this is LIVING...imagine what death must be!?! (Total peace and bliss!)*”

When Eden returned a week later, Jay admitted, in his typical, open childlike manner, how he unconsciously ignored the instructions he was given in a book he very recently purchased, which told him to not use his intellect (because it is created and controlled by the “ego,” which is the only thing you are in a contest with—not the market itself!) while investing in commodities and to let the *market* decide where he should invest. He shared with Eden, to her surprise, as evidenced by the startled look on her face, “In spite of *everything* that I know and have taught, I let my ego get

the best of me and made some really silly mistakes. The older we get the stronger the ego gets. *Only* when we have some sort of ‘emotional trauma’ do we surrender our ego. But...as soon as it’s over, our ego resurrects...and we start the process all over again.

“Once again, I have been reminded that no matter how much we know we are *always* subject to the insidious, sneaky, underhanded ways of our own ego—until the day we leave the dream behind!! Accordingly, I (and we) have to *constantly, constantly* be on guard, by asking ‘What are we doing and why? Where is this guidance coming from?’

“Oh, while you were gone I went out with that French girl , Dominique, the masseuse, again (who was 40, even though she looked like a small, young waif). And she told me she read my first book, which surprised me...and I told her so. She critiqued my writing style—without my requesting it or any opinion from her about the book. (She said ‘Europeans were very open about expressing their feelings and opinions—much more so than Americans and the British’) She said that I was preachy instead of relating from my insides, that I analyze way too much, and that the book was boring and needed to be exciting. Feeling nonplused by her outspokenness, I looked at her with an unconcerned and somewhat confused expression on my face as I told her ‘Huh...that surprises me...because another female friend of mine—who unlike you is familiar with the outrageous concepts and philosophy that I write about—said the book was *very* emotional, which also surprised me.’ So, that shows you that you can’t trust *anyone’s* opinion as

they are likely to be entirely different from someone else's!" Eden looked amazed.

On a warm but very breezy Saturday night in mid-November, Jay returned home from the movies. He brought his evening meal (a tuna sub, fries, and small soda) home and set it on the small, marble-top table next to the white, fabric recliner near the TV. Eden was watching an educational program...obviously because there was nothing else worth watching since she offered "If there is something you want to watch, we can change the channel" as soon as he sat down. Jay said there wasn't, right then.

After the show ended at 10 p.m., Jay said "Channel 45," meaning that he would like to see the program on that station, and she had the remote control right beside her. Eden, with a pleasant expression on her face, reached forward, instead, to grab the TV guide on her foot stool without looking up at him or acknowledging that she heard him, in any way. As she picked it up and began to peruse it, he repeated his channel request, but she still did not respond to him. Finally, out of total frustration, Jay *deliberately* lost his temper to get her attention. ("It is the only way I can penetrate through your ego-defenses to reach YOU; and I am the only one who has had enough courage to face you and cared enough to confront you about them, during your entire life" he has repeatedly told her, for the last four years.) And he exploded into a tirade of temperamental and inflammatory comments and questions.

Whenever Eden was “confronted,” she put on her typical childlike, surprised, dumbfounded look—as if to say “What did I do?” She acted confused and unaware of why Jay could possibly be angry. (But, Jay no longer bought her now-natural routines, which used to include heavy sobbing, that she learned from years of acting in New York City theaters.) Using her defiant-child tone with a smirk on her face while he badgered her about why she didn’t respond in the slightest when he spoke to her, she defended her self: “I responded to you (meaning that she heard him...in her mind)!” She would not admit, under any circumstances, that she didn’t do anything to let him know she even heard him. This infuriated him further, to the point that he gave her another verbal blast for being childishly rude and nonresponsive...as well as acknowledging his *own* childish temper. Eden also occasionally seemed hard of hearing, primarily because she historically did not pay attention to others when they spoke to her nor directly answered their questions.

