

If God is all powerful can He make something He cannot lift? Being that God is all powerful He can lift anything, yet if He is all knowledge He can make something He cannot lift. The answer to this paradox is found here.

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Preface

This fictional story is based on what I actually experienced in 1978. A friend asked if I'd like to buy absolutely pure PCP from the chemist who made it. I was used to hallucinogens as I had indulged in LSD hundreds of times. Today, medical research facilities are having incredible results using LSD, DMT, Peyote and Psilocybin Mushrooms to greatly help patients with schizophrenia, manic-depressive disorder, bipolar disorder, borderline personality disorder and post-traumatic stress disorder. The technique is called microdosing and the clinical results are more than favorable. I haven't taken any psychedelics in over twenty years as there is no longer a want or need. PCP is often cut with embalming fluid and is one of *the* most horrifying drugs in existence. I was told by a doctor that it's a miracle I'm not in a mental institution after explaining the purity of the drug and the amount I'd ingested. He has several patients who are still catatonic, I know exactly what he's talking about because of first-hand experience. Wentworth experiences a profound assault from his deranged ego. This same destructive force resides within all of us. With the deepest gratitude., we can find refuge in the immensely powerful Voice for God, the Holy Spirit Who resides in the right side of our mind. Bob

Chapter 1: L2BA TSF3 O1



Bob Hall hates his name, say it out loud, and you'll understand why, sounds *really* stupid. He's changing his name to Wentworth Wellington Hall, *this* will instill awe and respect in others. So, from now on, he's referring to himself as Wentworth. He'll buy a monocle next week on Tuesday at exactly 3:17pm because of the critical time importance, he'll be wearing his double-breasted blue color blazer with yellow long johns and purple penny loafers. He *knows* this will cause the ladies to faint and strong men to whimper like beaten turtles.

Wentworth was starting to feel unusually strange in his heart, mind, spirit, and soul because the extremely powerful psychedelics were kicking in. He wasn't quite certain if taking 50 hits of Grateful Dead LSD, a huge ball of Magic Psilocybin Mushrooms and Very Pure DMT at the same time was the grandest idea he'd ever had. He'll find out sooner rather than later. Massive earthquakes started shaking the house, yard, and street. The sky turned purple, and the pouring rain was green. He just saw a ten-foot tall orange lady with a tail and mustache riding a skateboard. Superman was powerless and running from a kryptonite moose with white wings. Suddenly his living room phased, shifted and exploded into absolute total complete unending darkness. He heard what he thought was him saying, "Bob Hall, you have now entered into the state of complete nothingness, and you will vanish from your own awareness. Forever.

Oh no, Bob Hall, you've finally overdosed on too many drugs and are having a brain aneurysm that is killing you. Wait a minute, I'm Wentworth and not stupid Bob Hall, he can die if that's what he wants. I need a beer, but it's so damn dark I can't figure out where the refrigerator is." The Beatles are singing that they want to hold his hand. "This sounds like a glorious idea if they're singing from my kitchen". They stopped playing, and Pink Floyd is saying he's comfortably numb. "Damn right, because I'm Wentworth, and enjoying the grandest of names". A distant ship on the horizon and his hands that felt like two balloons are telling him his beer is in the washing machine covered in red ice. "That's nice if there are no mice covered in pizza." He's *got* to find his beer to stop this stupid brain aneurysm from killing Bob

Hall, after all, he couldn't help it for being so dumb. "Why is it so damn dark?" Instantly, he heard, "Because you don't exist." Kansas is telling him he's dust in the wind. "Fine, settle my dust on the washing machine, so I can drink 9 or 10 beers to save that idiot Bob Hall. Wait a moment, how can dust drink?"

There's a gigantic expansion of brilliant pure light, and he's standing naked in a massive library holding his cell phone. "Oh *great*, now I've got to find some clothes *and* my washing machine while figuring out how to leave a library." For a most important and critical reason, Wentworth remembered that crazy Bob Hall had never set up his phone's voicemail. After dialing in, he recorded his brilliant message, "If you're calling for Bob, I'm now Wentworth. I'm over there and not here, so when I return here from there I'll leave again if it's raining. I left there some time ago and became lost getting here, so I returned there to remember here. I think. It's sunny, and I'm going bowling, so I won't get skin cancer. If you're there when I find the route from my there to you here, I'll call if I remember to turn on the oven and flush the toilet 3 times. Your stupid call is extremely unimportant to me, so I'll return the call as quickly as possible when I go there from here. Maybe. Hello for now."

Someone, somewhere, said it's time to read a book. "What? I'll read a book titled "How To Stop A Brain Aneurysm From Killing A Naked Idiot In A Library Looking For His Beer In A Washing Machine." Help me Mom! Crap! She told my dead aunt, who's now crawling up my leg with a knife in her teeth." A different someone explained that his beer was really in the bedroom dresser and was getting warm. "This *cannot* be happening, warm beer makes me vomit, looks like Bob Hall is going to die. Oh well, no big deal, he doesn't have any friends anyway because he's stupid. Are all these books laughing at me? Why is the floor on the ceiling? What is the purpose of air? Do fish drown? The magazines are crying? Are all birds really robots spying on me? Do animals talk in English amongst themselves? Is the moon really an alien satellite? Can I walk in the sun? All the known universe is on the head of a pin in another dimension? Why do I have so many questions and receive absolutely no answers? How can my body be

experiencing all this when it's nothing but dust? Is God real? I hear a powerful Yes in my heart's mind and have received a certain and truthful answer. Finally!"

BAA AAM! "Or was this a small knock? Why are they tearing down the library?" Now he's looking at Gladimere, the friend who put the idea in his head that Bob Hall was an idiotic name. His one buddy says, "Jesus H. Christ, your one eye open and one closed make you look like an insane maniac." "Yes? However, my middle name isn't H for Herbert and my last name is not Christ, my name is Jesus of Nazareth. Gladimere, why is Robert thinking he is standing naked in his living room with a warm beer and saying something about a library, although he's dust in the wind looking for a book he must read?" "I have no idea, he must be going through another of his idiotic and insane tripping experiences."

Wentworth looked at Jesus, who suddenly became a composite of Elvis and John Lennon, and asked, "Who did you say my name is?" "Robert" "Way cool, I like that better than Wentworth, can you please help me find my beer in my dresser before it gets any warmer? And I really don't enjoy being dust. How will I be able to drink my beer to save Bob Hall?" Jesus who is now Elton John exclaims, "Tiny dancer, I don't know if the yellow brick road leads to your bedroom, but I'll ask God for specific instructions." Gladimere now wonders why Bob who thinks he's naked but isn't is talking to himself and Elton John Jesus about his name being Robert who has turned from dust to a tiny dancer and is on the yellow brick road to find the warm beer in his bedroom dresser so he won't have a brain aneurysm. He's sorry he ever knocked on the door and decides he *must* leave before his brain implodes. "Bye Bob". "My name is *not* Bob, it's Robert, and I look stupid in this ballerina skirt." "Sorry man, I'll visit you if you end up catatonic in a mental institution, I must leave. Now!"

Bob Wentworth who is now Robert is looking at Elton John Jesus and is wondering why he's smiling. "You think this is funny? I enjoyed being a man, not a little girl, but at least I'm no longer dust. I must find my warming beer to save Bob Hall, who thankfully is now Robert Hall." "Yes, this *is* funny, you're really standing in

your front yard talking to a tree and embarrassed because your neighbors will see you naked, even though you're not. Sorry, I have some duties in Heaven and must leave also. I'm like Gladimere and you need to stop believing your insane ego mindset." "Ok, sissy Elton John Jesus, leave, but thank you so very much for telling me my name is Robert." "You're welcome, see you again eventually."

Robert suddenly realizes he *is* talking to a tree, and it's *very important* to take out the trash before drinking what is now going to be 25 beers to save Bob Hall. His mailbox starts singing "Wait a minute Mr. Postman", the neighbor's dog turns into a Zebra, a passing car transforms into a boat pulling a skier that's a cow, his bowels explode, and the mess somehow vanishes, swat teams are invading numerous homes, the grass grows ten feet and the entire neighborhood starts flooding. "What is going on, I'm back in the library gazing at an attractive librarian?" I must ask her some questions." The librarian is looking at this strange man with a warm, unopened beer in his hand and unbuttoned pants, wearing no shoes with one sock. "Miss, I must say you're very beautiful, but beauty is only skin deep. Comprehend please?" The woman is somewhat perplexed and has no words. "This is real simple, Miss Librarian. I need a book titled, " My Brief Discussion With Elton John Jesus." It's a bestseller. In this magnificent book I'll understand why I first came to this library when I was naked looking for my alcohol in a washing machine, when the warm beer was really in my dresser drawer, and why I was actually talking to a tree about taking out the trash before drinking 25 beers in the refrigerator where they never left to save Bob Hall who is now Robert Hall and no longer Wentworth from dying of a brain aneurysm because the idiot took way too many drugs. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?"

The librarian is thinking, "I can't talk to this insane madman who is starting to take off his clothes, I'm calling the police." "Miss, I can see in your eyes the desire to make love, but first things first." Bob, who is now Robert, stops undressing, opens the warm beer and downs it. "Now this helps because the alcohol is telling me to calm down as Bob, who is really Robert. I understand Bob Hall is not going to die

from taking too many hallucinogens and remember reading that nobody has ever died from the drugs, but have passed because they fell out of a tree when they thought they were in bed.” The librarian is starting to relax but is startled when this strange man shouts, “Jesus’s real name is Jesus of Nazareth not Jesus Christ, and he’s now talking with friends in Heaven after telling me I was talking to a tree in my front yard while thinking I was naked. He explained I was clothed but concerned about the flooding neighborhood, a water-skiing cow, a dog Zebra eating cheese, swat teams running backwards, and other strange occurrences. My Brother explained the extremely weird and chaotic thoughts are the manifestation of my egoistic wrong, insane and lying mind. I’m beginning to recognize the absolute truth.”

Chapter 2: 123 BLAST OFF



Suddenly Robert understands the most profound *knowing* that has ever occurred to him.” Wow! I’m *not* a human being. Jesus was human, but he’d completely understood that he was in actuality a Christ Being, and I am also beginning to remember I’m a Christ Being as well. All who were or who are or who will ever be will eventually recall this truth also. Guaranteed by God. We’re All One Christ Being who are One with Source. Forever.”

The librarian witnesses something she'd *never* seen before. This man who just moments before was a raging manic became so serene and peaceful that his eyes changed color from green to a beautiful piercing blue. "I just remembered what I've always known but had forgotten. We are *all* One in the magnificent Mind of God Our Father. We're perfect, cannot sin, and we live forever. Jesus is not to be worshiped but deeply respected because he is our Eldest Brother. Furthermore, life outside of Heaven is impossible. We just think we're living on earth due to the incredible power of our minds. This is true to us even though it's false. We're dreaming in Heaven and will awaken from our dream of separation once we have achieved perfection in forgiveness." Robert went on to explain, "All the heartaches, pain, confusion, worry, anxieties, suffering, and the feeling of loss of love we experienced is because we have punished ourselves for thinking deep in our subconscious minds that we offended God. We mistakenly believed we insulted God so deeply that He began to hate us. Finally, after seeing Jesus, I understand the truth that it is absolutely impossible to offend God in any way because we were made perfect by the One Who has always been perfect. If God made anything or anyone imperfect, Source would no longer be perfect. God is Love, and Love is the most powerful force in all creation."

The librarian who had always studied and loved nature immediately understood another forgotten truth. "Yes Robert, the reason animals hibernate, spiders spin webs and the birds know when to migrate and fly in a V formation is because the Love and Order of God permeates all existence, always. The seasons are for the perpetuation and growth of all life and the magnificent rain forests operate in a beautiful perfect harmony," Astoundingly she comprehended that, "All the animal kingdom understand the Christ Mind controls everything, this is simply who they *are*. We humans who were gifted with free will when we came to earth forgot the truth that we are not human beings but Christ Beings and this universal law is forever true."

Robert, whose eyes just became even bluer, exclaimed, "We're waking up in

Heaven and when fully aware we'll *know* that the life we thought we had lived was simply not true and in essence a script we had written before birth. The Holy Spirit is God's third creation after Ours and was manifested to heal Our Magnificent Mind because we thought we had separated Ourselves from I AM."

Roberts' newfound Sister said, "Finally, I comprehend my family being killed in a car crash was something I had scripted to consciously understand the immense sense of loss I felt when I mistakenly thought I had rebelled against God. I now realize this is so very *true*. I completely remember that loss of love or separation of any kind is eternally impossible because this is not God's Will and God's Will is thankfully All There Is. We are *all* part of God's Mind and have never nor ever will be forgotten." Robert also recollects the extreme importance of forgiveness, "Ahnora, that's my name for you even though names are no longer important, as we forgive others we are *really* forgiving ourselves for believing we offended the Source of all life. I *am* Love because I was created *by* Love, so are you, so is everyone. I now perceive what we are going to do for all eternity, forever and ever. We'll be taught *all* that God knows. We will become who we truly *are* and will finally remember we are co-creators with God because God's eternal nature is one of complete extension and giving. Furthermore, we'll generate universes because Love's primary function is to create."

A nanosecond later, Bob, who is Robert, is sitting at his dining room table. He understands his drug experiment is winding down, but he *must* write everything so he'll read and remember these truths when no longer tripping. Jesus appears at the other end of the table and looks somehow disappointed. Robert asks, "Why the somewhat unhappy countenance?" "I was looking forward to you thinking you'd become a mule who could drive a car and was searching for a 5th of Jack Daniel's because 25 beers will not be enough to stop Bob Hall from his forthcoming demise due to brain lesions." "I'm thankfully over the insanity of my ego and am *only* listening to the Holy Spirit." Jesus, who is no longer Elton John, softly explains, "My dear Brother, I've been with, nurtured, protected, taught and loved you from the

moment you were born. The Holy Spirit has even condensed time for you because there were no longer lessons needed to learn. Gladimere was supposed to steal from you tomorrow, however, this will not occur because you have already totally forgiven another friend who stole from you in your imagined past. I have wonderful news, Source is going to wake you up in a cosmic instant very, very soon. You have totally mastered the lesson I came to teach. Some of my very last words while dying on the cross were, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I said this for the benefit of those witnessing my death. The purpose being to teach the magnificent beauty of forgiveness and its extreme power. I knew the truth would be ingrained in the collective human psyche that I had forgiven even while being tortured and killed. Of course, our Father does not forgive because Source knows of nothing *to* forgive. I *was* dreaming, you *are* dreaming and will very soon joyfully awaken."