They then sat and watched a movie together for about an hour. During that time, Jay sat there consciously working on cooling down his temper while Eden leaned back, quietly and pensively, in her mauve-colored rocker-recliner, like a hurt child, but with a concerned look on her face. An hour later, she dragged off to bed, like a whipped (but unwise) dog, with a “poor me” tone in her voice when she said goodnight. Jay, in spite of his displeasure with his previous overly-parental reaction, bade Eden his usual “Goodnight...pleasant dreams!” in his typical warm manner—which he recognized she probably didn’t hear because she was too busy feeling sorry for herself.

The next morning, Jay awoke late, around 10 A.M., dreaming, which was unusual for him, about a woman his age. Although he could not recognize her face, she felt very attractive and had an exceptionally warm countenance about her that made him feel a quiver running through his entire body making him totally and unguardingly surrender and love her—in a way he had never known before because this woman acted the same way toward him.

Right after Jay got out of bed, his mind immediately shifted to drastically different thoughts. It came to him that Eden had probably always been like a small, frustrating child who lived in her own world, as if in an “alert fog.” He knew the two words were mutually-exclusive, but they appropriately described her since she was very cognitive and inquisitive about things that *interested* her. To him, she was just a very young child (i.e., about age nine) in a very old body. She was not senile, either, as this trait was typical of her entire life—based upon the stories she told of how she acted growing up!

Jay had also pointed out recently to Eden that she, like most kids born to rich parents, lives in a childlike “trance” because they were raised in a socially graceful, protected environment that promoted irresponsibility, where they did not have to deal with “real life” living issues, other than divorce and finances! He mentioned that his good friend, Lindsay, had had the same problem.

Many times, Jay told Eden that he felt their time together was a reenactment of her past—meaning that he has probably acted the same way toward her as her father did when she was a child. For instance, he has frequently and patiently counseled her, as a concerned

parent would, with detailed explanations of “why” tending to little things improve her self-worth and self-love, such as putting her dirty dishes in the sink rather than leaving them around the house on tables or all over the kitchen counter for several hours. Therefore, it was her opportunity to see how she acted toward her parents and how she drove her father crazy so that she could learn to forgive her past and stop it. It had also been a replay of his past, which he realized, but from the opposite side of the situation...this time as the parent!

When one spoke to Eden, she frequently acted oblivious or incoherent about what they were saying, as if she couldn't understand. For instance, when someone said something to Eden or asked her about something, she would turn around and ask them a question (often-times about the very answer they *just* told her, which Jay experienced all too frequently) or start telling about an incident from her past that their question sparked a remembrance of in her mind. She had *never* learned to **listen** to others! Her “obliviousness” reminded him of the movie, *My Name Is Stephen*, that his mother made him sit down and watch—so that he would be aware of the frustration she felt in dealing with him as a young child. The only thing he could recognize, at that time, was the youngster's innocence, which he instantly loved.

This morning, however, Jay finally understood Bobbie's frustration with himself as an incoherent child. Trying to reach someone who acts as if they are “ignoring” you when you speak to them usually irritates anyone—even if, unconsciously. And Eden's ego finally got to him (i.e., fulfillment of her angelic purpose for him)

and brought forth his most ugly side, again, so he could see it, and therefore, *forgive* “himself” by releasing it by *truly wanting* it to be gone! He instantly realized his *sameness* with Eden’s childlike ego, which had driven his ego crazy in the past—the way *his* did to his mother’s. Also, he fully recognized his similarity with his mother in *his* temperamental explosiveness with Eden! Something, he believed he would never do; but here, it had come to pass. Jay thought, “*Now, I know why we (Eden and I) have been together!!*”

A little later, Jay walked to the large, glass-top table where Eden was eating breakfast in the dining area next to a multi-pane glass wall looking out on a huge, lush, green yard. He sat down across from her and told of his great revelation of why they were together all these years. “This was our ‘silent contract’: to be an annoyance in each other’s lives so that ‘I’ could discover *our* ‘similarity’ as very childlike, innocent beings—regardless of our chronological ages. This is the reason why we have had to deal with each other under unpleasant circumstances—to ‘expose’ our *egos*! This is what all this time together has been for. However, that does not mean that this simple recognition is all we have to do!