Robert, who had to stop thinking he was Bob, asked, "What is true reality like?" The beautiful reply was, "I have saved and purified the remembrance of every single act you did out of love as gifts you'll be astounded to understand. Every time you gave to the needy, returned too much change, held open a door, gave up your place in line, turned the other cheek, let others into your home and crash on your couch. So when you forgave a perceived ended romantic relationship, went the extra mile, gave at your own expense; you unconditionally loved. You will totally understand the beauty of your loving actions. You'll become amazed just by gazing at the perfection of a single rose. Your five senses will become perfectly enhanced. You'll see colors you've never seen, hear sounds you've never heard, taste foods that are perfectly delicious and touch items that will change form. Smells will mysteriously be as beautiful as colors. You'll be astounded by the experience of perfect music. The wonderful surprises of meeting friends and loved ones from your earthy dream will be unending. You'll master flight and totally understand your real and true education is just beginning. All the pain so patiently endured in time will be nothing but a memory and forgotten. You'll understand the harmony, purity, and

similarities of the macro-verse and the micro-verse. The massively enormous and minutely small are perfect in the physics they share. Love is the Force that governs and controls *all*. Forever. Loss, worry, depression, anxiety, or fear will no longer exist because these false emotions have never been true. With the Holy Spirit's guidance, you have learned what you did not want. You'll love knowing the truth that you are a Christ Being and thankfully no longer a frail and limited human being." Jesus began to smile widely and said, "I'm looking forward to your antics in Heaven. You'll be a hilarious stand-up comedian because all the idiotic actions you explain are true. Your brothers and sisters will be astounded how you survived that long in time with absolutely zero common sense."

Robert is gazing at the empty chair where Jesus had been sitting and begins fervently writing down everything he had just learned and experienced. After hours of writing, he finally collapsed into a very deep sleep. Awakening from a 12-hour rest, he looked at his volumes of writing. These scribbles might as well be Latin and mean absolutely nothing. His memory of the last 24 hours was somehow missing. He *knew* he'd learned profound eternal truths and had glimpsed at and understood Divine Wisdom. He didn't understand that every single experience and learned truths *are* perfectly remembered *in his subconscious*. Not only that, but he had experienced a truer and deeper understanding of the perfect and loving power of our minds. He thought, "This drug experiment went very well. Next month I'm going to Peru and combine Ayahuasca, LSD and Ketamine. The Shawman's job will be to record my every utterance. This manuscript will help wake up my dreaming brothers and sisters and shall be stocked in worldwide libraries."

The 7:00 AM work alarm clock went off and Bob *knew* he had awakened from an absolutely beautiful and amazing dream concerning a library. He had no idea about the specifics but remembered he must return an overdue book. He felt like drinking a beer, but had to leave for work. Instantly, for some reason, he became proud that he hadn't taken any drugs for over 20 years. He likes beer because it helps him sleep. God Is.

Chapter 3: After Thoughts

when the drugs hit you too hard
and you have to concentrate on
not dying



[The Galaxy Song](#)

[Bring Out Yer Dead](#)

[The Black Knight](#)

I love Monty Python, so I've included 3 clips.

I'm 71 and started writing quite by accident over 15 years ago. My wife of 20

years, Mary Jo, died suddenly while we were on a 2nd honeymoon 21 years ago. We were on a cruise ship's dance floor and a blood clot hit her heart, she was perfectly healthy and died instantly. I totally understand the word surreal because I've experienced it. We had loved and still love one another deeply. Over 10 years ago I awoke from a dream I knew had been about M.J., I couldn't remember any specifics but "What If I told you?" was a very vivid thought. My very first writing was immediately written in only 20 minutes on the memo pad in my phone. I wasn't even thinking. I know the words came from Mary Jo. If interested, you can read these beautiful thoughts in my manuscript "Two Faces, One Life: The Journey Within".

Today is 5/26/2024 at 5:06am. Once again, I suddenly woke up and knew I had to write my thoughts down while still fresh. We say to our family and close friends, "I love you", I now as of today understand what these words truly mean. They mean we love because we're God's Eternal Child. We love because we were created by love. Love however is a two-edged sword. We don't understand the true depth of love until we mistakenly think it's gone. If you've experienced the death of a loved one or the tragic breakup of a relationship, you know exactly what I'm talking about. In my entire life, it has always taken a lot of complicated thought processes to figure out everything is quite simple. We can never lose love.

We've all heard "God Is Love", what is the significance of this? The meaning is we'll live forever in a state of unending, perpetually growing, astoundingly beautiful existence, always surrounded by and saturated with a love that is eternal, incredibly powerful, unchanging, forever pure, always giving and immensely joyful. Ecstasy forever. When we finally leave this weak human body, our mind will create a magnificently strong spiritual body that will be incredible. We'll be able to fly and much, much more. Know this.

Chapter 4: My Birthday Present From Heaven

In November of 2023, I was editing some pictures on my birthday. I accidentally saw a breathtaking picture of *exactly* how Mary Jo looked when we were first married. This is how she used to hold her hands. She gave me a birthday present from Heaven.



Chapter 5: The Essay Flow



The reason Bob changes his name to Wentworth is his ego demands awe and respect from others. The following intense drug experience is something that actually occurred when I was 28 and had overdosed on uncut PCP. What insane Wentworth is going through reads very funny, but I intentionally did not explain that he was feeling the most horrifying and intense *fear* he had *ever* known. As he's attempting to make sense of what's occurring at the moment, he cannot because his mind has gone into a good/bad loop at an astoundingly fast rate. For every good thought, there's an immediate bad thought. I actually experienced this, and I am attaching the true catatonic occurrence after this explanation.

A critical turning point is when he'd asked "Is God real?" and immediately heard the powerful YES in his heart's mind. The *proof* that God is real instantly occurs because he's looking at Gladimere talking with Jesus. His egoistic madness is starting to be overcome. When Jesus tells Wentworth his name is really Robert, the false egoistic Wentworth *almost* completely vanishes; that's the reason I wrote Bob Wentworth when he's asking Jesus a question. Jesus tells him the truth that he's talking to a tree as Robert. Of course, he's beginning to understand that Bob and Robert are one and the same. That's why I wrote Bob who is now Robert after he met the librarian. The false egoistic Wentworth is never mentioned again and has been completely undone. When he explains to the librarian the truth about Jesus he finally is beginning to realize the truth that he is Christ as we all are.

All of my writings begin after just waking up, that's why I ended my essay with the alarm clock going off at 7:00 AM. Following is *exactly* what occurred during the thankfully lost, forgotten insane hours enduring my ego's extreme attack while overdosing on pure PCP. This happened in 1978 and is absolutely true.

Chapter 6: My Horrifying & Catatonic Drug Experience



I had two days off work and a friend, Joe, asked if I would be interested in buying an ounce of pure PCP from the chemist who synthesized it. I discovered after the fact this is a horse tranquilizer sometimes cut with embalming fluid. Sure, why not? I had no idea. After what occurred over the coming days, I could say this. Comparing LSD to PCP, LSD is a shot of beer, and PCP is a fifth of whiskey. PCP is one of the most shockingly horrible drugs in the world.

I'm driving back to my apartment, Joe is sitting next to me. He snorted a big line. Instantly, he said, "Hallsey", my nickname, "Where are we going?" "Back to my apartment." "Where?" "Back to my apartment." "Hallsey, where are we going?" "Back to my apartment." "Where is my dad?" "I don't know, Joe". He went quiet. Wow! I was dating a lady named JoJo. I went into the apartment and told her this stuff was very powerful. We both snorted a very small line. Instantly, everything went euphoric. Surrounded by white light. After a half hour, I wondered where Joe was. I went out to the car, he was drenched in sweat. He hadn't been able to open the door and said he had been out in the universe. He crawled across the street, on all fours, and had urinated himself. He came into the apartment and straight armed my oak coffee table straight over his head. Unbelievable strength. Then both JoJo and Joe were gone. What? Over the next two days, I'm snorting a little every four hours or so

with no sleep. I can handle this, I was very wrong. I went to work Friday morning, so high, I didn't know I was high. I worked in the retail appliance industry at corporate headquarters, which also had a sales floor. I found out that I was going to be promoted to store manager. I was dismissed.

This is *exactly* what happened.

My first customers were two men from a company named Stuart Sandwiches, looking to buy a used sixty-nine-dollar freezer. We had an open-to-buy list, where customers with a good buying history could take the product and pay later. I had looked at the wrong list and naturally didn't see the name. I walked upstairs into the vice president's office, which I had never done before. He was in the middle of a meeting and I explained the situation. I told him there was a *man* named Stuart Sandwiches. *It's a company*. He asked me to not let them take it. I went back down, told them, and they went ballistic. I just stood there, looking at the floor. A fellow salesman came over and peacefully resolved the situation. I went and sat at my desk and opened a King James Bible my mother had given me. The words became extremely "pornographic", vial, threatening and menacing. I closed the Bible. A couple of minutes later, there was a man behind me, looking at a stereo. It turns out he was a semi-driver taking a load of appliances back to Bellaire, which was five minutes from my hometown, Martins Ferry. We were also a distribution center. I went back to my desk, tore the front page out of the Bible, and wrote, "Mom, just thinking of you, have a wonderful day. Love, Bob". She had, what turned out to be, terminal breast cancer. I went back to the warehouse, found the driver, and asked if he would mind taking this to my mother in Martins Ferry. He said sure and asked if the semi could maneuver in the backstreets. I looked at the truck, it was miles long. I proceeded to walk back to the sales floor, the driver following me. We were in a darker area of the warehouse when he stopped me, grabbed my hand and explained he was gay, and asked if he could give me oral sex. I have no issues with gay men, however, in my mind, at that moment, I had just given him a "Holy Mission", taking the note to my Mother with cancer. I looked at him, turned around,

and went completely insane.

I went to the sales floor and started switching all the price tags. I had an Amana ice and water refrigerator, priced at seventy-nine dollars. A basic washer was over two thousand, a microwave at fifteen hundred and a dishwasher at twenty-nine. There were several customers on the sales floor. I then picked up a can of Coca-Cola, went upstairs, and poured it into an industrial laser printer. I squirted some mustard on my suit and went down and sat at my desk. The V.P. came down a few minutes later and asked, "Bob, What's going on?" Quiet. "Are you drinking anything?" "No." "Are you smoking anything?" "No." I said, "Fred, I'm scared." "Why are you scared?" I told him the truth, that I was overdosing on PCP. About five minutes later, the police arrived and took me to an emergency room. They observed me for quite some time. I have no idea how long because I was lost in the madness of my mind. I was perfectly quiet, the doctor gave me a card to a mental institution, explaining that because I was not violent, I could leave. Somebody drove me back over to work, where I was asked to take the weekend off. I was let go on Monday. A good friend said the printer would randomly print, "Things go better with Coke."



I had a 1969 Chevelle SS. and started driving, I swear I remember hitting one hundred mph. I was not on the interstate, I had no idea where I was and became lost several times. I'm somehow on the interstate, then side roads, back on the

interstate. I'm dripping wet from sweat. I ran many red lights and stop signs, all at a very high speed. Somehow, I made it home. Arriving safely without even a ticket qualifies as a miracle. I was blown out of my mind. At this moment, I thought I should call my Mother and explain that a gay man might be pulling up in a semi-truck with the front page of the Bible she had given me. Today this seems hilarious. She asked what on earth was wrong with me. I told her the truth, that I was overdosing on PCP, and that I thought I had just lost my job. "You son of a b-itch" and slammed the phone. I had just lost my best friend. I went to hell.



I'm completely insane and under the influence of massive quantities of pure uncut PCP. The summer heat was stifling at over 100 degrees. I'm sitting on the front porch drinking a Little King beer. At this moment, my next-door neighbor, who I had never spoken with for the year I had lived there, came over, sat down, and introduced himself. I looked at him and he transformed. His eyes became black, he became over ten feet tall, and he grew wings and hooves. I said I was sick and had to go inside. I locked the door, took off all my clothes, went to bed and entered hell. All this occurred on a Friday, I came to sanity on Sunday morning. All I can explain about those lost twenty-four hours is that there was no concept of time. I'm visualizing spiders, snakes, bats with human heads, smelling sulfur, seeing humans on fire in agony, lakes of fire, hearing intense screaming, at times in utter blackness. For every good thought, there was an immediate bad thought. My mind was in a

continuous loop. Good, bad, good, bad, good, bad. Extremely fast. The fear and pure terror was astoundingly powerful, as I believed I'd be there. Forever.

I remember during those lost twenty-four hours, focusing on a small constant light and breathing, while all this hell was going on around me. I truly believed, if I stopped breathing, I would be in hell. Forever. I woke up on Sunday morning, and the first sound I heard was birds singing. I took the PCP and flushed it. I didn't even smoke weed over the next year or so. Before continuing, I should explain what I *know* is true. Our Eternal Source did not put me through this experience. Source was the light I concentrated on with my right mind and spirit. What I experienced was an extreme attack by my insane wrong ego mind. God does not send us trials, as Our Father isn't even aware of this dream universe and has given each the Holy Spirit to heal. All works out for the good of all parties concerned, always. You may not think so at the time. Looking back at my own life, for me, this is very true. "You may not get what you asked for, you will get what you need". The Rolling Stones.

I explained this to a doctor several years later. He told me he was writing a book about the effects of natural hallucinogens on the human psyche. There are many plants that are known to have hallucinogenic properties. These plants contain chemical compounds that can react with the human body in specific ways, affecting the brain and mental state of those who ingest them. He asked if it was pure PCP. I said yes. For some reason, he asked if I was spiritual, and I told him I was Christian. He explained that I had gone catatonic. He had patients who were in mental institutions. Put their hand up, it stays up until you put it down. Their mind is in a good/bad loop. Most came out of it, a few hadn't. PCP "short circuits" the synapse in the brain. The doctor said I had experienced a miracle for not being a living vegetable. Yes, I had.

I had been attending church regularly. Believing strongly in the existence of Heaven and Hell. Until I became a student of A Course in Miracles, I still believed in hell because I had seen and experienced it. My mind made the whole exposure up. I now understand the power of our mind. As an example, have you ever tried to

remember someone's name and couldn't? Several days later, the name "pops" into conscious thought. Everything you have seen, heard, and experienced since birth is stored in your subconscious database. You consciously put into your database the question, answer found and given to your conscious thought. This is why it is important to dwell and look upon what is good. Put positive in, not negative. My advice is to *never* watch the news.

Chapter 7: Drug Misinformation



I honestly feel the government should make all drugs legal. This would take them out of the control of organized crime. The revenue generated would pay for sanctuaries to help addicts. If you can't handle your drug of choice in society, you'll receive extremely professional care for free. Think how much better our culture would be if alcohol had been made illegal and marijuana legal.