“NOW...*you* have to pay attention to when people are annoyed around or with you and ask ‘What am I doing, or *not* doing—such as not truly listening to them and hearing what they are asking me—to have created this situation?’ No unpleasantness occurs around or to you without your *unconsciously* ‘asking’ for the lesson it has brought.

“And *I* have to be diligent in not reacting to you in a childishly temperamental fashion. And you are the only

person I have routinely done so with! For 46 years, it lay dormant until I decided to work with you four years ago. Plus, I must not let a negative opinion of you form in my mind about your irritating habits. Most of all, I have to learn to always have a sense of humor!

“Also, *you* will have to diligently and constantly *practice* ‘being aware’ of how you are, or are *not* (which is typical for you), listening and responding to people when they speak to you. This may be a lifelong process for you.”

He paused for a few moments. “Do you realize, Eden, that when I began talking with you, you were all teary-eyed. Then, you calmed down and stopped completely. And now, you’re doing it, again...when everything is fine!”

Eden laughed at herself (which he has finally been able to get her to do over the last few months)! Jay then got up from the table and went to his room feeling that he had finally comprehended the purpose behind their seemingly long and stressful working relationship. But now, it was time for *him* to continue to practice, too... and he *knew* it...because he told her so!

When Jay met Eden six years ago (and later “had one and a half years off for good behavior,” as he always said), she was a tough, cold, pompous, “old bird.” She lived in a cluttered house, never threw anything out, procrastinated in doing everything, and never took care of any “thing” she owned, herself. But, she was not afraid to ask whoever was around her to do even the smallest of tasks for her. Fortunately, she had a housekeeper who came twice a month. And now, finally, she has softened up!

It was clear to Jay that he came into her life to teach her the everyday, ordinary, disciplines necessary for taking care of her personal environment (i.e., demonstrating that she loved *herself*) and basic lessons in the thoughtfulness and consideration of others that she resisted as a child...and most of her life. As he said to Eden, many times, “*Spiritual* people take care of ‘all’ things that *they* create (meaning everything in their physical environment)” —since she thought of herself as one. “They emanate an ‘I feel good about my self’ attitude. And that’s how they demonstrate it! Actions always speak louder than words.”

One week later, during early Saturday evening, Eden knocked on the open door to Jay’s room. He was sitting at the computer working.

“Come in,” Jay said as he swiveled around in his chair. She sauntered in, and he told her “Have a seat!” motioning for her to sit on the futon-couch while he propped his foot on one of the chair’s bottom spokes and leaned back to give Eden his undivided attention.

“I was talking to my friend Evelyn today and it seems that her husband, Grant, has contracted some form of cancer,” Eden began. “She gave me this brochure from a cancer treatment center that they visited across from the hospital, and I thought you’d like to look at it.”

“Why...you know I don’t like to read anything, anymore (reminding her of his previous request to not give him enlightening books and material to read because he had reached a point where all *true* learning comes from *within*)?” as he leaned forward to take it from her.

“I thought you would find it interesting,” she undauntedly replied.

Jay casually scanned all the pages and commented, “The doctor who runs the program obviously has had training in Eastern spiritual philosophy as well as being a Western-trained medical doctor. It says that he wrote all the material in it, which is unusual, and includes several metaphysical quotes—most of which I have read before. He even included one from T. S. Eliot that we used at the end of the first book we published. Obviously, the program is primarily spiritually psychological in its orientation but is not as detailed as the 12-step programs, like AA.”

“I was hoping that the program would help Grant understand spirituality,” Eden explained.

“I don’t know if that’s possible,” Jay countered, “as it is not something that people ‘get’ until they’ve had a life-altering situation and they are desirous of letting go of all previous beliefs and willing to surrender to internally become aware.