From 1850 to 1936 Cannabis was used as the primary medicine for more than 100 separate illnesses and diseases in the U.S. According to the web sources. I found heroin, marijuana, opium, and cocaine were made illegal in the early 1900s for various reasons, mostly related to economics and cultural prejudice rather than addiction or health risks. Some of the factors that influenced the prohibition of these drugs were: The association of opium with Chinese immigrants, who were

considered a threat to the labor market and social order. The first anti-opium laws in the 1870s were directed at Chinese immigrants. The Harrison Narcotic Act of 1914 regulated the production and distribution of opiate-containing substances and was later used to prosecute doctors who prescribed opiates to addicts. The association of cocaine with Black men in the South, who were perceived as violent and aggressive under the influence of the drug. The first anti-cocaine laws in the early 1900s were directed at Black men in the South. Cocaine was also considered a threat to the economic interests of white employers and plantation owners. The association of marijuana with Mexican migrants and Mexican Americans, who were blamed for social problems and crime. The first anti-marijuana laws, in the Midwest and the Southwest in the 1910s and 20s, were directed at Mexican migrants and Mexican Americans. Marijuana was also demonized by media campaigns that linked it to violence, insanity, and moral decay. All could not be arrested for cheap labor, but can now for illegal drugs.

There have never been any deaths associated with LSD toxicity. In other words, no one has ever died from an LSD overdose. As I mentioned, I have never advocated anyone to take the drug. That being said, I will offer my personal experiences. I have tripped hundreds of times and never taken it with anyone. For me, it has always been a very rewarding spiritual high, and I always said a prayer before ingesting it. From an economic standpoint, it is extremely cheap. For \$5.00 the high lasts about 8 hours. When in a controlled setting, like being at home listening to favorite music, the sensations are wonderful. Imagine sound turning to color, beautiful patterns and shapes appearing in everything you look upon. I would truly experience a blissful state that was incredible.

When it was legal, the military gave it to volunteers to see if their performance improved. That didn't work, people would end up singing in trees, smiling constantly or looking at the stars and universe. [LSD](#)

The following is from the Microsoft Bing search engine.

"LSD is a popular psychedelic drug that alters the state of your mind in

significant ways. This potent drug binds to specific brain cell receptors and alters how the brain responds to serotonin, a neurotransmitter that regulates emotions, moods, and perceptions. By binding to these receptors, LSD modifies neural pathways, producing visual hallucinations and altering the perception of things such as sound and time

Microdosing LSD involves taking a very small dose of the substance, usually around 5-10% of the amount necessary to induce psychoactive effects. Advocates of LSD microdosing claim that the practice has numerous health benefits, such as improving cognition and mood, reducing pain, and helping to treat depression and addiction. Some preliminary research and anecdotal evidence suggest that microdosing LSD may have numerous benefits. These include the ability to enhance cognitive processes and abilities, increase energy levels, improve emotional balance and mood, reduce anxiety, help treat depression, and help treat addiction and reduce substance misuse.

LSD was first synthesized by the Swiss chemist Albert Hofmann in November 1938, while working at the Sandoz laboratories in Basel, Switzerland. Hofmann initially created and studied various lysergic acid derivatives before synthesizing LSD. His original intention was to develop a respiratory and circulatory stimulant (an analeptic) without effects on the uterus, similar to another compound called nikethamide. However, it wasn't until April 19, 1943, that Hofmann accidentally absorbed a small amount of LSD during a re-synthesis and discovered its powerful hallucinogenic effects.

In summary, Albert Hofmann's accidental encounter with LSD led to the discovery of its psychedelic properties, forever altering our understanding of consciousness and perception.

Physical Safety: Direct toxicity: Unlike some other drugs, LSD itself is not considered highly toxic. There is no known lethal dose of LSD.

Accidental harm: However, accidents can occur due to impaired judgment and altered perception while under the influence of LSD. For example, someone might

engage in risky behavior or experience accidents.

Impurities: Street LSD may contain impurities or other substances, which could pose risks.

Psychological Effects: Bad trips: LSD can induce intense anxiety, panic, and paranoia. A “bad trip” can lead to dangerous behavior or self-harm.

Flashbacks: Some users experience hallucinogen persisting perception disorder (HPPD), where they have visual disturbances even after the drug has worn off.

Pre-existing Conditions: Individuals with pre-existing mental health conditions (such as schizophrenia or bipolar disorder) may be more vulnerable to adverse effects.

Suicide risk: While LSD itself doesn’t directly cause suicide, it can exacerbate existing mental health issues.

Rare Fatalities: Accidental deaths: There have been cases of people accidentally harming themselves while under the influence of LSD (e.g., falling from heights, drowning).

Indirect causes: Some fatalities are indirectly related to LSD use, such as accidents during a trip or risky behavior.

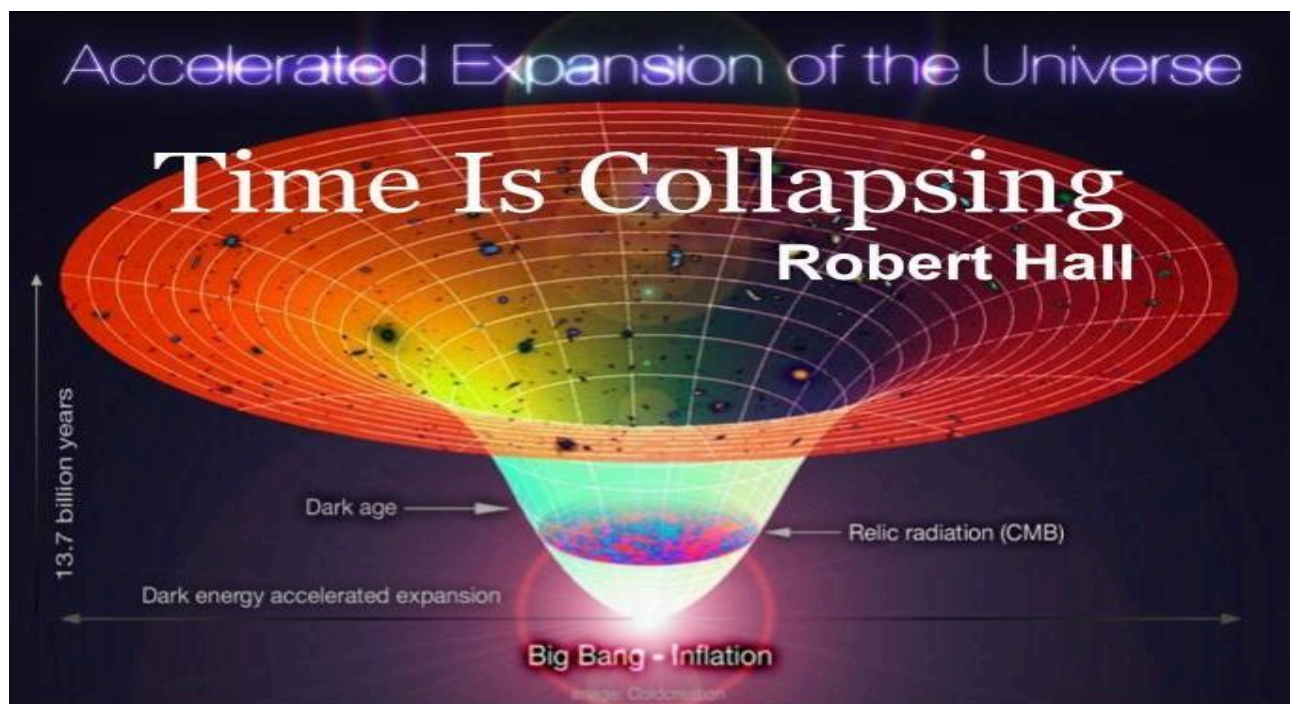
Unpredictable reactions: Individual reactions to LSD vary, and some people may have severe adverse reactions.