“Look at all you know, *intellectually*, and you still don’t ‘have it’ yet because you have not accepted The Truth about the unreality of this world—meaning you cannot totally acknowledge all aspects of your ego and *not* defend ‘it’ in any way, without my intervention! When you can do so, you will ‘arrive,’ spiritually, and know your Self. Then, you will be where I am. And, I’m not perfect, by any stretch of the imagination. I don’t think it’s possible for *any* human to be as long as they have an ego. And you can’t live in this fantasy we call ‘life’ without one! Its mere existence is a testimony to

the unreality of God because He would not have created anything or anyone less than perfect.”

Eden sat attentively listening with her arms folded across her stomach.

“The last paragraph of this brochure points out that the program is designed to help the patient release ‘fear’ because it keeps them from knowing who they are,” Jay went on. “That has been your, as well as my and everyone’s, stumbling block. It is the *only* thing that keeps us from acknowledging all aspects of our egos and becoming willing for our dream to end—to die, in other words. The only reason we are afraid to die is because of the fear of the unknown. Once we understand and *accept* The Truth and discover our real Self, we lose all fear of death.

“As I stated in my first book, we first have to be willing to let go of our male/female identity; then, our physicality; and ultimately, our consciousness—because those who have had ‘out-of-body experiences’ (what I think should more accurately be called ‘inner-mind’ experiences) know that we do not really exist *in* the body...it’s just a shell that we deliberately decide to occupy as long as we believe that we are human egos. The ‘collective’ ego—the *thought* of the Son of God that a limited physical universe is possible—depends upon our continued desire to hold onto our *separate* consciousness, which can either be used to ‘think’ with our intellect or to ‘listen’ to our spiritually-guided inner knowledge, a *feeling*, of our Reality as Spirit. It is up to us to merely be *willing* to ‘surrender’ our belief in this world as well as our individual ‘awareness’ (i.e., consciousness) of it.”

Eden interrupted, looking confused, “I don’t understand.”

Jay continued his thought, “God is no-thing-ness... nothingness. He doesn’t have a physical presence...or consciousness. Only ‘egos’ dressed as humans do! We *cannot* understand God as human egos other than as our own loving kindness and acceptance of others and, of course, as our light-heartedness...as in having a sense of humor about our egos and everyone’s. It is not possible to ‘know’ God because one has to let their consciousness *completely* go in order to do so. But, when we do, we won’t be aware of Him because we will return to being *part* of the Spirit that we call God.

“However, one can get a ‘glimpse’ of Him *within their own mind* (where He has always been!)—as I have—as a supremely loving state of mind, that permeates every fiber of their being...but nothing more. To ‘know’ God means we become *peacefully willing* to let go of all consciousness—and therefore, our separate identity—to merge into the no-thing-ness...the serene, non-physical void that is Him!”

At this point, Eden seemed to at least intellectually grasp what Jay was saying as she appeared more relaxed. ‘Logic’ and being able to speak and write were his only tools in this world.

“When I came back to Florida four years ago and agreed to work with you in publishing my works, I had no personal ego-desire to be here in the dream-world, anymore, nor was I seeking fame and fortune, as you may recall?” Jay quizzically looked at her, and she nodded that she did. “Consequently, I was willing to die, at that point. But, you were not willing to let me go and

wanted me to stay. Fortunately, I did so because it gave me and you a chance to complete some more work on our egos—meaning that it enabled me to uncover my darkside (i.e., fears, anger, and hatred) as well as your ego’s self-created fear, defined by your continued childish defensiveness of it and unwillingness to look at and expose it *on your own*.

“I once thought, prior to my return, that I would have liked to have had an opportunity to be a parent since my time as one with my kids was so short. Little did I know that I would end being one to *you*—an adult almost twice my age—for the last four years!” he said in an overly exaggerated manner complete with comic gestures.

Eden laughed at this.

“Hopefully now, you have begun to develop a sense of humor about your ego and demonstrated last April (six months ago) that you can occasionally be non-defensive about your ego and admit when it is wrong so that I can move on.

“I am still at that point where I have nothing—no ego dreams and ambitions—I want *of* this world...other than for it to end, forever. I would like to leave it all (i.e., die). It became clear two years ago, during my physical proximity to Lindsay, that there is absolutely nothing worth saving about this world of lack and limitation.

“No matter how happy and satisfying life seems for us, there is *always* a sense of unfulfillment that comes from our Innermost Being and only surfaces to be recognized during times of severe emotional or physical stress. That’s the only time we truly start to listen! And, it is only in silent surrender—typically when we are

physically by ourselves—that we make contact with It by learning to listen to our true, heartfelt desire for a peace that only comes from God.”

“Don’t you want to work in the hospital, like you did before, or some other such work?” asked Eden, hoping to find something to appease him.

“Sick people work in sick places!” Jay comically retorted. “My ‘consciousness’ is the only contribution I can truly make while I am here. I don’t have to go anywhere or do anything to make it. Nor do I have to do any form of ‘social work’ to appease my ego’s self-created sense of guilt for believing that I separated my self from God. Plus, everything I would share with people is down in writing, for all of their physical lives.

“Consequently, anything I *do* is merely a vehicle for ‘entertaining’ my *ego* to keep it from annoying and distracting me from maintaining my peacefulness and contentment. Therefore, it is best to find something where I feel *truly guided* to be, such as working here with you all this time (even though my ego hates to write), or an environment that promotes happiness and serenity to help my ego stay in that consciousness—since I have done all my homework of uncovering all the despicable aspects of my ego, which is really part of our main purpose here!

“While my ego would love to run off to Salt Lake City or the sandstone, rocky desert region of the Southwest where I truly enjoy the scenery (much more so than the lack of it that we have here in Florida, unless you love the empty solitude of the ocean), my sinuses can’t seem to tolerate the ‘dryness’ there, anymore. The year-round warmth, weather, and sunshine is wonderful here, though! I can’t handle the dryness from heating systems

required to live inside in a cold climate. (The moderately cold outdoors doesn't bother me.) Air conditioning does the same thing. My body seems to externally crave fresh air and a humid environment, like we have here in Florida, although I think my sinuses don't need quite as much humidity as we have. The Northeast, where I grew up, and the Northwest are frequently cloudy and overcast, which my psyche finds very depressing.

"On top of that, I have now reached a point where I need to periodically get up and move, every hour or so—it's almost a restlessness that my body demands to stay relaxed and comfortable. I can't sit for more than an hour or two. I can't stand in one place for more than an hour per day. Nor can I drive in my very comfortable car for more than two hours. It seems that my back muscles feel stiff and achy if I sleep too long, also. I have noticed my body starting to deteriorate with age, such as in the texture of my facial skin, even though I am very well preserved for my 50 years and relatively limber, except for my inability to bend over or lean forward for any extended period of time. I tell ya' this life in a physical body leaves a lot to be desired! I'd rather leave this dream behind as peacefully, healthfully, and comfortably as possible—rather than in pain and discomfort, like most people!"

Eden jumped in with "Well, why don't you just get a job here since you have this room and everything you want right here?!"

"First of all, understanding about this world as I do, I have absolutely no desire for any kind of a career in a fantasy. I can't *project* my self into the game enough (which is all everyone else does who isn't aware of or doesn't want

to accept The Truth) to make even a halfhearted attempt to 'play' at it! I would take a 'job' just to earn money to stay here in the dream, which seems kind of silly. And, you should know...by now...that I can't do something I can't put my heart into!?" Jay joked as he contorted his face. "There isn't anything about a *dream* that I'd make an investment in...now. That means there is absolutely nothing on earth that I would want to do or own, to include having the so-called 'perfect' romantic relationship."