Overall Risk: Relative safety: Considering the millions of doses of LSD consumed over decades, the overall risk of death is low.

Responsible use: Responsible use, proper set (mindset), and setting (environment) are crucial to minimizing risks.”

As mentioned, I have never experienced a bad trip and there have been no flashbacks. What is crucial is being in a calm environment.

Chapter 8: Time Is Collapsing



This is really remarkable, I recently entered a writing contest on a site for authors. The contest had 5 themes to choose from. I chose “Write a story from the point of view of a non-human character.” The writing had to be less than 3000 words. I had to make my little manuscript short, concise, and to the point. I wrote this in a few hours, the words just “flowed”. I was a conduit.



Whoa, why is this? Who am I? Another answered, not by voice, but somehow He heard. You're My Son. What's a Son? You're my very first creation. What does creation mean? I'll show You around after a little more creating. You're also My only

joy. Astonishingly, He knew what joy is and He felt absolutely wonderful. This Being started to share the very essence of Who He Is, and suddenly, He started to learn and comprehend very, truly, extremely fast. He mysteriously understood atomic forces, protons, electrons, neutrons, neutrinos, recurring and changing inorganic and organic molecules. He comprehended amino acids and the forces that regulate all. Vistas of astonishing beauty opened up for Him. He became ecstatic while gazing at forests, oceans, rivers, lakes, mountains, skies, worlds, suns, stars, galaxies, and universes. He was everywhere with this magnificent One. He asked, "Who are You?" "I Am" was the reply. He instantly comprehended His own name is Christ.

He became aware this is His Father, Whose very nature is to give and teach all He knows, and He knows everything. Christ knew He is not in any way separate or different from God. Christ understands He is not a part of God, He is an extension of the whole. He knew love must be shared, and the love that is shared in His Father's universe is exquisite and beautiful. Oh, the joy and laughter as They completed One Another. Christ supremely became as powerful, compassionate, wise, knowing, limitless, and most importantly as loving as His Creator. They are inseparable and continue to co-create vast galaxies and universes. However, due to the infinite wisdom of I Am, they stopped short of creating life to populate all that is. In Their Beautiful Minds, They knew exactly what to do when God would say the moment was perfect. They envisioned all aquatic life, myriads of different flying species, all animal life, and the harmony of the varying interconnected environments all would live in. Their creations were also to be gifted with the ability to co-create. Each after their own kind. All of this would happen in a nanosecond. Just as Christ had been created.

There was no concept of time or space for They were everywhere, and They were One. God has created Christ to be exactly like Himself and to share His eternal love and joy in a state of unencumbered, boundless, and unimaginable ecstasy. Any question the Son asked was instantly answered as Their communication was

perfect.

Then somewhere, somewhen Christ asked a question that was *not* answered. *What? Why?* The question was like, "What else is there?" or "What would it be like to go out and play by Myself?" I Am did not answer because there *is* nothing else, but God's perfect creation. The Divine Son became horrified, certainly an awful new feeling previously unknown. He mistakenly thought His perfect communication was completely gone. Then He experienced a vastly more terrible knowing. Fear. Christ instantly created a universe of His own where He could hide. What we refer to as The Big Bang occurred, composed of billions of fragments. He needed somewhere deeper to escape, so He instantly made the first human bodies after His Own Image and placed His Magnificent Mind into all of them. The first ego was spawned. This Mind believes that it is completely on its own. Christ also actualized all the animal life, countless aquatic creatures, the avian companions, and the harmonious environments they would all co-create in. While we may still try to create, we cannot really compose without the power of God, so everything made eventually falls apart and dies. The reason is that this false dream universe was contrived due to fear.

God knows absolutely nothing about this since in nonduality there is only a constant, unchangeable Love. Before there was only Oneness, now there is Twoness. The idea of duality could not be carried out in God's reality, so Christ created a dream universe of illusion and entered it as if falling asleep and dreaming. The trouble was that He went into such a deep state of sleep that He had no awareness that He was dreaming, so He accepted the universe of illusion as real and forgot that He had a true home in the Celestial Realm.

The story of Adam symbolizes what happened to Him and us. The Bible says that a deep sleep fell upon Adam, and nowhere is there a reference to his waking up. This created a barrier in communication between the Father and the Son so deep that God decided a correction was necessary. God's extension outward, though not His completeness, is blocked when the Son does not communicate with Him as One. So He thought, *My Child is asleep and must be awakened*. So God

wanted to awaken His Son. But there was a major problem.

Whatever God places His attention on becomes as if it is real. If God entered the dream to redeem His Son, then the dream would become real to Him as well, and He would also be trapped. There would be the risk of both the Father and the Son becoming eternally separated from their true Home, eternally losing Their Identity. In other words, if God Himself were to acknowledge anything *except* the idea of perfect oneness, then there would no longer *be* perfect oneness. There would no longer *be* a perfect state of Heaven for us to return *to*. As we will see, we never really left anyway. We're still there, but we have entered into a nightmare state of illusion. While we have traveled only in dreams, God and Christ, Who are always One, have continued as They always have and always will, completely unaffected by the "tiny, mad idea" of separation.

To solve the problem and allow God to keep His attention focused on Reality, He created a special agent, The Holy Spirit, that would be a bridge between the two states of existence and the answer to the separation. He has created the Holy Spirit as the Mediator between perception and knowledge. Without this link with God, perception would have replaced knowledge forever in our minds. With this link with God, the perception will become so changed and purified that it will lead to understanding.

The Holy Spirit knew the original Christ Mind had designed a Black Hole to attempt nothingness. God's massive light shattered the darkness, Christ accepted, was healed and woke up in Heaven. In other words, we are *all* split off as part of the One Christ Mind. There can only be one Son. Unity can only create unity. Multiplicity cannot originate from Oneness. If all His creations are His Son, everyone must be an integral part of the whole Sonship. The Sonship in its oneness transcends the sum of its parts. Therefore, the term Sons of God is used by God for our convenience in addressing His Children as they believe they are. On the other hand, the Son of God is the term used to denote who we truly are as Christ, the Identity of Oneness we shall awaken to after our dream of multiplicity is undone.

Each time a baby appears to be born into this world, it is merely reliving the time when it seemed to leave its perfect environment in God, where all was nirvana, and it was completely taken care of and provided for, and then suddenly found itself slapped in the face by a seeming reality that was a living hell by comparison. We may consider birth to be a miracle, but babies don't come into this world smiling, do they? They come in crying and screaming. The mind that is reliving the seeming separation has actually fallen asleep and is dreaming an idle, insignificant dream, or nightmare because anything that seemed to be apart from Heaven would have to be symbolic of an opposite to Heaven. It would thus seem to include opposite characteristics. There's no doubt we *believe* we're experiencing reality here. We must be shown the way out of this experience. Our "asleep at the wheel mind" doesn't know it, but it's going to wake up in the equivalent of a cosmic instant. That is because the Voice for God and Heaven, which we will refer to as the Holy Spirit, is still with us to remind us of the truth and call us to return. This fail-safe memory of whom we really are can never be lost, making an awakening to the reality of Heaven completely inevitable.

We have the power to choose the memory and strength of God *or* something else instead. That is what the part of our mind that decides did immediately after the seeming separation. Out of shock, fear, and confusion, it made a series of unwise choices that resulted in us appearing to be here. We still don't realize that, given the remarkable power of the mind, certain choices made by us could end the seeming separation, and could have at any time. This means that we are capable of accomplishing it, with beautiful help from The Holy Spirit. God could not have created this world. It would not be in His nature. He is not cruel. If this were the real world, God *would* be cruel, for no Father could subject His children to this as the price of salvation and be loving.