"I feel I just need to be off on my own rather than living here with you, forever, (or someone like you where we have such disparagingly different attitudes, understandings, and ways of living) or living with an attractive woman, close to my age, who has the *same* understanding of The Truth and shares a common purpose with me. I think that would be nice...since I haven't met one, yet! Lindsay came close, but she was still a slave to fear and her self-concern, like you.

"Plus...YOU need time *alone* to listen to the Spirit within you and decipher all that you've been exposed to with me. It is only when we are 'physically' alone—because we are *never* truly alone in our Mind—that we take the time to really learn what we and life are all about!

"When you meet someone who accepts The Truth, you 'know' each other and have nothing to say or do for each other because there is an *unspoken* knowingness that you share. That's why 'whole' people seldom live together...they only benefit those who are less so than them. It seems that I am trapped here...by myself! Now,

can you understand why I have no reason for fearing death?”

Eden didn't respond, but she continued to be very attentive.

“Earlier in the week, when I told Lindsay I didn't know where I would be going, what I would be doing, or whether I would be staying here in our silly dream but that I knew I probably was going to leave since my work is finished here and you no longer can financially support the business, she said, very matter-of-factishly, ‘I'm *sure* you'll know...you always have, before.’ She also was very *aware* of my boredom with the dream-world, the whole time she has known me.”

Jay lightheartedly concluded, “Next week, when I go down South to have Thanksgiving dinner with my mother, I think I will ask her if I can leave. She *knows* I have absolutely nothing on earth that I want to do or have any inspiration for. Since she recently told me to not stay in Florida just for her and seems to anticipate my leaving soon, the timing seems right. Admittedly, it may seem like a strange occasion to do it, but it will also give me an opportunity to thank her, again, for all that she has done. She has told me that she ‘knows that I love her,’ and that is ALL I could ever hope for. *You* should know that, too, Eden!! Whyelse would I put my self through the rigors of intimately working with you seven days a week for the last four years?

“Bobbie knows I am not happy living in a dream (even though she cannot *fearlessly* accept and acknowledge that that is all it is) and hates to be bored herself. Plus, she knows I have no ‘company’ in my life because there isn't even *one* person for me to hang around with

who knows what I know. Quite frankly...I don't know if ANY of us can *really* communicate with each other as long as we are human egos!! I think the *best* we can do is 'share' our time together by not being center-stage and demanding attention when we are with anyone. That's Love!"

Eden stifled her tears while her down-turned lips started to quiver.

Jay immediately sensing her unhappiness made light of it. "Don't you do that! You know *too much* to fall back into feeling sorry for your ego-self, which is all we are doing when we feel unhappy. We, and you, don't have the luxury of that!" he quipped as he jumped up quickly and exaggerated being upset by placing his hands on his hips and mimicking a child by putting a pouting expression on his face.

She did so and then got up to leave as Jay started to get ready to go out for the evening.

Epilogue

Bobbie said “No.” But, Jay figured that it was quite probable that she would since she *physically* mis-created (made) him. (God creates/is the Spirit that is us all.)

When he got home from Thanksgiving dinner at his mother’s house, it was very late so he made up his bed and climbed in. As Jay closed his eyes and with a smile on his face, he remembered the nightly prayer that he used to say in his mother’s presence during early childhood. He shortened it and modified the end just before he drifted off to sleep:

*“Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
God bless **everyone**;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And PLEASE...make this:
The END of ‘the’ dream!”*

His last thoughts were: “Life is nothing more than a series of distractions (i.e., romances, careers, crises, challenges, and adventures) until we ultimately deal with what we *have* to deal with...our selves. It will be nice to

be *everywhere* (but nowhere)—since only the ‘thought’ of Me will remain.”

The one thing Jay realized about this world was that people vacillated between being controllers and victims. (Somewhere in between these two, they were incoherent children or dreamers.) And, he didn’t want to be either, anymore!

Jay was a “fringe dweller,” who lived like a traveling monk...on the periphery of the physical universe.