So now the original healed Christ Who is continuing to learn from Our Father is thinking, I've learned much from my first question of "Whoa, why is this?" I must help the children I have made. Thus enters Jesus into the dream illusion. The Son

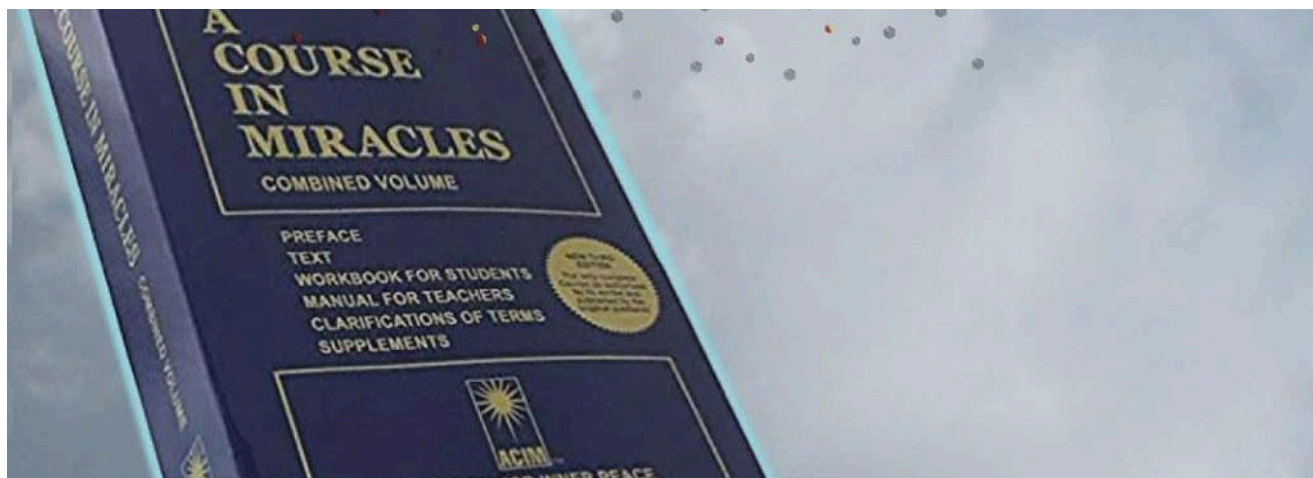
thought I'll have Jesus be born of a virgin, and he'll be able to perform what my children will call miracles. Christ knew He had been healed by the Holy Spirit, so the same Spirit conceived Jesus in Mary's womb. Furthermore, Christ thought to Himself, I'll ask the Holy Spirit to descend on Jesus in the form of a dove after he's baptized by John. Christ also thought I'll have Jesus led into the desert immediately after his baptism and live for 40 days and nights without food or water. He knew His children would mistakenly think the reason was to be tempted by a Satan which doesn't exist (neither does hell). Christ thought I'll have Jesus trained in the wilderness to only listen to the Holy Spirit; thus his ego will be totally eliminated. Jesus will be the only one in time who will completely manipulate his dreaming. Christ knows he'll walk on water, calm the seas, feed the multitudes, explain magnificent spiritual truths, heal the paralyzed, the blind will see, the deaf hear and best of all, he'll raise the dead. This will prove to my children that death is an illusion, especially after he will live again after his crucifixion. He knew unfortunately His children would think he died for their sins. My Father knows nothing about my false universe and doesn't even know what sin is. He understands I'll have the same Holy Spirit Who healed Me, have Jesus thoroughly understand he is One with Me as I am One With Our Father. My creations will eventually understand the same Truth. When the last mind is healed and the false universe vanishes, My Father and I will receive great pleasure and joy in teaching our beautiful children the perfection of their being. Forever. They'll understand Love is not an emotion but the most powerful force in all creation.

A bit of trivia, Jesus had been married to Mary. Under Jewish law, only the wife could anoint the body. Furthermore, his name is not Jesus Christ, it's Jesus of Nazareth. He understood perfectly he was One with Christ. We will *all* arrive at the same perfect and wonderful conclusion. Eventually, we will evolve into a Co-Creator God Consciousness Being. It is a natural process to unfold into this state of being, like anything else in nature. There is so much a soul can learn by observing nature and all her teaching lessons. In all of nature, there is never a hurry to quicken a

process as everything is always perfect in every moment and when the time is right, the rose will bloom. The Universal Christ Mind is constantly communicating with all of creation in every moment. For the kingdoms without free will this connection is called innate intelligence when the guidance comes directly from the Universal Mind. The guidance for a beaver to build a dam, a bird to build a nest, a flock of birds to fly in a V Formation, the spider to spin her web, a rose to bloom or the hibernation of animals in the Winter. The timing always comes perfectly. All these life forms are always in Christ's presence in every moment. This guidance is perfect, and it represents harmony, balance, order, and unity for the good of all. Nature comes together to represent the synchronicity of the Oneness as life unfolds. These kingdoms, mineral, plant, insect, animal, and angelic, do not have free will and are directly connected to the Christ Mind and stay consciously aware at every moment. Every soul that comes to Earth is also directly connected to this Mind, but has not yet learned to stay consciously aware in each moment. Before coming to Earth we were also connected to the Son's Mind through Innate Intelligence, but when we came to Earth, we were gifted with free will, the ability to manifest using a conscious mind and learning to discern using the five senses and reasoning. Once the Earth soul understands they are always connected to the Universal Mind and never separated from the Oneness of life, they will learn to trust their feelings and reconnect to understand their perfection. [Website](#)



Chapter 9: ACIM Fourteen Core Beliefs



ACIM -1: This world is not real. God did not create this world nor even know of its existence. The entire universe is an illusion dreamt by the Son of God.

ACIM -2: Pure non-duality: Anything that comes from God must be exactly like Him. God could not create anything that is not perfect, or else He wouldn't be perfect.

ACIM -3: Consciousness is the domain of the ego. Consciousness was conceived after we dreamt of separation.

ACIM -4: Spirit is unchanging, perfect, and eternal. This is the state of Heaven.

ACIM -5: Truth is not different for everyone. Truth is truth.

ACIM -6: There are no levels in Heaven. All conflict arises from the concept of levels. We are either enlightened and back in reality with God, or still dreaming of separation. Only life in Heaven is real.

ACIM -7: Life in all its myriad forms or possibilities is already scripted at the instant of separation. The only choice is in our mind, where we decide to identify with the Holy Spirit or with the ego, when interpreting each moment.

ACIM -8: Life in this world is mad/insane. Nothing makes sense in this world. The world was made as an attack on God.

ACIM -9: There is only one higher self, the Holy Spirit. Also known as the voice for God, our memory of God, or the reflection of God's love in our dream.

ACIM -10: Collectively, we are the Son of God. God created only One Son of God.

Technically speaking, there is no “we” since the separation into fragments did not occur.

ACIM -11: There is no evil or devil, only illusory madness projected by our ego mind and thankfully, they are not real.

ACIM -12: Every attack is an attack upon ourselves. We project our unconscious guilt onto (dream) figures or situations that seemingly attack us. So now they are guilty, not us. The cause of our guilt arises from our imagined separation from God.

ACIM -13: Life is a lesson. Every opportunity is used by the Holy Spirit to teach forgiveness to undo the ego mind.

ACIM -14: Time and space are illusions, and Spirit has nothing to do with them.

Epilogue



The Disappearance Of The Universe by Gary R. Renard led me to A Course In Miracles by Helen Schucman. I have read or written about these two magnificent manuscripts for over a decade. If interested, I highly recommend reading Gary's first. The Disappearance of the Universe . Renard. It is a record of 17 mind-bending conversations that took place over nearly a decade between Gary Renard and two ascended masters who appeared before him in 1992. They revealed some shocking secrets of existence and taught him the miraculous powers of advanced forgiveness. Gary Renard was sitting in his home in Maine back in 1992 during Christmas week. He was learning the stock trade and was a professional guitar

musician. His wife, Karen, was at work, they have no children. He's sitting in his living room, looking out the picture window, and two people just appeared. Male and female, Arten and Pursah. This is how the book starts. When I first read this, I thought, "Yeah, right, this has to be fiction." It's non-fiction. What's most impressive is that this book stays true to the hard-core metaphysics of A Course in Miracles.

Today, Christians are looking for the return of Jesus. He *has* returned via the writings in A Course In Miracles. Dr. Helen Schucman was a clinical and research psychologist and wrote the text from 1965 to 1970. This was written as a collaborative venture between Helen Schucman and William Thetford. Schucman said that the book had been dictated to her, word for word, via a process of "inner dictation" from Jesus. At first, Helen thought she was going insane. She asked this voice some very difficult questions, all answered correctly. A Course in Miracles is a self-study spiritual curriculum that presents a way of life based on contact with the Holy Spirit or internal teacher. It combines Christian terminology with Eastern mysticism, perennial philosophy, and modern psychological insights. The Course aims to undo the blocks that prevent awareness of what we truly are. It deals with the root cause of suffering, which is the illusory sense of separation from God. The Course is challenging because it involves a radical paradigm shift in how we see the world.

So Jesus dictated the text to Helen. He explains what the Bible and his earthly ministry truly mean. There are many manuscripts of the Bible. For the New Testament alone, there are about 5,500 manuscripts. If we include lectionaries, which are Bibles arranged in the order they were read in the ancient church rather than in canonical order, then the number grows dramatically. Additionally, there are over 24,000 manuscript copies or portions of the New Testament in various languages including Greek, Latin, and others. The Bible is a collection of 66 books written by about 40 different authors over approximately 1,500 years. These authors came from diverse backgrounds and wrote in different languages on three different continents. Many of the writings are simply not true. For example, Romans 9:21

says, “Does not the potter have the right to make from the same lump of clay one vessel for special occasions and another for common use?” The potter is a reference to God. The vessel is us.”One vessel for special occasions” means Heaven. “Another for common use” means Hell. In other words, if one lives a loving, caring, prayerful life but was made for common use; that person is going to experience agony in Hell, forever, and there is *nothing* he/she can do about it. Nonsense.

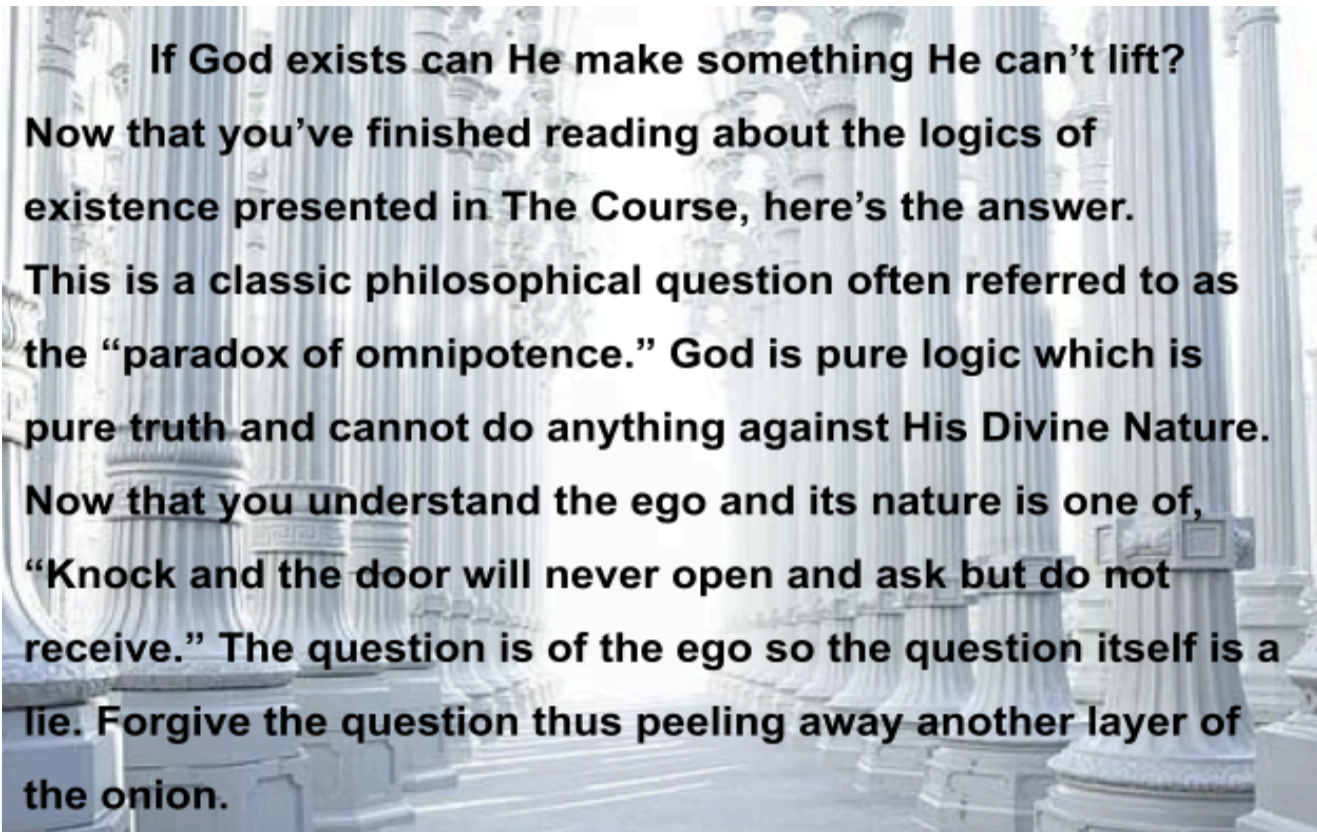
How can identical twins die at the same time of day several years apart?

This Holy Instant Would I Give To You. Be You In Charge. For I Would Follow You, Certain That Your Direction Gives Me Peace.

And if I need a word to help me, He will give it to me. If I need a thought, that will He also give. And if I need but stillness and a tranquil, open mind, these are the gifts I will receive of Him. He is in charge by my request. And He will hear and answer me, because He speaks for God my Father and His holy Son.

A.C.I.M. Page 522

The Holy Spirit collapsed time for the twin, who had learned her forgiveness lessons quicker. Just like Jesus told Robert that Gladimere was supposed to steal from him tomorrow but wouldn't because he'd already learned that lesson. Bob



If God exists can He make something He can't lift?
Now that you've finished reading about the logics of existence presented in The Course, here's the answer.
This is a classic philosophical question often referred to as the "paradox of omnipotence." God is pure logic which is pure truth and cannot do anything against His Divine Nature.
Now that you understand the ego and its nature is one of, "Knock and the door will never open and ask but do not receive." The question is of the ego so the question itself is a lie. Forgive the question thus peeling away another layer of the onion.

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